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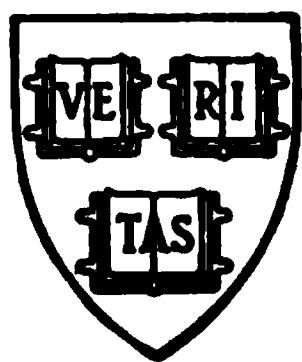
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THE GALAXY.

VOL. XVII.—JANUARY, 1874.—No. 1.

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

CAN there be any position more enviable for its combination of comfort and dignity than that of an English duke? A king's is a weary life, even though the monarch be a despot and can do whatever he pleases. A prince is always oppressed by the responsibilities of his rank, and has always to keep thinking, if he be a respectable prince, of whether this, that, and the other thing is right and proper to do. The late Prince Albert was particularly fond of lounging about streets alone, and looking into shop windows, and he found it a hard trial to give up this harmless and inexpensive amusement; but he had to forego it nevertheless, for only think of the crowd the Queen's husband would have had at his heels if he had ventured upon a saunter along Piccadilly! I am now speaking of England only, for we have most of us seen princes in other countries strolling through the principal streets of their capitals as free and unmolested as General Grant when he walks along Pennsylvania avenue. But in England, to be a prince is to be doomed either to perpetual state or the uncomfortable risks of an incognito, which make the most harmless excursion seem like a wild and lawless escapade. The Duke of Edinburgh does indeed get into a Hansom cab now and then and make a friendly morning call, but the Duke of Edinburgh could hardly venture to stroll down the Strand and look into a shop window. But an ordinary duke, a duke who is not of the blood royal—what a happy position is his! He may go where he likes and how he likes. He might mount on the roof of a penny omnibus if it pleased him. Poverty itself is not more independent; "the Spartan, borne upon his shield, is not more free." And then, think of the position, the dignity! I wonder whether it would be possible to convey to an American any adequate notion of the social position of an English duke? Hardly any words could do it. No gifts of genius, eloquence, statesmanship, success, could place an English commoner on a social level with a duke. A man may have saved the State, but that does not make him socially equal to a duke. An ordinary lord is nothing. The Queen makes such peers by the half dozen; but within my time there has been only one duke added to the peerage, and he, before he became a duke, was a marquis, with a title dating back for about a century. A duke can afford to be civil to everybody, because presumption itself cannot make an inferior person suppose that he is equal to a duke. If he is a member of government, he may be as deferential as he pleases to the Prime Min-

ister, but for all that Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Disraeli knows well enough how vast the social difference between the duke and himself. The duke may invite you or me to a dinner party or an evening party, and we may think him a very civil, kindly, and delightful person; but we do not get any nearer to the duke, nor does the duke for a moment entertain the notion that we have the presumption to think of getting nearer to him. The difference between an English duke and an ordinary human creature is as that between a lion and a domestic cat. The two beings may resemble each other to some extent, and seem as if they belonged to the same family, but they always remain a lion and a cat. The English Tories lately were in want of a leader in the House of Lords. They have an earl of great influence, talent, and judgment, son of a famous Prime Minister—the Earl of Derby. They have the Marquis of Salisbury, a man of brilliant gifts and of stainless political integrity. But by the unanimous agreement of the party they chose for leader the Duke of Richmond—a dull, respectable, worthy sort of man, without political capacity or training of any kind. He was chosen because, although he has neither brains nor knowledge, he is a duke. There is a young man in the House of Commons, and in the ministry, who has held for years office of higher rank than ever would have been given to Edmund Burke, or than has yet been given to John Bright. He is not a brilliant young man. He is a solid, stolid, heavy sort of person—intellectually, I mean. Otherwise he is a man bright enough. He is not, or at least he was not, a virtuous young man. He first became famous as the patron of Anonyma. In personal appearance and style of address he reminds one of Rawdon Crawley. He was urged into politics as a means of occupying his manly energies and distracting himself from more directly baneful amusements. He has not worked badly. He has charge now of one of the most important and critical of our home departments. He is listened to with a certain degree of attention by the House of Commons whenever he makes a speech, and in society he rather patronizes Gladstone. He is the son and heir of England's richest duke. I happened to come lately on an old number of "Vanity Fair"—I mean the illustrated paper of that name. It contained a portrait, humorously exaggerated, of a certain English duke who bears an illustrious name, but who is himself supposed to be rather scampish in his ways. The few lines of description which accompanied the portrait praised the duke very highly for his good nature and moderation, because, as the writer put it, a man with so much wealth, influence, and power, might have done almost boundless harm if he had been so inclined. The praise, of course, was sarcastic, and the comment was very significant. Our dukes, to do them justice, are not half so bad, or even so stupid, as might fairly have been expected. Their titles are not all drawn from the most honorable sources, however we in England may revere them. For example, there was not long since in the House of Lords a sharp personal controversy between the Duke of Richmond, who leads the Tory party, and the Duke of St. Albans, who holds under government the remarkable office of Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard. Both these eminent peers derive their titles from one source. They spring from rival mistresses of Charles II. What a divinity doth hedge a king! In private life people would be rather ashamed to have it known that even their great-great-grandmother was a loose woman. But when a king can give a title, such a pedigree becomes an honor. We have only some twenty dukes altogether, and of these the Duke of Buccleuch, the Duke of Grafton, the Duke of St. Albans, and the Duke of Richmond are all sprung

from the amours of Charles II. Of the twenty dukes whom we are proud to possess, there are not more than two or three who can be said to have made for themselves any reputation whatever for ability. Two or three are renowned as scamps, two or three have made a respectable position in Parliament; the rest have nothing but their rank and their wealth. Is not that enough? What motive has a duke for exertion and ambition? He cannot raise himself in the world. A man cannot be higher than a duke in English society, unless he is a prince of the blood royal. If the Duke of Richmond had written "Oliver Twist," "The Newcomes," "Middlemarch," the "Idyls of the King," and the "Ring and the Book;" if he had rivalled Huxley and Tyn-dall in science, and excelled Herbert Spencer in mental philosophy; if he had won the battle of the Alma, and managed successfully the national finances, he would still, above and beyond all this, be the Duke of Richmond. He could not by any merits or achievements add a cubit to his stature in English society.

Therefore it is much to the honor of a duke when he tries to be something else as well as a duke. He is a man so shut off from most of the temptings of human ambition, that if he shows any inclination to do anything except live and be a duke, it is positive evidence of some genuine and disinterested purpose. Therefore the Duke of Argyll is well worth writing of, and ought to be held in honor. He is not, to be sure, an English duke, but then he comes from one of the proudest stocks of the very proud Scotch nobility. He is the MacCallum More, a son of the great Callum (or Colin), the founder of the house. In Scotland he is regarded as a sort of sovereign over the region where his estates lie. As everybody knows, his eldest son is married to the Princess Louise, daughter of Queen Victoria. The Duke of Argyll might, therefore, hold himself free from any need to struggle after personal distinction, and it is to his great honor, morally as well as intellectually, that he has led so busy a life and worked hard in such varied fields of labor. He is not very rich; that is, he is not among the rich dukes. His wealth will not compare with that of the Duke of Devonshire, or indeed with that of several other peers; but he is rich enough to maintain the dignity even of his station, and the laborious duties which he undertakes bring him no gain that could be worth his consideration. On the whole, and apart from his political opinions and his general enlightenment, he is, I think, the most respectable of all our dukes, merely because of his steady love of work. But when we add to this consideration the fact that his political sympathies have always been enlightened, and that almost every good cause has found an earnest advocate in him, I think we may consider that in personal merit he stands among our dukes like Saul among his brethren.

It is only in metaphor and in merit, however, that he thus overtops his brother dukes. A less imposing figure it would not be easy to find. The Duke of Argyll is a small man, with a feeble frame and a shambling walk. His fair, fresh face is surmounted by a *chevelure* which used to be of a bright red tint, but now is becomingly chastened by a tinge of soberizing gray. He throws his head as high in air as he can while he walks, and seems to sniff the breeze like one of the stags upon his native mountains. He always gives one the impression of a little man who makes himself rather ridiculous by fancying that he is of gigantic stature, and comporting himself accordingly. He walks through the lobbies and corridors of the House of Lords with his hands in his waistcoat pockets and his hat on the back of his head, and looks as if he thought himself a person whom it would be rather dangerous to approach.

Indeed, it is generally believed that the Duke of Argyll is not deficient in self-conceit. When he was a young man this quality used to come out rather strongly in him. The Duke of Argyll began life very soon. He is now only fifty years of age, and he has been a prominent public man for nearly thirty years of that time. Lord Houghton, in proposing his health at a public dinner some time ago, said good-humoredly that the Duke "was, I think, seventeen when he wrote a pamphlet called 'Advice to the Peers,' and he has gone on advising us ever since." Pursuing the career of his friend, Lord Houghton went on to say that "soon after that he got mixed up with ecclesiastical affairs and was excommunicated." I am not sufficiently well acquainted with the history of the controversy in which the Duke of Argyll engaged so early, as to know whether he underwent at anybody's hands the awful ban of excommunication. My impression was that despite his youth, and the *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*, he contrived rather to hedge and to evade the difficulties on both sides. The controversy was a famous one. It concerned the freedom of the Church of Scotland from the legal supremacy of lay patronage; and it led to the great secession of upwards of four hundred clergymen and a large body of the laity, who, under the leadership of Dr. Chalmers, founded the Free Church. Into this controversy the Duke of Argyll, then Marquis of Lorne, rushed with all the energy of Scottish youth, but in it he maintained himself, I think, with a good deal of the proverbial Scottish caution. He wrote in 1842 (being then nineteen years old, and not seventeen as Lord Houghton supposed), and his first contribution to the controversy was entitled "A Letter to the Peers, from a Peer's Son, on the duty and necessity of immediate legislative interposition in behalf of the Church of Scotland, as determined by considerations of constitutional law." This letter recommended that lay patronage should be abolished by legislation. Dr. Chalmers welcomed the young controversialist as an important and able adherent. But the Marquis of Lorne was not prepared to follow the great divine and orator into actual secession. The heirs to dukedoms in Great Britain seldom go very far in the way of dissent. The Marquis published another pamphlet in the form of "A Letter to the Rev. Thomas Chalmers on the Present Position of Church Affairs in Scotland," in which, while retaining his own views on the lay-patronage principle, he declined to accept the doctrine of Chalmers that lay patronage and the spiritual independence of the Church were, "like oil and water, immiscible." The Free Church movement went on, and the young Marquis drew back. He subsequently vindicated his course and reviewed the whole question in an "Essay on the Ecclesiastical History of Scotland"—an able treatise, into which, however, the readers of "The Galaxy" would hardly care to follow him. These were the literary beginnings of the author of the "Reign of Law." When he published the "Essay on Scottish Ecclesiastical History" he was twenty-five years old.

Meanwhile, the young controversialist had become Duke of Argyll on the death of his father in 1847. He inherited a seat in the House of Lords, not, however, as Duke of Argyll, but as Baron Sundridge in the English peerage. A Scottish peer does not possess the right of sitting in the House of Lords. Scotland elects at the beginning of each Parliament sixteen peers, who represent her in that house. Ireland sends twenty-eight representative peers there, who, unlike those of Scotland, are elected for life. But a great many Scotch and Irish peers have English titles as well, and by virtue of those titles sit in the House of Lords; and the Duke of Argyll is one of those. Nothing can

seem more perplexed and complicated to a foreigner than the arrangements of our peerage. For example, most strangers are acquainted with the general principle that a peer can only have a seat in the House of Lords, and cannot have anything to do with the House of Commons. So far everything is clear. But the first time a foreigner listens to a debate in the House of Commons, he hears perhaps the Marquis of Hartington make a speech. He asks how this comes to pass, and he is told that the Marquis of Hartington is in fact no marquis at all, but merely Mr. Spencer Campton Cavendish, eldest son of the Duke of Devonshire, having, according to English usage, the title "by courtesy" of marquis, a title without any legal effect, and which will not serve as a description of its possessor in any formal document. If the son of the Duke of Devonshire has to be described formally, he is spoken of as "the Hon. Spencer Campton Cavendish, commonly called Marquis of Hartington." He therefore may be elected to sit in the House of Commons, which House in fact swarms with elder and younger sons of the nobility, bearing courtesy titles. This much, too, our foreigner easily understands; but he suddenly remembers that Lord Palmerston was a member of the House of Commons up to his death at the age of eighty-one, and he asks in consternation, was his too only a courtesy title, and was Lord Palmerston's father living at that time? It has to be explained to him that Lord Palmerston was a peer with a genuine title of his own; but then he was only an Irish peer, not entitled, unless elected a representative peer, to sit in the House of Lords, and therefore qualified to be chosen as a member of the House of Commons. Then perhaps he is puzzled about Lord Russell, who he knows sat in the House of Commons for a long time and now sits in the House of Lords, and who has not succeeded to any peerage in the mean time, for the head of the house of Bedford is alive and well, and Lord Russell is far out of the way of the succession in any case. But here comes in a new condition of things. The Queen conferred upon Lord John Russell in 1861 a peerage of his own, and he sits in the House of Lords as Earl Russell. In fact we have at least five distinct classes of nobles who possess or are courteously gifted with titles. There are peers of England, peers of Ireland, peers of Scotland, peers of the United Kingdom (created since the legislative union of the three countries), and the sons of peers who bear titles of courtesy. The peers of England and those of the United Kingdom sit in the House of Lords by right, and cannot be elected to the House of Commons. The Irish and Scotch peers sit in the House of Lords only when they are elected as representatives of their order there, and when not so elected they may be chosen to sit in the House of Commons if they can render themselves acceptable to a constituency. The bearers of courtesy titles may sit in the House of Commons, but not in the House of Lords. This digression may seem a little dry and wearisome, but I think it will be found of advantage to American readers in enabling them to understand some of our English parliamentary arrangements which strangers generally find it difficult to master.

The Duke of Argyll, then, came to sit in the House of Lords as Baron Sundridge. I may mention perhaps that this latter title is that under which his name is formally recorded in the division lists, but that he is always spoken of and alluded to by his ducal title. He distinguished himself by plunging almost instantaneously into the thick of debate. The young Scotchman much astonished the staid and formal peers. They had been accustomed to debates conducted in measured tones and with awful show of deference to age and political standing. The young Duke of Argyll spoke upon any and every

subject in a sharp and clear voice, with astonishing fluency, and without the slightest reverence for years or authority. Young as he was, he looked still younger. With his small form and his thin, fresh-complexioned face, his bush of fiery hair and his shrill tones, he sometimes seemed more like a saucy Scotch schoolboy quarrelling over a game of marbles, than a peer of the realm debating in the House of Lords. To speak the plain truth, the general impression of that House for a long time was that sheer impudence and nothing else was the chief characteristic of the young MacCallum More. The late Earl of Derby was leader of the Conservative party. He was one of the two or three really great parliamentary debaters of the time, and although not possessed of any remarkable capacity as a statesman, he had won the supreme command of his party by his energy, his force of character, his wealth and territorial rank, his long experience of public affairs, and his never-failing command of invective and of declamatory eloquence. This was the Earl of Derby of whom Macaulay said that the science of parliamentary debate came to him by instinct; and he had been famous, when he sat in the House of Commons as Lord Stanley, by the prolonged passage of arms in which he fairly held his own against that Titan of debate, Daniel O'Connell, who had crushed up Disraeli as a steam-hammer might crush a cocoanut. The young Duke, of Argyll had the temerity before long to make a sharp personal attack on the Earl of Derby. The peers were as much astonished as the spectators round the tilt-yard in "Ivanhoe," when they saw the strange young knight strike with his lance's point the shield of the formidable Templar. Lord Derby himself was at first perfectly bewildered by the unexpected vehemence of his inexperienced young opponent. But he soon made up his mind, and fairly went for MacCallum More. He bore down upon the Duke of Argyll with all the force of scornful invective which he could summon to his aid. For the hour the Duke of Argyll was as completely overthrown as if he had got into the way of a charge of cavalry. He was in metaphorical sense left for dead upon the field. Elderly peers smiled gravely, shook their heads, said they knew how it would be, and congratulated themselves that there was an end of the impudent young Scotchman. But they were quite mistaken. MacCallum More knew of course that he had been soundly beaten, but he did not care. He got up again and went in just as if nothing had happened. His courage was not broken; his self-confidence moulted no feather. After a while he began to show that there was a great deal in him more than self-conceit. The House of Lords found that the red-haired lad really knew a great deal and had a wonderfully clear head, and they learned to endure his dogmatic and professorial ways. He never grew to be popular in the House of Lords, and I believe is not popular anywhere. His style is far too self-assured and pedantic, his faith in his own superiority to everybody else is too evident, to allow of his having many enthusiastic admirers. Moreover, though the Duke of Argyll has shown himself a much sounder and better man than most people at first believed him to be, he is far indeed from holding the place which his manner would seem to claim as a right. He never could be in politics more than a second-class man; and he is not even a remarkably good second-class man. Every commendation that is given him must be qualified. He has written one or two remarkable books—for a duke. He has been a very liberal politician—for a duke. He is a good speaker—for one who never had any oratorical gift. Of all the noblemen who have been put into high office during my time, merely because they were noblemen, he is, I think, on the whole, the ablest and the best. But

he has nothing like the solid ability and general information of the present Earl Derby, who is now fairly set down as only a second-class man. In force and brilliancy he is not to be compared with the Marquis of Salisbury, who now seems unlikely, despite all his promise, ever to attain a place in the first class. The Duke of Argyll, however, soon got into high office. With his rank, his talents, and his energy, such a thing was inevitable. He joined the government of Lord Aberdeen in 1852 as Lord Privy Seal, an office of great dignity but no special duties, the occupant of which therefore has only to give his assistance in council and in general debate. Since that time the Duke of Argyll has held many offices. I need not follow him through his various departments. Enough to say that whenever the Liberals are in power the Duke of Argyll always as a matter of course holds some high office. The place he at present holds—that of Secretary of State for India—is one of the highest and most important in the service of the Crown. When Mr. Gladstone became Prime Minister, in 1868, he offered the place of Secretary for India to John Bright, who had always taken great interest in the government of Hindostan. But Bright's views were peculiar, and he neither saw his way to carry them out nor cared to take the office if he could not realize them, and therefore he declined the offer. Mr. Gladstone then tendered the office to the Duke of Argyll, who accepted it, and has discharged its duties since without discredit, but without any marked success. I have already compared the Duke of Argyll with the Marquis of Salisbury, whom he resembles in a certain brusqueness of self-assertion, and who held the office of Secretary for India under the Tory government shortly before it passed into the hands of the subject of this sketch. But the Marquis of Salisbury, Tory and reactionist though he be, showed a capacity for government and—what was least expected of him—a sympathetic faculty of understanding the wants of a foreign race, and of seeing from their point of view, such as I do not suppose the Duke of Argyll has ever displayed.

Despite the tranquillizing dignity of growing years, the Duke of Argyll still bursts out every now and then into one of those ebullitions of fervor which astonished the House of Lords so much in his younger days. "Tempestuous eloquence" was the epithet bestowed upon one of the Duke's speeches not long since by the clever Tory lawyer, Lord Cairns. But the speech—which I heard—was rather like that part of the tempest which is made up of the sudden and chilly blast that soon dies away. It was a speech in which the Duke of Argyll so far forgot himself, the place, and the respect due to a high office and a great judge, as to apply the expression "ribald" to a very just and temperate remonstrance urged by the Lord Chief Justice of England against a certain unlucky law appointment made by Mr. Gladstone. The Duke of Argyll apologized almost immediately after for the unparalleled rudeness of his language, and people on the whole were rather amazed than otherwise at the unexpected display of the old vehemence returning at so inconvenient and inappropriate a time. When the Duke of Argyll is not vehement he is rather an uninteresting speaker. He is fluent, but formal and pedantic, and his speeches are not brightened by fancy or humor. As an after-dinner speaker he is especially ineffective. To be heard to advantage, he should be taken either in the sudden heat of some parliamentary contest, or else when addressing from the lecturer's platform some scientific or philosophical society. In political life he has "given his measure," and I think we may safely assume that he will never be a great statesman.

It is true that many English public men reached an age far exceeding that of the Duke of Argyll without having given any evidence of the remarkable capacity which they afterwards displayed. The Duke of Argyll is only fifty years old, and not many of our public men have much chance of distinguishing themselves in the higher paths of statesmanship before that age. Of our rising men, those whom we consider our younger men, those who are only now beginning to be tested in high office, the majority are older than the Duke of Argyll. Mr. W. E. Forster is several years older; Mr. Stansfeld, Sir Stafford Northcote, and many other men of the same political rank, are likewise older. But the Duke of Argyll was in office of the highest rank years and years before most of these men were in parliament at all. He began his public life by stepping at once into higher places than almost any of these has yet attained. Therefore we may fairly consider that we have seen the Duke of Argyll fully tested, and that we know the whole extent of his political capacity. He suffers perhaps under the disadvantage which presses on the meridian years of a beauty who has come out into society too young. People remember her a belle for so many seasons that they set her down as positively *passée* while she is yet young. In the same way we all remember the Duke of Argyll as a public man for more than thirty years, and we cannot help assuming that he must be growing old.

Everybody knows that the Duke of Argyll has sought and, to some extent, found distinction as a writer. He has been a rather frequent contributor to the "Edinburgh Review" and one or two of our graver weekly periodicals, and he has written "The Reign of Law" and "Primeval Man." I am not now performing the part of a critic, and in any case it would be quite superfluous to enter into any elaborate disquisition upon works which have already been so carefully reviewed by the critics of journals of the United States and England. But while I recognize the amount of thought and reading shown in each ("The Reign of Law" seems an especially clever attempt to bring together the irreconcilable), I cannot believe that either book would have attracted much attention if it had been written by an anonymous author. There are passages of both in which the self-reliant composure of the author in dealing with great theories and great names brings back the memory of the earlier days when the astonished peers heard their strongest champions assailed and their most venerable conventionalities set at naught by the intrepid young Duke from Scotland. "The Reign of Law" is like everything else the Duke of Argyll does. It is far above average work. It would be sure to be read with attention even if it were not written by a duke. But it is not one of the books that force themselves upon the public. It is one of the books that, although good enough in themselves and worthy of careful reading when once they are found out, stand in need of some external impulse to push them into notice. The name of the Duke of Argyll did this for "The Reign of Law." The book is like its author. The Duke of Argyll has undoubtedly made a very good Cabinet Minister, but he would probably never have been a Cabinet Minister if he had not been Duke of Argyll to begin with.

I have heard the Duke of Argyll spoken of by Americans as "the radical Duke." He is radical in a manner, that is, for a duke. But he is not what Americans would seriously call radical if they were to compare his political opinions with those of any Englishman of the advanced party. He may be called radical when compared with extreme Tories and reactionists. Moreover, he has a great dash of the philosophical radicalism which is so much cul-

tirated of late, and which any nobleman may adopt if, like the Duke of Argyll, he has intelligence and culture; for at the present moment it really means very little in the way of positive change. According to Major Pendennis, republicanism "sits prettily enough on a young patrician in early life." So philosophical radicalism sits prettily enough on a peer in mature life. In either case it is only an ornament or a foil; care will be taken that it is put aside if any occasion shall arise for doing real work. The Duke of Argyll has, however, always shown himself a steady Liberal, and gone properly with his chiefs. He deserves great credit for having been better than some or most of his chiefs during the American civil war, for he took the right side and held to it manfully. One of the best speeches I ever heard the Duke of Argyll deliver was made in honor of that right side after it had succeeded; and the Duke was entitled to join in celebrating its success, for he was one of the few who had believed in it when failure seemed possible, and who had upheld it when such upholding was in England a task of something like odium. The speech to which I refer was made on the occasion of a public breakfast given in St. James's Hall, London, to Mr. William Lloyd Garrison of Boston. The occasion was remarkable in itself; it was made still more so by some of the men who were present. Mr. Bright was in the chair, and delivered—it was not very long before his illness and breakdown—the last really great speech of that long chapter of his career. It was well described by the London "Spectator" as "one of those grand and massive speeches in which more weight of moral passion is concentrated than any other living orator is capable of expressing." It was delivered in a low, thrilling tone—almost a monotone—as smothered as if the orator feared the strength of his own emotions and the force of his own words, and kept both down under a continued restraint. Every word fell with measured emphasis on the ear—slow, solemn, musical. Earl Russell was there, and spoke with quite unwonted energy and vigor, when he retracted and manfully expressed regret for his mistaken judgment of President Lincoln and the policy of the American Government. John Stuart Mill delivered one of those marvellously touching speeches, so feeble in their delivery, so vacant of all rhetorical grace, but which become positively eloquent by the virtue of lofty thought, generous feeling, and pure lucid English. The late Rev. Frederick Maurice was there; so was Professor Huxley; so was Herbert Spencer; so were ever so many other distinguished men who do not often make an appearance at political demonstrations. The Duke of Argyll spoke, and spoke admirably. The occasion to be commemorated, the victory to be celebrated, were such as to engage at once his intellect and his feelings, and there seemed to me to be moments when he almost rose to something like oratorical dignity. At all events, he came nearer to that height than I had ever known him to do before or have ever known him to do since.

Will it seem ungracious if, after having said so much, I remark that nevertheless most Americans who visit this country appear to me to form an extravagant opinion of the influence and intellect of the Duke of Argyll? On the very occasion which I have been describing, my esteemed friend Mr. Garrison, whom nobody can suspect of any veneration for mere rank, delivered a speech in which he placed the Duke of Argyll first and foremost—"without a peer," he said—among the Englishmen who, during the American civil war, "were able to understand its nature, and to give a clear and unequivocal testimony in behalf of the right." Then, after him, Mr. Garrison went on to say, came "our respected and honored chairman, Mr. Bright," and so on. I am

sure this was Mr. Garrison's sincere conviction—that the Duke of Argyll really was the political and intellectual leader of the party who stood up for the right in England during that struggle, and that Bright, Cobden, Stuart Mill, Goldwin Smith, Francis Newman, Professor Cairns, and others, loyally followed their leader. This is a sort of mistake that only a stranger could possibly make. It would be as reasonable to say that M. Thiers has been led by the Prince de Joinville, or that the Germans conquered the French by the genius of the Crown Prince who directed the movements of Moltke. The Duke of Argyll deserves high honor for the part he took at that memorable crisis; but his influence upon England was simply nothing when compared with that of Bright or Mill, or even that of Goldwin Smith and Professor Cairns. I am glad the Duke of Argyll was on the right side, but it would not have mattered much even if he had not been. Our dukes, be it always understood, are only ornamental for the most part. The Briton is content to bow down to them, and even to adore them socially, and he likes to have a duke as the nominal leader of every movement. But pray do not fall into the mistake of supposing that we in England really think our dukes are necessarily great men, or that we believe them capable of moving the political world. Theirs is a state greatness, a social greatness altogether. When the real political struggle comes, we only think about the real politicians and statesmen. The Duke of Argyll is comparatively a small man in politics and in thought. There is no way of measuring him by such men as Gladstone, and Bright, and Disraeli, and Mill, and Carlyle. A duke is the most acceptable figurehead even in politics, as in the case of the Tories and the Duke of Richmond. But the figurehead does not impel the vessel or keep her in her course, or bring her into port. Take an inexorable test of political importance in England—the manner in which speeches are reported. Let the Duke of Argyll speak at some public meeting at which Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Disraeli or Mr. Bright (if he were once more a figure on a platform) were to speak, and which the papers had not space enough to report in full. Would they divide the spoils equally, and give a similar condensation of duke and statesman? Not at all. The speech of the statesman would be given in full, and the duke would get whatever space was left. The English are a practical people, even in their devotion to rank. They will not let their devotion cost them too much. They will bow to the idol, but for instruction and work they turn to the great men.

To sum up, then, the Duke of Argyll is, in my opinion, by far the ablest and the best of all the dukes. He would be a man deserving of respect on his own merits, in any case. If he had been born in the middle class he would probably have made quite a respectable name as a contributor to reviews and all the better class of periodical literature, and he would, perhaps, if he had some money, have found a seat in the House of Commons, and in time have been appointed the under secretary of a department. He would have been respected, as he is now, for his high private character and his attention to business, and people would perhaps have smiled a little more undisguisedly than they do now at his occasional "bumptiousness" and habitual tendency to magnify his office. Beyond this I do not think he could ever have got, if he had begun life as Mr. Campbell. It is to his credit that he has not studied, striven, and succeeded any the less, although he was born to a dukedom.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

THE WETHEREL AFFAIR.

CHAPTER LIII

THE WETHEREL WILL FOR SALE.

TWO or three days previous to Nestoria's adventure with Count Poloski, Walter Lehming had received a startling visit from Edward Wetherel.

The usually collected and serious, if not downright sombre young man was in a state of eager and cheerful exhilaration; he came running up Lehming's stairway, rushed into his study without knocking, and tossed a billet to him with the words, "Read that."

Walter glanced over the bit of manuscript, and saw that it was an anonymous letter addressed to Mr. Edward Wetherel, the writing in the fashion of print, and the signature "Darkness."

"The will exists," he read. "It cuts you off with a shilling. You can have it, if you will pay one hundred thousand dollars; otherwise it will be offered to the other heirs, who will be sure to take it. If you accept, put an advertisement in the 'Herald,' saying, *Terms agreeable*, and signing your name. Then I will instruct you how to open further communication with me."

As Lehming read, his long, sallow, homely, but sweet face flushed deeply, and when he had finished he looked up at Edward with an expression of deep joy, a joy which he might not fully explain. If the letter were honest, if Edward had not fabricated it himself (and Lehming did not think of that immediately), then it appeared certain that the murderer of Judge Wetherel was some commonplace, mercenary ruffian, and that this young man here present, this connection and friend, was innocent.

"Here we have the assassin!" exclaimed Wetherel, pacing the room excitedly and with countenance uplifted. "Here we have the bloody hand showing itself. The question is how to seize it."

"Wonderful!" replied Lehming, with an intonation of profound gratitude. "But what is to be done?"

"I cannot pay this money," continued Wetherel, halting with the bended head and folded arms of reflection. "I am not the heir, if this document is found; no, nor in any case. But I think myself justified in promising it. Are we bound to keep the truth with murderers? Just think how easily this wretch has baffled justice thus far. The authorities of Connecticut gave up the search for him long ago, and I suppose wisely; the criminal was no doubt beyond their jurisdiction before his crime was a day old. He came to New York at once; he came instantly and instinctively to this sink of undisturbed lawlessness; this letter proves almost positively that he is here to-day, and he has probably been here all the while. Yet for three months our force—as the police weakness sarcastically calls itself—has been pursuing him, or making a show of pursuit. For three months I have been urging and bribing our detectives and patrols to keep up the chase. Not a word have the drones, or idiots, or scoundrels brought me that has been worthy of attention."

"You speak very strongly," said Lehming. "However, considering what you have suffered, I don't wonder. Any man in your situation would suspect a thousand things——"

"Yes, I do speak strongly," interrupted Wetherel. "I am embittered and enraged. I sometimes think that half our organization of justice, from the highest officials to the lowest, is in league with crime, or afraid of it. Just look at the way things go in this single matter of homicide. No murderer is ever found out who shows forethought in his sin, or common prudence in hiding himself. And when a man is caught red-handed, he is not promptly and honestly tried, or he is not punished. There are nearly thirty assassins in our jails now, whom the law apparently dares not lay hands on, or covertly desires to save. It is uncivilized, horrible to all upright souls, terrifying to all good citizens. There is a paralysis of justice and of public morality. The individual is left unprotected; he must defend himself from crime by his own strength and cunning; he must do as he would in Calabria or the Isle of Murderers. He cannot afford scruples in dealing with the criminal classes. Much as I hate and despise deception, I must personally tell this villain a lie, and perhaps many lies, in the hope of entrapping him. I dare not intrust the work to any one else, for fear that it will not be done faithfully and rightly, or not done at all. All my confidence in the ability or the purity of our correctional system is gone. Besides, whatever else may happen, I must clear my own name. *I must!*" he added, with a passion of utterance which revealed long and acute suffering under the imputation of guilt.

"Do as you must," said Lehming, after a pause of painful deliberation, for any and every fashion of falsehood was hateful to him. "When you have learned more, let me know if I can help you."

So, under the pressure of what seemed relentless necessity, an advertisement of "words deceiving" was inserted in the "Herald," informing "Darkness" that his terms were agreeable. Then came another letter; it offered a meeting, but not with Wetherel; some less formidable messenger must be sent, bearing the money; the place indicated was a wharf near the Battery, and the hour three in the morning.

"I will go," volunteered Lehming, after Edward had read the note to him. "But what about the filthy lucre? What sort of ghost or simulacrum of it can I carry? I must have something to hold in my hands while I talk with this wretch and try to divine who he is."

"Counterfeit bills would answer best," muttered Edward. "They could be got from the police for this purpose. But it is horrible pitch to touch for any purpose."

"Let me have a simple package of waste paper," said Lehming. "I can do something with it. I can at least make sure that there is a man at the end of this mysterious correspondence. Besides, there are possibilities. Chance may favor me. I may recognize him, may follow him, may bring about an arrest. Of course I can do nothing in the way of seizing him myself. You know I can neither fight nor run. But Providence may help. At the very least something will be gained. I shall be able to testify to a fact which will go to show—your innocence."

"To think that it should need showing!" groaned Wetherel. "But I thank you. Only, do you consider that you risk violence? This may be a mere trick to delude a man with money about him into a place where he can be waylaid. This fellow, too, when he finds that the package is a fraud, may assault you."

"I will leave my watch and wallet at home," replied Lehming. "As for my poor little carcass, it is not of much account, and I will risk it. Some one must go."

So Lehming went, enveloped in an old loose cloak, and carrying under it a large sealed package, which had such a preposterously overt air of shamming great value that he was more than once tempted to throw it away. He started at two in the morning, for he had of course decided that he must go on foot to the rendezvous, and the preliminary throbbing of his anxious heart told him that he would not be able to walk fast. The streets were deserted, even brawlers and drunkards having sought refuge within doors from the keen December air; and as he looked up and down the long avenues of silence, bordered by monstrous walls which threw out not a gleam of light, he had an impression as if he were traversing a necropolis. The only persons whom he met were two or three isolated and nomadic policemen, who seemed to be engaged in trying doors to see if they were locked. "I am doing their work for them," he thought somewhat bitterly, and passed them by without asking for their assistance.

By times his mind leaped forward to the interview which awaited him, and sought to fashion it into some shape which would be manageable to his powers. His vivid imagination enabled him to struggle painfully with incidents which had not yet happened and to take anxious part in a dialogue which might never be spoken. He was in the condition of a man who plays a game of chess in his thoughts, striving to arrange an interminable series of moves in such a fashion as to make them sure of success against every imaginable counterplay, and fighting with an adversary who has even the unknown to aid him, but who yet *must* be beaten. His game worked badly; he was not fitted for the fencing of intrigue and for encounters with ruffians; and, knowing his own weakness in such matters, he could not fancy himself as getting the better of his antagonist. His supposititious controversies with the mysterious villain of the Battery all ended, no matter how often he recommenced them and how eagerly he bent his mind to them, in discomfiture. The incognito wormed out secrets and divulged none; he secured the sealed package and discovered it to be a sham; he failed to exhibit the will, and successfully hid his guilty visage. Wearied at last with these confusing and disheartening forerachings, Lehming struggled to clear his brain of them and to trust that the trial would bring him inspiration.

"I will do the best I can," he murmured. "And may Heaven help me, as it sometimes does help the foolish."

Then another troublous subject gradually invaded his mind, like a tide stealing over a low and dikeless land, driving out of it all present life and confirming the future as a waste. He was engaged in an enterprise which, if completely successful, would prove the innocence of Edward Wetherel; and one result, one morally certain result, of such a rehabilitation would be to give Nestoria back to her betrothed lover. He himself felt sure of it, and that surety was a dagger to him. He knew now, if he had never known it before, that he loved the girl with all his heart and mind and strength. She had never yet seemed to him, and indeed we might also say that she had never really been, so beautiful, so sweet in her ways, so noble and pure and altogether charming, as she appeared to his imagination in this momentous hour when he was doing his feeble best to hand her over to another. He remembered her smile—that tender starlight sparkle which had so often transmitted to him messages of gratitude and friendship, and which had sometimes lighted up the dusky abysses of his humility with glimmers of trembling hope. He recalled her various expressions, her thoughtful face, her sorrowful face, her

face of cheer, her rare face of gayety, all her faces, all familiar to his soul, all capable of appearing before his mind's eye at an instant's summons, or without a summons. His meditations concerning her were not philosophical, nor hardly intelligent. They were vision and emotion; he saw and felt, rather than thought.

It was a farewell. He gave her up; he sacrificed himself, as he was accustomed to do; he walked onward the quicker in order to hasten the sacrifice. It was a most sorrowful struggle, and every moment or two his eyes took desperate flights toward heaven in search of strength to bear it, dropping back wearily to earth with no other help than a suffering sense of resignation. An angel passing by might have seen a human dwarf striving to rejoice in the hope that he was working out good and happiness for others, and meanwhile wiping the tears from his cheeks. In this dolorous and sublime hour of renunciation he would not forbid himself tears. He must have that feeble consolation, and he felt that he was worthy of it. It was surely not much to obtain, but he thanked God for it, so humble was he. "Oh, merciful Father," he whispered, "thanks, thanks, for tears!"

Perhaps a man is never so worthy of a woman as when, for her betterment and in spite of the pleadings of his heart, he resigns her to another. The very grief and meekness with which he lets go all claim to her brings him near to that divine ideal of love which renders all and requires nothing. Lehming, always purer of egoism than most human beings, was just now nearly fit, one may dare to say, for translation.

Meanwhile his thoughts devoured the long way, as if they had been a chariot of fire; and of a sudden he was surprised by discovering that he had reached the Battery. The dark open space, snowless as yet and lighted by few lamps, its apparent size increased by the breadth of the invisible river behind it, seemed to him at first a daunting desert to approach. He paused a moment, wondered whether he should be waylaid, and then once more set forward steadfastly. Reaching the iron fence which then surrounded the Battery, and which by night was closed to prevent scenes of disorder and dramas of crime, he turned to the right and soon found the place of rendezvous. It was a small open wharf, bare at the time of all lumbering of merchandise, and of course jutting out into the sombre expanse of the North river. As he glanced along its dim edge, feebly illuminated by a single lamp, he could at first see nothing but ghostly outlines of shipping in the stream and a few distant lurid gleams which indicated the position of Jersey City.

"This man means to sail to-morrow for Europe," he said to himself as he halted. "But will he come?"

Yes, he had come; there was a figure lying on the extreme verge of the wharf; and, as Lehming approached, it rose to an erect position.

CHAPTER LIV.

THE MASK TORN OFF.

THE man who rose from the edge of the wharf to meet Lehming was wrapped in a long, loose overcoat, furnished with a hood or capote which covered his head and shadowed his visage.

Lehming did not recognize him; he could simply see that he was a tall man—about as tall as Wetherel; all other peculiarities of figure were shrouded

and disguised by that voluminous garment. Presently, too, as the unknown turned his face a little toward the wharf lamp, he perceived that that face was masked. The mask was a commonplace, grotesque affair, such as may be seen grimacing unchangeably through any toyshop window, and such as children buy to scare smaller comrades with. The nose was prodigious, the color of the lumpish cheeks was gross and glaring, and the huge mouth was moulded to counterfeit a clownish laugh. There was something preternaturally horrible in the contrast between this leering, smirking simulacrum and the supposed homicidal character of its wearer.

When within six or eight feet of the figure Lehming halted, and asked in a voice which he could not quite steady, "Is this Darkness?"

"Yes," replied the other. The utterance, like the shape, was unrecognizable. There was now a moment of silence during which Lehming rallied his thoughts and his strength for fresh speech, meanwhile listening to the lapping of the waters at the base of the wharf, and noting also a dull, faint thumping as of a boat beating against the timbers. "I come to you," he resumed, "from Mr. Edward Wetherel."

"Very well," responded the mask. There was no doubting or questioning; the speaker had the air of being quite sure of the authenticity and good faith of Lehming; it seemed probable that he might have recognized him.

"Have you the paper?" asked the dwarf, after another pause.

"What paper?" was the cautious answer.

Lehming, after pondering a moment over this reticence, inferred from it that he must fully state his business, or the other would make no disclosures.

"I was sent here," he said, "to receive from you the will of Judge Jabez Wetherel, which you agreed to surrender to his nephew for one hundred thousand dollars."

"It is here," replied the stranger, slightly touching his breast with one hand, while the mask nodded and leered its immutable grimace, as if it were some Mephistophelean spectator of the drama who scoffed and sneered at the two human actors.

"Will you let me see the will—merely to make sure that you have it?" asked Lehming.

The goblin visor shook a slight negative, and the hollow voice beneath it muttered: "I must first see the money."

There was a long and troubling silence, broken only by the swashing of the ripples and the thumping of the unseen boat—two sounds which were very strange as being audible on the verge of a great city, and very disquieting as suggesting easy homicide and the secure escape of the criminal. The disguised man did not turn; the boat behind and below him was evidently his and no other's; at least, so he believed. Had he turned, he would have seen something to give him alarm; he would have seen a face peering over the edge-beam, with its eyes fixed on him. Lehming, while fumbling with his sealed package and debating whether he should hold it forth, chanced to discover this head. At first he thought that the mask had a comrade there, and in his nervousness he involuntarily recoiled a pace. But in the next breath he saw a hand rise before the mysterious head, with one finger laid across the lips, as if enjoining silence. Then it occurred to him that perhaps the police were at hand; that Wetherel might have thought it best to advise them of the interview; that somehow or other justice had stumbled upon the trail of this misdoer. At all events a crisis had come, and he must do his best to help it for-

ward; he must engage the attention of the mask to keep him from turning to see his peril. So he handed out his fraudulent bundle, at the same time saying in a louder voice than he had yet used, "Where is the will?"

"I must look at this first," returned the unknown, beginning to tear off the sealed envelope. It was natural enough that he should doubt whether a hundred thousand dollars had been brought him in the night by an unattended dwarf; only a very idiot of a rogue would believe in such an Arabian Nights adventure without ocular evidence of its actuality. He moved a little nearer to the wharf lamp, and continued to unroll the package with hands that shook quite visibly, his visor meanwhile grinning its hideous paper gratulation. Meantime the head behind him changed to a full figure, which stealthily grew up on the extreme verge of the wharf, whatever noise it made being drowned by the lapping of the water. Lehming tried not to look at it, for fear of warning the mask. He felt sure now that a policeman, or perhaps a party of the police, had watched the outgoings of this criminal and followed him to the rendezvous. In great trepidation, and dreading by moments lest his throbbing heart should beat him to the earth senseless, he dropped his eyes and awaited the result.

Slowly, with a deliberation indeed which seemed to risk all chance of success, but steadily and without a sound that could reach the ear, the stranger moved toward the mask until he was within less than ten feet of him. Then he sprang, and instantly there was a furious struggle between the two, the one striving to escape and the other to hold fast, and both gasping out short, hard breaths loaded with curses. Lehming saw a sparkle between them as of drawn steel, but could not distinguish which grasped it, nor whether a blow was struck. Fearful, however, that the policeman would be hurt or overcome, he advanced to give him aid. But at this moment a new figure appeared on the scene, climbing up the dock and running toward the combatants. Lehming had just time to notice that this man, like the first, was not in police garb, but wore a short shaggy box-coat and slouched hat, when he heard some one mutter, as if through clenched teeth, "Upset that little fellow!" Almost instantaneously, and before he could think what the phrase meant, the last arrival gave him a fisticuff which laid him prostrate. It was a terrible blow; it bereft him of consciousness.

When he came to himself some time must have elapsed, for all was quiet. He lay still upon the wharf, just where he had fallen, with the lamp dimly shining in his eyes. He was chilled through; his cloak had been thrown open, as if to examine his clothing, and, as he afterwards discovered, his pockets were turned inside out. Raising himself on one elbow, and lifting his bruised, aching, dizzy head, he looked about him. At a little distance lay what seemed a corpse. It was the man with the capote.

He rose, tottered toward this man, knelt by his side, and surveyed him attentively. The leering, grinning mask was still on the face, giving a horrible air of farce to this homicidal tragedy. It was not, however, fastened there, but had evidently fallen off or been torn off, and then carelessly replaced, perhaps in mockery. Lehming gently removed this painted ghost of hilarity, and stared at the uncovered visage with an amazement which nearly drowned his horror.

"Edward!" he exclaimed. "No, it is Poloski."

Yes, the dead man who lay there, the man who had volunteered to surrender the will of the murdered Judge Wetherel, was certainly Poloski.

"It is the finger of God," continued Lehming, impressed by that wonder

and awe, and that instinctive, impulsive belief in the supernatural, which are apt to descend upon us when we do happen to see a great crime followed by remarkable punishment.

"Now all is explained," he resumed after a moment. "Nestoria mistook this man for Edward. Ah, well, *she* will be happy. *He* is innocent."

Meantime, he was gently opening the large coarse overcoat which enveloped the fallen figure. A moisture on his hands arrested his attention, and lifting them to the light, he saw stains of blood. Then, looking closely, he discovered in the clothing the clean-cut rents of stabs—several stabs, one of them close to the heart, if not penetrating it.

"What does this mean?" he exclaimed, looking fearfully around him. "Why should the detectives leave us here?"

He had already searched in vain for Poloski's pulse with his chilled and glassy fingers. He warmed and softened them between his lips, and renewed his groping for signs of vitality. There was no movement—yes, there was a feeble, uncertain fluttering; or was it the beating of his own blood? Lehming feared this man, abhorred him, and almost revolted from touching him; yet he bent over him with an intense eagerness to see him live, dragging at him in spirit, one might say, to get him up the slopes of death. And Poloski still had breath in him; after some minutes he opened his eyes. It was the first time that Lehming had ever had the gaze of a vitally injured man fixed on his face; and he trembled all over, every fibre of his flesh seemed to quiver and crawl, with an agonizing thrill of pity.

"Shall I go and bring help?" he whispered, stooping close to the sufferer.

Poloski did not at once reply, but it was probably not because he did not understand; for even a mortally wounded man does not become delirious until fever arrives; at first, if he has his consciousness, he has his reason. This man's silence sprang mainly no doubt from weakness, though partly also, it may be, from fear. Who that Lehming would seek would be likely to bring Poloski help, or fail to bring him further harm?

"Yes—go," he said at last, in a faint gurgle, at the same time turning his eyes toward the city.

Lehming rose and set off in the direction of the Battery, trusting that there he might find a policeman, should accident favor. He ought of course to have secured the will first, but in his tenderness for this suffering and seemingly dying fellow creature he had not attempted to rummage for it, if indeed he had not temporarily forgotten it. Poloski, faint as he doubtless was, remembered it only too well; he had the presence of mind, resolution, and hardness of the practised criminal. The moment he was left alone he thrust his hand slowly inside his blood-stained vest, broke open a loosely stitched seam with his numbed fingers, and drew forth the document. His strength was as yet far from gone. A man may be terribly lacerated and still retain much muscular force. I have known a soldier, who had fallen unconscious with a minié ball through his lungs, to recover his senses and run a hundred yards or more for covert, there to fall again in a swoon. So Poloski, with five stabs in his body, two of them sure to be fatal, was able not only to secure this paper, but to mingle it with his teeth.

But the work of destruction was not completed when Lehming reappeared; he had recollected the will and he came running to save it. Terrible as such a struggle must have been to him, he seized the wounded man's quivering hands and wrenched from them the bloody fragments.

"I have—ruined you," whispered Poloski, with a ghastly grimace which strove to be a smile. "You—and those cursed—Dinnefords. You—shall have—nothing."

"Thank Heaven!" replied Lehming with honest gladness. "It is as it should be. Justice has been done by hands most strangely called to it."

Poloski stared at him; but the stare was that of a fading consciousness; he was once more swooning. His eyes had scarcely closed when new actors appeared upon the scene. As Lehming was gathering up and putting into his pockets the smaller tatters of the will he heard footsteps advancing rapidly down the wharf, and presently saw two men enter the circle of light about him. One of them was Edward Wetherel and the other detective James Sweet.

"You are alive then!" exclaimed Edward, joyfully. "I have suffered horrors about you. It was a foolish plan and a foolish risk. I could not help coming to see what had happened. But," and here he glanced at the prostrate Poloski, "what is that?"

"Jiminy! it's the Poloski chap!" exclaimed Sweet, who had already discovered the body and coolly squatted himself to inspect it. "And hain't he been skewered, though? I say, Mr. Lehming, but you've had a busting old time with him," he added, glancing with wonder and admiration at the little man, whom he regarded as the conqueror of Poloski in single combat.

"I was talking with him when——" Lehming began to explain. Then he turned to Wetherel and whispered rapidly, "He tore up the will, but I have the pieces. I was talking with him," he resumed aloud, "when some men climbed up over the wharf and assaulted him, knocking me down and going off before I recovered. I had an idea that they were police or detectives."

"Detectives?" interrupted Sweet. "The devil!" he at once argued adversely. "Detectives wouldn't cut him up that way and then leave him; they'd want the rewards. Some of his own private friends done this—some of Riley's gang most probably—bet you what you like it was Riley's gang—go you my whole pile on it. What's he got in his mouth?" he continued, turning once more to the pallid face under his elbow. "It's a piece of paper, by Jove! He's been tryin' to swallow it."

Inserting his horny fingers into Poloski's mouth, he unlocked the teeth with some difficulty, extricated a tattered scrap of paper, and held it up to the light.

"Look here!" he went on; "this concerns you gents. There's Wetherel on this."

"Jabez Wetherel?" asked both Edward and Lehming, as they eagerly bent over him. "No," added the former. "Only Wetherel, and not the whole of that. The signature is destroyed."

"The signature!" exclaimed Sweet, aghast with sudden comprehension. "What! was this the will? The Wetherel will? And Poloski had it? Then he was the murderer. So that was what this night's business was about. Oh, Mr. Wetherel! you've played it rough on me. You've cut me out of the rewards. You brought me here, an' kep' me a-waitin', an' never told me a thing when I could a caught the man."

"I only brought you because I accidentally met you," replied Wetherel, a little moved by this *naïve* groan of distress, wrenched from the detective's inmost pocket. "You had failed completely so far. Never mind. You shall be well paid."

Somewhat comforted, Mr. Sweet touched Poloski with his boot and fell to moralizing. "So this is the way the world goes, is it? Accident is the Boss."

Here is the Wetherel Case, what I've been workin' at for three months and more, bust open all by itself. Police ain't nowhere. Detectives don't count. Justice takes the back seat. Well," he sighed, facing about upon Lehming, "you are a lucky customer. You git the swag, I s'pose. A round twenty thousan'! By jiminy, some fellows hit it, aim where they will!" he sighed again, surveying the misshapen, heavy-laden Lehming with really pathetic envy.

The dwarf might have said, "I have lost a quarter of a million, and lost it gladly," but he did not say it, nor think of it. He turned to Edward and asked anxiously, "Can you tell whether this man is still living?"

"I think not," hesitated Wetherel, seeking in vain with his chilled fingers for Poloski's pulse. "I cannot be sure yet, but he seems to me dead."

Lehming shuddered. "Without one call to preparation!" he thought; "why did I not utter it?"

An instant later, worn out with the labor, hardship, and anxiety of this tragedy which was now over, he sat down on the rimy planks of the wharf, very faint.

"Hurry off and get a hack," said Wetherel to Sweet. "He must be taken home."

CHAPTER LV.

FACE TO FACE.

It was a long time before Lehming awoke from his swoon, and when he did recover his senses he found himself exceedingly weak, as if he had barely escaped from the strangling coil of death.

But he was in good hands, for he had been carried to the house of Mrs. Dinneford, and that tender mother in Israel had had him put to bed, and was now watching over him.

"There, go to sleep again," were the first words that he heard on opening his eyes. "You can't do better than sleep."

"Yes—I can do better," he whispered after a minute of vacant gazing, during which his memory of the past and his full intelligence of the present returned to him. "Where is Nestoria?"

"Must you see her now?" objected Mrs. Dinneford, not in the least guessing how much the girl was to him, but merely judging him unfit for conversation with any one. "Are you sure that you can bear it?"

"I can bear it best now," murmured Lehming, his mind fixed on the fact that he must surrender Nestoria to Edward, and feeling that he could do it easiest in this hour of weakness, which was so near to unconsciousness.

Mrs. Dinneford went out, but almost immediately returned, leading the girl by the arm and prattling cheerfully: "She was just dressed, and bent on seeing you."

Nestoria came up to the bedside in her quiet, quick way, took Lehming's hand, and whispered, "My poor, dear friend!"

"I have found the will," he said at once, while something like a tear glistened in his eyes. "Poloski had it."

"He was the murderer," added Nestoria. Lehming looked up at her with surprise, she had spoken so promptly and assuredly.

"I saw him yesterday," she continued. "I thought he was Edward—Mr Wetherel. When I found that he was not Mr. Wetherel I felt sure that he must be the murderer."

"And you had believed Edward guilty?" asked Mrs. Dinneford.

Nestoria fell upon her knees, buried her face in the bedclothes, and sobbed violently, exclaiming from time to time, "Oh, what injustice!"

"I saw him by night," she went on after a while. "And they do surely resemble each other. I thought he was Edward. I was sure of it. But, oh, what injustice! I can never forgive myself. He never can forgive me. No man could forgive such an imputation. And from me especially, who was bound to believe in him, and had promised to trust him! Oh, it is unpardonable! And I was all wrong—wrong all the way through. I have been wrong in concealing this thing. I should have spoken; I should have told what I knew—or thought I knew. Then there might have been an explanation. The truth might have come to light long ago. What misery I have made for myself and others by disobeying my conscience! I shall never be forgiven, either on earth or in heaven."

"We have all been wrong," whispered Lehming, venturing to put his sorrowful hand on her sunny head. "My hiding of you was wrong. My not insisting with you for an immediate divulgence of the truth was wrong. It was of a piece with the general lack of proper feeling in America toward crime. I have done what soft-hearted people do who sign petitions for mercy to assassins. I have done what unfaithful policemen and jurymen and judges and governors do. I have sought, with a false and unwise and sinful pity, to shield sin from punishment. Even when I fully believed Edward to be guilty, I wanted to save him from the gallows, or at least to put off justice. We have been wrong, and I more than all, for I knew it. It has turned out well, but not through our merits—only through the compassion of God. But as He has benignly directed, so I trust that He will patiently pardon."

"How can we doubt the infinite mercy?" broke in cheerful, confident Mrs. Dinneford, always ready to be a medium for heavenly revelations, especially those of a comfortable character. "Haven't we been already guided and delivered in the most wonderful, long-suffering, salvatory, reassuring, convincing manner? What might have happened to us but for these gracious dealings? What if that murderer had been permitted to carry away Alice to some of his dens of blood? But Apollyon was beaten there, and at every point; and those who combated him have been brought through victorious, in spite of their errors; and they will have undeserved forgiveness as surely as they have had undeserved succor. And as for you two little creatures falling into agonies of remorse about what has befallen, why it is certainly the most extraordinary sight that I ever beheld in my life. I should as soon expect to hear two pet lambs go to groaning over their sins because the wolf had killed the watchdog. In my humble opinion, if our Heavenly Father had no worse children than you, it would be a very respectable family. Of course, I don't want to encourage you to boast yourselves in the face of the divine perfection. As Tupper says, Humility mainly becometh a man in converse with his Maker. But there is such a thing as a child of Adam dealing over-strictly with himself, and holding himself to account as if he were a god instead of a feeble, soft-hearted, muddle-headed mortal, and, in short, exalting himself under pretence of a superhuman responsibility and contrition. It's as though a butterfly should claim that he was the chief of sinners, because he failed to fly as high as an eagle, or as though the automaton trumpet-player should put on dust and ashes because he blew a poorer tune than the man who invented him. I do believe that you two have done the best that God gave you the sense and heart

to do. Let us forget our little selves and our infinitesimal shortcomings, in surveying the wisdom and power and goodness of Deity. It does seem to me that all has ended well enough to make all worthy souls turn their various murmurs into a song of content. Here is this poor murderer dead, as Edward just now sends word to me; gone off after a short revival of consciousness, in which he talked about his Origins of Speech, and wanted some charitable body to finish them for him; but not suffered to depart until he had confessed his crime in the hearing of the police, and so cleared the innocent. And here are all the rest of us spared to see the unravelling of this bloody web of mystery, and knowing each other to be guiltless. There is our crowning mercy. No more suspicions of ensanguined foot-tracks in our midst! No Cain among us with a mark on his forehead! What an awful scene, by the way, that is in 'Macbeth' where Lady Macbeth washes and washes her hands in vain! *Our* hands are clean, and we know it. What we have done of evil is to suspect wrongfully. We must bow down to Edward and ask his pardon. I shall send a note to him at once."

She paused in her torrent of speech, glanced anxiously and yet with a humorous expression at the girl beside her, and then asked, "Shall I say anything for you, Nestoria?"

"I wrote to him last night," replied Nestoria, looking Mrs. Dinneford full in the face with that frankness and bravery which her eyes always had. "I told him how I had suspected him, and how I had come to believe him innocent. I asked his pardon. He will get the letter to-day."

"And as soon as he gets it he will come here," said Mrs. Dinneford with smiling excitement, as of a woman who sees a bridal at hand.

"I should not think he would ever wish to see me again," murmured Nestoria, shaking her golden head sorrowfully.

Mrs. Dinneford merely patted the girl on the shoulder; she believed that an hour of purest happiness was coming to her; but sympathetic and garrulous as she was, she would not forestall it by babbling. Lehming, meanwhile, his pallid face propped up by a pillow, gazed at Nestoria with an indescribable tenderness, rejoicing in the joy which would soon be hers. He felt sure that she did not even guess of his love for her, and the fact that he had never revealed it gave him some small gladness. Had she known it, the knowledge might have troubled her now, when her other troubles were departing. Balm though her pity might have been to him, he would not have purchased it at the cost of any diminution of her happiness, so entirely had he given her his unselfish affection.

Some hours later, while Mrs. Dinneford and Nestoria were together in the parlor, the door bell suddenly fell into a violent agitation, and the girl divined the arrival of Edward Wetherel. She turned pale at once, and caught her hostess by the skirt of the dress, whispering, "I cannot see him alone."

The warm-hearted lady took her by the shoulders, pushed her gently back upon a sofa, kissed her, and left the room. When Edward entered he saw his betrothed sitting moveless and seemingly unable to move, her childlike face as pale as it could be, and her blue eyes fixed on him in a kind of fascination of dreadful expectancy. He knew at once that the letter which she had written him, imputing great wrong to herself, and humbly begging his forgiveness, had been no mere verbal exaggeration, and no statement of momentary emotion, but an honest overflow of deep remorse and penitence. His very flesh shook with pity for such trouble, and with longing to put an instant end to it. With-

out a word he advanced softly to her, knelt on one knee at her feet, took both her hands in his and kissed them passionately.

"Oh, no, no, no! I am not worthy," broke out Nestoria, the tears rolling down her cheeks. "You must not show me any kindness. You must not like me. I am unworthy of your trust. I have wronged you dreadfully and unpardonably."

"But you have righted me," replied Edward, rising and taking a seat by her side, while still holding her hands. "You believe in me now?"

"Yes, I know now that you are good," said the girl, sobbing so violently that her words were hardly distinguishable. "I know that you are far better than I am, very far better than I have been. I cannot talk about it. Did you get my letter? Did you read where I asked your pardon?"

"I did, and I pardoned," he answered, comprehending her intense humiliation and remorse, and believing that the blunt assurance of forgiveness would not pain but comfort her. "Do you still blame yourself? I do not. Appearances were darkly against me. The life that I had led was my condemnation. What a life it must have been, and was! I ought to ask your pardon for being such a man as that you could reasonably believe great ill of me. I ought to ask your pardon, and not you mine. Well, I trust that I have changed. I am at your feet once more. I ask you again to judge whether I am worthy to be your husband. Will you take me?"

"Oh, I *must* not," groaned Nestoria. "It would be so wrong in me, after all I have done! Don't you think I need *any* punishment?" she burst out vehemently. "Don't you see that you and everybody ought to punish me? I have broken my word to you and my faith with society. I am a wicked, wicked woman."

"No, no!" pleaded Edward. "Don't say that; at least not now. We will talk of your responsibility to society another time. What you did, you did for love of me, and I can only hold you the dearer for it. Do submit your mind and heart to mine. Do answer my question."

He put his arm around her, drew her gently close to him and forced her to lay her head upon his shoulder.

"Oh, I am so weak against you!" whispered Nestoria, a calmer expression stealing over her convulsed face. "I am so unable to resist you!"

"Then you will be engaged to me once more?" he begged. "Will you?"

With a sigh which had the echo of sobs in it, Nestoria murmured brokenly, "If you wish it—if you will have it so—I must—yes."

"But I alone will be engaged," she continued, as he drew her closer and kissed away her tears. "You shall be free. You shall turn me off whenever you wish. Promise it, Edward! Do you?"

"No," he replied, holding her face between his hands and looking down into her eyes with a smile. "I bind myself to you forever."

"Oh, how *can* you!" she exclaimed, giving up the contest and letting her head fall on his breast.

After she had lain there a little while she suddenly caught up one of his hands in both hers, and before he could prevent her, pressed it to her lips. It was an instinctive, unpremeditated, passionate gesture of joyful humiliation, absolute confidence, and absorbing love. It apprised him, as perhaps nothing else could have done, that he had given his heart to a heart which was altogether his, and which by its power of affection was worthy of all that he could give.

Herein, that is to say in her capacity of living for others, lay the greatness of this simple girl, such greatness as she could claim. Amid all her ignorance of the world, amid her incompleteness of education and her youthful limitations of thought, amid her resultant errors of judgment and of conduct, she was possessed by a heroic self-abnegation and an almost superhuman affection. Even when this man by her side had appeared to her quite dead in trespasses and sins, she had still so loved him that she could not denounce him to just punishment, and could not but continue to hope, against the evidence of her senses, in his innocence, and was willing to bear every extremity of suffering for his sake. Indeed, the central fact of her story is simply this, that in some natures love is lord of all, ennobling them in spite of misdoing.

It must be conceded that there has appeared in this story no grand triumph of conscience or of wisdom, recommendable for wide imitation. Nestoria, a merely finite and fragile creature, has been guided by pungent emotion rather than by cool and large reflection. But at least her emotions have not concerned her alone; she has not lived, as a selfish woman in her place might have done, to "enjoy herself" and to "have a good time"; she has been loving enough to bear through dolorous months the burden which seemed to belong to another. And with regard to her one evil deed, the persistent concealment of a supposed criminal, we may allege in her excuse that circumstances had placed her in a position of singular difficulty, and that those circumstances had been prolonged by the immoral inefficiency of our judicial system, so that American society must shoulder a part of her blameworthiness.

Well, she had fought out her wretched battle, and now she was receiving her reward. She was lying on the heart of a man intelligent enough to divine what stings of terror and of conscience she had borne for his sake, and gratefully loving enough to cover both her bygone sorrows and her clinging remorse with a flood of consolation.

CHAPTER LVI.

WHAT BECAME OF THEM ALL.

"Ah! this cannot last—this ought not to last," Nestoria exclaimed of a sudden, drawing herself back from Edward and looking him in the face with a strange mixture of fear and joy.

"I am too happy," she went on. "I do not deserve any such happiness. It will be surely taken away from me, unless I become more worthy of it. I must strive in some way to be more fit for it than I have been and am. Do you know what I have long thought that I must do as soon as this mystery should clear away and I could see to stir? I have felt that I must pass the rest of my life in suffering to do good, instead of suffering, as I have done, to do evil. I have wanted to go as a—missionary," she faltered out, with a piteous, pleading gaze into his eyes, as if doubting whether he would let her go.

We know already that Wetherel was of the firm and even masterful caste of souls, such as his ancestors had mostly been before him, in spite of their prevailing devoutness; but the look of tenderness which he now bent upon Nestoria showed that over her he intended to hold no sceptre of unpermissive rule. This one being was to be on equal terms with him, the associated monarch of their united life, at least so far as she should desire.

"My dear child, our existence is to be one," he said gently, at the same time kissing her hands. "I do not wish to dissuade you from obeying your conscience, nor from going where you can do the most good to others. But must we not consider also where I can be useful? You are already possessed of a foreign language which will enable you to be at once of worth on a mission. I should have to study years to acquire that language. Moreover, I have not even a profession; there are more years of waiting and preparation; and meanwhile life is hurrying by. Then, on the other hand, among my own countrymen there is work all ready for me, and more than I can do. If I am forced to retain a portion of my uncle's estate, I shall have means to enter upon large philanthropies, such as I can myself oversee. I have thought this all over many times already, and decided that I can be usefulest in America. Oh, there are huge plans for doing good in my poor head," he added, with an apologetical smile. "But, grandiose as they are, they may come to something. Will you not let your decision wait until you can hear about them?"

"Ah, yes," sighed Nestoria, conscious, and joyfully conscious, too, despite her scruples, of that weakness of love which trusts all to the love of a stronger soul. "*You* must be considered. You can do far more in the world than I. You must not be planted in poor earth because I might grow there to my own satisfaction. I leave everything to you."

It was not a painful act of submission, although she did for an instant have a vague fear lest she were doing wrong, and lest her fretful conscience might some day assault her because of it.

And now footsteps were heard, and Nestoria ran away to hide her happiness, rustling out of one door as Mrs. Dinneford, Alice, and Lehming entered by another. The elder lady's eye sought Wetherel's face with a cordial yet humorous glance of inquiry.

"It is all as it should be," said the young man; whereupon Mrs. Dinneford smiled with pleasure, while Lehming, too shrewd at guessing, turned pale.

Then there was much talk about the adventure of the past night, the wonderful discovery and punishment of the murderer, and, in short, about the whole Wetherel Affair.

"Only one thing remains to be settled," said Edward. "That is the ownership of this estate. I have pieced the will together as far as may be, and shown it to a lawyer. He says that it is worthless. The signature of the testator is torn off and partly destroyed. The signatures of the witnesses have entirely vanished. The provisions are more or less incomplete. In short, it is worthless. I am the heir."

"It is well," assented Lehming, in a firm voice, while Mrs. Dinneford and Alice uttered some murmur of assent, which was naturally less clear and emphatic.

"I will tell you what I propose," continued Edward. "I propose to pay in full the legacies to philanthropic and religious objects, so far as they can be made out or inferred. So much must be done out of respect to the lifelong character of the dead as a lover of his fellow men and of his Maker. You agree to that, I see. But after that, what? You must admit that it is a weighty, and at the same time a delicate question. I have tried to decide upon some plan of division, without being able to satisfy myself. I have offered you the whole, and you have refused. Nor will I take the whole. There we are at a deadlock. You three must help me out."

"It reminds me," put in Mrs. Dinneford, "of the favorite exhortation of a pious, speechless deacon whom I used to know. 'Brethren,' he used to say, prayer-meeting after prayer-meeting, 'brethren, we mustn't have too much delicacy.' What the good old slow creature meant by it I never could imagine, nor, I dare say, he either. But it applies to our situation surely. We are bothered by too much delicacy. Somebody ought to speak plainly and in business-like fashion; and when it comes to business, I say let the men begin."

"Certainly," nodded Wetherel. "Come, Walter, you are a just man; tell us what shall be done."

"I have a whim," replied Lehming with a smile—"I have a whim which settles my portion. It seems to me that I may fairly claim the rewards, all of them; those offered by the authorities and by the estate, those offered for the discovery of Miss Bernard and of the criminal. They come to twenty thousand dollars. That sum will just serve me. I claim it, and no more. Don't interrupt me, Edward. You called on me to judge this case. Well, as for these excellent Dinneford ladies," he continued, smiling from one to another, "they ought surely to be as liberal, or magnanimous, or just, or whatever it may be, between them, as I am alone. I give up a quarter of a million which doesn't belong to me. Let them club together and do the same. That leaves them a quarter of a million, which is not pinching poverty, even in these times. As for the heir at law," turning to Wetherel, "let him take his half million and hold his peace. There, you have my arbitration, and I sincerely hope that no one will oppose it."

There was a general smile, which was clearly one of satisfaction, and which ended the discussion. In short, such were the terms according to which this fastidiously delicate matter of settling the Wetherel estate was finally decided. The Dinnefords were more than content with their allotment, and Lehming positively refused to accept aught but what he had assigned himself.

And now John Boulder rumbled into the house, as big and noisy and cheerful and unpractical as ever.

"There is your dollar, Walter," were his first words, meanwhile thrusting a bill into Lehming's breast pocket. "Take it before I become vainglorious over it and assume it as a blazon, or turn greedy and put it at interest. Take it as a present, if not otherwise. It is a curiosity. It is Boulder's only dollar, the only one that ever really belonged to him, because the only one that he ever earned. He wants never to see it again. He desires no more dollars from that source. He prefers money that has been left him. Toil is all very well for the predestined and habituated sons of toil; but the soul which basks in its own sunshine can be happiest without it. By the way, I hear that the Wetherel mystery has exploded, and that Nettie Fulton has reappeared out of it as Nestoria Bernard. Life is protean. It is also a Nemesis. Nemesis at times interferes with Proteus, and tears off his disguises. Meanwhile the tranquil soul looks on, and thinks it as good as a play, taking that much interest in it, and no more. The girl Nestoria, however, I should like to see. There is somewhat about her which is good for the spectator, making him both happy and benign."

So Nestoria was sent for, and Boulder greeted her with affectionate uproar, very absurd in a philosopher.

"I rejoice heartily," he admitted, "that your worries are over. I am

driven to profess at least as much common humanity as that. You are one of the magicians, and bring me down to earth."

"How does poor Imogen Eleonore get on?" asked Nestoria. "Is she lonely? Tell her I shall soon come to see her."

"Poor Imogen has taken to herself another likewise poor creature, and gone into the moonshine of betrothed bliss," returned Boulder. "A lover of ancient days came down from Vermont yesterday, and carried her off this morning with such ease that it seemed as if she were carrying him off. It is not often that two souls take on a duality more promptly. She promised wedding cake in time. Her last words to me were, Farewell, a long farewell! Let us hope that she spoke prophetically," solemnly added Boulder, who had at last discovered that Miss Jones's grandiose conversation had the emptiness as well as the gaudiness of a soap bubble. "The Turks believe that idiots are inspired. But that credence is not a part of my religion. At all events, I desire to hear no more of Imogen Eleonore's inspirations, and warn you against her as being not heavenly but mundane, and poor at that."

"Ah! she had not helped you," said Nestoria thoughtfully. "I owe her much kindness. I must think how I can repay her."

We need add no more, unless the reader would like to know that Alice Dinneford, blessed with a sufficient fortune and some experimental wisdom, means to have an American husband of the usual sort, and will probably not find it hard to get one.

VOICES.

I HEAR them in the raindrops
As they patter on the leaves,
Or one by one descending
From the eaves.

They whisper in the sunshine
As it cheers us after rain;
But I look to see their faces
All in vain.

They call me in the breezes
That dance upon the stream,
Yet I know not what they utter—
What they mean.

But when at eve I linger
By the grave of one held dear,
These voices fall the sweeter
On my ear.

Are they voices of Forever,
Sweetly calling me to come,
To a resting-place eternal,
In their home?

FRANK ARBER BROWN.

VIEWS ABROAD.

THE FRENCH PRESS.

THE *news* paper can hardly be said to exist in France. The French paper is a local paper of an inferior kind, and in the matter of city items, for example, the difference between the French reporter and his American fellow is striking. One makes a dry statement of facts without comment; the other amplifies and works up the material into a column. A man jumps off the Pont Neuf and is drowned; of this the Frenchman makes a dozen lines or less, where the suicide is meagrely described. The American, taking the same fact, would begin with a contrast to whet the appetite, such as: Last night, while the inhabitants near the Pont Neuf were wrapped in peaceful slumber and the moon shone down on the tranquil waters of the Seine, etc. Then would follow conjectures as to the cause of the act, and the probabilities would be shown in favor of unrequited love, jealousy, destitution, as the case might be; after this would be the minute description of the corpse—temperament, face, expression, clothes; the pockets would be turned inside out, and if a scrap of writing were found it would be transcribed and used as material in constructing a theory as to the cause of the suicide. If the identity were ascertained, the historian of the event would go to the dead man's lodgings, write a description, interview his relatives or friends, find out the incidents of his life which might have any bearing on his death. In addition to this the writer would probably make the demise point a moral. This, in a word, is American reporting, which is commendable in enterprise and industry, but requires a "cheek," to be successfully pursued, foreign to French character and customs. Were a reporter to call on the Duke de Broglie as a public man and ask him his views on public affairs, he would be shown to the door as an impertinent fellow who had taken an unwarrantable license. In America, the probabilities are that the public man would enter into a lengthy conversation with the reporter, and answer any questions that might be put to him. The power of the press, and the panting after celebrity, or even notoriety, on the part of many public men, contribute largely to the license usually accorded to the American reporter. In view of suspension or suppression, the French press is comparatively weak, and the French law deals in a summary manner with him who scales the walls of private life for journalistic purposes. To be thrust out of the door and reënter by the coal-hole, in the exercise of reportorial functions, is purely an American experience. To commit a misdemeanor in order to gain admittance to a prison, to feign madness in order to procure entrance into an asylum, are incidents which belong only to the life of an American reporter. The audacity and work of this indefatigable seeker after news are only appreciated by the American reader when he is condemned to foreign newspapers.

In Paris, the reporters of city items are of a lower grade than those who give an account of the proceedings of the National Assembly at Versailles. These last usually limit themselves to a synopsis of the speaking, colored according to the politics of the journals for which they write, the whole embracing from one thousand to fifteen hundred words. In Washington, two or three thousand words are *telegraphed* every day, as long as Congress is in session, to each prominent New York daily, and this lengthy telegram gives the man

ner as well as the matter of speeches, the incidents of the chamber, as well as of antechambers, coat and committee rooms appertaining, to say nothing of the news political and social about the town. Congress recognizes the importance of the work, and the power behind it, by extending facilities to the workers in the way of good seats and newspaper information. In the theatre at Versailles where the National Assembly meets, the reporters are placed in the top tier, at such a distance from the president's chair and speakers' tribune, that at times they hear with difficulty what is going on. Favors are accorded to them grudgingly; their recognition is little more than toleration; they are far from standing on the solid ground of their fellows in the American capital; and to these unfavorable circumstances is owing, in some measure, the inferiority of their work.

The want of enterprise in the French journal is especially seen in the telegrams from London, where much of the news concerning their own country is taken from the "Times," which has sources of information inaccessible to any French journal. The English paper shows patience and cleverness in the man it sends abroad to furnish it with news; he must know how to get his matter as well as to write it; must have, in addition to literary acquirements, that social education without which the doors of court society are closed to him, and consequently the principal avenues of political news. Foreign correspondence is a feature comparatively unknown to French journalism.

In America, there is a wide-spread education reaching to the poorer classes, which makes newspaper readers. In France, the poorer classes, and even a large portion of the middle class, do not read newspapers, and this contracts the field of journalism. That political education which almost all Americans possess extends and strengthens journalism, and in this the lower classes of France are almost entirely deficient. The most ignorant American has some idea of the outline history of his country, and the ignorant Frenchman none. Those of the lower class who read, such as concierges, cab-men, servants, etc., generally are to be found in the towns, and their literature consists of cheap novels and the "Petit Journal"—a very small paper sold at one sou, which is read for its continued melodramatic stories. Thus, the imperfectly developed intelligence of this class, in the absence of political training, finds its literary pleasure only in the exploits of a hero after its fashion, or the *beaux malheurs* of the sou journal.

The reader must be created first, the journal comes afterward. In America, the common school is the foundation of the journal in having created a nation of readers—not uninformed, but critical readers, exacting the best work. In France, as a rule, the people are ignorant of what transpires outside of their own country, and of much that is inside of it. Knowing but little of foreign countries, manners, and customs, these are matters which do not interest them; and as the readers make the journal, the editor does not know much more than they. Whenever the journalist ventures beyond the national boundary—the Chinese wall which shuts out foreign intelligence—he is apt to blunder in whatever he undertakes. Hence the readers are occasionally furnished with information about the city of Ohio and the State of Saint Paul. The politics and orthography are like the geography. The ordinary editor's knowledge of the United States is easily summed up: It is a free country; Washington was the father of it; Lincoln emancipated the negroes; it is the land of Barnum the great humbug; all Americans worship the dollar, and say *go ahead*, wear beards under their chin, and dress in black frock-coats; the girls are *diablement* free in their ways, and the married women are prudes; all

Americans are rich, and *all right* is the key-note of the language. This in substance is what is seen here and there in the ordinary paper when the land of Columbus is touched upon. The American father, followed by a dozen children with prayer-books in their hands, wending their way up the Champs Elysées to church in the middle of Sunday, presents to the French mind a continual puzzle. Opinions are divided as to the American government according to the politics of the paper—the Republicans affirming that it is a model government, and the Monarchists that it is badly organized and short-lived.

All the advertisements of a French paper do not take up the half of one of its pages. It is not the custom to advertise in the newspaper. This is done in a small pamphlet of perhaps thirty pages, called the "*Journal des Petites Affiches*," where are found the advertisements usually seen in the American newspaper. This journal is usually consulted in the cafés or little reading rooms of the glass-covered passages, but is not bought by individual purchasers for their special wants, being too dear. Yet the majority do not make their wants known through this medium, nor read it to supply them. The administration of everything touching public wants is so admirable in France, that there is not the same necessity for publicity as in America. The government provides a man with cigars, and lends him money on his watch at five per cent. interest. The government, in a word, supplies the wants of its citizens wherever it can, in a parental way, and this leaves but little initiative to them. This is the principal reason why a great newspaper cannot be established in France, for such a one cannot exist without that system of advertising which prevails in England and America, and which is the foundation of influential journalism in both countries. Another reason hardly less important is the precarious character given to newspaper capital through censure and suppression of journals by the government of France.

The practice of signing each article, which is observed in France, may possibly lessen the influence of the journal, but it is advantageous to the writer, who thus becomes known, and his literary reputation grows into a capital upon which he can rely for regular returns. The impersonality of a paper like the London "*Times*" undoubtedly gives effect to its leaders, to say nothing of that majestic tone which is the key-note of the establishment. Thus, if, after reading one of those leaders on state questions in which the writer takes his survey from an elevation equal to that of the premier of the nation, the discovery were made that the author was John Smith, a Bohemian of uncertain resources and character, the article would lose much of its prestige. In one case it is the individual opinion of John Smith, an English Giboyer; in the other, it is the majestic and prudent judgment of a tribunal. John Smith, in silence and obscurity, passes his life in furnishing opinions worthy of Gladstone, the institution which he helps to maintain absorbing his personality, and sometimes drawing upon his vitality unto death; for this journalistic Jugger-naut does sometimes crush those who devote their lives to its construction. This makes John Smith's profession the most ungrateful of all.

This is remedied in the French system of signing everything that goes into the journal, and thus each man is judged by the public according to his work. In this way, sometimes an honorable reputation in literature is made with a dozen brilliant articles. In the London "*Times*" establishment, with the secrecy with which authorship is surrounded, the same articles might be written during a score of years without knowledge of the author on the part of the public. In the French press there is responsibility in addition to publicity, each writer being held accountable before the law and the public for every-

thing he writes. This, with the reprehensible practice of duelling which exists in France, is the reverse of the medal, for there is hardly an editor in Paris who has not been shot at, or who has not crossed swords, on account of his journalistic work. The result is that the journalist usually carries his sword behind his pen. These combats generally arise from trivial causes, and occasionally the life of some man of rare talent is sacrificed through the truculency of some unknown man whom the world might spare without loss.

The French editor does not produce more than half as much work as his American fellow, and he receives more pay. When the French writer makes two articles in a week, each of about fifteen hundred words, he has performed what is considered fair work; and he receives for this a salary of twenty thousand francs a year, or about seventy-five dollars per week in gold. In New York, the highest grade of salaries in the offices of the best papers, as a rule, does not exceed seventy-five dollars in currency, and the writer does double the work of the French journalist. Besides, the work of the American is done under unfavorable circumstances—at night, in haste, based on the latest news by telegraph; while that of the Frenchman is done leisurely in daylight, for the latest news feature, which is considered of such importance in America, is not required here. There are instances where higher salaries are paid, as in that of Edmond About, attached to the “XIX Siècle,” who receives thirty thousand francs a year. Several writers are paid from twenty-five to twenty-eight thousand, and with such compensation they do not stand so far behind men in other professions as journalists do in America; for the professional man outside of journalism is not as well paid in France as in our country, where the leading lawyers and doctors make forty or fifty thousand dollars a year.

Journalism is pursued in France more like other callings than in America, where the man is absorbed by his paper. The Frenchman finds time to live a more leisurely and healthy life. The night work, especially, of America, is what exhausts the journalist, makes him pale and jaded, and occasionally breaks him down in middle age. In France the appearance of the journalist is not different from that of a person in any other profession.

The centralization of Paris weakens journalism in the provinces, where it scarcely deserves the name. The institutions of America, to say nothing of race, are favorable to its development throughout the country, and there are newspapers with a national reputation out of New York, but there are none out of Paris. Chicago “Tribunes” and Springfield “Republicans” are found only in the United States, where the inhabitants of the provinces are as exacting in the way of news as those of the metropolis. The absence of the keen curiosity to know what is transpiring at the earliest possible moment, is a trait of French character. It is given to no newspaper, though it should bring the latest news from the moon, to divert him from his pleasures. It will read as well to-morrow as to-day, is his usual response when a journal is handed to him in the hours of his *distractions*. The American frets and worries about the news he has read and the news to come; the Frenchman takes it easier, and orders another bottle of Saint Julien between the paragraphs.

As a practical people we put business before pleasure, and the newspaper conforms to the rule in furnishing energetic and instructive articles on the practical affairs of life. When it comes to a matter of business there must be no trifling, but dead earnest. There is no time to laugh until the dollar is pocketed; that done, the joke may be told. Indeed, there is so much zeal exhibited in the pursuit of this dollar, that there are cases where the time for

laughing never comes. The industry shown in the chase after the coin is accounted meritorious, and the man of leisure is censured for his idleness. There is something intolerant in the man of trade in hunting down the loungeur who presumes to follow that mode of life which affords him the most happiness. In Wall street he is worse than 0—he encumbers the soil—a tree producing no fruit, namely, dollars. Society says he is a “good-for-nothing idler,” and the church affirms that his hands are at the service of the evil one. And after all, the loungeur is perhaps wiser than those who censure him. If he idles, it is because he finds happiness in doing so, and this is the secret of life. Now, the French are tolerant of every mode of existence provided it does not conflict with the written law of the country, and every man is at liberty to seek his pleasure wherever he can find it. They put business and pleasure on the same footing, considering one as important as the other. This view naturally finds expression in their journals, where light, sparkling anecdotes and epigrams hold a place as prominent as the serious article.

The duel on one side and the summary way of executing law on the other, keep the French journalist within the bounds of propriety in his aggressions and discussions. Something more than public opinion is necessary to impose a reasonable restraint. In America this generally suffices; that it does not in France, is shown by the excesses of a free press under the Commune, when it became a daily vomit. Passion burns too fiercely in the breast of these people for a free press. That exaltation in their character which creates the “Marseillaise,” also drives them into wild excesses with the pen. The fine frenzy must be paid for; it is a compensation in Nature. There is safety only between official suppression and the so-called field of honor, the former playing a much more important rôle than the latter. The machinery of the government for keeping down turbulent writers and conserving moderation, is naturally imperfect because unjust, making as it does a partial distinction between its political friends and enemies; but such as it is, it is the best moderator that can be found. The love of fair play across the channel controls the action of the government as far as it has anything to do with journalism; but in France this is never the case, no matter what form of government exists. If the “Charivari” were to imitate “Punch” in its political cartoons, and put the premier of the nation on a tight-rope in the tights and spangles of the circus, or the minister of finances in the garments of an old woman with corkscrew ringlets and reticule, its suppression would probably follow. No illustrated paper has the right to caricature any man, public or private, without his written permission, which is not usually given until the caricature has been seen. “Punch” has for a long time kept up a fire of raillery at the volunteer movement in England, putting officers and men in a ridiculous light. Were “Charivari” to treat military men and movements in the same way, the government would interfere and stop it. There is not the same capacity for taking a joke here as in England. Gladstone and Disraeli laugh over their travesties, where their French contemporaries grow angry.

The French papers are superior to the American in all criticism touching music, painting, sculpture, and the drama. These are subjects which occupy a secondary place in the American journal, in small type, and are usually written by one of the subordinate writers. Where art is concerned, the education of the first grade of American writers is much behind that of France; and notwithstanding the mediocrity of the former in this respect, the subject is generally handled by the reporter only. The importance attached to this in France is shown in the kind of men employed. Théophile Gautier, who

probably wrote the purest French of his day—it is to be regretted that as much cannot be said of his subjects—devoted the greatest portion of his time to art criticism in the journal to which he was attached. Francisque Sarcey makes a study of every new play represented in the theatres of the capital. France is a nation of theatre-goers, songsters, and art-worshippers, and he must be no tyro who writes about what they know so well. A certain kind of theological training in America has kept back the growth of art. The evil one is believed to lurk in the operatic airs of the great masters, and in the nude limbs of pagan pictures. There is brimstone about the footlights. The journalist, reflecting as he does the opinion of his public, has generally taken his cue from the pulpit, and spoken of these things to anathematize them. In France the pastor or priest does not try to turn away the flock from the picture or the theatre. It is a difference of race; and this gives full play to the best faculties of the art critic.

The theatre is so attractive to the French reader that some of the principal journals have, in addition to the leading article of criticism on the first page, a daily review in small character on the last page, of a light nature, such as gossip about players and dramatic authors. Sculpture and painting are deemed of such importance, that during the annual art exhibition of the month of May—the *Salon*—all the journals of Paris give leading articles about it as long as it is open, in which the merits and defects of every picture and statue of note are exhaustively discussed. To the French critic there is something sacred in art. Friendship will not arrest his pen if the picture is bad. Prettiness will not save the actress if her acting is poor—and he remorselessly hisses.

French people do not read papers so much for instruction as amusement, and the sheets which present information, even of a serious kind, under a gay envelope, are the most sought after. The demand for this kind of a journal is so pronounced, that it is surprising that all the journals have not conformed to it. The “*Figaro*” is a type of this kind of journalism—affecting to furnish everything in the most agreeable form. The leading article on its first page—called the *Chronique*—is usually devoted to the prominent subject of the day, is lightsome, witty, and superficial. This work belongs to the highest grade of writers, numbering three or four, in the editorial staff of the “*Figaro*.” Following this is the “*Echos de Paris*,” something like the former “*Minor Topics*” of the New York “*Times*,” but not as well done. After this are placed a few meagre telegrams from half a dozen provinces of France. The ground floor of the first page is devoted to a story, which is generally continued for months. The second page has a column of *Paris au Jour le Jour*, which, as its title indicates, treats of matters Parisian. A column or two follows under the heading of “*La Journée*,” where home news is given in characteristic manner, and which is equivalent to the city items of a New York paper. After, is the *Gazette des Tribunaux*—a report of cases before the courts, which, as a rule, is fairly done; then a column or two of biography or historical reminiscences. Following this is a column of the *Bourse*, in which financial matters are treated superficially and with a certain degree of facetiousness. Then a column of musical criticism on the last music, and another on theatrical gossip, under the heading of *La Soirée Théâtrale*; and this, with the advertisements and a large programme of the entertainments of the evening, completes the paper.

Cheap political journalism was inaugurated in France by Emile de Girardin. This energetic publicist established the “*Presse*” at the reduced price

of three sous—previously the price had been double—through the aid of advertisement and puff. The revolution was accomplished at the cost of fierce polemic on all sides, and the death of a contemporary, Armand Carrel, whom de Girardin killed in a duel arising out of the discussion. There had been no advertising to speak of before the starting of the “*Presse*,” and those who opposed the system affirmed that it was a sign of the decadence of the press, so little did these men know of journalism. M. de Girardin went a step further: left the “*Presse*” in a flourishing condition—having disposed of it on advantageous terms—and bought the “*Liberté*,” then leading a quiet and rather unprofitable existence, and put the price down to two sous, which was under the cost of the journal, but he covered the loss by the profits of his advertisements. One of the features of the revived paper was a new idea every day by the new editor, which usually took up a column, and was the newspaper sensation of the time.

The “*Liberté*” is still one of the political journals of France, but M. de Girardin has retired from it through old age. His rôle as a journalist under the Empire was influential, and to his efforts to some extent were due the constitutional privileges accorded during the latter part of the Napoleonic reign, and the appointment of Emile Ollivier as a member of the Cabinet. After the death of Carrel he announced his intention of never fighting another duel, and he adhered to his resolution. His prominence in politics was about the same as that of Messrs. Greeley and Raymond, although very unlike either of them in character.

The dean of the creators of journals, and the most successful in a money way, is M. de Villemessant. His fashion of conducting a newspaper is familiar to the American public which buys cherry pectoral and mustang liniment—wide but judicious advertising. He is like the manager of one of the travelling theatres seen in the villages in the neighborhood of Paris, who, standing at the door of his show, beats the bass-drum, tells of the wonders within, and invites all to enter for a mere song. He is liked by his editors and reporters, and the public also, but it does not take him seriously when he tries to write seriously of his convictions. In a word, in M. de Villemessant are combined the showman, the bagman, and the journalist. The “*Figaro*” is the most successful of his creations, the active control of which he has surrendered to others, he now living a comparatively retired life on account of advancing years. Rochefort acquired his reputation as a writer in the “*Figaro*,” where his articles were much sought after when they assumed a political complexion. Indeed, the Rochefort articles were such a success that they for a time compromised the paper, the government having issued the one or two preliminary notices against it which preluded suppression. Then de Villemessant hurried off this *enfant terrible* to Italy, under pretence of getting him to write articles on Italian art, the two making the voyage together. Rochefort soon after embarked in the “*Lanterne*,” every number of which was a sensation.

The vitality in a newspaper once established is remarkable. The “*Figaro*” is an example of this. It is something inferior to the “*Gaulois*” and the “*Événement*,” yet its circulation is double that of one and treble that of the other. People have acquired the habit of reading it, and are averse to changing. The grooves of habit are deeper in an old civilization than a new one. It does not take the American long to come to a decision as regards the stopping of a paper; the Gaul holds on to it until it becomes insupportable; the wife must be consulted, and perhaps an uncle or two. As there are few advertise-

ments in the French paper, its vitality is more in its circulation than in its advertisements.

With the system of signing articles in France, the editors naturally become conspicuous, and the names of some become identified with and represent different ideas in religion, politics, and art. Paul de Cassagnac of the "Pays" represents the audacious wing of the Bonapartists, ready with sword and pen to advance the interests of his party—bold, consistent, demanding the whole loaf or none, a sort of Mameluke of the empire, with a taste for hazardous duty, but without pay, for he has never been the recipient of emolument from the dynasty which he so zealously supported, and for whose return to power he still labors.

Edmond Tarbé, of the "Gaulois," is less rash than the editor of the "Pays," and may be said to come nearer the opinions of the rank and file of the party, his boldness being leavened with a certain degree of prudence. Conservatism, so far as it is to be found among Bonapartists, is represented in the "Ordre," which is supposed to hold the views of such men as Rouher, Magne, etc., who stand behind it. In the discussion of politics, the organs of the Bonapartists are more truculent than those of any other party. They appear to be still fresh from the lessons of the Duke de Morny, who taught that an empire was established by audacity, and who, contrary to most theorists, had his fact behind his theory. The first empire taught them the same lesson, and these teachings of both empires, lodged in the minds of the Imperialists to-day, find expression in their journals. What they call their polemics are conducted in a fierce, personal, neck-or-nothing manner. Their activity, and their devotion to their cause, considering what it is, to an American is singular. Morny was their great man, and they try to follow his tactics, even to the "Gentlemen, you know we are playing our heads in this game"—the Duke's words to his fellow conspirators on the eve of the *coup d'état*, which some of those men thought was a very ghastly joke. The *beaux sabreurs* of the first empire are to be found in the ranks of the Bonapartists to-day, with their traditional courage, ready, if ever an opportunity presents itself, to overthrow the government and reëstablish the dynasty of the man of Waterloo.

The leading legitimist organ is the "Gazette de France," the oldest newspaper in the country, of which Jules Janicot is the managing editor. It runs in the groove of ancient days, dull, slow, free from coarseness and vituperation, and is read only by the supporters of the Count de Chambord. M. Janicot, a comparatively young man, elaborates and reiterates the principles of the sleepy old gentlemen of the past who dwell in the Faubourg Saint Germain, and holds aloft their white flag and *fleur-de-lis*, and they make much of him. Their fidelity to their writers and speakers is well known.

The "République Française" is the chief organ of the Republicans, and is believed to be somewhat under the control of Gambetta. The political writers of this paper fight with visors down, it being conducted under the impersonal system, by way of an experiment. The tone of this journal is good, and its leaders are perhaps abler than those of any of its French contemporaries. It is evidently one of the main objects of the "République Française" to prove to the nation, by its form and ability, that refinement and intelligence are not confined to the ranks of the opposing parties. M. Ranc, who fought a duel with Paul de Cassagnac of the "Pays"—the fruit of a newspaper discussion—is known to be one of the principal editors of the leading Republican organ. There are two other Republican journals—the "Bien Public" and the "Temps"—which also observe a certain dignity in discussion. The former

was the organ of Thiers when he was at the head of affairs. The "Temps" is behind the "République" in political leaders, but is probably the best newspaper in Paris; it is also impersonal. The extreme left of the Republican party, which the opposing parties derisively call the Nouvelle Couche Sociale, is represented by the "Rappel" and the "Avenir National," whose readers belong to the lower strata of society. A member of the National Assembly said, "I do not affirm that the Republicans are rogues, but that the rogues are found only among them." There is a good deal of truth in this, which finds confirmatory testimony in the courts of justice, where the criminal, ten to one, if he has any politics at all, is a Republican. This imputation is heavy to bear, especially in the case of the "Rappel" and the "Avenir," which are not conducted with the dignity that characterize two or three other Republican journals already named. They are frothy, aggressive, and injurious to the party to which they belong, although they may be sincere and their zeal may be well meant. These sheets may not be Communistic, but they are nearer the Commune than any other paper. To the lovers of order this objection weighs like an incubus upon the "Avenir" especially, and it is watched with unceasing vigilance by the Government. The "Avenir National" takes the place of the "Corsaire," which was suppressed by the MacMahon government.

The "Journal de Paris" is the principal organ of the Orleanists, and M. Hervé is its principal editor, his relations with his party being much the same as those of M. J. Gustave Janicot with the Legitimists. The "Univers" and the "Monde" are religious journals of Ultramontane character; the "Union" is half secular and half religious, the favorite journal of the French priesthood. The "Patrie," in politics, gives a kind of conditional support to the claims of the Bonapartists. The "Liberté" and the "Soir" are indefinable. When Thiers was President they were Republicans, but when his government was overthrown they withdrew. The daily pictorial paper, the "Charivari," is of a healthy republican faith, and renders considerable service to its party. Cham, the inexhaustible delineator, furnishes three or four designs every week, which occupy its third page, and its satires of the first page are written by Pierre Véron, the proprietor, with considerable spirit.

The pictorial papers of Paris are numerous, and with the exception of the "Charivari" are all weekly.

Notwithstanding the eminent position of Edmond About in the world of letters, he is not altogether successful as a journalist, for the paper which he conducts, the "XIX Siècle," has a small circulation and an uncertain future. It was thought when this paper was started that in securing the services of two such men as Francisque Sarcey and Edmond About, it would soon be placed on a solid footing, but these hopes have not been realized. M. About, who is so sure of himself in writing a book like "Contemporary Greece," is uncertain in politics, and in the interest of art it is to be regretted that he ever took charge of a political journal. It is the old story of Dumas the elder over again, who when praised for his writings preferred to hear that he was a good cook. About's articles in the "XIX Siècle" are brilliant and able, but they do not inspire confidence, owing probably to an impression that his course in politics has been vacillating and inconsistent.

Had Louis Veuillot of the "Univers" been a preacher, he would have been a French Beecher. Had Henry Ward Beecher been the journalist of a religious paper, he would have been an American Veuillot. M. Veuillot is more aggressive and less tolerant than Mr. Beecher, but had they been brought up

in the same climate and been surrounded by the same institutions, there would have been but little difference between them. It is generally conceded in Paris that he is the strongest journalist that it contains. His work is often coarse, but almost always clear and vigorous. If he deems it necessary, he can employ the language of the fish-women of the "Halle" with as much force as they. The champion of religion, he has offered to fight duels with his secular colleagues. There are times when he gives the church no little trouble, but he pleads her cause with such power that his sins are easily condoned.

One of the wittiest political writers of the press in Paris is John Lemoine, who writes one or two articles a week in the "Débats," and this is all the work he does, or at least all that appears in print. He is the single writer left on that paper who is up to the level of the old traditions when such men as Prévost-Paradol wrote for it. M. Lemoine seldom writes unless he has something to say, and as a rule hits the target of public favor unerringly; taking time and rolling up all his ammunition into one lump to fire it off with effect. He is reproached with being too fond of sensation in his word-painting, but this is rather a virtue than a fault in a journalist, and his readers generally think so. He seems to have been the inventor of combined words like *homme-poisson*, *homme-cheval*, as applied to the English.

There are some journals whose political complexion it is difficult to catch, such as the "Paris Journal." It is opposed to the republic, and thus one knows what it is not, rather than what it is. The "Débats" is also of this description, and somewhat changeable of late. Principle may be important, but capital is more so, and the "Débats" likes to be under the flag of the power that is. It supported the government of Thiers until its overthrow, which was virtually the overthrow of the republic, since when it has been endeavoring to get into the ranks of the Monarchists with as good a grace as it can. It is hard for a journal to conserve a neutral position in politics, however well it may be conducted, for the Frenchman, as a rule, only reads the journal which represents his views. Opinions contrary to his own irritate him, and he has not the patience to read them. The "Débats" has abandoned the Republicans, but it is not yet known to what branch of the party in power will attach itself—Legitimist, Royalist, or Bonapartist.

The "Débats" has had more celebrities attached to it than any other existing journal; among these may be named Michel Chevalier, St. Marc Girardin, Jules Janin, Erckmann-Chatrian, Laboulaye, Taine, Renan, J. J. Weiss. The unfortunate Prévost-Paradol, during his connection with the paper, was one of its most effective writers. He also wrote during some time the Paris correspondence of the London "Times," for he wrote English that required little or no correction; indeed, some of his admirers affirm that he was as much at home in it as in his native tongue, but this doubtless is an exaggeration.

The French journal, indifferent as it is, has made some progress, for there is considerable difference between it and Mirabeau's "Courrier de Provence" and Camille Desmoulin's "Vieux Cordelier," but it has lagged far behind the journal of England and the United States. The Anglo-Saxon race has a monopoly of the complete newspaper. Journalism can only reach its highest development in the midst of liberal institutions, where it is untrammelled and individual initiative is allowed full sway; and such institutions are not adapted to the French character.

ALBERT RHODES.

LINLEY ROCHFORD.

By JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

CHAPTER VII.

THE BEAUTIFUL CYNTHIA.

QUITE an event occurred one day. This was the visit of Mrs. Courcelles and her daughter—two ladies of whom Linley had heard a good deal, who had been friends of Mr. Rochford's before his marriage, and whose opinion Linley vaguely understood that her husband valued considerably. Mrs. Courcelles was a widow and lived in a different part of the country, but visited London often with her daughter, and passed much the greater part of her life in paying visits. She was of good family and had a bishop among her near relations; but her means were not large. Just now she happened to be staying with a friend a few miles off, and had seized the opportunity of coming to express her felicitations to her old friend's young wife. Having come, the ladies remained, in country fashion, to luncheon.

Linley had heard of the beauty of Cynthia Courcelles, and had often longed to see her. Most women, whatever some people may say to the contrary, love to look on a beautiful woman. Linley had not the faintest gleam of that sort of pitiful physical jealousy which makes some small-headed creatures of her sex unwilling to acknowledge the beauty of another woman. So she was delighted to have an opportunity of seeing Cynthia Courcelles.

She was not disappointed. Miss Courcelles was a woman of exquisite beauty. She might have been called superb but that there was so little of the sensuous about her form or face. She was a beauty of moonlight and marble, not of Titian and the sun. She was tall, almost too tall; slender, upright as a column, with dark hair, smooth over a small white forehead, and a face of wonderful purity, only faintly lighted now and then by the dawn of a blush that died in its dawn. She sometimes looked at one with her lips parted by a sweet, half-pensive smile, and her small white teeth displayed, and she was evidently going to say something very kind and sweet; and the faint blush dawned and died, and then the eyelids drooped, and the parted lips closed, and the desired utterance did not come. Some other thought had risen within the maiden's heart, or some sudden, melancholy memory had blown like a wind across her genial purpose and puffed its light out; or she had checked herself, too sensitive to give full expression to her friendly meaning. Whatever the explanation of this charming exhibition, the effect on the beholder was immense. It far outshone any eloquence of words. It gave the idea of an exquisitely sensitive, refined, and thoughtful nature. Nor was it an artifice or beautiful imposition of any kind. It only meant that Cynthia thought for the moment she had something to say, but found on trying that she had not.

Mrs. Courcelles, too, was very tall, and indeed very like her daughter, although her nose was perhaps a little too large and her complexion was not now quite so white. Still her figure was so straight and youthful that at a distance she might easily be taken for Cynthia. Many a man had hastened his steps believing himself to be approaching the daughter, until as he came near he found that she turned into the mother. Decidedly Mrs. Courcelles ought to

have been an advantageous companion for Cynthia. Any suitor would have the opportunity of realizing exactly what Miss Cynthia would be like when matronly and middle-aged, and the most fastidious could not complain of such a presence in a partner of say fifty.

Miss Cynthia looked unutterable kindness at Linley, and at Linley's husband, and allowed her hand to rest for just a little friendly sympathetic moment in the hand of the latter, as who should say, "I joy, oh, believe me, to see you happy." Mrs. Courcelles was immensely kind, considerate, and patronizing to Linley.

"We are such old acquaintances of Mr. Rochford—or at least *I* am!" Mrs. Courcelles explained. "My daughter can hardly be called an old acquaintance. She is, I should think, about your age. But she has known Mr. Rochford much longer than you have; and I knew him long before you were born."

"Our acquaintance—that of Mr. Rochford and myself—was not long certainly," said Linley smiling. "I suppose we must have had rather tropical natures."

"You have lived in the tropics, I believe," said Mrs. Courcelles, in the tone of one who was about to add, "I don't say that it was your fault."

"Oh, no," said Linley. "I never lived anywhere but in England and at Bonn on the Rhine."

"Indeed! I had an idea that you had lived principally in India, or the East, or somewhere of that kind—where women come to maturity more rapidly and are more energetic and—what shall I say? Vivid? Not that exactly, and yet perhaps that may convey the idea."

"This," thought Linley to herself, highly amused and not in the least annoyed, "is an evident suggestion that it was I who did all the love-making, and perhaps actually carried Mr. Rochford off!"

"We were nearly all English girls at Bonn," she said, "and anything but vivid, I am sorry to say. I fear we were all rather remarkable for stupidity."

"Not you, most certainly;" and Mrs. Courcelles smiled sweetly; "that could never apply to you. Oh, no. The woman who charmed Mr. Rochford could have had no stupidity about her. He was always so fastidious. He hardly ever saw a woman but he found some fault with her. I used to ask him—only in jest of course, and using the freedom of an old friendship—whether he expected that the Tenth Muse or the Lost Pleiad would be brought on earth to marry him. I have heard friends of his say that they never knew him to give unqualified praise to any woman—except perhaps one. That of course—I need not say—was before he had seen you."

"It is the old story," said Linley good-naturedly, "of the girl and the sticks—the girl who rejected all the straight and shapely ones, and had to put up with a crooked little thing in the end."

Mrs. Courcelles smiled again. "No one can call you crooked, I am sure. The perfection of figure, I think—for a lady who is not tall. I rather admire women who are not tall, and I believe a great many gentlemen have the same preference. Mr. Rochford, I remember—at least I think—was an admirer of height and stateliness; but he had not then seen what charm there can be in smaller proportions. My Cynthia's rapid growth was a great source of alarm to me and to Mr. Courcelles—my husband whom I have lost—when she was a child. She shot up like some tall and slender flower—a lily perhaps. When she was fourteen she was within an inch of her present height."

"I never saw a finer figure than Miss Courcelles," said Linley, "or a more beautiful face."

"She is generally considered good-looking," Mrs. Courcelles assented modestly. "Her portrait and mine—we are taken together—will probably be in the Academy this season. You will see it of course when you go to town. We shall not allow our names to appear, though. Have you ever had your portrait done? No? Well, not yet, I suppose. But Mr. Rochford will of course have it done. A low dress, I should say, with some kind of patterned silk—violet or deep gray perhaps—and lace. That would become you, I should think. Cynthia and I are in walking costume. I fancy that shows a tall figure to better advantage—I mean to less disadvantage."

This was all rather tiresome; and Mrs. Courcelles always talked *tête-à-tête*. With four people in a room, and she being one of the company, there were always two distinct groups. She now perhaps thought that she had talked long enough to Linley, or that Cynthia had talked long enough to Mr. Rochford; so she turned gracefully to him, and, if so rude and coarse an expression might possibly be used, shouldered Cynthia on to Linley.

Linley did her best to converse with Miss Courcelles, but the effort was not successful or even satisfactory. Perhaps Cynthia was reserved with strangers; an odd thing for a belle of a good many seasons, Linley thought to herself. But she certainly did not talk with Mrs. Rochford as she had talked with Mr. Rochford. With him she never ceased, and there was an expression of sweet deferential respect, or even homage, for his opinions and his utterances all the time of their conversation, which she naturally could not be expected to feel or exhibit toward a young woman—younger even than herself, and with whose merits and graces, whatever they might be, she was personally unacquainted. Linley liked her perhaps all the better for that. She thought a young woman like Miss Courcelles ought to look up with admiration and deference to a man of Mr. Rochford's talents and position.

"What a pretty contrast!" Mrs. Courcelles observed smilingly to Mr. Rochford, and pointing with her fan to Cynthia and his wife.

It was a pretty contrast, and something more than pretty. Linley and Miss Cynthia sat in a recess near a window, so that the sunlight fell upon the group they made. The two young women were disposed by chance so that the spectators saw each to the best advantage. Cynthia's statue-like face was in profile; Linley, whose charm was all in eyes and expression, had her full face turned to the lookers-on. Linley was animated and roused by the resolve to play the part of an agreeable hostess, and piqued a little by the exquisite immobility of Miss Courcelles. Her complexion was a little heightened, and in her eyes and even eyebrows there was a half-aroused humorous expression which Rochford at once understood and hardly liked. Miss Cynthia's parted lips wore the sweet, indulgent, sympathetic smile which she put on or took off as though it was a respirator.

"Your wife is very pretty—quite pretty, I think," Mrs. Courcelles said. "Is she not pretty?"

"I am not an impartial authority," Rochford said rather sullenly, for he had an uncomfortable growing conviction that Linley was mentally making fun of the beautiful Cynthia.

"No, indeed. I don't wonder now any longer, I am sure. Though we did wonder a good deal at first. Of course we must, you know—the thing came so suddenly. But now that we have seen Mrs. Rochford we can easily understand."

"Mamma!" Cynthia said, having glanced through the window, "Mr. Valentine!"

"So your friend Mr. Valentine is with you?" Mrs. Courcelles asked. "I thought he was in town."

"He only came down the day before yesterday. Valentine"—to that gentleman, who came lounging into the room with a sun-and-wind-browned face, and wearing a gray shooting-jacket—"Mrs. Courcelles has just been kindly asking for you."

Mr. Valentine did not, it must be owned, seem to Linley as if he were particularly delighted with the presence of the ladies.

"To see you in the country at such a time is an unexpected delight, Mrs. Courcelles," he said. "You bring us of course the latest news of the fashionable world? Any marriages in high life? Are five-o'clock teas in fashion yet? Is piety worn this season? How are all the dear dukes and the charming marquises—and do they drive the day-coaches yet?"

"But, Mr. Valentine, you ask me for news as if you had been months out of London! You only came down the day before yesterday, and I have been in the country—how long have we been in the country, Cynthia, my love?"

"Three days, mamma."

"Not longer, darling?"

"I think not, mamma."

"Let me see: Thursday, this is? We left town on Monday. Yes, we may call it three days; but it seems long."

Meanwhile Valentine had dropped the subject and betaken himself to the recess with Miss Courcelles and Linley.

"Where did we meet last, Mr. Valentine?" Cynthia asked kindly.

"In the Row, Miss Courcelles. You were good enough to salute me as you rode by on your beautiful bay. I was seated on a chair—rather, I should say, a seat—one of the wooden seats that you don't pay for. I don't care to pay a penny. A penny saved, Mrs. Rochford, is a penny earned—don't they say? Well, I earned an honest penny that day, and virtue was rewarded, for I saw Miss Courcelles. She saluted me, although I sat on that wooden seat with an old lady from the country and a private soldier for chance companions. I had no right to expect such condescension, had I, Mrs. Rochford?"

"I don't know why you talk so, Mr. Valentine," Cynthia replied almost earnestly. "I am sure I don't see any condescension; I never thought of anything of the kind."

"That makes it all the more graceful," Valentine said gravely. "The noblest beings are least conscious of the descent when they kindly notice us common creatures. For anything you could have known to the contrary, the old lady on the seat might have been my aunt, and the soldier my cousin in the army."

"I know that you have no aunt, and if you had a cousin in the army he wouldn't be a person of that class," Miss Courcelles said decisively.

"Thank you, Miss Courcelles. You have done me justice and restored my self-respect. It is something to know that one's friends do not even suspect him of anything so discreditable. Might I give you a small hint of advice in return?"

Cynthia bent her head and smiled.

"I was only going to say that it seems to me—may I go on?—as if you oughtn't to have that bay horse."

"Indeed? Why not, Mr. Valentine?"

"Hardly becomes your complexion, I think. I have thought of it many times since; turned it over in my mind a great deal. You know I am a sort of half artist—sort of, you understand. Not for money—that of course you know; but I am fond of pictures; still more fond of living pictures."

"Then what would you have, Mr. Valentine?"

"Gray, I think; or white perhaps; or even black, but certainly not bright bay."

"Mamma, do you hear what Mr. Valentine has been telling me?"

"Yes, my love; very kind, I am sure. As a man of literary talent, and art, and that, Mr. Valentine ought to know. But I regret to say that Cynthia's bay is the only horse we have that a lady could ride. Do you ride much, Mrs. Rochford?"

"I don't ride at all," said Linley. "I have never learned." She had been silent for some little time in her recess watching the whole group and listening in a half-puzzled way. She could see clearly enough that her husband was uncomfortable, and she assumed that he was terribly bored. She would have liked to go and stand beside him and throw her arm over his shoulder, but something told her that he would not wish her to do so. Mr. Valentine seemed perfectly grave and earnest while he talked to Cynthia in what Linley thought so ridiculous a way. She did not quite understand things. For the first time since she had crossed the threshold of her home she had an odd sensation, as if she were only a stranger who had no business to be there.

"But you will learn now? Mr. Rochford will teach you. Mr. Rochford taught Cynthia, and took great trouble with her—so kindly. You would look so well in the Row! Don't you love London, Mrs. Rochford?"

"I hardly know London—indeed, I might say I don't know it at all. But I am quite prepared to love it."

"And you will have a nice house—such a very nice house! not one of those poky little places that they build now—unless one is a millionaire of course, and can build a house for himself, like a Rothschild, or somebody of the kind."

"Mrs. Rochford will ask you both to come and pay us a long visit when we get settled in London," said Rochford eagerly. "You will ask our friends, Linley, and insist on their giving us the pleasure of a visit in town."

Cynthia smiled her brightest thanks.

Linley of course hastened to offer her invitations, a little amused at the idea of her having a house of her own in London, and the power of inviting people there.

"You are so very kind!" Mrs. Courcelles replied. "We shall be delighted, I am sure. We cannot live in London now, Cynthia and I, and it is so pleasant to go there sometimes and see our friends."

The ladies presently took their leave. Both the gentlemen were assiduous in their attentions, but Mr. Valentine managed to secure to himself the pleasure of handing Miss Courcelles to the carriage. Linley watched them from the open window. She did not know that little Sinda stood near the steps to look at the ladies.

"Who is that little creature?" Mrs. Courcelles asked, surveying the girl with curiosity.

"Some *protégée* of my wife's," Rochford answered coldly. "A poor child from Dripdeanham whom she is going to bring up, I believe."

"A pretty child, too, but rather odd and bold, I think. Well, dear, you are very pretty. What are you looking at?"

"At the lady," Sinda said brusquely, pointing to Miss Courcelles.

"You mustn't point at people, child! That's my daughter. What do you think of her?"

"I like her; she is so lovely. I want to be like that—tall and beautiful."

Mrs. Courcelles smiled and passed on to the carriage.

This little episode Linley did not see. But when the carriage had driven off and the two gentlemen turned to reënter the house, she saw Mr. Valentine throw his arm, in his boyish, familiar way, over Rochford's shoulder, and burst into a laugh.

"A divine creature!" Valentine exclaimed, as he entered the room and seated himself on the music stool with his back to the piano.

"Miss Courcelles? She is a beautiful girl," said Linley, assuming that the remark was addressed to her. "I never saw a finer presence."

"Ah, but her mind, her heart! There, Mrs. Rochford, you have her noblest possessions! Beauty is but skin-deep. Flay the Venus herself and see what she will look like then."

"What a hideous idea! please don't pursue it."

"Just a little, only a very little, for the sake of illustration. Thus, then, you see it would be possible to mar the beauty even of Miss Courcelles. Divested of skin, I suppose she would look like—well, I'll not pursue the idea. But no flaying process, I warrant you, could reach that noble creature's mind or heart."

"Has she neither mind nor heart?"

"The mind of a sparrow, the heart of a jellyfish. I know her, bless her!"

"Why so angry with her? She can't be so stupid as all that, for she told me that she had gone very far in mathematics. I can't explain how far."

"Oh, you have learned that already? Yes, she lived at one time with her uncle the Bishop, and he has a craze for mathematics; and, look you, he has no child! My sweet Cynthia devoted herself to mathematics to please him. She used to rise at four in the morning in summer, and puzzle over them, and she did succeed in learning something. No; I was wrong in saying that she has the mind of a sparrow. That was rhetorical exaggeration. In her cold, dry way, she has a certain mastering faculty."

"Well, it does her some credit to have learned anything; and perhaps it was only done to please her uncle, without any view to his money."

"Perhaps so. Let us be charitable, however, and suppose it was for the sake of the prospective money. Anyhow, it is her one accomplishment, and she is proud of it. She thinks it sets off her beauty by giving her a flavor of oddity."

"I wonder you can be so ill-natured. I thought men were more magnanimous."

Mr. Rochford had been silent all this time. He had thrown himself, according to his fashion, on a sofa, and was lazily inhaling the perfume of a flower. But he now turned his head, and said, with the easy, good-natured smile which well became him:

"Valentine can never forgive Miss Courcelles and her mother, Linley. He was madly in love with her—with the daughter—and neither would listen to his love."

Valentine was not in the least disturbed by this attack. He laughed and said:

"Don't believe all that, Mrs. Rochford. They did listen—both of them;

Cynthia with placidly attentive ear at first, when they assumed that I was a favorite of fortune like Louis; and even after they found out that I was nothing of the sort, they kept me on, thinking that the more attendants Cynthia had the better. But I soon found her out. Wouldn't she have married Louis if he had only asked her?"

"Is all this serious?" Linley asked.

"It was serious enough to me for a while. I really thought I was madly in love with the girl. I insisted to myself that there must be a soul hidden somewhere in that wonderful piece of mechanical symmetry. I didn't know for a long time how tiresome she was; at least I wouldn't admit it to myself. At last it was borne in upon me with a heavy wave of stupidity."

"Before your rejection, or after?"

"Before, I assure you. I did ask her to marry me because I thought, after having made such a fool of myself, I was bound to do that much. Of course I knew she wouldn't have me, and she knew that I knew she wouldn't. It was a graceful ceremony only. We parted perfectly good friends. There's nothing unkindly or bad about the girl. I think she rather likes me still. If she married a Prime Minister, I fancy she would get her husband to offer me a consulship, or something of the sort. Her mother doesn't like me because she thinks I discouraged Rochford from falling in love with Cynthia and proposing to her. So I did, and very proud of it I am. Think of her sitting in the seat of my Mrs. Rochford; think of her being called 'Mrs. Rochford,' and playing on that piano that the hands of my mother and my queen so often touched. Oh! I say—I beg pardon!"

For, roused by the thought of such desecration, he had given the keys of the consecrated instrument a great bang, which made them rattle with a medley of sudden, shattered, and discordant sounds.

"I hope you don't object to my playing on that piano," Linley said. "You seem as if you were resolved that no one should ever play on it again, and that it must be broken."

"No, Mrs. Rochford," said Valentine with perfect gravity; "I don't object. You are in your right place when you play on it, for you are fond of my lazy lad here, and you can understand how to be his companion, and I can hand over my care of him to you with a light heart."

"But you yourself? Miss Courcelles surely has not blighted your whole existence?"

"Not in the least. I was only twice in love. First when I was at school, with a girl in a cake shop. She had beautiful eyes. I saw poetry and heaven and what not in them. Even then I could not help observing that her hands were rather large and red; but I didn't care. I never ventured to speak to her except in the way of business, asking for cake, and all that. But I know I looked all my soul, and I am sure the girl used to laugh at me. She afterward married a policeman. Such is life!"

"Well, and you?"

"By that time I had outgrown my love. The next was Miss Courcelles. That, too, I have survived. Now I have passed out of all that sort of thing, and don't believe I have in me the capacity for any more of it. I have hung up my dripping garments. Mrs. Rochford, you know my history! Now tell me why you smile, and what you are thinking of?"

"Oh, nothing in particular—at least, nothing that I care to tell."

"But I do ask you. I am very curious to know. I shall ask Louis to exert his authority and compel you."

"May I say it, Louis?"

"If he likes to hear it, dear; if he insists. The responsibility be his if he hears anything that is not complimentary."

"I don't mind in the least. I prefer outspoken sincerity to anything. Mrs. Rochford, you smiled in a peculiar way when I said I had told my story. I should just like to know what you were thinking of."

"Well, then, you really won't be offended?"

"Not in the least."

"I was only thinking what a great deal of talk you have."

Everybody laughed, and Mr. Valentine laughed the loudest of all.

"I believe I am rather fond of talking," he said, "and Louis here isn't. He is indolent and likes to be talked to. I am glad you saw my weakness so soon, Mrs. Rochford, for now the worst is known and I need not keep myself any longer under such restraint. I have already explained to you my theory, or rather I should say my discovery in morals: that the smaller weaknesses are all to be cherished and indulged. It is generally understood, I believe, that where mice are you don't have rats."

"But I am very fond of talking," Linley pleaded pathetically. "What am I to do?"

"Talk to Louis all the time when I'm not here; talk to Miss Courcelles in London—you'll have opportunity enough. My most terrible rival is old Tuxham. We have fearful struggles, each demanding and neither conceding *la parole*. Rochford sits and listens and laughs. I delight in arguing with old Tuxham and contradicting everything he says. But we are good friends for all that."

During the evening Linley was prevailed upon, against her better inclinations, to give her imitation of Mr. Platt and of Mrs. Platt, and of Mr. Tuxham. Mr. Rochford was delighted and Valentine laughed heartily. Then, of her own accord, Mrs. Rochford favored her listeners with a wonderful imitation of Mrs. Courcelles's accent and way of grandly giving out her words. This delighted Mr. Valentine much more than Rochford; and, as if she had not done enough for fame, Linley threw off a surprising piece of mimicry, wherein the sweet soft words of nothingness and the lip-parted smile of the divine Cynthia were faithfully reproduced. This unspeakably intensified the joy of Valentine; but Linley saw, with something like pain and self-reproach, an expression of dissatisfaction in the face of her master.

"Oh, I feel ashamed of myself and all this folly!" she suddenly exclaimed, and she ran out of the room and showed herself no more there that night.

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. TUXHAM'S INVITATION.

ONE of Mr. Tuxham's favorite topics, when he happened to be in a complaining humor, was the dining system of modern life. He was always girding at Rochford for his indulgence in eating, his varied food and wines, and his late hours. Rochford's happy and easy kind of egotism took no offence at this. On the contrary, he was rather gratified, perhaps, to have his character and even his defects thus openly discussed. The subject was always interesting to him, and became only the more so when Linley spiritedly undertook his defence, and routed Mr. Tuxham utterly by making him angry. It amused

Rochford to see people angry, as the fighting or supposed fighting of spiders amused Spinoza.

"You must come and dine with me, both of you," Mr. Tuxham exclaimed one day, "at my hour and after my principles, and I'll show you when and how human beings ought to live."

"I thought you never ate or drank at all, Tuxham," Valentine said. "I never saw you do either, and you always gave us to understand that you never did."

"I venture to think that mine is the only healthy appetite in the company," Mr. Tuxham replied—"except of course Mrs. Rochford's. I don't believe *she* has been driven to breakfast off absinthe and artichokes."

"I can eat anything," said Valentine. "I never tried absinthe and artichokes, but I dare say I could do nicely with them."

"I haven't ever had anything of the sort for breakfast," said Linley, "and I am very healthy; but I don't think, Mr. Tuxham, I care to be held up as an illustration of a supreme capacity for breakfast-eating. I think I would rather you had described me—say, as the Tenth Muse (I am borrowing from Mrs. Courcelles), if you want to pay a compliment."

"But I don't, madam; and I think a good healthy appetite in a young woman is a great deal finer quality than any attribute of a muse. But the question is, will you all come and dine with me—in my house, on my principles, after my fashion?"

"In the cause of science and human progress," said Valentine, "there are few dangers I would not brave. Tuxham, count on me—any day, any hour, while I am in this part of the world."

"Will you come, Rochford?"

"Well, you know I hate dining out——"

"But this won't be dining out," Valentine interposed. "It will probably take place at eight in the morning, and will consist of sawdust pudding, compounded by Tuxham himself in a stone jar."

"It will be a dinner for a man, not for a male cook," Tuxham replied.

"Well," Rochford said, bracing himself up for an effort, "I am a little curious about the experiment. I'll go, Tuxham, but dare not promise to eat. I'll look on; and I'll eat if I may venture, and see my way."

"Good! then there is our party."

"Am not I to go, Mr. Tuxham?" said Linley. "After having complimented me, and me only, on a fine appetite, am I to be left with bare imagination of a feast?"

"No, my dear; I assumed of course that your husband would bring you if he thought fit. I am of the old-fashioned patriarchal way of thinking; I regard the wife as the apanage of the husband. Rochford will bring you if he likes."

"Oh, pray bring me!" pleaded Linley; "I am very curious."

"My dear," said Rochford patting her hair, "our friend Tuxham knows very well that I couldn't do without you."

"Not I; what do I know of your new-fashioned ways in London? I'm glad you are coming, Mrs. Rochford; because I don't intend that any servant shall wait upon us at dinner. I hate to dine where servants are hanging about, and I shall want you to help me. Rochford is too indolent to do anything, and Valentine would only make a succession of blunders."

"You may count on my help," Linley said; "I'll do all the waiting if you like; I think I could be rather clever at that sort of thing."

"The matter is settled then," said Tuxham, "except as to the day. When shall that be?"

"Are the preparations to be gigantic?" Valentine asked. "Is it to be a feast in the manner of the ancients? If so, we had better fix a day when the season is over and Rochford comes back from town."

"Two hours for preparation will suffice. I am not Lucullus nor Vitellius; and I would not have such guests inside my doors if I knew them. Shall we say to-morrow?"

"To-morrow? Oh, that's sudden!" Valentine began.

"Let it be to-morrow," Rochford interposed. "If it is put off any longer, I shall have time to think over it, and shall lose courage perhaps. I detest even pleasures that hang over one in anticipation."

"To-morrow then it shall be."

"And the hour?" Valentine asked.

"Five o'clock."

"Now, why five? Why not healthily early, or agreeably late?"

"The day's work of a rational and educated being, whatever it is, and supposing him to do any work," said Tuxham, sardonically glancing at Valentine, who had put the question, "ought to be all over at five. Then he ought to dine for health, enjoyment, and rest."

"Five is a very good hour," said Linley.

"It is," Mr. Tuxham explained; "for then people have just time to rest and think and talk after dinner, and go to bed at ten. No sensible person ought to be out of bed at ten."

"I hate sleeping," Valentine observed; "it's so stupid and senseless. I like to be awake and active, especially at night. Why, no fellow's faculties ever begin to burn brightly until eight. I never get an idea worth the having until I hear the sable garments of the night sweeping through my marble halls."

"You'll never be like me at my time of life," Tuxham said gravely.

"There's comfort yet," Valentine placidly remarked.

"As for Rochford, he'll never see my years."

"Oh, Mr. Tuxham, for shame!" Linley exclaimed, turning quite pale; "how can you say such things?"

Rochford smiled with a kindly smile at her sudden emotion. Valentine steadily leaned his chin upon his hand, wherein he grasped his beard, and looked curiously at both of them, as one might do who was sympathetic with the affections and sorrows of humanity, but had himself no concern in them.

"Tuxham's no prophet, Linley," Rochford said, "as you will soon find out."

"My dear," the elder man said rather softly, "I forgot you were here, or I should never have talked my nonsense. Besides, I might be Mr. Rochford's father, and your grandfather; and besides, I dare say, you are romantic and girlish enough not to like the idea of seeing your husband turn into an old man. At your age the tragic is allowable. Nothing delights young people more than the contemplation of early death."

"I don't think so," Linley said. "Early death for one's self, perhaps, but not for others."

"Young people," said Valentine dogmatically, "like thinking about early death because they are so simply egotistical, and fancy it a grand and romantic sort of thing to lie in some beautiful spot with all Nature and the world la-

menting for them. If they would only have the sense to picture all Nature and the world as not caring a farthing whether they lived or died—in fact, not even noticing or knowing when they were dead—we should hear a good deal less about the beauty of early death and the bounty of the gods.”

“Oh, no; I don’t agree with you at all,” Linley interposed.

“I used to think in that way, or fancy I thought so,” Valentine coolly went on, “when I was young. Now I don’t. Then I was egotistic, and called egotism sublimity of soul, and romance. No, I don’t like to think of a time coming when that sky will be as blue, and that water will flash, and the trees will wave, and the birds will sing, and, as the Ettrick Shepherd says in the ‘Noctes,’ me no there to list—list—listen!”

“I don’t feel that,” Linley said emphatically. “I know I don’t. If I were dying, I should be glad to think—it would comfort me—that others were going to be happy in the sunlight when it had ceased to shine for me. It would still be a kind of living in the world, to know that one’s friends were happy there.”

“For Heaven’s sake,” Rochford broke in almost pettishly, “let us not talk any more of old age and death! I hate gloom of that kind. Linley, my dear, that may be all very well for you with your twenty years and your health fit for the huntress Diana. Do have some consideration for your less fortunate elders, who know what it is to have their livers out of order.” Rochford had grown good-humored again by the time he had approached the end of his little speech.

“Your liver, I promise you, shall take no hurt by my dinner to-morrow,” said Mr. Tuxham. “But you would do better, Rochford, if you rose earlier, walked more, and ate less. Look at me! In years I am sixty; in physique I am thirty. Come to-morrow and take a lesson. Good morning, my dear; good morning, gentlemen.”

Tuxham took his leave, and Linley went to her own little room feeling strangely dispirited and uncomfortable. The frequent allusions made by Tuxham to her husband’s indolent and epicurean habits always annoyed her. They seemed as if they must be intended to lower him in her eyes; and even to have that effect. But to-day they came accompanied by more alarming suggestions. Was he really then an invalid? Was his life in danger; and was she to whom that life was so far more precious than her own not to be allowed to know of it? She suddenly saw Valentine pass her window lounging with a meerschaum in his mouth. She threw her hat on, went quickly out, and accosted him. He put down his pipe, and seemed a little astonished.

“Mr. Valentine! I want to talk to you; I want to ask you a question. But first I wish to know whether you can give me a serious straightforward answer, without any badinage, and as if you were not talking to a child. If you can’t do this, or don’t think me worth any seriousness, just say so.”

She spoke with a certain warmth, to him not intelligible, to herself not explained, but really meaning that she resented any levity, past and real, or only future and possible, on any subject connected with her husband’s very name.

“Perhaps you will tell me what the question is, Mrs. Rochford. That will be the easier way of testing my capacity to make you a wholesome answer.”

“Is—is my husband—your friend—in bad health? Is he in danger—of any kind? Does he need any care that I could give, and would if I only knew?”

“Is that all?” Valentine asked, looking greatly relieved. “I can answer you quite seriously, Mrs. Rochford; but it wouldn’t be much amiss even if I

answered not seriously. There's nothing particular the matter with Louis, except too much ease, constitutional indolence—too much of his own way—and the effects that come of these things."

"Thank God! I am so relieved and happy, Mr. Valentine, and you will forgive me if I seemed a little angry. I thought you were all a little too much given to levity."

"Tuxham has been alarming you? Well, Tuxham is always an alarmist; but at the same time he is a fine old fellow, too, who sees a long way into things——"

"There now, you alarm me again! There is some truth in what he was saying?"

"No, no; there is no truth in it in that sense, as you look at it. Louis ought to be in as good health as any man in the world; but Tuxham of course sees that he is too apt to lead an unhealthy and indolent sort of life, and would like to quicken him out of it if he could. I should like it too; but you see I can't accomplish it."

"Can nobody?"

"If not you, then nobody."

"I? What can I do?"

"Really, Mrs. Rochford, I can't explain to you very clearly. But I think somehow you might influence him—pardon me if I speak rather frankly—more than you do. You seem to lead two lives in this house, and not one."

"But I only do as he wishes me. He wouldn't like my teasing him to do this thing and that for his good even. He would come to think me tiresome and to wish me away. You can't understand——"

"How a woman feels? No; that is quite true. If I think it for the good of my friend that he shall take a certain course, I tell him so, without caring how it may affect *me* in his eyes. I am thinking of *him*, not of myself."

"But you are only his friend; you are not his wife. It matters little to you; he is not all the world to you. If he is displeased with you, you go away and have other occupation and friends and your own life—until he finds that you were right, and welcomes you back again. But with me it is so different! How could I exist for days and days under his displeasure? how could I endure to know that he thought my presence and my advice a plague? You talk of a man's friendship! I am talking of a woman's love."

"I always thought a woman's love was ever so much more unselfish than a man's friendship," Valentine said, apparently relapsing into his habitual manner; "we read so in most novels, I think."

"Fancy being a dreary mentor to one's husband—a tormentor!" said Linley plaintively. "Fancy his dreading one's coming, turning instinctively away at the sound of one's footfall. Do you want me to bear that fate, Mr. Valentine?"

"I want you to do anything that is right," he replied; and he stopped short in his walk and looked fixedly at her, with a severity in his expression of which she had not thought his face capable. "Mrs. Rochford, there is one powerful tie between you and me. We are both attached in our ways to Louis. I see his faults—no, they are hardly faults—his weaknesses. I can't cure them, but I think you can. I didn't approve of his marrying—I needn't tell you that; above all, I didn't approve of his marrying so very young a woman as you are."

"I may be young, but I am not quite a fool; certainly I am not a child," said Linley.

"So I found out very soon. I saw that you had some sense and force of character."

"Thank you; I ought to be much obliged."

"And therefore I want you to exercise a closer and better influence over your husband. You must make him feel that he *has* a wife. Now you have brought this talk on yourself—don't blame me! I tell you plainly that a woman who takes no real part in a man's life, who uses no healthy influence over him, who takes no pains to strengthen him where she sees he is weak, and is afraid to do anything but to amuse him and make things seem pleasant—such a woman——"

"Well, Mr. Valentine! go on, pray!"

"She isn't a man's wife at all!"

"No! what then is she?"

"She is—well, his slave, his toy—anything you like; but I don't call her his wife."

Linley looked at him for a moment with the quick light of scorn and anger in her eyes. A little tempest of conflicting emotion swept through her; and then the quiet, well-disciplined independence of her soul reasserted itself.

"I might be forgiven if I took offence at your words, Mr. Valentine," she said; "but I am unselfish enough to know that they were only spoken out of your affection for my husband, and that is everything with me, and I do see that there is some truth in what you say. Well, I will try to do better! There—I even thank you for what you have said."

He looked at her with a kind of surprise, and with a pained expression, as if he felt that he had not quite fairly judged her; and he was hastening to speak, when she smiled the kindest, cheeriest smile she could summon up, and left him. That day was an era in Linley's married life. That day she first shed lonely tears. But she came out strengthened and cheerful, resolved to spread no needless cloud around her, and determined to try to be more truly and fully her husband's wife. "Except as his wife, to minister to him and do good for him, I am accounted as nothing," she said to herself. "I am nothing else to them. I don't suppose a woman can have a better destiny in life. Anyhow, I accept that as my destiny; and I will make the best of it."

CHAPTER IX.

MR. TUXHAM'S DINNER PARTY.

MR. TUXHAM lived in a wind-blown cottage on the very top of a little hill. The front windows of the cottage looked on the sea. A little garden with a wooden paling divided it from the waste. The garden had a few flowers already beginning to bloom, and one or two trees, their tops blown backward by the constant sea breezes. A narrow walk, neatly tiled off, led up to the low-browed porch, through which the abode of the veteran was entered. Sometimes the door was opened by a woman, sometimes by a man, occasionally by a little boy, often by a little girl, and not uncommonly by the little boy and girl together. Tuxham, when he came to settle in the neighborhood, bought the cottage from the late Mrs. Rochford, and set to beautifying it after his own fashion. He intended to live a very solitary life, and as he preferred the attendance of women to that of men, he engaged the services of a very elderly dame, whose residence beneath his roof even Dripdeanham scandal could find no fault with. This old lady kept things in order, and prepared his meals for

him. But in time Mr. Tuxham began to observe that a bouncing young woman used to go in and out rather often, and gradually seemed to settle down and make the place her home. This was the daughter of his housekeeper, and Tuxham could not find it in his heart to raise any objection to her helping and keeping company with her widowed mother. But as he had stipulated for quiet and solitude, he thought it best became his dignity as master of the house not to see the unauthorized intruder. Therefore, even when she rushed against him in the dark passage, Tuxham persistently ignored the robust young woman. Nay, even when she actually brought him his breakfast with her own hands, her mother being otherwise engaged, he would not admit that he was aware of any temporary change in the *personnel* of his attendance. At length the bouncing girl got married, and for a while disappeared. Tuxham longed to ask what had become of her, for now her broad and smiling face had grown pleasant to him. But to inquire would have been to admit her existence, her intrusion, and consequently the disregard of his authority, and therefore he wisely abstained. It was not very long, however, before he encountered her in the dark passage again, and she appeared to have resumed her old occupation. Where, Tuxham thought, can the poor thing's husband be? Has he deserted her already? Is he dead? Where indeed was he but in Tuxham's own kitchen, where he breakfasted, dined, and supped every day, being a wonderfully good-for-nothing, soft-headed, idle fellow. For some time the new-comer made a show of going home every evening, but at last he too squatted quietly under Tuxham's roof, and appointed himself gardener, thatcher, paling-mender, boot-cleaner, etc., to the establishment, while occasionally doing a stroke of work here and there in Dripdeanham. Tuxham saw all this and opened the eyes of wonder, but was amused and bore it. At length the mother, poor old Mrs. Beverill, came to die, and Tuxham paid for the funeral, and first and finally recognized the established fact by saying bluntly to the daughter, "You keep her place; stay here as long as you like, all the lot of you." The result of which was that the cottage at last held five inmates, and that the little boy and girl, born of the bouncing young woman and the soft-headed man, sometimes opened the door to visitors.

This day, however, Tuxham himself opened the door for Mr. Rochford and Linley, who came in a light open carriage, Rochford not loving to walk anywhere. Very pretty and bright looked Linley, with her cheek a little crimsoned and her hair a little blown by the wind, as she stepped lightly to the ground and was welcomed by her host. She stopped for a moment to look over the broad sea, and shaded her eyes from the sun. Rochford, who had descended with greater dignity and slowness, was instantly assailed rather than greeted by Mr. Tuxham.

"An honor beyond precedent for my poor abode," said the latter, "to have the hermit of Epicureanism come from his favored home! Shall we not plant a tree, Rochford, to mark the occasion of your first condescending to dine out in this region? I am not wrong, surely? This is your first venture? Mine is the honored roof?"

"Well, Tuxham," Rochford replied good-humoredly, "I am doing more for you than you can be persuaded to do for me. You never will come to dine with me."

"I'll come in London," Tuxham said, "when I go up there next. As I can't dine after my own fashion in town, I suppose I might as well adopt yours. I shall save something at all events, and there's a comfort in that. What are you looking at, my dear?"

"Only the sea, Mr. Tuxham," Linley answered, turning round and ceasing to shade her eyes.

"You are fond of the sea then? Rochford isn't. He has a schooner yacht here, and he never sails in her."

"But he is going to take me for a cruise round the south coast," Linley said, always eager to defend her master when there seemed even the slightest imputation against him.

"Ay, when? canst tell?" Tuxham observed. "Has he fixed the day?"

"No, he leaves that to me."

"Yes, I dare say. Well he might leave you that prerogative. It won't much affect the result."

"Mr. Tuxham, you are a faithless, ill-omened, prophesying person!" said Linley; "and if you don't repent I shall declare downright war against you. How can you look to-day over that sea and not get to think more highly of your fellow creatures, and above all, of my husband?"

Tuxham laughed grimly. "That's just as good and logical moralizing as half the stuff we read and preach," he said. "Look at the sea—isn't it grand? Listen to the birds—don't they sing prettily? Then why don't you love your fellow creatures, and think everything is for the best?"

"Meanwhile when is the solemn banquet coming off?" asked Rochford. "I am rather curious to know whether I shall be able to eat any of it or not."

"The time hasn't quite come," said Tuxham, pulling out a huge chronometer, "and neither has Valentine. I am a little particular about him, because he and I are not the best of friends." Then Tuxham gave his arm to Linley and led her into the cottage.

It was not so small as it seemed to be from the outside, and the room where they were to dine looked almost spacious in its bareness. A round table covered with drapery of unimpeachable whiteness, a small side table, a few chairs, and an oaken bookcase, made the only furniture of this room. There were no pictures or ornaments of any kind; no flowers in the window or on the chimney-piece; no mirrors. The walls were not papered, but painted a light cream color. The one great beauty and ornament of the room was the sea with its far-sparkling little waves seen through the open window.

"What a vast collection of sticks!" Linley said as they crossed the little hall, where the most remarkable object was a very forest of upright sticks and canes, arrayed in stands of bronze.

"My trophies and relics," Tuxham explained. "I have a weakness for collecting sticks. I bring from every place I visit and care for an embodied memory in the shape of a stick. That thick cane there I cut in the woods of Trinidad; that next to it grew in one of the South Sea islands. There's a tough bit of hickory that flourished once in sight of Niagara, and another—there—is a branch of a tulip tree that was draped with moss in a forest in South Carolina. I cut a sapling from near Parnassus, and dried it into hardness; and see that wretched thing near it—that is one of the absurdities you buy, if you are silly enough, as I was, at Waterloo. There's a bit of blackthorn with which I once thrashed an impudent peer, and there's a shillelagh that I saw holding its own in a Tipperary faction fight, and received as a gift from the hero of the day. There are lots of others that you wouldn't care about—I mean with memories of places that are only personal. But now that one, see—that's a stick Rochford gave me. I get a stick from everybody I take a fancy to, as the lady in the 'Arabian Nights' got a ring from every one of her lovers. I always choose a stick when I go to take a stroll, according to the mood

I am in. I summon up the memory I wish to have attending me, like a familiar."

"Ought I to present you with a stick, then?" Linley asked. "I am not much of a judge of sticks, but still——"

"You shall give me a stick before you leave this place this evening," Tuxham answered in high good humor. "I'll show you how and all about it. So here comes our friend at last!"

Mr. Rochford now lounged in with Valentine, the latter having his arm thrown over Rochford's shoulder in his familiar, boyish way, and talking all the time. When greetings were interchanged, Mr. Tuxham led his guests into the room, having touched a little bell as he passed, to signify to his attendants that the dinner time and the company had arrived. Just as he was entering the room with Linley on his arm, he stopped and said:

"But, I beg pardon—I had quite forgotten—you won't like to dine in your hat?"

And he looked with an air of embarrassment at Linley's pretty hat and feather.

"Well, may I not leave it there?" Linley asked smiling, and pointing to the stand on which the hats of the gentlemen were already arrayed.

"Certainly, my dear, if you like, if that will do," the host said, partly relieved. "But I didn't know—I wasn't certain—you are the first woman who has ever dined here, and I was not sure whether some settling of hair might not be necessary. We haven't even a looking-glass within hail except up stairs."

"Don't be distressed for me," said Linley, taking off the formidable hat and throwing it on the hall table; "my hair never is or could be smooth, and it doesn't matter in the least, Mr. Tuxham. Everybody must promise not to be critical."

"Then there is your place, with your face to the sea, since you love it so well. I shall sit next, and can look at you and the sea at once. I make no scruple about putting Rochford with his back to sea and wave, for he cares about neither; nor Valentine, because he sees so much of both that he can afford to do without the sight for once."

"I thought we were to recline on couches," Valentine said, "and we are to sit upright on commonplace chairs! This is disappointing. We might almost as well be in Belgravia."

"You will soon find out that you are not in Belgravia," Mr. Tuxham replied.

Mr. Rochford looked rather weary already. Linley, glancing at him, feared that he was terribly bored, and she felt concerned for him. She enjoyed the whole thing: the novelty of this odd dinner party, the place, the open windows, the sea, the sky, the queer Bohemian unconventionality and freedom. Linley's sunny and sensitive temperament was made to catch up every little breath and gleam of joy that might anywhere happen to float across the field of her life. But she was sorry for her husband, who of course could not be expected to find any pleasure in such trifling; and for the first time she felt positively comforted by the presence of Mr. Valentine, who had thrown himself entirely into the spirit of the thing, and seemed like an emancipated school-boy.

Rochford brightened up into a kind of interest when the dinner actually began. He had a faint fond hope that something might come of it which would show him how to indulge at once an epicurean love of eating and impaired digestive power. He had ever a vague dream of a cheap and possible heroism

to be stirred up within his own breast, by the sight of some dishes at once Spartan in their simplicity and agreeable to the taste, which would enable him to forswear forevermore the ephemeral and fatal joys that are bought with dyspepsia. He came to Tuxham's table as an uncertain Voltairean valetudinarian might visit a holy well, ashamed to confess that in his heart there was a lurking hope of cure from its openly-contemned waters.

The banquet had many difficulties outside itself to contend with. Rochford was too much in earnest about dinner; Valentine was too little in earnest. Tuxham had certain supposed principles of hygiene to expound and illustrate; Rochford was in hope of being instructed, even though only by a sort of incantation of which he was ashamed to acknowledge the force. Valentine did not care a rush whether the dinner was good or bad, illustrated a principle or did not, so long as he was allowed to talk when he liked and to fire off a joke at Tuxham. Linley only wanted the whole thing to be pleasant—like a sort of picnic. Each stage of the banquet only diminished Rochford's dim and secret hope, and left him more and more blank and disappointed. Valentine sometimes kept on talking on some totally different topic, while Mr. Tuxham was trying to explain the profound principle that lurked in this, that, or the other peculiarity of food or arrangement. No one but the host and Rochford took the affair seriously from the first; and not many moments had passed when Rochford had to acknowledge surely and sadly to himself, that the path of safety did not lie open for him, as for the Trojan hero, where he might least have expected it.

Linley had offered her services as an attendant and assistant to the host from the first, but Mr. Tuxham announced with some pride that no such disturbance of her personal comfort and of her dignity as a guest would be needed. In fact Mr. Tuxham had arranged matters so that his own chair stood near the door, and between him and the door, almost at his elbow, was a little side table. The attendants, therefore, had not even to open the door, but merely to put the succeeding dishes on the side table and depart without saying a word. Then Tuxham acted as his own butler. The plan was admirable in many ways, but it was liable to the distinct disadvantage that whenever the door was opened a wild draught swept through the room, which sported with the tablecloth as if it would whisk it off and carry it through the windows away out to the sea.

"The beauty of this room," Tuxham said in the tone of a lecturer, "is its airiness. In a fashionable dining-room you are poisoned with heated and unchanged air, with the glow of lamps—perhaps even gas—and the scent of hot-house flowers. Every dinner eaten under such conditions is a nail driven into one's coffin."

"You ought to drive a nail into that tablecloth," suggested Valentine, "or it will be away on the wings of the wandering breezes."

"You are afraid of the draught, I dare say. Nothing frightens young men like fresh air, in these days! Rochford is shuddering already! How different from his wife, who is able to enjoy it. Well, I should be ashamed to look a woman in the face if I couldn't stand a puff of spring air."

"I like it of all things," said Valentine. "One feels exactly as if he were in a lighthouse. I expect to see a sea gull dashing in every now and then. We had better hold our plates, I think."

"You observe," said Tuxham didactically, "each plate has a large glass and a small glass placed beside it. The little crowd of wine-glasses at an ordinary dinner table is a positive nuisance. Here we shall only have one kind of

drink each, and the two glasses are put merely because I couldn't tell beforehand which each of you might choose. We have excellent light claret, still better ale; best of all, clear spring water. Mrs. Rochford, what will you have?"

"If I might have some claret and water——"

"I don't myself approve of spoiling the water, but you may have the privilege. Rochford?"

"Not any of the three for me, thank you. I think, Tuxham, I shall simply look on and study how to dine hereafter. I may perhaps become a convert more easily that way."

"I'll try the beer," said Valentine, "for it looks tempting. Is that all you have?"

"People would do better not to drink at meals at all," said Tuxham. "I have made certain concessions, but I don't want to go too far outside my principles. Soup, Mrs. Rochford? Vegetable soup; nothing that is not at once light and nutritious—none of the stodgy puddle which your city people fatten on. Here's soup which Flora herself might have fed on."

"It's very nice," Linley said; "at least I think so."

"Doesn't it taste a little like boiled grass?" Valentine asked.

"In a certain sense it is boiled grass. What could be purer, healthier, more nutritious than certain grasses?"

"Is it part of your principle that it must be eaten lukewarm?" Valentine inquired.

"It is, most certainly. Nothing can be worse for health and the nerves than the swallowing of heated soups."

Rochford shuddered.

"I think it would be none the worse for a little salt," said Linley mildly.

"Isn't it exclusively composed of marigolds?" said Valentine. "The v are pretty things, but a little tasteless, Tuxham."

"I never allow a morsel of salt to be put in anything served at my table," Mr. Tuxham replied. "Three-fourths of the ills of modern life, physical, mental, and moral, begin with the eating of salt. If I had a wife and children, they should never touch salt."

Mr. Tuxham, meanwhile, swallowed his soup in considerable quantities, and with an appearance of very keen relish. Nobody else was able to make any decent pretence of liking it. Rochford became amused as he observed the heroic efforts of the other two guests. Valentine began talking about things in general.

"A dish of beans comes next," Mr. Tuxham announced. "French beans, dried after a peculiar and special fashion, and cooked in milk, or rather in cream. These have all the substance and nutrition of the best flesh meat."

Linley tried the beans, but found them so utterly without taste that she could not make anything of them. Mr. Tuxham's principal theory seemed to her to be the elimination of savor from everything. No sauce of any kind was on the table.

"You don't like my beans, madam?" the host said, fixing a stern eye upon her as he saw her falling back quietly upon bread.

"Don't you think they want taste, just a little?" she urged modestly.

"The vice of all our modern living, madam, is the perpetual stimulation of the palate by taste. I am endeavoring to return to the condition of the natural human being. What does man require? Nutrition, to sustain and repair

his forces; not stimulus, to provoke him into eating when he really needs no food. The whole idea of my system is embodied in this dish of beans. Rochford, you must try some of this. Here you have the theory condensed."

Rochford shook his head. He knew it was of no use trying. The theory had not yet been developed by man that could persuade him to reorganize his life on the basis of boiled beans.

Meanwhile Valentine's beans had been standing untasted and almost unnoticed before him. He had suddenly struck some vein of paradox, and was delighting himself by working it out; and he listened with much impatience to Tuxham's interruptions.

"I think, on the whole," he said at last, "I would rather dine with a gourmand than with a dietetic reformer. The one fellow enjoys his dinner and lets me alone; the other can't take care of his own health without preaching to me to take care of mine. My dear Tuxham, a great orator once exclaimed, 'Give me freedom or give me death!' His sentiments are mine."

"But I want you to taste those beans," Mr. Tuxham urged. "Much depends on these."

Valentine reluctantly consented, and cautiously tasted the critical dish.

"Well," the host inquired, "have you nothing to say? I insist upon it, as a scientific man, that these beans are sufficient for the staple food of the future human being. They have the finest and most sustaining qualities of the very best flesh meat, without any of its detrimental properties."

"Not bad," Valentine said. "Good sort of thing, I should say, to take on a hunting excursion on the American prairies, or some such place. They would last a long time, and might defy climate and changes of weather, I suppose."

Linley, being really hungry, had resolutely settled down to bread and claret-and-water. Luckily, however, some slices of delicate and well-roasted mutton intervened at this period of the feast. Tuxham introduced these under protest. "I don't approve," Tuxham gloomily explained, "of a dinner which consists wholly of vegetables. A little flesh meat, mutton or venison, carefully roasted—wisely, but not too well roasted—lends a certain force and consistency to the feast. Rochford, will you not try?"

"Thanks. I think I'll have just a little and a glass of claret. This seems a degree more reasonable, Tuxham."

Rochford began hopefully, but the mutton was not done after his fancy, and he put down his knife and fork with something like a sigh. To Linley and Valentine the mutton was welcome, but there was not much of it.

"How I love to look at that sea!" Linley said after a pause. "Its sound is better than music."

"The praises of music," Valentine declared, "are, on the whole, exaggerated."

"How can you say so—you who seem to love music so much?"

"Of course I love it. I am one of its adorers. But in my sober moods, when not under the spell of the enchantress, I can see how we overpraise her. People say music has the fullest power of expression. Don't believe it. The highest and quickest way of speaking to our memories, hearts, and so forth, is not through the ear, but through the nostrils. The chance breath of a flower will sometimes bring back all the scenes and memories of half a dozen years of youth. The perfume of one particular flower the other day, as I passed along a street in London, kept me in the fairyland of memory for a whole day. Piff! puff! and London for the time ceased to exist."

"There is some truth in that," said Linley—"of the flower, I mean; but why disparage the music?"

"I don't care about music," Mr. Tuxham said; "it spoils interchange of ideas. But I never supposed that anybody really cared for it any more than I do. I thought it was a sort of thing that people said—about the liking for music and all that—like the 'Hope you're well,' and 'Glad to see you.'"

"It belongs to a certain age," Rochford remarked. "We grow out of it. I rather think I was fond of music once."

"But you always say you like me to sing to you," Linley said, surprised.

"So I do, my dear. The dreamy effect is very soothing after dinner."

"Sends him to sleep," grumbled Tuxham. "Now, madam, are you not proud of the effect of your skill? What it is to have a wife!"

"Talking of after dinner, are we supposed to be after dinner?" Mr. Valentine asked. "Is the feast over, Tuxham? are there not even pippins and cheese to come?"

"Dried apples," said the host, "are the only fruits I recommend, except, of course, the fresh fruits in the season, if we can ever be said to have any fruit season in this climate."

"Then, in fact, it comes to this, that for those who don't care about dried apples, the dinner is over?"

"Of course it is over. What could any rational creature, who cared for nerves, brain, and digestion, desire beyond vegetable soup, beans, roast mutton, and claret?"

"That is then your model dinner?"

"I am proud to say that it is."

"I think I should like a dried apple, Mr. Tuxham," said Linley, partly because she wished to like everything, and partly because she was still rather hungry. But when the dried apples came, Linley found she might as well strive to eat shoe-leather. Mr. Tuxham devoured everything with the air of entire satisfaction, and when he had finished his meal poured himself a glass of water and drank it with the remark that wise people seldom drank anything during a meal, and only took water or other fluid when the meal was over.

Undoubtedly a sort of gloom had settled on the company.

"Now, then," the host asked peremptorily, "I hope you all liked my style of dinner?"

"Well," Valentine replied, "speaking for myself, I don't know, Tuxham, that it is a particularly bad style of dinner. I expected worse. You made too great a flourish of trumpets about it, my good fellow. I expected something extraordinary. It was a little eccentric as a dinner, but not eccentric enough to ask a fellow to. If you hadn't made such a talk about it, I think I should have gone through the whole thing, from the groundsel broth, or whatever it was, down to the little preparations in wash leather that Mrs. Rochford has been so good-naturedly trying to eat, without noticing anything in particular."

"I don't think I should have noticed anything either," Linley said, laughing. "I think it was a nice dinner; but I should have liked anything with those open windows and that sea!"

"What pleasure you all lose," Rochford observed with a melancholy smile; "you creatures of imperfect sense and maimed capacity, who don't know a good dinner from an inferior one. I don't mean anything personal to your entertainment, Tuxham, for of course I don't call that sort of thing a dinner at all. But a nature that cannot appreciate the harmony, the artistic beauty and pro-

priety of a really good dinner, is much worse off than that which has no sense of music or color."

"Now, I like to be one thing or the other," Valentine broke in; "either you, Rochford, with whom dinner is an art, or myself, with whom it is a means of satisfying hunger. But to be like Tuxham, pestered with theories and fads about health, and further tormented by a longing to be eccentric, I consider an intolerable condition of things. My dear Tuxham, your dinner would have been well enough if you hadn't made it a dead failure by too much of the puff preliminary. You led us to expect audacious eccentricity, and you set us down to mere commonplace, sir—commonplace! I've devised for myself many times in town dinners a dozen times more absurd, and I never gave myself airs or made a bawling about it. Why will you set up for being eccentric, my venerable friend, if you don't carry the thing properly out?"

"Oh hush, pray!" pleaded Linley, observing that Tuxham's eyes were beginning to flame.

"I don't mind him, madam," Tuxham said in tones that were surcharged with wrath. "I don't mind him. He knows that I never affect anything, and he knows that if there is anything I especially hate, it is to be thought eccentric."

"My dear Tuxham, I never meant to annoy you, or make you angry."

"Am I angry, sir? Angry? What right have you to think me angry?"

"Well, I don't say that I do, but a superficial observer perhaps might——"

"Only a very superficial observer then," said peace-making Linley, breaking in upon the dispute, although she felt with a certain sense of shame that her husband rather enjoyed it. "Meanwhile, Mr. Tuxham, might I beg for a glass of water?"

Linley knew that the glasses were all removed, that the host had no bell in the room, and that therefore he would have to go into the hall to summon one of the servants. By this diversion she hoped to break up the discourse altogether.

"I think it is very unfair to vex Mr. Tuxham," she said, the moment he had gone. "Very unfair; he is a kind, good man."

"He is a good old fellow," said Valentine coolly, "but I can't always stand his affectation of originality. I hate affectation of all kinds."

"Still, as we are in his house, I think we ought to affect good manners even if we have them not," Linley said emphatically.

Rochford looked up surprised; Mr. Valentine colored deeply. Linley felt her heart beat, but she had spoken, and meant to stand by her speech.

"My dear Linley," Rochford said, "you hardly seem to have considered the meaning of your words——"

"I am afraid the meaning is only too clear and too just," Valentine said cheerily. "Mrs. Rochford, we have got into a bad and selfish habit here of indulging our various humors and whims of speech too much, and I am heartily glad there is some one at last to rebuke us. Look here, Tuxham," to the host, who just came in, "I fear I have been talking rudely. Mrs. Rochford tells me so——"

"I don't think I told you so in particular. I meant to include the three."

"If so, Tuxham, I am sorry for it, and I ask you to accept my apology."

Tuxham smiled cordially, and held out his long, lean hand.

"We all mean nothing down here, my dear," he said to Mrs. Rochford. "We get into rough, odd, provincial ways, and gird at each other to pass the

time. You will teach us better habits, I hope. What are you looking for, Rochford?"

"The carriage has come," said Rochford, leaning indolently out of the window. "I ordered it for this hour."

"So soon? and I haven't made a convert of you to my mode of dietary!"

"I fear I am a hardened sinner, Tuxham, and I must try to corrupt you if I can. Now, Linley, my dear."

Mr. Rochford's leave-taking was not very ceremonious. Nobody seemed to mind, however. Mr. Tuxham gave Linley his arm, with grand, antique dignity, to conduct her to the carriage.

"Will you not come with us?" Linley said to Valentine. She was feeling a little penitent.

"Thank you, no. I am going to have a ramble with Tuxham—if he will come, or alone if he won't—along the shore. One doesn't often see such a sunset in England."

Linley wished in her heart that she might have a ramble alone along the shore. The sea trembled in the sunlight, and the whole atmosphere was full of ecstasy. She felt, too, something like a chilly little shiver, for she thought she had displeased her master.

When they reached the little garden, Tuxham said, "You have forgotten something, Mrs. Rochford. My tribute—my embodied memory!"

"Oh, yes, certainly," said Linley, "the stick. But where am I to get it?"

"Here, of course. Now look here, this cherry tree. I will pull down this branch for you, and you shall cut it off. Then I'll shape it to suit my own fancy afterward, but it will be your gift all the same. You want a knife? Here—but no, I won't lend you mine. A knife cuts love, they say, and I want you to be always very fond of me. Rochford won't refuse to allow you, I know."

"But, Mr. Tuxham, a philosopher like you to care for silly old proverbs! Do lend me your penknife."

"Not I. Silly old proverbs are as likely to be right as anything else, so far as I can see."

"Mr. Valentine doesn't believe in such stuff, I know. He'll lend me a knife."

Mr. Valentine produced his weapon, and with it Linley hacked and hewed stoutly at the branch till it gave way. Then, with a face which the exercise had somewhat caused to blush, she turned to her host and presented the memorial, and was eager to escape.

"It shall be a relic," said Tuxham gravely, "and shall accompany me when I walk in the dark, melancholy evenings of autumn."

"What a gloomy association! Why should my memorial accompany you then?"

"Because then I shall want some reminder of sunshine and freshness and spring."

"Come, now, that's very pretty and complimentary," said Linley. "No another word or syllable, Mr. Tuxham, I beg of you. Don't spoil that dainty little compliment."

Thus talking lightly she got into the carriage, and Rochford, who had been exchanging a word or two with Valentine, took his place beside her. She was far from feeling as merry as her words would have pictured her. There was an expression on Rochford's face which chilled her, and which she scarcely seemed to understand. She was glad when the carriage bore them from Mr. Tuxham's door.

"Did I speak too rudely, Louis dear?" she asked earnestly, as the carriage bore them away, for she really only wished to be set right. "I didn't think of it, and it seemed a pity to vex that kind old man; but I know now you didn't like me to speak in that way."

"I don't like scenes of any kind, Linley—"

"But, my Louis—scenes? There surely wasn't any scene."

"Something like it, I think. I detest all that sort of thing, Linley. I dislike women taking on themselves to prescribe laws of bearing; and you are rather too young, my dear, for such undertakings. I wish I hadn't been foolish enough to go there at all. The whole thing was disagreeable and uncomfortable."

Then Rochford lapsed into silence, and though Linley started many topics, she could not succeed in bringing from him any more than polite assent or acknowledgment in the fewest available syllables. After a while, and when she had resisted with heroic sense of duty the distressing conviction, she had to admit the knowledge that her master was out of humor and sullen. She had seen that sort of thing often with some of the girls at Bonn, and had wondered at it, and felt half grieved, half contemptuous; but she no more supposed that mature men of culture and talents were liable to such a pitiable little complaint, than she supposed that they were hysterical or afraid of spiders. Yet there was her handsome, gifted, heroic master, unmistakably out of humor, and simply sulky. Alas! it is hard to sustain one's hero-worship through its smaller trials. For Linley that evening the very sunset and the sea had lost their charm.

To do Rochford justice, however, it must be owned that the mood did not last long. The cook seemed to have made amends in the dinner for all the vexations of the day, and her master's handsome face beamed with sunny satisfaction as he enjoyed each course and expatiated upon it. To Linley this eight o'clock feast was a mere pageant, for whatever the defects of the Tuxham dinner, she had been able to eat enough of it to render a second dinner impossible. But she did all she could to seem appreciative of everything that her master liked, and at last even Rochford saw her efforts at gastronomy, and smiled.

"You dear child," he said, "I know you are trying to please me by affecting to like your dinner, and I see that you can't touch a morsel. You are the best of creatures, Linley, but you can't acquire that sort of taste, and you are better without it. I am afraid you will think men are sadly unromantic and unheroic creatures, Linley. Confess that in your poetic days, on the banks of the Rhine, you never dreamed of being wooed by a Roland who was fond of a good dinner."

"Girls are always ridiculous, but I think I had less of romantic dreamings than some of the others. I was rather busy, perhaps. My romance began with my marriage."

"But come, now, confess: is not the romance—no matter when it began—a little disturbed by the hero's appreciation of his dinner?"

"Oh, I don't know; we take that as an unimportant detail. Achilles seems to enjoy his dinner remarkably well in the Iliad."

"So he does," said Rochford contentedly. "Well, Linley, if you were a man, you would find a time come round when a good dinner would seem better than any dream. Although—I don't know—Valentine cares no more for what he eats than you do."

PHYSICAL IMPEDIMENTS TO SOCIAL SUCCESS.

THAT bodily infirmities will disqualify men and women otherwise well endowed for making an agreeable figure among their fellows, seems an obvious truism; yet it is not the most salient or the most serious defects that disqualify the most. The blind may be excellent musicians, the lame—paradoxical as it sounds—very fair dancers; men whose physical beauty has been destroyed by fearful accidents, have overcome the repulsive effect of their faces by the charms of their conversation. Very often the impediment gives no outward sign of its presence; very often also it is something not precisely adapted to furnish a subject of polite conversation. Fancy a young woman, witty and wealthy, handsome and fond of society, and—subject to a chronic complaint of the kind that Swift would have been delighted to describe in his most disagreeable verse, and to which the more prudent writer of our own day scarcely dares allude. It not unfrequently happens that meanness, misanthropy, half a dozen false reasons, are currently assigned for the non-performance of some ordinary social duty, when the real cause is an unsoundness of the not-to-be-talked-about sort.

Even a defect which involves no personal suffering, and can only be exhibited in its results, may be a great social drawback. Everybody knows that a successful portrait-painter must have what is called a good eye for likenesses, must readily discriminate the peculiarities of different faces and recognize them at once. But everybody has not observed that the want of this quality may be so marked as to interfere seriously with a man's social comfort and success. A person may find it as difficult to remember the majority of the faces which he meets in society, as he would find it, if not musical, to remember the greater part of the music which he hears. Either these faces present an entire blank to him when they meet his face again, or they make a dubious and frequently incorrect impression. He is, therefore, in constant risk of confounding different people together, and thus giving great offence. For, as a general rule, no man or woman likes to be mistaken for any other man or woman. Of course, like most general rules, this one has an exception, comprising a small class of persons. The reader of Thackeray will recollect the fat man at Mrs. Perkins's ball "who dresses after Beaumorris." There are persons who try to make themselves the doubles of certain models whom they admire, and these are naturally flattered if taken for their idols. But this class is small, and almost entirely confined (I believe) to the male sex. Generally the mistaken party is offended. And though the mistaker's defect is purely physical, as purely as if he were very near-sighted, it is so little known as generally to be confounded with a mental defect—absence of mind or inattention. So that if the face-forgetter has any tendency to absent-mindedness, nay, if he belongs to a profession the members of which are supposed to have this tendency more than other people (say, if he is an author or a professor), he will be suspected of star-gazing when he ought to be attending to the ordinary social courtesies. To be sure, experience may give a man tact enough to avoid the appearance of not knowing his unknown interlocutor, and the ordinary banalities of fashionable conversation may save him from committing himself.

Even little inklings of adventure, touch-and-go escapes, happen in this way. Sometimes your face betrays you, and when you think all is going on smoothly, suddenly your friend horrifies you with the exclamation, "I see you haven't the least idea of who I am." Once I dined with a gentleman whose name I did not know. It happened in this wise. I had gone, more on business than for pleasure, to pass a few days at a fashionable watering-place. Soon after my arrival I was accosted by name. Who the speaker could be I had not the remotest idea, except that he appeared to be "all right." There was nothing about him which recalled the reporter or the gambler—the most dangerous characters in such localities. At that happy time we had no "ring," and my ways of life had never brought me into contact with any lobbyists, State or federal. In fine, he seemed to be a gentleman of "our set;" I took it for granted that he was, and took my chance of finding out who he was. By-and-by he informed me that, being in mourning, and for other reasons, he dined in his own rooms; it was just about dinner time; would I join him? There was no excuse or indeed particular reason for not accepting; I accepted. It was soon manifest that my host had no objection to hear himself talk; this propensity of course I encouraged, and rather set myself to draw him out. So he rattled on agreeably enough, for like Ulysses (not the President) he had seen the cities and observed the manners of many nations; but not a word did he drop which helped me to determine his identity. At length, when we had reached our fruit and were leisurely sipping a bottle of good Bordeaux, he fell into the dramatic while relating a discussion which he had held with an English tourist:

"'Thompson,' says I," and so on and so on.

"'But, Vanderlyn,'" says he, *et cetera*, *et cetera*.

With the name the whole man came to me at once. I had known him and his family by reputation for years; but we had only met before on one occasion. To be sure, it was a pretty long occasion, a sea voyage which lasted a fortnight; but I had always seen him in rough attire and a cap and long beard, so that his "store clothes" and shaved face were a perfect disguise and puzzle to me. We have often dined together since, but I fear he has never found me again so good a listener, and I never see him without thinking of that mysterious prandiation.

When a man has the painter's faculty of recollecting faces, and with it a quick and retentive memory of small facts, the combination gives him great social power. This was Macaulay's case. He never forgot the face of a man whom he had met in society, and with the face he remembered all the salient facts connected with the owner of it. Few things are more flattering to an ordinary mortal than being thoroughly remembered by a great lion with whom he has perhaps had a brief interview several years before. I doubt if this faculty exists to any great extent among our public men; indeed, I have often been surprised at the absence of it. A Russian baron of the true divine-right school once maintained to me that this was an effect of republican institutions, or, what came to the same thing, that the opposite was a result of monarchical institutions. He said that kings and princes were obliged to see a great many persons, wherefore Providence had conferred on them various means of being gracious to those persons, of which prompt recognition was one. This reasoning might have had more weight with me had it not been called out by an anecdote which I was relating to show the weakness of a certain king on this very point, but which my baron quietly accepted as an illus-

tration of the monarch's capacity. Seriously, I believe the ability to be physically rather than mentally (or morally) grounded, and it would be so useful to our politicians that we cannot suppose them neglecting it were it to be acquired by study and practice. Nor can we see why our "institutions" should discountenance its acquisition, unless we assume them to be radically hostile to every possible form of politeness or anything resembling politeness. Here it may not be irrelevant to remark that, although portrait-painting has always been, for obvious reasons, one of our most popular and lucrative branches of art, we have not many good portrait-painters and very few even tolerable caricaturists. Another and more plausible reason assigned is, that our public characters see a great many more men than any European potentate or statesman does. Allowing this to be true, we may ask if the painter or caricaturist is bewildered, or if he is not rather inspired, by number and variety of faces. Still it may be that a continual swarm of strange countenances will so fatigue the attention as to prevent its exercise till the strangers are really no longer seen, in the full and proper sense of the word, and of course cannot be remembered.

A slight constitutional infirmity or delicacy, not hindering a man from the pursuit of his ordinary work or exercise, may prove a clog on him in fashionable society, just where it might be supposed of the least consequence. He may have weak lungs or a sensitive throat—no actual disease, but symptoms and dangers. He is not hindered from walking or riding, if well wrapped up, but through all the cold season he incurs some risk by uncovering his chest and wearing a low waistcoat even in the house. He must therefore either peril his health when he goes to dinners and evening parties, or must wear a sort of half dress, with a morning waistcoat and cravat. And of course all this applies in a greater degree to a woman, subject to our barbarous style of full dress. If she even puts on a lace cape habitually, she is apt to be deemed prudish, or accused (fearful charge!) of having bad shoulders.

The reader may smile at so much importance being given to a necktie, but the cravat ever since Brummel has been an institution, especially in England. There are some queer stories anent English cravats. One which I believe to be literally true has "Historicus" Harcourt for its hero. I cannot but think Mr. Harcourt (unless he has greatly changed within twelve years) very unjustly qualified as a bore. But despite his gifts of person and mind, he may very well have been a disagreeable man in certain circles; he was always arrogant and, as Cantabs say, *bumptious*, and at times boldly unconventional. Early in his career he met with some great moral chill. I forget whether his offers had been rejected by a young lady or a parliamentary constituency; at any rate he was terribly disgusted with the world, and longed to find something like the boots of Bombastes. At last the idea struck him. He was invited to a *soirée* at some great lady's where the Queen was expected to appear, and in fact did appear. Harcourt appeared also—in a black tie. London society trembled to its base. The "Morning Post" fulminated an article on the decline of morals and manners as exemplified by the intrusion of black cravats into the presence of royalty. Everybody declared Vernon Harcourt "odd," an expression which means a good deal in an Englishman's mouth, and is generally applied to eccentric gentlemen who jump out of windows after cutting their wives' throats. But there was no *de lunatico inquirendo* writ issued upon the future *Historicus*; on the contrary, he had made a hit and become a lion.

Yes, the English are particular about cravats. It is the rule that no one can be admitted to any part of Her Majesty's opera house except in full dress, which would rigidly imply a white cravat, though I am not absolutely certain that black ties are excluded; but any speck of color on a man is as strictly prohibited as a bonnet on a lady's head would be. A French gentleman once presented himself at the pit entrance. His dress coat and black trousers and waistcoat and *gants de beurre frais* were all *en règle*, but his embroidered cravat showed a minute flower of some color. "Can't come in, sir." "Why not?" "Not full dress." Mr. Gaul let off some mild ejaculations, and requested to know how and why he was not in full dress. "Colored cravat, sir." The ready-witted Parisian retired to a corner of the lobby, whipped off the offending article, extemporized a white tie with his pocket handkerchief, and walked in triumphant.

Returning from this digression, let us look back to what was said at the outset, namely, that very obvious and grave physical defects might not prove social disqualifications. Analogous to this is the fact that confirmed invalids may enjoy a great deal of society. The only question is, what kind of society? And we may answer, almost any kind except that of the ball-room; anything indoors which does not demand late hours or being continually on one's feet. Unless suffering in the throat or lungs, the invalid's conversational powers are unimpaired. This is obvious enough, but some persons would hardly associate the ideas of weak health and good living. Yet they often go together. Many invalids, especially elderly invalids, absolutely *require* the best eating and drinking they can get. Others, though obliged to practise discretion, enjoy very much the things which they can take in the limited quantities allowed them. And thus you will find persons who are hardly able to walk from the carriage into the house, but once comfortably seated in the house are the most genial and entertaining of guests. The formal dinner party, however, with its extreme length and its dangers of overheated rooms and stupid neighbors, is apt to be too fatiguing; afternoon receptions, with informal collations always ready, are the great delight of the valetudinarian. Not that they were invented expressly for this class; they are the refuge of all those who like society, but do not regard society as made up of perpetual dancing, with rare interludes of amateur music. In our hideous winters, when outdoor recreation is almost impossible for weeks together, these receptions supply the place of exercise by the mental fillip they give; just as a man whom some accident has shut up in the house by himself all day will find his appetite for dinner better if he has studied or written or used his mind in some way, than if he has lounged vaguely about and read newspapers. And the light refreshments appropriate to the occasion—a biscuit, a sandwich, a cup of *bouillon*, a glass of sherry, a plate of galantine—are not of a nature to disturb digestion or interfere with the subsequent enjoyment of dinner. The difficulty at first was to find men enough; but fortunately the slaves of the counting-house and the dancing machines do not absorb between them all the male material, and the opportunity soon developed (as it always does) much that had before existed in a latent state.

The introduction of day receptions into the fashionable programme was a very positive step in American civilization. Of course the practice may be abused, like everything else. It is abused at Washington, but only by official people, through official necessities.

Some innocent and sanguine person, who thought that day receptions were

unsuited to a commercial community (that lovely mercantile spirit again!), recently insisted that the evening was the only time for an American entertainment, but also insisted that we must go back to the simple evenings of our fathers. Exactly—and to the two-story brick houses and the population of 200,000. It would be just as easy as going back to Palmo's pyramids. For my own part, I am not the least inclined to be *laudator temporis acti*, if the *acti* refers to anything *quorum pars fui*—anything which I am old enough to remember. The fashionable society of my youth was nearly as bad as it could be in everything but technical morality. It understood good eating and drinking very well, and dress very fairly; in saying this we have exhausted the list of its merits. It had no artistic or literary proclivities. It had no amusement but dancing, and on Sundays and other occasions, when the men could find no women to dance with, they went to sleep or gambled. It had no proper *esprit de corps*, and allowed itself to be bullied and insulted by clerks and reporters and any outside influence that had the requisite audacity. Now that it is gone, some say that our present fashionable society is worse. It *may* be. “With God all things are possible”—and many things are possible with another party. But I shall require more personal experience (which I am not very likely to have) before assenting to the proposition. Surely when millionaires are proud of being art students, and female leaders of fashion write in “The Galaxy,” the outlook is not so *very* bad from an intellectual point of view. And it is to the intellectual and artistic elements of society that we must look for an antidote to the absorbing mercantile and material elements, since the notion of asceticizing a great and wealthy community is sheer absurdity.

CARL BENSON.

A SIGH.

HOW can I live, my love, so far from thee,
 Since far from thee my spirit droops and dies?
 Who is there left, my love, for me to see,
 Since beauty is concentrate in thine eyes?
 My only life is sending thee my sighs,
 Which, as sweet birds fly home from deserts lone,
 Fly swift to thee as each swift moment flies,
 Uprising from the current of my moan.
 But closed is still thy heart of cruel stone,
 And my poor sighs drop murdered at thy feet;
 For which while I in grief do sigh and groan,
 New hosts arise to meet a death so sweet.
 Then, love, give scorn; for if love thou didst give,
 How could I love thee in thy sight and live?

VIRGINIA VAUGHN.

LANG SYNE AT LAUSANNE.

IT is only about a century ago that the romance of the "Nouvelle Héloïse" brought Lake Lemman into fashion, and it might have gone out of fashion again with that romance, and many other things of that time which have so utterly passed away, had not the landscape mania of the nineteenth century kept the lake in vogue. Such, however, is the "used-up" condition induced in tourists by the modern facilities of travel that it is rare to find any one now approaching Lake Lemman in the gushing condition so prevalent seventy years ago, when people wept at Meillerie or went disputing all over Clarens about the site of the too famous "bosquet." Although other lakes have given a name to a school of poetry, there is none with whose shores are linked so many souvenirs of literary renown. Among the Swiss lakes, the lake of Lucerne is by many thought more beautiful, but how different are its associations! The plain of Grütli, Altorf, the bay of Uri, take us back to our early youth, when the story of Gesler and Tell, the apple, the storm on the lake, kindled our enthusiasm over the stories and legends that cling around the origins of Swiss history. Lake Lemman, on the other hand, leads our thoughts to the great authors whose works have been the delight of our maturer years. How rich is the catalogue which might be made of the brilliant intellects whose names are associated with the shores of Lake Lemman; the reformers, the naturalists, the romancers, the poets, the historians, who have dwelt here. Calvin, De Saussure, Rousseau, Byron, Sismondi, Voltaire, Gibbon, Madame de Staël—these are but a few of those who have lived here, or who have said or sung the beauties of the scene. It would be impossible within our limits to include them all; we have therefore chosen a single point, and shall endeavor to recall the literary memories of Lausanne by selections from the writings of the distinguished authors who, towards the end of the last century, made that little city an attractive centre of literary interest.

Lausanne, the capital of the canton of

Vaud, charmingly situated on the slopes of Mont Jorat, about a mile above the shore of Lake Lemman, recalls to us at once the name of Gibbon, who, having been sent here for education in his youth, chose it as the home of his declining years. Lest the traveller of the present day should be caught napping in his literary reminiscences, the immense sign of the Hôtel Gibbon, almost the first thing to greet the approaching stranger, seems to have labelled the town for all time to come. The occasion of Gibbon's first coming to Lausanne is eminently characteristic of the student and the man of books. Having entered at Magdalen College, Oxford, he falls into the hands of very careless tutors, who leave him to follow entirely his own bent; and his bent being to read everything he can lay hands on, he ends by reading himself into a belief in transubstantiation and all the leading dogmas of the Romish Church. Thus it was not by the foolishness of preaching, nor by the sensuous beauty of a brilliant ceremonial, but only by the reading of books, that the insatiate student was brought into the church's fold. The chief of these books were Bossuet's "Exposition of the Catholic Doctrine," and his "History of the Protestant Variations." As Gibbon himself expresses it, "I surely fell by a noble hand." Having reached this belief, he steals off to London, and finds a priest to shrive and admit him to the Holy Roman Catholic Church. But what follows? A repudiation so decided of the thirty-nine articles of the Anglican faith naturally resulted, as soon as known, in the expulsion of the neophyte from Magdalen College; and the angry father sent his boy (July, 1753), at the age of sixteen, to a Calvinistic pastor at Lausanne, to be won from the error of his ways. The history of Gibbon's religious belief may be said to end here; as well through his own reasoning as through the arguments of his tutor, he lost his conviction of the truth of the real presence, and with that fell his belief in the Romish creed. A year or two after his coming to Lausanne he went through a form of returning to

the Protestant church and partook of the sacrament, but this was probably the last flicker of his faith.

Gibbon's first impressions of Lausanne gave little promise of his future attachment to the place.

"I had now exchanged" (he writes in his memoirs) "my elegant apartment in Magdalen Collegè for a narrow, gloomy street, the most unfrequented of an unhandsome town, for an old, inconvenient house, and for a small chamber, ill contrived and ill furnished, which, on the approach of winter, instead of a companionable fire must be warmed by the dull, insensible heat of a stove. From a man I was again degraded to the dependence of a school-boy. Mr. Parilliard managed my expenses, which had been reduced to a diminutive state; I received a small monthly allowance for my pocket-money; and helpless and awkward as I have ever been, I no longer enjoyed the indispensable comfort of a servant. My condition seemed as destitute of hope as it was devoid of pleasure. I was separated for an indefinite—which appeared an infinite—term from my native country; and I had lost all connection with my Catholic friends. I have since reflected with surprise, that as the Romish clergy of every part of Europe maintain a close correspondence with each other, they never attempted, by letters or messages, to rescue me from the hands of the heretics, or at least to confirm my zeal and constancy in the profession of the faith. Such was my first introduction to Lausanne—a place where I spent nearly five years with pleasure and profit, which I afterwards revisited without compulsion, and which I have finally selected as the most grateful retreat for the decline of my life."

The sojourn at Lausanne during the impressionable years of youth from sixteen to twenty-one left its lasting impression on Gibbon. He returned to England very French for an Englishman, and his first literary effort was an essay on the study of literature, written in the French language. Fortunately for English letters, a long service in the Hampshire militia and a life in Parliament identified the future historian with his native country—reanglicized him, so to speak. During all the weary years of the American Revolution he sat in Parliament a silent member, but voting steadily for all the

measures of Lord North; and on the fall of that minister he lost the small place he had obtained through the ministerial influence, and retired from political life.

But it is with Gibbon on the shores of Lake Lemán that we are more especially occupied, and we find him at Lausanne not only busied with religion but with love. Although he cannot with accuracy be classed with the school of the Encyclopædia, he possessed essentially that philosophic nature to attain which was the ardent aim of those brilliant wits of his century. Whatever part they took in life, it was to be taken philosophically, and when death came the anxious inquiry arose among the surviving comrades, Has our friend met the dread enemy like a philosopher? After this fashion Gibbon met Cupid, and during his youthful residence at Lausanne paid a philosophic adoration to Miss Susan Carchod, the daughter of a village pastor. In later years, with philosophic calmness, he gives us the history of how love may be made by a philosopher.

"I found her learned without pedantry, lively in conversation, pure in sentiment, and elegant in manners; and the first sudden emotion was fortified by the habits and knowledge of a more familiar acquaintance. She permitted me to make her two or three visits at her father's house. I passed some happy days there in the mountains of Burgundy, and her parents honorably encouraged the connection. In a calm retirement the gay vanity of youth no longer fluttered in her bosom; she listened to the voice of truth and passion, and I might presume to hope that I had made some impression on a virtuous heart. At Crassy and Lausanne I indulged my dreams of felicity; but on my return to England I soon discovered that my father would not hear of this strange alliance, and that without his consent I was myself destitute and helpless. After a painful struggle I yielded to my fate; I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son; my wound was insensibly healed by time, absence, and the habits of a new life. My cure was accelerated by a faithful report of the tranquillity and cheerfulness of the lady herself, and my love subsided in friendship and esteem."

Would the readers of the "*Nouvelle Héloïse*," whose first ideas of Lake Lemán were as the scene of St. Preux's joys

and lamentations, have believed that on these same shores love had been made so philosophically and without transports? Gibbon remained a bachelor all his life, but in after years, when Mlle. Carchod had become the celebrated Mme. Necker, the acquaintance was renewed, and it was to Mme. Necker that he turned for counsel when he at one time thought of taking a wife as a companion for his declining age. Mme. Necker's advice was against late marriages, but as a sort of offset and source of consolation, she like a good wife recommended to him her husband's book on "*L'Importance des Opinions religieuses*"—a very natural act in Mme. Necker, for it was a settled principle in the Necker family that M. Necker was a genius; and the mother and daughter, however disunited, always agreed upon this point. Probably no one would be more astonished than his daughter, if she were to return to the world, to find that in the latter half of the nineteenth century that great genius M. Necker is best known as the father of Mme. de Staël. Gibbon himself was too old at the opening of the French Revolution to enter into the stream of new ideas of which Corinne was one of the apostles. He speaks of her several times in a casual way in the course of his letters. Once he alludes to her, in passing, as "a pleasant little woman;" and again, in writing to Lady Sheffield, October 22, 1784, he says: "They (the Neckers) have now a very troublesome charge, which you will experience in a few years—the disposal of a baroness. Mlle. Necker, one of the greatest heiresses in Europe, is now about eighteen, wild, vain, but good-natured, and with a much larger provision of wit than beauty. What increases their difficulty is their religious obstinacy of marrying her only to a Protestant."

Although Gibbon's early love passed away in a sort of philosophic vapor, he possessed all the gallantry of his time, to which his great corpulence in his later years must have lent an air of solemn gravity. There is even a story of his full habit leading him once into direful straits; it has no better authority than that not too veracious gossip, Mme. de Genlis, but is amusing even if not true.

"Finding himself one day," says Mme. de Genlis, "*tête-à-tête* with Mme. de Crousaz for the first time, Gibbon, de-

sirous of seizing upon a moment so favorable, threw himself suddenly upon his knees, and declared to her his love in the most passionate terms. Mme. de Crousaz replied to him in such a manner as to take from him all desire to repeat so fine a scene. Gibbon put on an expression of consternation, but remained on his knees in spite of repeated requests to reseal himself; he was immovable and silent. 'Rise, sir,' repeated Mme. de Crousaz. 'Alas! madame,' replied the unhappy lover, '*I cannot.*' In fact his corpulence would not allow him to rise without help. Mme. de Crousaz rang the bell and said to the servant who came in, '*Help up Mr. Gibbon!*'"

Among Gibbon's contemporaries at Lausanne was the celebrated Tissot, the most widely known physician of his time, whose great reputation vied with the attractions of the landscape in bringing crowds to Lausanne. Tissot's "*Avis au Peuple sur sa Santé*" was one of the most popular books of its day, and was translated into fourteen languages. This book, written with the hope of ameliorating the sanitary condition of the people of Vaud, became the fashion all over Europe. Mme. de Genlis practised medicine in the villages on her estate, as she says, "*avec mon Tissot à la main.*" This lady had, however, a mania for knowing how to do everything, even to bleeding. Her own account of her medical practice is very characteristic of her insatiate activity.

"I practised medicine constantly at Genlis," she writes, "with my Tissot in my hand, and associated with M. Racine, the village barber, who always came very gravely to consult me whenever he had any patients. We went together to visit them; my prescriptions were confined to simple teas and broth, which I usually sent from the castle. I was at least of service in moderating the zeal of M. Racine for emetics, which he prescribed for almost every ill. I had perfected myself in the art of bleeding; the peasants often came and asked me to bleed them, which I did; but as it was known that I always gave them from twenty-four to thirty sous after a bleeding, I had soon a great number of patients, and I suspected that they were attracted by the thirty sous. After that, I bled no more unless by the direction of M. Milet,

surgeon of La Fère, who came to Genlis every eight or ten days."

The visit of Mme. de Genlis to Lausanne was made during Gibbon's residence in England; she did not therefore meet him there, but she saw much of Tissot, visited, as everybody did, the rocks of Meillerie, and won her usual triumphs with her harp, even to causing a distressed widower to faint with emotion. In describing her tour in Switzerland she says:

"I stopped at Lausanne, where I wished to consult M. Tissot in regard to my mother's health. People came at this season from all parts of Europe to consult this celebrated physician. On my arrival at Lausanne it was impossible to find a lodging. While M. Gillier and M. Ott were searching in vain, I sat wearily in the carriage with my maid. A young man, said to be the Prince of Holstein, whom I had met in the library at Bâle, was at his window, recognized me, saw my dilemma, came down to the carriage, opened it, begged me to get out, and held out his hand, saying that he would take me to a lady who would give me a lodging. Delighted with this adventure, I allowed him to conduct me. At the end of the street he led me into a house. We go up the stairs, pass through several rooms, and come to a pretty parlor, where I find a lady with a pleasant face, alone, and playing the guitar; it was Mme. de Crousaz, afterwards Mme. de Montolieu, the author of some clever translations of German romances. The Prince mentions my name, tells my embarrassment, and asks Mme. de Crousaz for rooms for me in the house of her father-in-law, who was absent. Mme. de Crousaz welcomes me with much grace, rises, and leads me immediately to her father-in-law's house, after sending for my travelling companions, and establishes me in charming rooms with an enchanting view of the lake of Geneva. I passed twelve days at Lausanne constantly with Mme. de Crousaz. They gave me fêtes and balls and concerts; I sang and played the harp as much as they wished. I was taken charming excursions on the lake; I did not fail to go and see the rocks of Meillerie. The circle of Mme. de Crousaz was exceedingly agreeable. I saw every day M. Tissot, who seemed flattered that I knew all his works by heart; he was

very fond of music, and I was very happy to play the harp for him. On one of these evenings which we passed together I had a sad triumph, which gave me much pain. A gentleman dressed in mourning was present, whom I had never before seen. I sang remarkably well the air 'J'ai perdu mon Eurydice,' of which Gluck himself had taught me the style and expression; in the middle of this air the gentleman in mourning burst into tears, and suddenly fainting fell senseless into the arms of his neighbor; he had lost, three months before, a wife whom he adored. Mme. de Crousaz, who had already heard me sing this air, but who was not near me at the moment, made me a sign not to sing it; unfortunately I did not understand her."

In Eynard's "Life of Tissot" there is a pretty picture of social life at Lausanne, in which Gibbon appears in a much more favorable light than in the malicious gossip of Mme. de Genlis. The story has also a further zest added to it by the laughable misapprehension of the poor German, evidently of that Wertherian school which has unfortunately disappeared before the goose-step and martial glory:

"A German highly educated, but naturally ardent and enthusiastic, presented himself, furnished with excellent letters of recommendation, to one of our professors at Lausanne, and expressed to him his desire to make the acquaintance of the immortal author of the 'Avis au Peuple.' The professor was going that evening to visit Mme. de Chavrière, who received the most agreeable people of Lausanne. He proposed to the gentleman to introduce him there; it was in the country. At the moment when they arrived at Mme. de Chavrière's the company had just been playing games and were paying the forfeits. One of the company was playing on a violin, while a gentleman of remarkable corpulence appeared to be searching the room for something he could not find. At length the violin gave forth louder sounds, and the stout gentleman—it was no less a personage than the illustrious Gibbon—came and took the hand of M. Tissot, whose figure, tall, dignified, and cold, formed the most complete contrast with his own. But this was not enough; the violin continued to play, and they were both obliged to dance

several figures of a minuet, to the great delight of the whole assemblage. It was the payment of the forfeit due from Gibbon, whose joyous temperament readily lent itself to this form of pleasantry. But this was precisely what was not comprehended by the German, whose sensibility and emotion at this spectacle had been plainly visible. The following year, what was the astonishment at Lausanne on learning that he had taken it all seriously, and that in the account of his travels, which he had just printed, he cited as one of the most remarkable occurrences the advantage of having seen the celebrated historian of Rome and the illustrious philanthropist, the benefactor of humanity, intertwining dances and harmonious steps, and thus recalling the beautiful days of Arcadia, all whose antique virtue and simplicity they possessed."

In the winter of 1757 came to Lausanne the greatest man of his day, Voltaire, and this and the two succeeding winters he passed there in a perpetual round of verse-making, festivities, and private theatricals. Voltaire on his return from his unlucky visit to Prussia decided to establish himself on the borders of Lake Lemán, but had not yet made a choice of a permanent abode. He had at one time five residences on the lake: three near Geneva, Les Délices, Tournay, and Ferney; two at Lausanne, one in the town and one at Mourion. "Rampant ainsi d'une tanière dans l'autre," he writes to the Duchess of Saxe-Gotha, "je me sauve des rois et des armées." To another he says: "All these residences are necessary to me. I am delighted to pass so easily from one frontier to the other. If I were only a Genevese, I should be too subject to Geneva; if I were only a Frenchman, I should be too subject to France. I have made a destiny for myself alone. I have an odd little kingdom in a Swiss valley. I am like the Old Man of the Mountain: with my four properties I am on all fours. Mourion is my little cabin, my winter palace sheltered from the cruel north wind. Then I have arranged for myself a house at Lausanne which would be called a palace in Italy. Judge for yourself: fifteen windows look upon the lake to the right, to the left, and in front; a hundred gardens are below my garden, bathed by the blue mirror of the lake; I see all Savoy, and the Alps

rising in amphitheatre, on which the sun's rays cause a thousand variations of light and shade." This house is now No. 6, rue du Grand Chêne, at Lausanne. Voltaire's letters at this period are full of his beautiful lake, of which he can see twenty leagues from his bed; but sometimes we have the reverse of the picture: "I write you from my bed, where I am suffering the torments of the damned, having before me beautiful gardens, a charming country, a fine lake; on my right the Jura mountains, on my left the eternal snows of the great Alps, and in my body the devil."

The little circle of society at Lausanne naturally welcomed with enthusiasm so distinguished an addition to their number. The wealth of Voltaire enabled him to keep an open house to all comers, and on the plea of ill health he excused himself from returning their visits. To the Abbé Olivet he writes from his country-house of Mourion, near Lausanne: "I had no idea of happiness until I came to live in retirement, in a house of my own. But what retirement! I have sometimes fifty persons at table; I leave them with Mme. Denis, who does the honors, and go and shut myself up. I have built what would be called in Italy *un palazzo*; but I like none of it except my room full of books, *senectutem alunt*."

The canton of Vaud was at this period subject to the oligarchy of Berne, and governed by bailiffs sent from Berne, who were not slow to magnify their office. The sly wit of the Vaudois was ever ready to revenge itself by making a butt of these pompous tyrants, and it was not long before a story was about of the advice the bailiff had given to Voltaire. "M. de Voltaire," said the bailiff, "they say that you write against God; that is bad, but I trust that he will pardon you. They add that you rail at religion; that is again very bad; and against our Lord Jesus Christ; that is also bad, but I hope nevertheless that he also will pardon you in his great mercy. M. de Voltaire! take good care not to write against Their Excellencies of Berne, our Sovereign Lords, for you may count upon it *they* would never pardon you."

What especially delighted Voltaire at Lausanne was the success of his private theatricals, for which he had a great passion. A theatre was fitted up at the

country house of Monrepos, near Lausanne, then owned by the Marquis de Langalerie. The theatre was arranged in a barn adjoining the house, in such a manner that although the actors were in the hay-loft the audience was in the house. To this day one may hear the anecdote told in Lausanne, that once in "Zaire," when Voltaire as Lusignan exclaims, "Où suis-je? . . . guidez mes faibles yeux," a wag called out, "Seigneur, c'est le grenier du maître de ces lieux." Voltaire is never wearied of writing to his friends about his theatricals. "I play the old man, Lusignan. . . . I assure you, without vanity, that I am the best old fool to be found in any company." To his friend Thiriot: "I wish that you had passed the winter with me at Lausanne. You would have seen new pieces performed by excellent actors, strangers coming from thirty leagues around, and my beautiful shores of Lake Lemman become the home of art, of pleasure, and of taste." To his niece, Mme. de Fontaine: "The idlers of Paris think that Switzerland is a savage country; they would be very much astonished if they saw 'Zaire' better played at Lausanne than it is played at Paris; they would be still more surprised to see two hundred spectators as good judges as there are in Europe. . . . I have made tears flow from all the Swiss eyes." We might cite page after page from Voltaire's letters all equally enthusiastic, but fortunately we have a calmer and more disinterested witness of these triumphs in Gibbon.

"Before I was recalled from Switzerland," writes Gibbon, "I had the satisfaction of seeing the most extraordinary man of the age; a poet, a historian, a philosopher who has filled thirty quartos of prose and verse with his various productions, often excellent and always entertaining. Need I add the name of Voltaire? After forfeiting by his own misconduct the friendship of the first of kings, he retired, at the age of sixty, with a plentiful fortune, to a free and beautiful country, and resided two winters (1757 and 1758) in the town and neighborhood of Lausanne. My desire of beholding Voltaire, whom I then rated above his real magnitude, was easily gratified. He received me with civility as an English youth; but I cannot boast

of any peculiar notice or distinction. *Virgilium vidi tantum*. . . . The highest gratification which I derived from Voltaire's residence at Lausanne, was the uncommon circumstance of hearing a great poet declaim his own productions on the stage. He had formed a company of gentlemen and ladies, some of whom were not destitute of talents. A decent theatre was framed at Monrepos, a country house at the end of a suburb; dresses and scenes were provided at the expense of the actors, and the author directed the rehearsals with the zeal and attention of paternal love. In two successive winters his tragedies of 'Zaire,' 'Alzire,' 'Zulime,' and his sentimental comedy of the 'Enfant Prodigue,' were played at the theatre of Monrepos. Voltaire represented the characters best adapted to his years, Lusignan, Alvarez, Benassar, Euphemon. His declamation was fashioned to the pomp and cadence of the old stage; and he expressed the enthusiasm of poetry rather than the feelings of nature. My ardor, which soon became conspicuous, seldom failed of procuring me a ticket. The habits of pleasure fortified my taste for the French theatre, and that taste has perhaps abated my idolatry for the gigantic genius of Shakespeare, which is inculcated from our infancy as the first duty of an Englishman."

We began these desultory gleanings from the literary souvenirs of Lausanne with an allusion to Jean Jacques Rousseau as having brought Lake Lemman into fashion. The associations of Rousseau with Lausanne are not, however, important, with the exception of its being the scene of a boyish freak which would have been long ago forgotten had it not found a place in the "Confessions." In 1732, when he was about twenty years of age, Rousseau made his ridiculous *début* at Lausanne as M. Vaussore de Villeneuve, composer and teacher of music. During a short absence of Mme. de Warens from Annecy, Rousseau had undertaken a journey to Fribourg, and on his way back, instead of returning directly by way of Nyon, he turned off toward Lausanne, wishing, he says, to revel in the view of the beautiful lake which is seen in its greatest extent from Lausanne. As he approached Lausanne, he says: "I compared myself in this pedestrian pilgrimage to my friend Venture arriving at

Annecy. I became so much excited with this idea that, without thinking that I had neither his grace nor his talents, I took it into my head to play at Lausanne the part of a little Venture, to teach music, which I did not know how to do, and to say that I was from Paris, where I had never been. . . . I endeavored to approach as near as possible to my great model. He called himself Venture de Villeneuve; I by an anagram converted the name of Rousseau into that of Vausore, and I called myself Vausore de Villeneuve. Venture understood composition, although he had said nothing about it; I, without understanding it, boasted of my knowledge of it to everybody, and although I did not know how to note down the simplest ballad, gave myself out as a composer. This is not all. Having been presented to M. de Treytorens, professor of law, who was fond of music, and had concerts at his house, and being anxious to give him a specimen of my talents, I set myself to composing a piece for his concert with as much effrontery as if I had known how to go about it. I had the perseverance to work for a fortnight at this precious composition, to make a fair copy of it, to write out the different parts, and to distribute them with as much assurance as if it had been a masterpiece of harmony."

This piece in the playing resulted in a confused jumble of discordant sounds, but the performers had the wit to see that their best vengeance was to play it soberly through to the end, although they were choking with laughter; while the audience would have been glad to have been able to close their ears as effectually

as they were opening their eyes. Poor Rousseau, sweating great drops, covered with shame and confusion, yet afraid to run away, was compelled by his executioners, as he calls them, to beat the time to the end. The house is still pointed out in Lausanne where occurred this ludicrous scene. After this, not finding much employment as a music-teacher, Rousseau had plenty of time to revel in the scenery. He went to Vevay for two days, and during that time, he says, "I conceived for that town an affection which has followed me in all my travels, and caused me at length to place there the characters of my novel. I would gladly say to those who possess taste and sensibility, Go to Vevay, visit the adjacent country, examine the localities, go about upon the lake, and say if nature has not made this beautiful region for a Julie, for a Claire, and for a St. Preux; but do not look for them there."

The misanthropic irony of Rousseau's conclusion (*ne l's y cherchez pas*) is no longer needed. Of the thousands of visitors who yearly throng the great hotels of Vevay and Lausanne, how many in the rush of fashion are probably looking there for Julie or St. Preux? Nobody seeks them, and if they were by chance to appear they would at once be set down as a pair of last-century bores. Yet while in this scenery-hunting age the beauties of the landscape possess still all their attractions, doubly fortunate is the thoughtful tourist who finds the natural beauty of Lake Lemman enhanced by the charm that ever clings around a spot so often chosen by genius as its favorite abode.

A FLOWER OF THE SNOW.

A WOMAN stood on the high steps locking the school-house door, and as she dropped the clumsy iron key into her basket and turned to go away, mechanically her eyes wandered over the familiar scene, the frozen water and bleak islands in front, the icy cliffs behind, and on either side the houses of the little village, lifeless and buried in the snows of a six months' winter. "Desolation!" she murmured—"a land of desolation and death!" and descending the steps, she walked down the narrow path dug out between the snow drifts, unmelted month after month, and piled higher with each successive storm until they formed a wall even with her head. The school-house thus left to itself for a week, the Christmas vacation, was a three-story square frame house, with rows of blindless windows that seemed to gaze like staring eyes down on the village below, and spy out all its sins. It was originally built as a dormitory for the Indians when they assembled on Giant Island for the annual payment; but the sons of the forest persistently refused to occupy the abode made ready for them, and although they were repeatedly escorted thither by the United States Agent, and although they repeatedly expressed in flowery hyperbole their admiration for the white man's lodge, just as repeatedly were they found wrapped in their blankets on the beach, the dormitory tenantless on the hill behind them. "No wonder they could not sleep there," was Miss Moran's thought as the slow-speaking trustee told her the story while showing her the building where she was to rule; "ugly white-washed piece of utility! An Indian brought up in the Gothic arches of the forest, with the free air of heaven to breathe, would stifle in those geometrically square rooms."

"And so they slept out doors, and were such fools that they never knew the comfort of a good warm house! But all Indians are born fools, you know, Miss Moran," concluded the trustee. And he but echoed the opinion of the whole frontier, and even expressed it mildly, as harsher

epithets were generally used by the sailors and fishermen who formed the population of Giant Island.

The early autumn came; the maples turned red and gold among the faithful pines, and let fall their leaves one by one through the still Indian summer days; then one night a north wind came down upon the island and whirled them away, and at last even the juniper curled up, the larches ceased to beckon on the heights, and the gray moss shrank away from the pines. Winter began, the school opened, and Miss Moran found occupation for thoughts and hands in teaching and governing her motley throng of scholars, French-and-white, French-and-Indian quarter-breed, half-breed, and even pure undiluted Chippewa—sturdy little rascals who did not know what truth was; and how should they, since it formed no part of the Indian's code of morals? It was hard work, for the schoolmistress had a conscience, and tried each day to do each day's duty faithfully. It was a contest—a contest of will; the will of one slender woman against the will of fifty undisciplined, half-wild children. But the slender woman conquered.

The late spring came reluctantly up from the south and thawed the thick ice around the island; slowly the great blocks moved out to sea, and then a ship came round the point bringing news from "below," as the islanders called the outside world; the lights shone again in the deserted towers, and looking from her dormer windows the mistress saw in the east the gleam of Bois-Blanc, and far down in the west the flash of Waugoschance, showing the way through the straits. A green tinge came over the forests on the mainland, and the deep snows disappeared, not melting, as they do in warmer latitudes, but seeming to crumble into dust and blow away. More ships sailed through the south channel, the smoke of steamers was seen, and finally the juniper stretched out its fairy rings, and the larches held out their green hands again, and beckoned over

the cliffs, as if saying to the distant ships, "Friends, come up hither." The summer was short but vividly beautiful, and the mistress closed the school-house door, and spent the vacation abroad in the woods, among the dark pines, in the gay company of the water-maple, on the beach with the wash of little waves at her feet, or above on the bare cliffs with the golden sunshine warming her being into unwonted luxuriance. She blossomed, this pale bud, and one saw the unexpected bloom, and admired it, until in the warmth of admiration it opened into a red rose.

The fort on the height was garrisoned with the full complement of officers and the small number of men usually found at the Western lake posts. A major, captain, two lieutenants, a surgeon, and chaplain, lived close together within the little stone enclosure, and Miss Moran, who had made her home in the chaplain's house, found herself one of the military family whether she willed yes or no; but she willed yes. Originally coming to Giant Island for her health, alone in the world save some distant New England cousins, educated in books but ignorant of life, a self-repressed, self-contained, hard-working woman, the idea of spending a year or two in this remote, isolated place had pleased her fancy, wearied with the monotony of a city public school. So she staid, and began life and love together; for as for the first time she loved, she realized that for the first time, also, she lived.

Maxwell Ruger, Lieutenant Second Infantry, U. S. A., a stalwart young Saxon, with close-cut curly yellow hair, blue eyes with a steel glint in them, ruddy cheeks and fairy blue-veined temples like a child—this was the knight who "flashed into the crystal mirror" of our modern Lady of Shalott. But no weakness, no boyishness accompanied this Saxon beauty; the bold outline and resolute mouth showed a will, while the ease of manner always found a way. Evidently, here was an accomplished young society man exiled on a rock.

Coming and going, Max Ruger noticed, at last, the girl coming and going also: pacing up and down the parade-ground on bitter days, he saw on the opposite side a woman's figure wrapped in a gray cloak; reading by the window, the only

reader in the garrison as he scornfully supposed, he observed some one at the opposite window bending over a book; chancing to call upon the chaplain one afternoon, he found George Eliot's "Mill on the Floss," Hawthorne's "Blithedale Romance," an abstract of Kant, and a book of Roman Catholic meditations piled together on a side table. "Your books, Dr. Burns?" he asked, idly opening one of them.

"Nay; they belong to the teacher, Mistress Moran," replied the old chaplain, taking a pinch of snuff.

"A sentimentalist, with ringlets, a drawl, and sighing allusion to her past, I'll be bound!" thought Max. The next morning he strolled over and found a pale dark-eyed woman, cold, silent, and uninteresting. "Why does she read such books?" he thought; and, having nothing better to do, he set to work to find out.

There is nothing more fascinating than discovery, and to ardent minds *terra incognita* is far more attractive than the home acres, however beautiful. Miss Moran proved to be totally without the usual feminine ways; free, frank, and honest in her conversation, what she said had the charm of novelty to the society adept, and he found himself starting all kinds of subjects just to hear her opinions, which were often very unlike the cut-and-dried opinions of the fashionable world.

There is nothing more agreeable than to feel one's self perfectly appreciated and understood in all one's various moods. Argumentative Max found here a mind that followed his subtlest windings; that comprehended his half-expressed fancies; that understood his lightest touches of humor, and was ready to plunge with him into those deep shadowed waters of feeling over which society talk usually glides hastily, half fearing, half ignoring their existence.

The first winter passed, and these two were much together; she, one of many to him; he, the only one of all the world to her. The summer brought its changes, gay company thronged the beautiful island, the maples saw city belles at their feet and no doubt wondered over them, the larches listened and heard sweet conversations, and the cliffs kept their own secrets. Then, who so gay as the handsome young officer? Who so much liked?

Who so much engrossed? And yet Mistress Moran, as the chaplain called her, refused to see the truth, excused it to herself, denied it, and resolutely held around her the old enchanted atmosphere, breaking away on every side in spite of her grasp. She lived on the garnered sweetness of the past, and revelled in a vague, indefinite poetry. Not that she made verses. Only the unsatisfied or unhappy women make verses. She lived her poetry instead of writing it, so that when, at last, the red and yellow came back to the maples, when the last summer visitor had fled away southward, when Maxwell Ruger returned to seek his fellow exile, he found her full of sweetness—that sweetness that belongs only to a woman loving and loved. Ignorant as a child of the world and the world's ways, the mistress trusted implicitly. She loved: therefore she was loved. This was her creed. One Indian summer Saturday, Miss Moran climbed the island's height and seated herself on the grassy mound of old Fort Holmes; idly she noted the ancient earthworks and tried to call up the combatants of a hundred years before; but the peace of the purple air filled her mind and drove away all thoughts save a warm, dreaming contentment, and when Max appeared through the vista of the colored maples, she scarcely stirred, so harmonious seemed his presence with the place and hour. "Of what are you thinking?" said the soldier, throwing himself down beside her, and taking off his cap. "Of you," she answered dreamily, turning her eyes toward him. The golden warmth lighted up her face, bringing the red to cheeks and lips, and a softness to those deep eyes. Her soul had come to the surface and was looking out, and Max felt a strange thrill as, for the first time, something penetrated to the depths of his being. It is but seldom that souls see each other face to face in this world of masks and armor; sometimes there is a glimpse, sometimes a recognition, but instantly the visor is down again, and all is blank. In this case, however, there was no armor, no mask; and so beautiful grew the face with this soul-light in the eyes that the young man involuntarily bent his head and pressed his lips upon the hand lying idle on a bunch of red leaves. "How beautiful you are!" he murmured. "What

is your name, dear? You never told me."

"It is an odd name—Flower; my mother was named so. Most people suppose it is Flora, and I never correct them. But I should like *you* to know and use the name."

Neither spoke again; speech was not needed, but through the golden noon they sat there together in the half-sweet, half-sad atmosphere of the Indian summer, and Max read a whole heart-history in those deep eyes surrendered so fearlessly to his gaze. Some eyes are like oceans, and Flower's eyes had an ocean's depth.

Winter came; the last schooner with ice-coated rigging sailed round Bois-Blanc, the last steamer hurried through the western gate past Waugoschance, leaving the island alone in the freezing straits. The village sank into its winter lethargy, the villagers plodded on their little rounds wrapped in skins, the Indians slept through the twenty-four hours like their friends the bears, and the officers at the fort began to sweep the ice with spy-glasses in search of the welcome black speck, the dog-train that brought the mails from the outside world.

The schoolmistress attended to her daily duties, but she did not find them dull; an inspiration filled her life, in her heart was entire confidence, and she asked nothing more from her Creator. She was entirely content. A more practical mind or a mind more experienced in life would have questioned or planned. She did neither. She merely enjoyed her new happiness, and gave no thought to the morrow. And yet, if any one had questioned her and pressed the subject upon her, no doubt the questioner would have found at the bottom the certainty that one day she should be Max's wife; this seemed to her as certain as the coming morrow.

One day, early in December, she lingered in the school-room after her scholars, with many shouts and rough struggles on the stairs, had finally dispersed; the great stove, taking in long logs of wood, still glowed hot in the cold twilight, and the mistress sat by the hearth musing. At length a desire seized her—a desire to look off over the icy straits toward the south; and taking a key, she climbed up to the loft and out on to the roof of the high building, where, stand-

ing in the shadow of the chimney, she gazed over the frozen water and the blue mainland, and, in imagination, further still—on to the land of the orange and palm. Over the ice moved a black speck, the dog-train bearing the mails. She knew the carrier well, a sturdy Canadian Frenchman, whose boys were among her brightest scholars; this man came and went through the winter, and to many island exiles he and his leader dog, Pierre, were the heroes of the year. The mistress, although she cared little for her few letters, appreciated the great dog who brought them, and often stopped to pat his shaggy head when he was off duty.

At length, dreamily as she had ascended, dreamily she went down, and made her way through the dusky hall to the school-room below. The sound of voices roused her, and through the half-open door she saw two persons, Max Ruger and pretty Jennie Brown, the old sergeant's daughter, a young girl whom she was teaching in her leisure hours. What they said she did not hear, but her eyes took in Max's half-caress, the girl's evident pleasure, the hands clasped as though accustomed to each other; this she took in, and saw but one interpretation to the scene: "Max loved Jennie; Jennie loved Max." After an instant which seemed an hour, the pallid mistress turned away noiselessly and mechanically retraced her steps to the roof. There amid the icicles she sat with uncovered head like a snow image until the night came. The feeling in her heart was like death; she seemed to be on the edge of a bottomless pit, and dark shapes with rustling wings mocked at her as they flew by. She never doubted the interpretation she had put upon that scene, any more than she had doubted that other interpretation of the Indian summer idyl; she could not doubt; her mind was not of the analytical order. She could only feel, and feel intensely. The greatness of her love made the greatness of her despair; there was nothing half-way or conditional in either. Such natures are rare; but of such are the great ones of the earth made. Great for good, and, when blighted, great for evil also. Heaven help them!

As for comprehending what it really was, an idle flirtation brought about

by propinquity and habit, that would have been impossible even had it been explained to her; for the schoolmistress knew nothing of the ways of the world, and she could only judge others by her own intense self.

At length, frozen in soul and body, she slowly left the snowy roof, passed down through the dark halls, and climbed the hill toward the fort. Seeking the sergeant's quarters, she entered without knocking, and found Jennie alone in the little room. Surprised and abashed at the sight of this unwonted visitor, the girl rose; but before she could put her words together, the mistress spoke, and strangely gentle was her voice. "Tell me, Jennie," she said, "does Lieutenant Ruger love you?" Ah! how that title sounded in the poor speaker's ears; to her, he had ever been Max. The young girl blushed as with downcast eyes she replied, "Yes'm; at least he says so." Ten times more knowledge of the world, twenty times more coquetry dwelt in this child's heart—an islander born and bred—than in the educated woman of twenty-six who stood before her.

"And do you love him, Jennie?"

"I think he's very nice and handsome-like, of course," began Jennie, puckering the hem of her apron, and wondering what the mistress could know about her little secrets; to Jennie, Miss Moran seemed, as she expressed it, "old as the hills."

"Answer me, girl!" cried the mistress, blazing into sudden excitement as Jennie hesitated. "Maxwell Ruger loves you. Do you love him?"

"Yes'm, please, that is, I——" faltered Jennie, beginning to cry; certainly this part of her flirtation was a most unexpected addition.

"That is enough!" interrupted Miss Moran sternly; then placing her hand under the dimpled chin, she raised the frightened face and looked long into the blue eyes. "It is a fair face," she murmured; "God bless you, child!" and was gone before the startled girl had recovered from her surprise.

"What a queer woman the mistress is!" she thought as she braided her hair. "I don't suppose she has any idea how many lovers I have had. Max Ruger makes eight, I do declare, and I am only just sixteen. Do I love him? she wanted

to know—of course I do. I love them all. But, on the whole, I think I like Moses best."

Eight lovers! No, the mistress did not know it. She knew nothing of the versatile fancies of a village flirt, nothing of the inveterate habit of love-making which haunts young officers in times of peace (not in times of war, however; those late fiery years showed us the iron under the gilt); she only knew herself, and all night she wrestled with her love. The next day she went through her school duties in a state of torpor, but the evening brought again its agony; why is it that all pain is ever worst at night? A week passed, and then she came forth a changed woman, the bloom gone, the light gone, and a veil let down over those deep eyes. When she came to Giant Isl- and she was a statue, and now she was a statue again; but in the mean time she had known what it was to be alive.

It is probable that Pygmalion's goddess found it very hard to go back into the marble again!

And Maxwell Ruger? Perplexity, astonishment, and anger succeeded each other in his mind; it was with great difficulty he could find Miss Moran, and when he found her she was not there. That is, the open gaze was veiled, the sweet intentness had grown chilled, the earnest manner had turned repellant. He could not find in this closed, faded bud the rose that had opened under his gaze, red and fragrant. "It is a whim," he thought at first; "she will change soon." But Mistress Moran had no whims. "She is angry; that will pass before the week is out," was the next idea. But Mistress Moran felt no anger. Then he sought her out, and tried the old fascinating subjects of conversation; but although he did his best, he elicited only a few unresponsive words in reply. He knew, then, how much he had depended upon that earnest answering mind that seemed but another self, only sweeter and more gentle. At length, baffled, disappointed, and depressed, he left the statue to itself, and idly took up his little romance with the sergeant's daughter. To do him justice, he knew well that he had his full match in the village coquette, and also that she would probably end the game by marrying one of the storekeepers of the town. He had no suspicion that

Miss Moran had discovered this pastime of his. Jennie had come to the school-house for a book, he had come to walk back with the mistress; they met by accident, and both supposed Miss Moran had gone home; if Jennie afterwards suspected that her penchant had been discovered, she took care to keep her suspicion to herself, flirting, meanwhile, as much as she could with the handsome young officer, and keeping at the same time a quiet Scotch eye upon the village suitor whom she intended to accept in her own good time.

Another week passed, and, tired of his pastime, longing for the old look, the old voice, Max returned to his old habits; he followed the mistress to and from the school, he met her on her solitary walks, he called persistently at the chaplain's cottage. But she took to going to school by way of the icy cliffs, she changed her wonted routes, and finally refused to see him altogether. On Saturday, a clear, cold, dazzling day, Miss Moran slipped away from the fort, and turning into the snowy woods, made her way up to old Fort Holmes; here there was a firm ice-crust, and she paced to and fro in the cruelly cold sunshine, pursuing her constant labor of self-repression, educating herself to her future life with stern determination. Suddenly Maxwell Ruger stood before her. They had not met before for days, and the color surged into her face, as, taken by surprise, her eyes wore for a moment their old look. Then the red faded, the lids dropped. "He loves her; she loves him," she repeated to herself, as if the words were a formula against evil. She knew but one kind of love, poor ardent heart!

"Flower, where have you been all these days? What have you been doing?" said Max with a long look of his blue eyes; some eyes make one moment seem like five.

"Lieutenant Ruger, I have been learning a new life."

"Why new, Flower?"

"It must be so."

"Are you then tired of the old?"

"No; but it has forsaken me."

"You have forsaken it and me, Flower; and oh, how lonely I have been!" said Max, speaking the truth with the impulse of a boy; the frank honesty of this woman seemed to draw out the truth

even when buried under mountains of conventionalities.

Again came the color, and the depth in the eyes; but she did not speak.

"Why have you changed so, Flower? You have made me suffer—suffer keenly," pursued the young man, watching her changing face.

"Suffer!" she answered, turning toward him with all her heart in her voice; "*I make you suffer!*" And tenderly she took his hand in both her own, while the tears rose in her eyes.

"Yes; I have suffered, but not now," replied Max, irresistibly drawn toward her. "You are more to me than any one else, Flower."

"That is false. You are a liar!" cried the mistress, springing away from him as the bitter thought of Jennie came into her mind. Strong words, perhaps; but they simply expressed her plain meaning.

"Miss Moran, I never forgive such accusations from man or woman," replied Max, pale with anger. He never so much as thought of Jennie; he had allowed himself to be carried on to an expression of real feeling; that was a great deal for him; and to be met in this way!

"Do I ask your forgiveness, Lieutenant Ruger? It is you who should ask—you who should suffer! Ah, you little know how I could love you. And you have chosen *her*! Do you, then, like dolls? Jennie is but a doll. No, no. I am all wrong. I am always wrong. What am I but a poor unlovely, unlovable woman, while you—Oh, leave me to myself, or I shall die!" And as she uttered these wild words, with a cry of anguish Flower Moran turned and fled down the slope, disappearing in the snow-covered underbrush.

Maxwell Ruger made no attempt to follow her; with whirling thoughts he continued pacing up and down on the crust for hours. Like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky, these words had pierced through all his coverings of worldliness, all his armor of pride, all his network of etiquette, and reached his heart. Flower loved him! This pale, silent woman loved him! This deep-blooming ardent girl loved him! And how did she love him? An instantaneous conviction filled his mind that such a love is never given but once to any man.

But did he love her? Did he love this

strange, poor, plain schoolmistress, no longer young, ignorant of the world, without friends or fortune? Quick thronging came objections, came obstacles, came the habits of a lifetime, came the great voice of society. "No, no, no," they cried; "a hundred times no!" And the thinker quailed before these voices, and resolved to wait a while. "At any rate, there need be no hurry, whatever I decide," he said to himself, stifling the inward conviction of his heart. And the voices accepted this compromise, and let him go home, finally, to a restless afternoon and sleepless night.

The mistress lived through the last three days of school in alternating hope and despair; faint hope, fierce despair. Perhaps, after all, there was a shade of interest in her, poor and plain as she was; she said over and over to herself Max's half-tender words, and tried to make of them a hope. But her old habit of reliance on fact brought back Jennie's image; her uncompromising honesty showed her that she had no ground for hope, and she felt that she must flee. It was not pride. Poor girl! she had no pride. It was the instinctive feeling that sends the wounded hart into the thickest shade to die. "I must go," she thought through the short sad day; "I must go," she moaned through the long wild night. The last hour of school came; she locked the door, and gave one last look at the scene before her; it was then that she murmured, "Desolation! a land of desolation and death!"

The next day, the eve of Christmas, the fires were not lighted in the school-house, for the week's vacation had begun. Maxwell Ruger noted the absence of smoke from the chimney, and his thoughts turned to the upper room with the dormer windows across the parade-ground. Then, angry with himself, he started off across the island with a party of soldier woodcutters for the day. "I am bewitched!" he thought. "I will see what hard work can do to break through the web."

And while he was working with all his might in the snowy forests toward the north, over the frozen straits toward the south went Flower Moran walking by the side of the dog-train, fleeing from him as he fled from her, the long journey in the bitter weather seeming as nothing to a longer endurance of her bitter sorrow.

Toward night Max Ruger returned through the forest to the fort, half blinded by driving snow. A norther had come sweeping down from the eternal ice-fields, bringing with it one of those raging storms which are dreaded even in the semi-arctic latitude of Giant Island. Half frozen and breathless, Max reached the garrison enclosure at last. The day had been spent in vain warfare; neither the work nor the weather had been able to drive out the image of that one woman, and now, weary and child-like, he turned where his heart led him, to the chaplain's cottage. Here he found the old man alone by the fire. "It is a wildering evening," he said after some conversation; "and sad am I, Lieutenant Ruger, to think of the mistress out in this storm of Satan's devising. She may perish; and doubtless she had her good points—her good points."

"What!" cried Max springing to his feet with a chill rushing to his heart.

"Didn't you know she had gone, man? She went this noon with Antoine and the mail-train. She set her face like a flint—nothing would stop her. She gave me her books—much good they are, too—and she left her love for you."

"Her love for me!" repeated Max with the sound of tears in his voice as a gust shook the house. "Which route did they take?"

"To the mainland first; then she will go across the country to the first railroad; further than that she would not tell, but I suspect she will travel to Maine, where she has relatives."

In fifteen minutes Max Ruger was out on the ice, an old half-breed, and Jaune, a veteran dog, the best pilot on the island, with him. "It is certain death," said the villagers peeping through round holes made in the frost that covered their small windows by means of hot cents. But Max paid no attention to these prophecies. Combated long, wounded at every point, repressed, stifled, and chained, love had at last broken its bonds and conquered. Now that she was gone, he knew that he loved this woman; now that she had fled, he must follow; he realized that life was a blank without her. The old doubts, determinations, and obstacles seemed so much chaff in the face of the overwhelming feeling that had at last risen to the surface. In forsaking,

she had triumphed; in despairing, she had conquered. Though death itself lay in the path, reach her he must. "She left her love for me!" he thought as the fierce wind struck him in the open straits; "while I have that, I have all."

The late afternoon found the dog-train steadily pushing southward; part of the way the mistress had ridden on the little sledge, but most of the time she preferred walking, unmindful of the fatigue. The carrier had expected to reach the first station early in the evening, but when the driving snow came down upon them he grew anxious; cold and colder blew the biting wind and icy grew the flakes, until each one stung like a missile. The air was dark with the storm, the cold benumbed the man's senses, he grew confused and lost his bearings; but the faithful dogs went steadily on, and the higher intellects humbly followed them. Bent by the force of the wind, blinded, chilled, stumbling over the hummocks, the two pushed on, hoping each moment to see the lights of the station, until suddenly one of the dogs faltered and seemed at fault, turning in his tracks as if trying to draw his companions in the opposite direction.

"It is Pierre, the wisest dog of all," said the carrier despairingly; "now may the Holy Virgin help us, for we are lost!" And falling upon his knees in the snow, he began to mutter incoherent prayers.

"Get up, Antoine; you will freeze to death!" cried the mistress, shaking his arm with all her strength as she saw the fatal lethargy creeping over him. "See, are not those the lights?" And thus incited, the man struggled on a while longer; it was a contest of will. The will of the spirited woman kept the drowsy man from utterly failing. The strange glamour of freezing came over him, and he longed to lie down in the soft, beautiful snow. The thought of his position as mail-carrier kept him up for a time; then home, wife, and children served to excite his waning courage; and last the maxims of his religion. All these ideas were vividly kept before him by the mistress, but at last even these failed; and as the darkness came, with that gentle obstinacy peculiar to such cases, he laid himself down and fell asleep, a sleep which, if unbroken, before many hours must end in death.

Thus was Flower left alone with the dogs. Lifting the unconscious man by slow degrees on to the sledge, she covered him with furs, and then she went to Pierre, and bending down put her arms around his neck. She was so utterly desolate, so utterly alone, that the great dog was like a friend. He seemed to understand, too—that wise old Pierre!—for after replying as well as he could to her caresses, he barked sharply at his cowering companions as if to rouse them to a sense of duty, and turning led the way backward, going steadily on as if sure of his direction. Thus they journeyed, the dogs, the sleeping man, and the lonely woman, on, on, over the ice.

Hours passed; the snow clouds blew away and the stars came out, each one bright as a new moon in the clear air; the cold grew more intense, and striking a match the mistress saw that it was midnight. How many long hours were still before her! To stop was death, and mechanically she walked on. She began repeating to herself all the poetry she knew, verse after verse, with painful effort; anything to keep herself awake. Tennyson's lines seemed to chime in with the night, and over and over she said them:

Deep on the convent roof the snows
Are sparkling to the moon;
My breath to heaven like vapor goes;
May my soul follow soon!
Break up the heavens, O Lord! and far
Through all yon starlight keen
Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,
In raiment white and clean.
He lifts me to the golden doors;
The flashes come and go;
All heaven bursts her starry floors,
And strows her lights below,
And deepens on and up! the gates
Roll back, and far within
For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits,
To make me pure of sin.
The Sabbaths of eternity
One Sabbath deep and wide;
A light upon the shining sea—
The Bridegroom with his Bride!

"O St. Agnes, help me!" she murmured. "If you can hear me (who knows? perhaps you can), have pity upon me." Then came dark thoughts tempting her to death. "Why not lie down and die?" said a voice at her ear. "Death will be easy and sweet."

"I will not be a coward," she answered mutely.

"What have *you* to live for?" pursued the voice.

"To conquer myself."

"You cannot do it."

"I can!"

"Life will be long and lonely."

"I know it."

"He will marry."

"Yes; Jennie, or some one like her."

"After all, his is but a shallow soul."

"Not so; his heart is noble, his soul is deep."

"Why, then, did he not love you?"

"Thou mocking spirit, leave me! Do I not know that I am unlovely and unlovable? Am I not trying to do right? Have I not left all that is dear to me in life to follow my wretched, lonely way through the world? Get thee behind me, Satan!" and with an incoherent prayer the tempted soul struggled on in the torpid body.

A clear sky is ever the most pitiless. The bitter cold brought suffering, pain, and torture to the wearied limbs, sounds in the ears, and lights dancing before the eyes. The mistress had but one thought, to walk on. Once she faltered, but Pierre turned back and rubbed his shaggy head against her hand, with a dog's sagacity foreseeing the danger. Roused, she went on, moved by machinery, and a verse came to her, as if written in letters of fire in the air:

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain. . . . He that overcometh shall inherit all things."

Over the ice came the pursuing party. They too had suffered in the blinding snow and freezing cold that followed; they too had lost the track and were following a dog, old Jaune, who stalked on steadily with three legs and capered with the fourth after a fashion of his own. But they had brandy to aid them and five hours less of the cold, since they had not started until twilight. About midnight the brandy gave out, and the sensation of freezing seemed to creep through every vein; even Jaune lagged behind, and scarcely noticed his master's voice.

Then the higher intellect assumed the sway. Max encouraged the drooping dog, spoke sharply to the failing half-breed, and kept his little band on and together.

But not without effort. His own brain seemed to wander; he saw palm trees and great lilies floating on still rivers; perfumes came to him and the sounds of distant music, voices calling his name and beautiful faces smiling upon him. "I am freezing," he thought, "and if I feel the cold, where is Flower?"

Something seemed to answer, "She is dying. Save her." A few drops remained in the flask; calling the dog, he poured the liquor into his mouth, hoping to stimulate the failing instinct which was their only dependence. Old Jaune coughed over the new sensation, stood awhile in doubt, and then stalked on; the half-breed followed in dazed obedience, and Ruger, who had not prayed for years, prayed now. It was a strange prayer. "If I can but save her, Lord, I will not mind dying," he said; and then he uttered those words which young and old turn to in times of trouble—the Lord's Prayer.

In the course of another hour Jaune suddenly gave a sharp bark, and started off furiously toward the left. The men, startled into consciousness, followed with difficulty. Presently they heard a distant sound.

The mistress, walking in a dream; became vaguely conscious that Pierre was growling a long, low growl; the other dogs, his abject slaves, stood still, but the mistress walked on; she seemed to have lost the power of stopping.

Then came a rush: old Jaune and Pierre had met, and Max held Flower in his arms.

The first gray light of dawn was rising in the east; soon they could look into each other's eyes, and what they saw there warmed their chilled blood and drove away the shadow of death. Not far to the south the outline of land could be traced, and thither they went, a happy party. "'Twas there the dogs were going," said the half-breed; "they can always find the way to St. Jean, trust them for that. But I never thought of the island, it lies so far out of our course."

Soon a light gleamed before them in the dusk; the dogs saw it too; Pierre barked, and his slaves took up the chorus. Jaune, untrammelled by harness, started off on a voyage of discovery, and came back to execute a series of wild circles

around the two lovers, while the other dogs looked over their shoulders in admiration and drew the sledge in jerks, venting their envy in short yelps. A few moments more, and the party arrived at an island on whose bank stood a long log house with one lighted window. The door yielded to Max's push, and in they burst, dogs, sledge, and all, upon Père Ronan, the recluse of St. Jean Mission. "May the saints defend us!" ejaculated the astonished old man.

"Oh, Flower, my darling, I love you—love you with all my soul," said Max, as the ruddy fire-light shining on the mistress's pallid, shrunken face showed him how near she had been to death. And for answer, Flower threw her arms around his neck and hid her poor face—her poor happy face—on his breast.

"The saints defend us!" said Père Ronan again.

In the mean time Jaune had dragged from the table a platter of meat, broken the dish, and set to work on his stolen dainty with much snapping of jaws and eager gulping, which enjoyment Pierre and his satellites, still tugging to get the sledge through the door, saw with rage, and howled their disapproval in chorus, at the same time tangling themselves hopelessly in their harness, and at last rolling on the floor together, a biting, snarling heap.

"The saints defend us!" said poor Père Ronan for the third time. Devoutly engaged in his Christmas matins, alone as he supposed with his conscience and the angels, he was suddenly overwhelmed by a crowd of men, women, and dogs, coming from no one knew where; some embracing each other before his very priestly eyes, some apparently dead in sledges at the door, others stealing his only roast, and still others howling, growling, fighting, and biting on his floor. He might well ask to be defended!

But the old priest had a kind heart, and when he had recovered his senses and comprehended the meaning of the scene before him, he set to work so actively that soon the half-frozen visitors were made comfortable with warmth, food, drink, and kind words. With the aid of the half-breed who served him as cook and acolyte, he succeeded in restoring the lethargic mail-carrier, still asleep in the sledge; the voyageurs and Indians will

come back from death's very door, like their friends the bears.

At eleven o'clock the company assembled in the loghouse parlor, rested, warmed, and refreshed. It was a long, low room, with a great fireplace at one end, where whole logs blazed. Red calico curtains hung over the small windows, buffalo and bear skins lay over the uneven floor, and the log walls were made warm with Indian blankets hung from roof to floor; rough shelves held some rare and costly books, and one glowing picture in a gilt frame hung on a background of blanket, where the light could strike across it. It was a young girl in a French court dress—a lovely, piquant face. "St. Thérèse" the acolyte called it; but Flower saw no signs of saintship.

The mistress had heard vague stories of this recluse of St. Jean Mission. It was said on Giant Island that he had been a man of mark in France, but for some unknown cause he had suddenly entered the priesthood, sailed for America, and shut himself up in that lonely, remote spot, St. Jean Mission. He would not even come to visit the good Catholics of St. Denis; St. Denis was the parish church of Giant Island. Nearly forty years had Père Ronan lived at the Mission. At first packages containing books and other rarities came to him from France, but gradually all communication between the exile and the outside world ceased, and he was left alone with his little flock of Indian converts. It was said he was by no means a bigot; that he was Catholic in the broadest sense of the word, and had even been heard to say of a Presbyterian, "Eh, what does it matter? Worship we not the same God?"

This successor to Père Marquette still lives, a hale old man, whose courtly manners vouch for the truth of his Parisian origin; he still lives up in the northern straits, for this story is founded upon fact, and its descriptions are taken from real life.

"My friends and children," began Père Ronan, "before we enjoy our Christ-

mas meal, shall we not celebrate a little Christmas service of praise and thanksgiving for your escape from death?"

Flower rose from her seat by the hearth. "Yes, father," she said earnestly; "we are not of your faith, but we can offer up our prayers together. And first, give me your blessing; I feel that it will be blessing indeed."

So saying, she knelt before him, and the old man gave the blessing with earnest solemnity. "Amen," said the Indian acolyte.

The "little service" began; the Canadian mail-carrier joined in devoutly, the half-breed followed as well as he could, and the mistress knelt by the bench and poured out her thankful heart in silent prayer. Max moved nearer to her and took her hand; he was jealous even of heaven.

Oh, the scales of compensation are balanced better than we know! Her great love had gained a great love in return.

When the last amen had been said, Maxwell Ruger rose; a gravity that was almost solemnity rested upon him, as, with military brevity, he said, "Father Ronan, will you marry us now—Miss Moran and myself? We are quite ready."

A cry burst from the mistress's lips; it was the involuntary protest of the feminine nature against that masculine, masterful assumption, which nevertheless it secretly loves. "You do not object, Flower?" said Max, taking her hand tenderly.

"Oh, Max, I am so—so—so plain!" whispered the mistress, breaking down in her speech, and at last bringing out the thorn that rankled deepest in her heart.

"You are not plain to me, darling," said Max; nor was she to any one else. From that moment a beauty came to her, the beauty of perfect happiness. The flower had bloomed into a perfect rose.

And thus they were married, on Christmas morning, in that old log house at St. Jean Mission, with a Canadian mail-carrier, a half-breed, and five dogs for witnesses.

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

LINGUISTIC AND LITERARY NOTES AND QUERIES.

II.

THE ODIUM PHILOLOGICUM.

SOME months ago the writer of these desultory papers on words and their uses received a letter asking whether, in his opinion, the phrase "my soldier's heart," in a passage the rest of which he cannot now recall, could mean anything else than "the heart of my soldier," and whether it could possibly mean "my soldierly heart." Within half an hour of the receipt of the letter, a gentleman unknown to him called at his office, and, making at least all due apology for the intrusion, but with an eagerness of inquest only decorously restrained, begged a decision upon the same phrase, asking whether any intelligent person on meeting it could understand it in any other sense than "my soldierly heart," and if such a person could by any possibility take it in the sense "the heart of my soldier." The answer given is not to our present purpose; it was not, however, a "decision." But a day or two afterward two gentlemen made an early call at the house of the same bewildered person, and with much warmth of manner, although with perfect courtesy, desired to submit a phrase to his consideration; it was "my soldier's heart": could it mean? etc. The phrase, it seems, had come up at some private theatrical performance, or sociable literary gathering, and there was a dispute about it; and very plainly, from the manner of the inquiring parties, the discussion had become heated. Not long afterward the same person was politely stopped in Broadway by a strange gentleman who, with an air of profound gravity, said that there was a matter which he had long wished to bring to his attention; and the seriousness with which this was uttered awakened curiosity, not to say apprehension. Suspense was soon relieved by the inquiry, "Is it right to say, To-morrow is Friday, or To-morrow will be Friday?" In this case the reply was very prompt and decided: "Indeed, sir, I don't know; it's a matter I have never thought about;" which evidently both surprised and puzzled the inquirer. True,

a moment's reflection on the part of the questioned person, as he turned away, brought up the lines,

To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betimes, etc.,

which had some bearing upon the subject. But that was one of those happy thoughts which to unready men always come just too late.

In both these cases I was chiefly interested in the evident earnestness and eagerness of the querists. They were not merely curious, or desirous of information, but showed unmistakably that they took the matter to heart. Now in neither case was the question one that should have troubled any man for a moment. As to "my soldier's heart" the meaning of the phrase, like that of countless others, must be determined by the context; and as to whether we should say To-morrow is Friday, or To-morrow will be Friday, although one may be better than the other, either may be defended on the grounds both of usage and of reason.

These incidents have a bearing upon a subject which the "Nation" has happily discussed under the well-chosen heading, "The Odium Philologicum." The writer of the article (which it is almost needless to say is *apropos* of the assault made in "Recent Exemplifications of False Philology" upon the author of "Words and their Uses," and the retort of the latter) begins by saying: "That verbal criticism . . . is sure to end sooner or later in one or more savage quarrels, is one of the most familiar facts of the literary life of our day." According to him, this rule has no exception; and speaking for the paper in which he writes, he says: "We have seen so many illustrations of the tendency of these attempts to improve popular speech to end in vituperation, that we have felt ourselves obliged in the interests of peace to exclude them from our columns." The case of Mr. Moon is then cited; the result of some articles by him on "Good Grammar" in the late "Round Table" being, according to this writer, "a series of rows, in which Moon was

compelled to tell several of his adversaries his low opinion of their morals and manners, and in which they repaid him in kind." If I remember rightly, this is, to say the least, a very strong characterization of those discussions; but it may be admitted that, with some not important qualification, the "Nation" is right as to the bitter controversies which frequently follow verbal criticism, if not as to its essential tendency to provoke them.

It is not in the interests of verbal criticism—a department of human endeavor for which I have not the highest respect—that I say that such tendencies on the part of those who practise it are much to be deplored. To produce one book, one page, one stanza, nay, one line, which cheers, lifts up, and heartens, or even only delights the soul of man, is a worthier object of desire than to achieve whole volumes full of learning and the nicest critical discrimination. But Walter Savage Landor—himself a worker in this field—says, "We have seen that whoever has been most eminent in scholarship and genius, among the ancients and ourselves, has been most studious to correct the imperfections of his native tongue," confirming this general observation by the remark that the subject is one "which occupied more than the merely leisure hours of Cicero and Cæsar." Why, then, should a department of literary labor, the purpose of which is so laudable, the end so desirable, be degraded by "savage quarrels" and "vituperation"? And, the subject being one than which there can be no other which is more essentially abstracted from all personal interests or bearings, who is in fault when the quarrelling and the vituperation begin? Surely he who first drags the discussion of an abstract subject down into personality. If one writer produces an article or a book, the purpose of which is "to correct the imperfections of his native tongue," and he confines himself strictly to that aim, attacking no one, disparaging none, and another writer, who takes a different view of the subject, assails him with personal acrimony and personal disparagement, whose is the disgrace and whose the shame? Should the latter retort, upon whom does the responsibility of the "quarrel" rest? Even in physical conflict, if a man kills an assailant he may put in the plea *son assault demesne*,

and be sure of a verdict of justifiable homicide.

As to the reason of so unreasonable a tendency to bitter personality, the writer in the "Nation" propounds this theory: Criticism of a man's speech is an implied attack on his parentage, education, and social position—points upon which most men are, reasonably or unreasonably, very sensitive. It will not do to tell a man that his pronunciation is inelegant, or his use of language incorrect, because that implies that his parents were vulgar or ignorant people; and to point out his solecisms, or his lack of etymological knowledge, is to insinuate that his education was neglected, or that he has not associated with correct speakers. Nor will you escape the *odium philologicum* by refraining from personal criticism and citing examples from dead authors; for this cannot be done without assailing forms of expression which "some eager, listening enemy" is himself in the habit of using, and you will surely become the victim of his wrath; because, again, by your criticism you assume a position not only of grammatical but of social superiority. Then comes a vengeful attack, and your writings are picked to pieces, and the pieces are examined mechanically, separating them totally from the thought with which you were full when you produced them—a process which no one, it is said, stands very long with equanimity, "because nobody can be subjected to it without being presented to the public somewhat in the light of an ignorant, careless, and pretentious donkey." Against such injury the assailed party defends himself, and generally carries the war into Africa.

This is ingenious and plausible, and very well put; so well, indeed, that it might be accepted but for one reason—it is inconsistent with the facts. As to the implication of social inferiority involved in an unfavorable criticism of a man's use of language, that surely could be a matter of concern only to those who are conscious of some such inferiority. A man's very defence of himself upon this ground, or even his resentment of the implication, involves a kind of confession. The assertion, I am as good as you, implies a latent consciousness that I am not. And as to defects of education, particularly of such education as

qualifies a man to write even about his own mother tongue, that is no disgrace, and is quite consistent with, and in countless cases accompanies, more than usual ability of one kind or another, and a social position not inferior to any. To make disparaging personal and social reflections, even by implication, and still more by direct dragging of them into literary discussion, would seem to be an unmistakable sign of innate vulgarity of soul, if not of low breeding. A man who does that can hardly have the *mens conscientia recti* as to his own social condition; and to assume, when you are not mentioned, that some reflection is cast upon you, is to rival the clown who said, "They snickered, an' I'm sure it was me." To insist that you are by implication called a vulgarian, and to bawl out, You're another! as, for example, the author of the book which is the proximate cause of the "Nation's" article did, is at the very least to show a great deficiency in tact. It is that old thing which is, either from a social or linguistic point of view, worse than a crime—a blunder. And it is in this case somewhat surprising; for Dr. Hall's education, not to say his scholarship, is undeniably such as should have protected him against the unpleasant consciousness that he was in any way, even implicitly, disparaged in a book containing not a single allusion to him, or to anything that he had written.

No, this *odium philologicum* must have some other source than the wounds of social vanity; and I myself am happily, or unhappily, able to show that the facts are against the supposition of such an origin. Can it be believed that, for instance, the gentlemen of whose excitement and heat—I will not say asperity—in regard to "my soldier's heart" I became aware as I have told in the beginning of this article, resented any assumption of social superiority, or even of superiority in education, by any one of the parties to their dispute? They were all of one social set, and of one grade of education. There was not a shadow of assumption of any kind apparent on either side, or of any suspicion of such assumption. Is it to be supposed for a moment that the numerous inquiries by letter, or in person, which gave the hint for "Words and their Uses," and which partly furnish the occasion of these articles, were in

any sort a confession of the social inferiority of the writers to the person to whom they were addressed? Such a thought did not occur to him for a moment. And on the other hand, according to this very ingenious theory so cleverly set forth in the "Nation," is not the fact of the continued favor shown to the book of which they are the cause, and the continued freedom and kindness with which its author is approached on such subjects, proof positive not only that he has not been guilty of such assumption, but that he is free from even the suspicion of such offensive foolishness?

The truth is that the men who quarrel on this subject do so because they are quarrelsome; they sneer because they like to sneer. Quarrelling suits their temper, and brings them before the world; and sneering is not only an affectation of loftiness, but is easy if one only knows how to do it and will set to work at it diligently. And verbal criticism being in itself small business, suited to the capacity of men who, unlike Cicero, Cæsar, and Landor, are not equal to greater subjects, it is a department of literature to which minds of some subtlety and little breadth, pedantic learning but no largeness of scholarship, find themselves attracted, and in which they may reasonably hope to attain some success. (I am not magnifying mine office, I know; but that I mean never to do.) It is natural that such men should attack and vituperate those who dare to differ from them. They have no intellectual charity. They are puffed up with their own conceit; as to which Erasmus tells us—what we might know without his telling, wherefore we think him wise—that "chiefly these synging men, sophisters, rhetoricians, and poets do excel therein;"* and in this respect verbal critics seem to surpass their cousins german, the sophisters and the rhetoricians.

Moreover, the bitterest and most numerous quarrels between verbal critics have not had for their subject or their occasion the vernacular tongue of the controvertists; a fact which is fatal to the specious theory that the wrath of such conflicts has its direful spring in resentment of the assumption of social superiority. The long, bitter, and personal

* "Praise of Folly." Chalonier's translation, 1549. Sig. II.

controversy between Bentley and Boyle on the Epistles of Phalaris, and that provoked by the Clericus and Grotius edition of Menander, will occur to every scholar. And even in this country middle-aged men can remember the dispute, hardly less acrimonious than able, between a Harvard professor of Greek and a distinguished New York scholar, which was not a whit the less bitter because it turned entirely upon Greek readings, and there could have been no question of social position or of breeding or education implicated. And that pleasant but rather weak and "goody" book, "Memoirs of a Quiet Life," tells us how the controversy, well known before to scholars, which arose upon the publication of an edition of Terence by Bishop Hare, led to a quarrel between him and his intimate friend Dr. Bentley, which lasted many years, and not only broke up their former warm friendship, but left them open, unreconcilable enemies until the Bishop's death. Indeed, the pseudo-philologists and the classical editors and critics of the last century too commonly wrote of each other with scorn, and scoffing, and personal disparagement, with offensive insinuation and with vituperation. Brunck was eminent in this school of literary Billingsgate.

In all these cases there was no question as to vernacular speech, or as to breeding, or associations, or even education. The controvertists were presumably equal in social position and advantages of education, and they quarrelled about the proper reading of the text of Greek and Latin authors. And the savage sneers and flings at each other with which some of the Shakespearian commentators of the last century and the earliest years of the present argued the question of the proper reading of the gentle author whose works they had undertaken to restore and to illustrate, are like in motive and in spirit, and have a like bearing upon the point in question. For although the subject of their dispute was indeed the English language, it was not the colloquial language of their time, but the text of an Elizabethan dramatist; and the questions which they discussed were entirely removed from all considerations touching the birth, breeding, association, and personal habits of the disputants. Yet one has only to read Gifford's notes on Ben Jonson, to see a characteristic exhibition

of the bitter and personal spirit which animated and informed these controversies. It is upon these "bad models" that the well-read-in-critical-literature author of "Recent Exemplifications" formed his critical style and manner, according to our only means of judging. Even in later years the Collier-folio controversy broke up long-existing friendships. Alexander Dyce, himself the most placid, considerate, and courteous of critical writers, gave mortal offence by his mere opinions in that matter, and saw more than one old literary companion in arms fall from him. The tenacity with which men cling to fancies which have led them captive, and the devotion, ardor, and even fierceness with which they do battle for some notion about a matter of not the slightest personal concern to them, is one of the most notable manifestations of perverseness exhibited in human nature. I remember seeing one gray-haired gentleman almost insult another gray-haired gentleman because the latter expressed some doubts that an old half-breed "Indian" was the veritable Louis XVII. of France, who died in the Temple at Paris. Now he had no more personal interest in Louis XVII., dead or alive, than in Melchisedec. Why, it was but the other day that I saw a man of intelligence and kind heart maintain, with glowing cheek and flashing eyes, the "authenticity" of a certain old delf teapot, and fling out half-earnest scorn and contempt upon those who could not take his view of its genuineness and the interest of its associations.

All these acrimonious critical controversies, chiefly literary, historical, and antiquarian, have their origin in intellectual pride and obstinacy; and they are heated the more or the less according to the enthusiasm or the earnestness of the controvertists. When warmth and earnestness, which may be weak but are not unamiable, are debased by personal acrimony and endeavors at personal disparagement, it must be attributed to the individual tastes and moral traits of the attacking party. These quarrels, like everything else, must be begun; and according to my observation, it will be found that from the first era of critical literature down to the present year they have had their origin in the arrogance, the insolence, and the disposition to personal offence of some man of more or

less learning, who resented what he deemed the unwarrantable interference of some writer less learned than himself; for instance, like Warburton, who, in the preface to his edition of Shakespeare's plays, declared his intention "to have given the reader a body of canons for literal [*i. e.*, verbal] criticism, drawn out in form," for two reasons, one of which was "to deter the unlearned writer from wantonly trifling with an art he is a stranger to, at the expense of his own reputation, and the integrity of the text of established authors;" and who in the end, like Warburton, was scourged by a man of less learning with the triple lash of fact and argument and ridicule.* But we are all somewhat inclined to doubt not only the competent information but the perfect soundness of mind and candor of soul of those who will insist upon their right to ride our hobby after their own fashion. Only one man is calmly indifferent upon such matters, and looks down upon these trifles from the serene heights of contemplative philosophy. But he unfortunately is a man whose opinions, since the appearance of a certain book, no one need care much about.†

* "Edwards's Canons of Criticism," 1748, 7th Ed., 1765.

[† The mild and Pecksniffian tone of a letter recently published by Dr. Hall in the "Nation," with its demure talk about "the language of gentlemen," has led some of our correspondents to suppose that we have opened the pages of "The Galaxy" to an unprovoked attack upon a most unoffending pundit. Quotations from Dr. Hall's book would best correct this impression, but as this would occupy valuable space most unprofitably, we quote in preference a characterization of the book by one of the ablest of our contemporaries, "Old and New," edited by Edward E. Hale. "This is a curiously scornful and acrid discussion of questions about the derivation, meaning, and use of words. . . . He [Dr. Hall] has not the mildness and sweetness of manner which should belong to a judge, nor even to an advocate, nor even to an executioner. . . . Except that the illustration is directly inverse as to the intellect engaged, there is one still more appropriate in respect of the unfeeling nature of the work performed, and particularly as to the strong but not graceful agility shown: it is that embodied in the well-known saying, 'Every one for himself, as the jackass said when he danced among the chickens.' . . . The little treatise is stimulating, learned, useful, and almost always correct; but it would be difficult to discover another modern publication in which so much ability is shown in a spirit so excessively bitter." Time may change our contemporary's opinion as to the

EARLY ENGLISH VERBAL CRITICISM.

As we were slow to write a grammar of our own tongue, even on false, *i. e.*, on Latin principles, so were we to enter on the field of English verbal criticism. The "Gardens of Eloquence" and "Arts of Rhetoric," and the like, which appeared in the Elizabethan period, had little or nothing to do with the origin, the meaning, or the forms of English words; and even Puttenham's "Arte of English Poesie" touches those subjects but incidentally. It was not until 1770 that the first work of avowed English verbal criticism that is known to me appeared. It was entitled "Remarks on the English Language, in the Nature of Vaugelas's Remarks on the French; being a Detection of many Improper Expressions used in Conversation, and of many others to be found in Authors. To which is prefixed a Discourse addressed to His Majesty."* It was anonymous, but its author's name was Robert Baker. He was not a scholar; knew no Greek and almost no Latin, but seems to have been familiar with French. Nor was he an historical etymologist, for that science was in his day undeveloped; and as to Sanscrit, its very existence was known to but a few Western scholars, and its value as a key to Indo-European language structure was unsuspected. He erred sometimes—as indeed who does not?—but being a man of good sense, of considerable cultivation, and of good taste in literature and in art, and having given much thought to his subject, he produced a little book which was of real service, and the effect of which is plainly visible upon English speech. To mere usage and authority he did not silently submit; for what he deemed errors in usage were the very subjects of his criticism, without regard to the reputation of the authors in whose works he detected them; and among those whose incorrect use of words or faulty construction of sentences he remarked upon were Locke, Addison, Swift, Bolingbroke, Warburton, Melmoth, Warton, and Harris, the author of "Hermes." His criticism was always

correctness of all of Dr. Hall's judgments; but his personality and his bitterness admit of neither doubt nor change.—ED. GALAXY.]

* The address to the king appeared only in the first edition, it having been omitted from the second as too outspoken and presuming.

respectful, without asperity or personal sneers at those whose errors he pointed out; and in censuring the usage of authors then living, particularly those of minor fame, he often considerably avoided mentioning names, using the phrase "an author" or "a writer." His likening of his book to Vaugelas's, published in 1647, does hardly justice to himself; for unlike Vaugelas, he attempted little in the way of etymology (although, with his assumed prototype, he erred when he did so), and, unlike Vaugelas, he was neither priggish nor pedantic, nor was he a courtier, or a precisian, or a lover of speaking fine. His book consists of one hundred and twenty-seven remarks upon what were then common usages among the best speakers and writers, as any one familiar with the literature of that time well knows; and the justice of his strictures and their effect are evident from the fact that almost all the solecisms which he censures were ere long abandoned by good writers, and gradually ceased to be heard among educated speakers.

It may be of interest to my readers to know some of the faults in phraseology and of the misuses of words which were thought worthy of remark by the first English verbal critic, one hundred years ago. I shall select not only those which have been altogether given up. Among them are: *as follow* for *as follows*, which still has some support in respectable usage;—*chay* for *chaise*, the latter being mistaken for a plural; as some people who wish to be very correct now speak of the *corp* of an army, or of a widow mourning over the *corp* of her husband, or, as I was told by a lawyer, of the *claw* of a statute, to avoid the "bad grammar" of saying "a clause";—*ingenuity* in the double sense of ability, cleverness, and of ingenuousness, is pointed out as a blemish; the latter sense it has lost;—*demean* for *debase* or *lessen*;—*he is came* for *he is come*;—*set* for *sit*, and *lie* for *lay*;—*propose* for *purpose*;—*whom* for *who*; as "*whom* you would say passed their afternoons," etc.;—*'tis him*, *'tis her*, *'tis me*, *'tis them*, for *'tis he*, *'tis she*, *'tis I*, *'tis they*;—*mutual* for *common*; an error not infrequent now even among educated people;—*either* and *neither* used as plural: as "*neither of them are*";—*contemptuously* for *contemptibly*, meaning "with contempt"; the latter, being then "most

commonly used," has now passed out of use;—*fell* for *fallen*; as, *the horse has fell*, which is said to have been then used by "many writers"; indeed, the literature of that time is full of a like use of the past tense of the verb for the participle; it was a usage, but neither sense nor English;—*both*, as in *they both met*, and in "those two men are *both equal* in capacity," which is justly pronounced nonsense;—*agreeable*, *suitable*, *conformable*, for *agreeably*, *suitably*, *conformably*; as "he performed *agreeable* to his promise," "he conducted himself *suitable* to the occasion"; a usage common in that day, but indefensible of course, and since then abandoned;—*safe* for *safely*, as "I arrived here *safely*," instead of *safe*; an error not uncommon now, and among those who are anxious about their "grammar";—*dare* for *dares*, as "he *dare* not do it" for "he *dares* not," etc.; which, although it is mentioned, rightly, as the usage of "numbers of people" and of "many authors," Baker says "appears to me to give a person an air of illiteracy"; but we hear of no offence taken at this assumption of social superiority;—*en passant* for *in passing*, justly condemned as sheer affectation;—the misplacing of *only*, *either*, and *neither*, as in "Theism can *only* be opposed to polytheism or atheism," and "He was *neither* learned in the languages nor philosophy"; which has in its support the usage of centuries of years and centuries of authors, but which has been since seen to be indefensible according to the structure of the English sentence, and which has almost disappeared;—the false construction "*I was going to have done* so and so," which has like "authoritative" support, and which is in like manner indefensible.

Of the subjects of Baker's one hundred and twenty-seven Remarks I have room to mention only these, which are not the most important, but which unite some interest with expediency for citation. To these I will add one other, his condemnation of the phrases *different to*, as "this is *different to* that," and *different than*, as in the sentence "I found your affairs had been managed in a *different* manner *than* what I had advised," which is quoted from Melmoth's Cicero. Both these are set down as being neither English nor sense, which is true of them; and yet for both of them there is the "authority" of

long and eminent usage. They are interesting as being peculiarly British mis-usages; neither of them having ever obtained a foothold in "America." Indeed, there would seem to be something peculiarly puzzling to our British cousins in the proper use of *different*, or they could hardly have fallen into the confusion of two such phrases as *different to* and *different than*, even the latter of which is now heard from some of them who are not uneducated.* In the course of his criticism of the former phrase, Baker makes a remark which shows that he had a just estimate of the relative weight of usage and reason in determining the proprieties of language. He says: "I know that custom often reconciles improprieties of this sort; yet there are some cases where it never reconciles them entirely, and this appears to me to be one. I would therefore give my vote for *different from*, and would banish the expression of *different to*." He submits to usage if needs must; but he does not accord with it if it is inconsistent with reason. He speaks very decidedly, and yet expects his decision to be received only as his "vote." He says boldly that he would banish the expression *different to*; and yet, although that was even more than this the day of savage quarrels about questions of verbal criticism, we hear of no personal attacks upon him by the users of *different to*, because of an affectation on his part of social superiority, and an implication that they were bred among people whose English deserved banishment.

The reader has probably seen already that between the first book of verbal criticism upon the English language and the last there are some strong points of likeness; and if any "eager, listening enemy" of the author of the latter, on either side of the ocean, is ready to find a likeness between them in their errors and deficiencies, he is welcome to all the comfort he can derive from so doing. Baker's book did not profess to be etymological, or, in the proper sense of the word, philological. Indeed, it could not have been philological with the meaning which the

* It is proper that I should say that I did not meet with Baker's book, which is not a common one, until some months after writing my letter to the "Nation," published Sept. 12, 1872, in which I expressed the opinion that my own criticism of *different to* (in 1854) was the earliest condemnation of that phrase.

word has now; for the philology of our day, the only true philology, was in Baker's day unknown. And yet his book had a laudable purpose, and, as we have seen, did good, although it is a small affair. No other in its purpose or its pretensions is "Words and their Uses," the author of which hopes for it only that it may effect a like and perhaps a greater good.

One language hath no law but use : and still
Runs blinde, unbridled, at the vulgar's will.
Another's course is curiously inclos'd
In lists of Art ; of choice fit words compos'd.
One, in the feeble birth, becoming old,
Is cradle-toomb'd : another warreth bold
With the yeer-spinners. One, unhappy-founded,
Lives in a narrow valley ever bounded :
Another with the learned troop doth presse
From Alexander's Altars even to Fez.*

SCIENTIST.

This word has been brought to my attention by more than one correspondent. It has attained a certain degree of usage among those who it would seem are dissatisfied with "scientific man" and "man of science," and who doubtless, with like displeasure of "literary man" and "man of letters," will soon contrive some dreadful combination in *ist* to use in their stead. *Scientist* appears to me, as it does to many others, intolerable both as being unlovely in itself and improper in its formation. "Sample-room" language gives us *drinkist*, *shootist*, *walkist*, and the like, with an undisguised incongruity which has a ridiculous effect, partly at least intentional, if not wholly so. Those words are regarded as the creations of exquisite humor by the persons who use them; nay, their very use is looked upon as an indication of latent powers which would place the user, if he would but let himself out, foremost in the ranks of the noble army of "American humorists." If after that remark my bones should be found bleaching upon the ensanguined plain, let the Chief of Police immediately arrest Mr. Lowell, Mr. Bret Harte, and Colonel John Hay, without detailing officer A or officer B to "work up the case." But, to our scientists. We say normally *naturalist*, *geologist*, *organist*, etc., and may properly use as many more words formed in like manner as we choose to coin. But I can find no lawful instance corresponding to *scientist*, which might

* Sylvester's *Du Bartas*, "Babylon," 1621, p. 261.

well go with *drinkist* and *shootist*. If we would, we could say *sciencist*; and let who will say it, and hiss himself properly in the saying of it. But we cannot break up the sibillation with a *t*, for even the noun *scientia* will yield us only *ti*, which in sound is *sh*, and *sciential* (noun) and *scientialist* must be left to the lovers of *agential*; and if we assume the obsolete *scient* as its base, the meaning of our new word will be "knowingist."

At an earlier day, the suffix *er* seems to have been the principal, if not the only means of expressing both the doer of an act and the practiser of an art or craft; *e. g.*, *murderer*, *astrologer*. Still a distinction between the two purposes was, in a manner, preserved by confining the suffix for the former purpose generally to a verb, and for the latter to a noun, *i. e.*, the name of the art or profession practised. A more modern development in the same direction has led to the free appropriation of the Greek suffixes of use, *ize*, *ism*, *ist*, making upon nouns, after the Greek model, verbs of using, *i. e.*, of using the thing named in the stem, *e. g.*, *dogmatize*, abstract nouns of usage, *e. g.*, *dogmatism*, and personal nouns for the user of the thing, *e. g.*, *dogmatist*—words an acquaintance with which will not be denied by certain critics to the present writer. A movement toward symmetry and consistency leads us to avoid new coinage in *er* upon substantive roots, such for instance as *geologer* and *organer* would be. There is not only a weakness but a sort of insincerity in the interchanging and confusing of these transplanted and assimilated suffixes, now well distinguished and valuable, and valuable of course just in the degree in which their exact and distinctive senses are maintained. And I here remark upon an astonishingly neglected difference—neglected by men who should and do know better—between the terminations *ize* and *yse*. Both of these, indeed, are from the Greek, but the latter has nothing in common with the former, although it is frequently confounded with it, not being a suffix at all, but representing the Greek *λυσις*, a loosening, as in *paralyse* and *analyse*, which are often absurdly spelled *paralyze* and *analyze*, and which we may perhaps look to see spelled *paralize* and *analize* in what has been called "the good English of the future."

This consideration of terminations ex-

pressing the doer and the doing, suggests a few remarks upon

MUSICIANER.

I am asked, in the course of a long kind letter, whether the author of "Recent Exemplifications" is in earnest in treating *musicianer* as a real English word. Certainly he is. To him it is an English word because, to use his own phrase in regard to other "vocables," he has "met with it" in the course of his reading. He belongs to a class who, if a certain combination of sounds or letters has been uttered by somebody, somewhere, at some time—no matter who, where, or when—pounce upon it, classify it, label it, and pigeonhole it for preservation and classification. For instance, we are told in the same passage which embalms *musicianer*, that "*lesserer* is still used in some parts of England for *lesser* or *less*." And what if it is? So do Lord and Lady Duberly, in Colman's "Heir at Law," again and again call Dr. Pangloss a "tutorer"; and one fact is of just as much value as the other—that is, of none at all.* The author appears to be gravelled for lack of matter in his endeavor to illustrate his notion of the formation of *parishioner*, as his only example from literature is *fischerer* for *fisher*, from Capgrave's "Chronicle." But here is a mite of contribution to his alms-basket of words—*sermoners*, quite analogous with *parishoners*:

Quen he sendes his messagers,
That es at sai his *sarmouneres*.

"English Metrical Homilies of the Fourteenth Century," p. 147.

Here is another, *victorers*, also analogous:

She performed the same to a few that were nexte of her kinne, according to the liability of her present fortune; for if she should have used ye Persians pompe therein, the Macedons might have envied it, which being *victorers*, used no great curiositie in the matter.—Brende's "Quintus Curtius," 1592, fol. 40 b.

The latter word is scattered freely through Brende's book. The passage given above is interesting for its use of *curiosity* (a word which I have heretofore remarked upon), and also of *should have*,

* In the same passage we are gravely informed that "the modern *chickens* contains an *s* added to *chicken*, itself a plural." This, in a book addressed, if not to scholars and philologists, at least to educated and critical readers! Why not give us a little information about *children*, and even about *brethren* and *oxen*?

for *had*. In the lines from the "Metrical Homilies," "that es *at* sai" for "that is to say" shows a peculiar use of *at* which occurs several times in those homilies, and is not uncommon in old northern English.

To turn back to the occasion of this digression—the "Recent Exemplifications" way of studying language has a certain real value, and to a professed etymologist is to a certain extent necessary. The difficulty with many of those who study language in that manner is that they cannot conceive of the propriety of studying it in any other, and that they come to setting store by all sorts of rubbish, as we have seen. And if they lose one of their precious "finds," they are as distraught about it as a hen bereaved of her one chicken. How touching is the lamentation of the Recent Exemplifier that he cannot produce an example of *musicianer*! He weeps and wrings his hands over the lack, in a supplementary fashion, in a note at the end of his lovely little volume. He "regrets that the existence in English literature of *musicianer* . . . must here be left unestablished." This is woful indeed, for he had previously said that "*musicianer* is not yet obsolete." He is in a false position. But no, I rush again to his rescue. He will be ungrateful. But men always are ungrateful. Was not I ungrateful for the gentle courtesy and singleness of purpose with which he devoted himself to my service? What should I expect? This priceless word, which he has "met again and again in old books," occurs in a ballad published about thirty years ago in London. He will find it in the last line of the following stanza—as Jaques says, we "call them stanzas":

[This old girl that was go'n to be tied
To the man she'd so long been a-wishin' hers,
Give a big spread of biled, roast, an' fried],
An' she axed all the village musicianers.

There is his word, with its existence in English literature, and its non-obsolete-ness at once established. True, I cannot remember the name of the ballad, nor eke of the author thereof; and to tell the whole truth, I have forgotten its very subject, and only the last line of this stanza is genuine; that alone having remained in my memory, as it were by what he calls "special providence in the mundane order" for his only use, benefit, and be-

hoof. The three preceding lines are my own unworthy fabrication—limbs which I have added to the grand torso, conscious that where the restoration joins the original, the modern impinges upon the antique must be painfully apparent. But he may be sure of the genuineness of the last line, which contains the precious word. (Would he not have treated me more tenderly, not to say respectfully, if he had suspected that all the while this toad had that jewel in his head?) I remember having in my youth the book that contained the ballad. It was adorned with cuts—but of a different kind from those which gave to "Recent Exemplifications" its only zest—and all down the page marched the village musicianers, blowing their brains through various tubes, more or less twisted, of wood and iron. I shall never forget it; and the memory of it has enabled me to show at least *my* gratitude.*

A BUNDLE OF QUERIES.

207 EAST 82d ST., NEW YORK, SEPT. 29, 1873.

DEAR SIR: You are doing a good work, etc., etc., etc. [My correspondents will pardon my omission of their kind and encouraging remarks.] I would ask you, can nothing be done to get rid of that barbarism of speech which has lately come into vogue, introduced by our American journalists, of placing the adverb between the sign of the infinitive mood and the verb; as, "she is learning to elegantly dance," instead of to dance elegantly? "I hope to soon recover my health." "I propose to to-morrow return home." "For the benefit of my health I have resolved to four miles walk every day." "I am unable to fully understand you." This collocation is grossly unclassical, not being found in any standard author of any age. I can see nothing gained by it but the gratification of disgusting pedantic pride or a malicious pleasure in torturing cultivated ears.

Will you tell me whether to say *on* or *between* the horns of a dilemma, and why? Also the origin of the Latin phrase, *cum grano salis*?

Many good American writers confound *at fault* and *in fault*. I noticed the other day that ——— does. *At fault* is a huntsman's phrase. The hounds are said to be *at fault* when they have lost scent of the game, and are running hither and thither to find it. *In fault* signifies in error; *at fault*, in perplexity.

Permit me also to ask how long we are to

* This ballad was published in small 4to or square 16mo form, and contained a dozen or a score of pages. The illustrations were somewhat in Richard Doyle's style. Copies of it must be in this country. Should any of my readers happen to have one, I should be glad to hear of it. Or perhaps he would at once kindly send it addressed to Fitzedward Hall, LL.D., Hill-House, Wickham Market, England.

use daily a class of foreign words before incorporating them and anglicizing the pronunciation? Take the French word *début*, for instance; not one American in five hundred can pronounce it correctly. The *w* he sounds like *oo*.

The French, when they adopt a foreign word, gallicize it at once; they make the pronunciation bend to their own laws. The Spaniards say *Gil Blas*; but final *s* is silent in French; the French therefore say *Gil Bla* (*a* broad). The French language stands on its dignity; our vernacular has no dignity to stand on, so it crouches. Is it always to be a parasite? Why don't we say *debütt*? Because, if we did, we should laugh at one another. We don't laugh when we say *deboo*, for the sufficient reason that we don't know that we are speaking bad French.

Yours respectfully,
D. R. T.

The foregoing letter is given as a fair specimen of the many received by the writer of these articles; not one in a hundred of his correspondents being a person whom he has ever seen, or with whom he has any acquaintance, even by way of correspondence. Hereafter, except in cases of special interest, letters themselves will not be given, but the subject of the inquiry will be briefly set forth.

D. R. T. gives information as well as asks it. He is so clearly right about the placing of the adverb as to make comment unnecessary. The examples which he gives are in themselves a condemnation of the fashion which he regards with such disfavor. Distinguished precedent might be shown for this construction, as for many other bad uses of language; but it is eminently unenglish.

As to a *dilemma*, the proper word of relation is *between*; because a dilemma—*διλήμμα*, meaning two established positions—presents to a disputant two unpleasant alternatives, called horns, of which he is obliged to accept one. When the dilemma is presented he is upon neither horn; and he never is upon both.

Cum grano salis has its point from a sort of pun which is lost in the translation—"with a grain of salt." *Sal* has for its secondary meaning "wit," "mental acumen," "intellectual good taste and judgment"; and so, to take a thing *cum grano salis* is to use caution and discrimination in giving it credence or consideration.

As to foreign words adopted by us, whether French, Latin, Greek, or what not, their complete naturalization is of course to be effected only by time, and

frequent and general usage; and the question as to when this has been accomplished is also of course to be determined only by observation. The usage with regard to the plural is a good guide. For example, *index* is an unmodified Latin word, of which the plural is *indices*, which was formerly used. But no one would now say *indices*, except when using the word in a scientific way. Of *memorandum*, the Latin plural *memoranda* is used by some, the English *memorandums* by others, showing, as matter of history, a yet imperfect naturalization of the word, and *criterion* has more commonly *criteria* as its plural; for which I can see no sufficient reason. It would seem to be a sensible and, to use my correspondent's expression, a dignified way to naturalize such words completely as soon as possible. Nevertheless, he would be a bold man who should speak of an actress's *debütt*, and of her *debutting*. It may be doubted, however, whether, if he could not say *début*, he might not better say *debütt* than *deboo*.

"MAKING" VISITS, OR "PAYING" VISITS.

MADISON AVENUE, October 12.

DEAR MR. GRANT WHITE: In the book which you have reviewed with such a pungent pen, and with a personal severity so different from your usual manner—a book which, notwithstanding its subject and my sex, my interest in the author of "Words and their Uses" led me to read, and to dislike—I see you are found fault with for writing *make a visit*, which is said to be "no longer English." Now, of course, you know that we all now say *pay a visit*, but when I was a girl I remember that my mother used to say *make visits*. Will you kindly tell us the reason of the change, and how *making visits* has ceased to be English, and oblige others besides

Yours sincerely,

F. B.

As to the reason of the change which my fair correspondent inquires about, I know little or nothing. For it she must doubtless hold her own sex responsible, they being of necessity the arbiters of fashion in such purely social matters. It is not improbable, however, that the change from *make* to *pay* expresses subtly that recognition of "calling" as a social duty—something rather disagreeable which must be done, not for pleasure or from inclination and with the desire of enjoying the society of our friends, but because it is something which, in the social cant phrase, we owe to society. So we pay it. In this matter, however, I am an open

rebel against the constituted authority of which my correspondent is a representative; for the reason that the use of the word *pay* in regard to one's visits to friends and acquaintances is an implied degradation of social intercourse, and a very poor compliment to the person to whom a visit is *paid*. Therefore, in spite of the behests of fashion, "making visits" seems in my judgment better than "paying visits." As to the time when the latter came into vogue here, it certainly must be longer ago than my correspondent can remember. Perhaps her mother also had some really sociable notions about visiting. And the phrase "pay a visit" is not even such a comparatively new one as the author of the book she refers to would seem to think. It is a hundred and fifty years old at least. Here is one instance of its use in literature about as old as that. It is from Samuel Wesley's "Melissa," A. D. 1734:

Nor gads to *pay*, with busy air,
Trifling visits here and there.

As to how a word, and above all a phrase, can cease to be English, that I can neither explain nor understand; although how a phrase might be in common use and not be English is quite comprehensible. A phrase may pass out of vogue, or become unfashionable; but whether it is English or not is to be decided by other laws than those of fashion.

SUMMERS OF AGE, AND WINTERS.

BALTIMORE, September 9, 1873.

DEAR SIR: Will you be kind enough to give your opinion in decision of a dispute which it has been decided to submit to you? What is the origin of the phrases "so many summers old" as applied to a young woman, and "so many winters old" as applied to an old man?

An answer will oblige

Yours respectfully,

F. P.

The reserve and good faith with which F. P. puts his question does not conceal the nature of the dispute in which it had its origin. The first phrase, as it appears, for example, in such an expression as "a maiden of fifteen summers," is of course used with the fanciful purpose of connecting summer with youth and beauty; and although just a little namby-pambyish and affected, it is not at all forced or unnatural. The measurement of an old man's life by winters has of course a sim-

ilar but converse feeling as its motive. But while the former is very new, the latter is very old; and the former is framed upon a mistaken apprehension of the latter in its original signification. The expression "so many winters old" has come down to us from our Anglo-Saxon forefathers, by whom it was used with no reference to declining life and snowy hair. They measured long time in speech by winters, and said "winters" where we say "years." In the following lines from Chaucer *winter* is used to express the age of a man in the flower of a lusty manhood:

"There was a Monke, a faire man and a bolde;
I trowe a thritty *winter* was he olde."

"*The Shipmannes Tale*," l. 12955.

In the following passage from the late Anglo-Saxon legend of the "Discovery of the Holy Rood" the use of *winter* for *year* is made very plain:

"Thada was agán an hund *wintra* & thri & thrit-ti *wintra* sæter oristes throwunge & úpstige to heofenum, tha rixode constantinus," etc.—*Ed. Morris*, p. 3.

That is: When that was gone a hundred winters and three and thirty winters after Christ's suffering and uprising to heaven, then reigned Constantine, etc. We should say a hundred and thirty-three years. The reason of this usage was that in the southern angle of what is now Denmark, whence the Angles came, the cold part of the year was so predominant that *winter* naturally came to mean, or rather to be taken for the whole year, although they had the word *gear*, of which our *year* is a mere modernization. This predominance of cold was found by the first Christian missionaries to the extreme northern peoples of Europe an obstacle in their way. For the Christian religion being first promulgated in countries in which heat was most dreaded, the penalties of sin were naturally pronounced to be a prolonged residence in a very high temperature. But when the missionaries went toward the North Pole, and began to threaten the chilly heathen with the punishment which had such terrors for the dwellers around the Mediterranean sea, the former, in whose religious mythology Hel was a very cold place, replied, If *your* Hel is so very warm, we don't much mind going there. *Se non è vero, è ben trovato*.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

A WIDOW INDEED.

I AM not going to deny at my time of life, and in this age of the world, that women are changeable. It has come to be one of the fixed facts that no one wastes argument upon; nearly all women acknowledge it at once, as I do; but what we do contend for, with one voice, is, that we never change without good reason.

When my friend Isabel Deane suddenly sank from a pinnacle of proud and happy wifehood into a desolate and heart-broken widow, it was a change quite proper, and to be expected, that she should turn her face to the wall, and refuse to be comforted for many days.

John Deane had been her lover, as well as her husband, as long as he lived, and all the world quoted them as a model of married happiness. His death was sudden, and all the more overwhelming to the wife who had lain so serenely on his strength that she had never need to put out her own.

I am an old maid myself, but I can dimly imagine what it might be to lean one's heart and soul on a good man for many years, till one's bones were all bent that way, and then how long it might take, when the support was snatched away, to grope lamely about the world, till one could learn to stand upright again. I offered Isabel no consolation, because I knew of none; I just sat down with her and her children day after day. When she gave long wistful looks at the portrait of her husband which hung always before her, I made her look at the baby's smile; but when I saw her needle go hard through her work for falling tears, I could only let the baby go, and cry with her.

As week dragged after week, Isabel began to take up the stitches she had dropped in mother-love, and the real strength that was in her, hitherto dormant, sprang up full-armed for her children. She had been wounded well-nigh unto death, but half a dozen soft little hands did much to soothe and stroke away the pain.

"Isabel will come round at last. She must have some idol, and since the big

one is broken, she will set up three little ones in its place, and the worship will go on in her temple all the same," I said to a friend whom I was visiting for a week, when Mr. Deane had been dead about three months. I had liked John Deane very well myself. If Isabel must marry at all, which seemed strangely necessary to her happiness, as it does to many other women, I rather preferred him to any one else as her husband. He was wholly devoted to her, which was no more than she deserved, and for a man he was very little in the way. Nevertheless, I returned to her with a certain inward comfort in the thought that she would be more than ever my friend, when she had fairly settled into the new groove that widowhood would make for her. To my blank surprise and consternation, I found her urging forward all possible preparations to go abroad with her children for an indefinite time.

Her eyes were hard and cold as if she had no more tears left, and the corners of her mouth were sharply drawn as of one in the fixed habit of enduring pain without mentioning it. Her manner had a brisk abruptness, that I had never noticed before. The household habits, which had become a little demoralized by the presence of sorrow, had suddenly straightened into the utmost order. The servants eyed me curiously to see if I would notice the change, and made many furtive attempts to talk about it. I could not have been more bewildered if a soft, pink baby had suddenly hardened under my hand into one of those grim old statues that keep guard over Egyptian tombs. She did not seem to manage it, but I could never see her alone, and she carefully ignored my hints at the change in her.

Her beauty had always been warmed and heightened by happiness; she needed sweet excitements to keep a flush in her naturally pale cheek, and dewy brightness in her large gray eyes. When the sun is saying good night to the snow peaks of the Jungfrau, she colors like a blush rose; but when the sun is gone she turns pale and gray, and is nothing but a cold rock after all. This was precisely

the change in Isabel Deane. Her face was like a transparent picture, softly glowing when the light of happiness was behind it, but without that light it was no picture at all.

She had let her house on a long lease, and all her affairs were as carefully settled as if she were going out of the world.

"You behave as if you had received sentence of everlasting exile," I said to her on her last day, when she could no longer escape me.

"I hope it may be so," she replied, looking straight at the wall; "I have suffered so much here, that, but for the children's interest, I should be glad to see this house burnt to the ground."

I looked at the wall, too, and perceived that Mr. Deane's portrait had been removed.

"You will take it with you, of course," I said, by way of making talk.

"Oh, no; it would be a troublesome package. I have sent it to Mr. Deane's sister; she always admired and wanted it."

Had grief turned the woman to stone? I took her chin in my hands, and made her look at me, while I entreated her with tears to tell me what blight had fallen on her.

"Don't you remember the day when John sent home that portrait to surprise you on your birthday, and you went on your knees to it with delight, as if it had been an altar? You were distracted with joy that day."

"Since then I have known what it was to be distracted in other ways, and only for the children's sake I would have died and made no sign. You see a change in me, but I *feel* it; and I assure you I do not find any more comfort in it than you do, but it cannot be helped."

"That is nonsense! It can be helped if you will look at it in the right way."

"I have looked at it in all ways, and there is no right way but to take up my cross and bear it to the end. I can bear it better if I am away from all that can remind me of the old days. I shall not come home till I have outgrown even the memory of them."

"That memory was your dearest treasure when I left you for that short week, Isabel."

"Yes, but you forget that the world

was made in a week. It is long enough for moths to corrupt or thieves to break through and steal our greatest treasure. Do not speak lightly of a week," she said with a woful smile that had better have been a sob.

"Isabel, you break my heart," I cried out.

"Do I? Then you will be in the fashion. Women's hearts were made to be broken. The crack comes late to some and early to others. I had a long probation, but it came at last all the same."

She went away across the sea next day with all her flock, but the dregs of her bitterness staid with me. I had believed in her, and been disappointed; it is not an uncommon experience between lovers, and I am assured that the sensation is very uncomfortable. I certainly found it so in my own case. There must have been leaves on leaves folded away in her character, that I had never found or suspected, to account for the savage change in a woman who had been "all womanly."

It injured my digestion and disturbed my sleep; for it forced me to take to pieces all my pet theories about women and make them over again.

Her infrequent letters told nothing of her real life; they were full of glittering generalities about pictures and cathedrals, and now and then a bitter jest on the hollowness of life.

Married happiness seemed to provoke her to special wrath. The trail of the serpent was over all her thoughts. When I pressed her about her own health, she wrote, "I am always well enough to bear my burdens, such as they are. Nothing can kill a woman, you know."

But one or two travellers who saw her at Heidelberg (where she had fixed herself, to be near her brothers, who were in the university) brought word that she was white and wan, and only the shadow of her former self.

"I have been bored to death lately," she wrote once, "with the devotion of Cousin George and his new wife. They may be called vagabonds, having no visible means of support; but love is to be food and drink and lodging, to say nothing of clothes. The deluded woman thinks she has power to keep him always at her feet, and it would not surprise me at all if he were already, in his heart, a little

weary of her. Women are so easily deceived that I wonder men have taken so much pleasure in doing it through all ages. I begin to favor the French custom of selecting wives and husbands for one's children, instead of leaving them to their own devices in the most important matter of their lives. The only objection lies in one of old Fuller's nutshells: 'Tis to be feared that they who marry where they do not love, will love where they do not marry;' but people will do that any way, and after all, love is only the right side of grief."

When George Deane and his "deluded wife" came home I charged them, on their honor, to give me a true and unvarnished account of Mrs. Deane's condition of body and mind. They had been so wrapt up in one another, that they had not seen much change in her as to manner, but they had somehow got it into their foolish heads that she had not lived happily with her husband, as she would never talk of him even to her children. I speedily disabused their minds of that notion; for, as I have said before, Isabel and her husband had never ceased to live in their honeymoon till his death.

Isabel had been abroad five years when she sent me a golden curl of her daughter's hair, braided with iron-gray, which she insisted was her own. I sat twisting it about my finger with my heart full of rebellion against the evil fate that had taken her clean out of my sphere, when I had counted on a double share of her society for the rest of my life.

"This is the conclusion of the whole matter," I said to myself for want of anybody else to say it to. "Blessed be those who expect nothing, for they will not be disappointed."

And on that instant the postman, darting up the steps in the rain, held up a letter to my window. It was a very thin letter, and held only these words:

MISS DENNISON: If you will come round to the Russell street Infirmary as soon as possible after receiving this note, you may do some good, and greatly oblige Yours truly,

MARIA STONE,
Matron of Infirmary.

Doing good in hospitals had never been my forte, and I was morally certain that I had never laid eyes on a woman of the name of Maria Stone.

Besides all this, it rained as if it were the first day of another deluge, and most

likely the letter was meant for another Miss Dennison; Dennison being a common name, and the prefix Miss commoner still, and growing more so.

I am ashamed to say that I hesitated some minutes with my rubber shoes in my hand; but curiosity, rather than benevolence, finally carried the day, and I went forth on a long, wet walk to Russell street.

"Are you Miss Dennison?" said a woman, who seemed to be waiting to let me into the infirmary.

"Yes."

"Miss Eleanor Dennison?"

"Yes."

"Then you are the lady wanted."

It was comfort in my soaked condition to hear even that, though I put no faith in it.

I was led through a room containing seven or eight beds, all occupied by convalescent patients, into a small one, so dark that I could not distinguish anything for a moment.

"Is she here?" I heard a woman's voice ask faintly, and, guided by the sound, I saw a woman lying on a narrow bed, propped up with pillows.

"I am Miss Dennison," I said, "but I am very wet, and may give you a chill."

"It don't matter," she returned, after waiting for a prolonged coughing-fit to pass. "Nothing can hurt me, and I must say quickly what I have to say."

Even then I felt a certain impatience that I had been dragged out on such a day, to hear the dying confession of a stranger, who probably intended it for some other person.

How often, but for our hard-working guardian angels, we should pass by with a sniff and miss forever the most blessed opportunities of our lives!

I sat down by the woman's bed, and she grasped the cape of my "waterproof" as if to be certain that I should not escape her. She was much emaciated (her cheekbones stood out like rocks at low water), and having been a very dark brunette in her best days, her coal-black hair and extreme sallowness made a ghastly contrast with the white pillows at her back.

"Are we alone?" she asked when the matron went out and closed the door, without noticing my silent entreaty for her to remain.

I glanced over the room and perceived

another bed, in which the outline of a human figure was visible under the coverlet.

"Not quite; there seems to be some one asleep in the other bed."

"Yes, she's asleep fast enough, and she won't trouble us with her dreams; it's the only kind of sleep worth having. She died while the matron was down stairs."

"For mercy's sake, let me go and tell her!" I said, horrified at her careless manner.

"It is for mercy's sake to the living that I have sent for you. Never mind the dead."

The woman was not in the least wild in her manner, and paused only to cough at intervals.

"I am Madeleine Dejoux, a seamstress, who worked three months once for Mrs. John Deane, making up the wardrobe for one of her babies. I think it was the second boy. I used to see you, Miss Denison, every day, and you have changed very little. But I was handsome then, with a brilliant Spanish sort of beauty; you would not suppose it, to see me now?"

"I have given no thought to the matter at all," I said, a little sharply, recognizing her at last as one whom I had formerly disliked, and suspecting that she was about to confess the theft of Isabel's gold thimble, or something of the sort.

"I suppose not, but you *must* give both thought and understanding to the rest of what I have to say. Mr. Deane and his wife, as possibly you have noticed, were the most perfectly happy married people that I ever saw. Being so long under their roof, I had every opportunity to observe it. I always sewed in a little room, adjoining their bedchamber, which Mrs. Deane used as a nursery; indeed, she usually sat there with the only child she had then.

"She treated me kindly, after a fashion, but somehow she seemed to make no difference between me and the servants in the house. I was just a person who served her purpose, and she wanted no more to do with me. I had been taught that my good looks were to be my fortune, and she never noticed them at all.

"She was a plain-looking woman at times when she had no color; but if she had been a full-fledged angel, Mr. Deane could not have been more convinced of

her beauty. He fairly worshipped the ground she walked on, and when I could hear them billing and cooing over their boy, I would grind my teeth with sheer envy of her happiness.

"I tried in every way to attract Mr. Deane's attention, even to lacing his wife's boots after she found it difficult to stoop; but he had eyes only for her foot, and never saw the scarlet flower in my hair. I held his boy till my arms ached, and tried to magnetize him with my touch; but I might as well have been so much empty air; for him, there was but one woman in the world.

"It is not a safe occupation for a young girl to try such experiments. I had not been in the house two months before I loved him with all my heart, and he scarcely knew me by sight. He had a habit of reading aloud to his wife for an hour or two every day, and one book, in which they were much interested, was James Greenwood's 'Seven Curses of London.' Mrs. Deane pretended great sympathy with the poor wretches that it described, and talked very lovingly of the fallen ones of her own sex; of course Mr. Deane loved her for it more than ever, if that were possible.

"They gave it up, however, after reading a few chapters, because she said in her mawkish way that it was too painful to be true. I hope she has found out by this time that because things are painful they are all the more likely to be true. I got the book out of the library again—as soon as they returned it, and finished it by myself. If you have read it (and if you have not, I recommend it to you and all other starched-up women, who have seen nothing but the whited side of this sepulchre of a world)—I say, if you have read it, you cannot fail to remember a certain chapter which, after describing many forms of villainy in the way of anonymous letters, goes on to detail a very ingenious method of getting money out of widows and orphans, called the '*dead-lurk*.'

"After a man dies somebody writes a very familiar letter purporting to come from his mistress, or an accomplice in some piece of wickedness, asking for money according to promise, as if they had not heard of his death. The odds are that the poor woman, hoping to preserve her husband's name from the stain and

disgrace of an investigation, will send the money. Women are so credulous that they will believe one story as soon as another. I admired the talent and acuteness of such a trick; it was to me the cream of the book, and I did not think it too painful to be true.

"About a month afterward Mrs. Deane happened to hear me use a vulgar word before her little boy, who repeated it at once. It was just a slip of the tongue, not worth noticing; but she could not make fuss enough about it, and sent me away directly. She was too self-righteous to give me any recommendation to her friends, and I had to go into a strange place, with very little money and no certificate of character. But never mind that now; she has had her reward!

"I soon found people enough to look at my black eyes and the flowers in my hair, and I came to grief of course. You have been looking all along as if you expected it. I came to grief without delay, as I said, but I got some pleasure on the way, perhaps as much as my betters in the long run. I got on well enough till a slight cold turned to a cough, and I began to grow sick and poor equally fast. I had one child to support; he was then about five years old, the only creature who ever loved me. But I see you are not interested in him; nobody ever was interested in him except his mother.

"I had no prospect before me but a lingering death in the poorhouse, while my lovely, blue-eyed boy would be cuffed about some orphan asylum till he was old enough to work. In this evil case, when I was in sorest extremity, I saw the death of John Deane in a newspaper, and all my old wrongs at his wife's hands rushed over me like a flood; at the same moment I remembered the 'Seven Curses of London,' and the trick that I had admired so much. I don't pretend to make any defence (you are too hard-hearted to admit it, if I did), but I was desperate, and I could not see my boy starve.

"With the utmost care and deliberation I put together a letter, addressed to Mr. Deane, which would have carried conviction, even to your mind, that I had been near and dear to him. It was long and affectionate, and signed by my own name. It referred to those first days when he had spoken kindly to me in the sewing-room, and to my meeting him more and more

often afterward away from home, and how wiser than a serpent he had been in never letting his wife suspect it. It spoke of our blue-eyed Johnnie—how proud he would be to show papa, on his next visit, his first jacket and trousers. It spoke of my being wholly dependent on him in my ill health, and how blessed I had been in gaining the love of so good a man. It reminded him ever so delicately of a certain allowance that he had promised to make me from the beginning of that current year; but the one thing that carried conviction to Mrs. Deane's mind, and I knew it would when I thought of it, was my telling him in the letter how Johnnie had seen his back in the looking-glass, and had discovered a mole, 'just like papa's,' on his shoulder.

"I happened to be aware of this mark on Mr. Deane's shoulder from overhearing his sister say that all her family had it precisely in the same spot, and she had looked for it on her nephew as he sat on my lap.

"I studied every sentence of that letter, as one studies the face of a sick child, looking for hope in it. My love for Mr. Deane had never gone out of my heart (first love never does, I think), and in all these years I had kept account more or less closely of his habits and welfare. I knew that he was often driven from home by his business, and that he was obliged to be away many days at a time. I sent the letter in fear and trembling, and bided my time. In a few days I had a notice from a banking-house in New York that a certain sum would be paid me every year by order of Mrs. Isabel Deane. It was precisely the amount of the allowance I had mentioned in my letter—not an extravagant sum, but just enough to support my boy and me decently.

"She could spare it well enough, and, after all, I don't know why I should be sorry for doing it. She had had more than her share of happiness, but I have often wondered how she took my little thunderbolt. I heard she went to Europe with her children."

Madeleine Dejongh had said all this in a high, constrained voice, as if she had been wound up to run just so many minutes. She now shrank down among her pillows, and seemed to be bracing herself to receive my wrath in whatever form it might break upon her.

For one black instant I had a savage longing to clutch her throat and shake out of her what little life she had left, but the great joyfulness of the tidings that I could send to Isabel swept it away. I should have been a pagan indeed to give another turn to the rack on which remorse and disease had long bound her. I felt only contempt for the workings of such a mind, when she looked into my eyes again.

"I see you have been furious," she said, reading me as if I were printed in the largest type; "but now you have turned scornful. You used to be a devout admirer of Mrs. Deane, who, with all her tameness, could fascinate men and women both. I know all the wires that men are pulled by, but I never had a woman friend unless you will be that one."

"I! I, your friend!" I said with a shudder that I did not try to hide.

"Never mind," she said wearily; "I can do without it as I have always. I see your interest in me ends with this interview. You would trample me under your feet if you could help Mrs. Deane by it."

"That is of course. I may think of you in connection with Mrs. Deane's sorrow as one thinks of the serpent in the ruin of Eve: we follow her fortune ever after, but I don't know that anybody cared what became of that particular serpent."

"I was sore tempted," she pleaded, "and I could not see my boy starve."

"Where is your boy now?"

"Oh, he is dead. I never repented till then."

"And if he had lived you would never have undeceived your victim; you would have let her drag out her life in torturing doubt of her husband's faith?"

"Yes, I think so."

"And I think so too," I said, drawing my cape, which she had never let go, out of her hand. "You are mistaking remorse for repentance; but at least, to give you your due, you have done one good thing before it is too late."

She turned her face away from me with a movement of impatience, as if she half grudged even that one white thread in a whole life woven out of evil, and I went quietly out of the infirmary and ran all the way to my own house.

While Madeleine Dejoux's words were fresh in my memory, I wrote every one

as she had spoken them; but they could not reach Isabel in less than a fortnight, and I would not prolong her pain even that length of time.

I wrote half a dozen telegrams before I could hit on a form of words that satisfied me.

One was: "Madeleine Dejoux has confessed her deception." And another: "The woman who wrote a lying letter to you is dying," but I feared the telegram would be opened by a stranger, or by one of the children, before it should reach Isabel, and the questions and surmises as to its meaning would be endless. At last I settled on this: "Glad tidings of great joy. Look for a letter."

Then I made three copies of Madeleine's confession, and sent them on successive days to Heidelberg, that Isabel might be nearly sure of getting one of them if the others failed.

Then I sat down and folded my hands, so to speak, feeling myself the centre of a great stretch of peace and calmness, as people do after a troublesome piece of work is fairly finished, and folded up and laid away for future use.

I never saw again the wild, self-torturing woman who had first stolen and then restored Isabel's comfort, but the matron sent me a notice of her death two or three days after my visit to her.

In less than two months Isabel came home, bringing her children. She looked worn and altered, but the sweet, soft dew of happiness again brightened her eyes and flushed her cheek. Her talk, as of old, was full of simple, innocent, womanly matters, untouched by the sarcasms which had come over the sea in all these years, and had pricked me like arrows. We spoke no word of all that had come and gone between us. We just buried the ugly skeleton, and put no stone to mark the place. But when she was again settled in her old home, with her work-table in front of Mr. Deane's portrait (which she had begged from his sister), I sometimes caught her returning glance as she gazed long upon it, and I constantly read in her face, "Forgive me, forgive me, O my husband!"

To hear with eyes is part of love's fine wit, and ours was but a woman's friendship, but I loved Isabel Deane well enough for that.

ELLA W. THOMPSON.

OTHER FOLKS' MONEY.

“**W**HAT do you understand by business?” somebody once asked of Talleyrand. “*L'argent d'autres*”—other folks' money—was the reply. The answer was given in the light of his long experience as priest, prince, courtier, diplomatist, and man of the world; and if at the time it contained a touch of sarcasm, no such suspicion could to-day attach to the response. “Business,” at least so far as the charmed circles of metropolitan finance are concerned, means indeed other people's money; and it may not be uninteresting to inquire who are the mysterious personages whom the witty Frenchman denominated “other folks.”

First, I have to premise, they form a very large community. Like all communities it is mixed—perhaps not easily classified, since the types merge a good deal into each other. There is the aristocratic quarter and the spendthrift quarter; the moderate-man-of-means quarter, the lucky fellows' quarter, the exceptional quarter, and the sharks. After this come the democracy and flying artillery, and so on and so on, running down to very small figures. I shall undertake to sketch only a portion of these.

If the reader will take the trouble to look through the advertising columns of our daily journals, he will find paraded in conspicuous type, under the head “Finance,” various attractive cards or notices by persons calling themselves “bankers,” or claiming to be “banking-houses.” These cards or notices proclaim to the public, among other things, that the parties receive deposits and allow a certain rate of interest on daily balances—some four, some five per cent.—and permit the depositor to draw for his money at sight. I have myself, before the late “panic,” counted twenty-one of these advertisements in a single journal of the day.

What do they mean?

They mean “*L'argent d'autres*.”

These fascinating publications, which are got up, by the way, in a most patronizing style, are simply applications to the

public to borrow money without security. Suppose these “banking-houses” should change their phraseology somewhat and announce as follows: “Wanted to borrow all the money we can get in order to increase our business. We offer no security for it, but we will allow five per cent. interest and pay back the loan whenever called for.” How much cash would the advertisement bring to their coffers? Our notice is an imaginary one. The “bankers” indulge in no such brutal plainness of speech. They blandly announce, “We receive deposits” (amiable souls!) subject to drafts at sight, and allow interest thereon. What a strong phrase—“deposits!”—and what imposing, soothing, trustful words are those of “bank” and “banker.” What is it to “deposit”? According to Webster, it is “to lodge in the hands of a person for safe keeping.” What is a “bank”? The same authority tells us it is “a common repository of the money of individuals or of companies.” And “banker”? “One who keeps a bank.” And “banking”? Quoting still from Webster, we find it is “the business of establishing a common fund for lending money, discounting notes, issuing bills, receiving deposits, collecting the money on notes deposited, negotiating bills of exchange, etc.” It is by assuming the solid front and port of solid institutions that these advertisers attract “other folks' money.”

Now, reader, if you had one or five thousand dollars to invest, and a worthy man, a neighbor for example, who is known to you to be well above-board and doing a safe and profitable business, should ask you to lend him the money, offering only his note on demand with interest for it, how quickly you would decline. You would say to yourself: “This may be perfectly safe, but I cannot afford to take the risk of this person's business; which I certainly do when I lend him my money without security.” Yet you practise what is much more dangerous. You “deposit” the cash in one of these “banking-houses,” and not only take the danger of an ordinary business,

but of all the speculation—reckless and otherwise—the “house” may indulge in. It would give you a shiver, I imagine, could you trace your five thousand dollars after handing it over to the youthful individual who is called “receiving teller,” and who flippantly passes it into the drawer while you walk out relieved and delighted. I do not propose to do this for you; but if you have paid attention to other advertisements of the same house, by which they earnestly recommend to the same public, of whom they are trying to borrow money, the bonds of a certain railroad in course of construction, or the shares of a most promising scheme for making money, some glimmering of the truth ought to dawn on your unsuspecting nature as you complacently take your place among the great company of “other folks.” Neither are these bankers and banking-houses so much to blame. You yourself are to blame. Notwithstanding they talk to you of “depositing” your money with them, they promise you at the same time five per cent. interest on it; and unless you are an idiot you must comprehend that if your “bankers” pay you uninterruptedly five per cent., they will uninterruptedly employ your money so as to pay themselves much more than that; and when they break, as from time to time they must and do, you have no right to whine over your loss or become indignant that your deposits are not returned to you. The fact is, you never had any deposits in the house as such. You loaned your money at five per cent., and have lost it. And this brings me to the pith of my subject. I shall say nothing more about the persons whom it is a terrible irony to call bankers, except to remark that they are “fellow creatures” possessing fine digestive properties, which produce an immense amount of audacity and “cheek.” I will, however, devote a few words to the “other folks” who help them “bank,” and then pass to the various classes of the community “*d’autres*.”

“To think is troublesome; to act according to our thought is difficult,” says the great German. Man is not naturally an industrious animal. We welcome what is done to our hands. We cheerfully give place to the individual who will do our work for us without charge to ourselves. We gladly receive and entertain

ready-made arguments which jump with our general conclusions. It is pleasant to have some one to defend both our politics and our creed. Hence the influence of a favorite newspaper, and of a pastor in whom we confide. It is quite the same with many in the matter of disposing of spare funds. To the chronic impecunious it will appear like a tale of fairyland to say there are in this free and happy country a great many persons who have money in hand to dispose of—some much, some little. Well, to these “thought is troublesome,” and in regard to money there is no lack of persons willing and eager to think for them. But they are not to be caught by chaff. They decline the modest suggestion of this or that friend, and yield themselves up to the advice of their “banker,” whose business it is to “know all about investments.” And so he does. After their cash has remained a reasonable time “on deposit,” drawing five per cent. interest, an investment is recommended by the cautious potentate, who has taken months to consider; which investment naturally is in the valuable securities he himself has for sale, and in which, if the truth were known, their cash was placed about five minutes after it had been so carefully deposited for safe keeping.

We have very little sympathy for this class *d’autres* if they do lose their money, which not infrequently happens. They ought to have known better, and with this comforting suggestion we leave them to their fate.

Scattered over the length and breadth of the land are a large number of little banks. Those who control them are frequently not enterprising enough to keep their money well invested at home, or what is more apt to be the case, they are attracted by the inducements of a larger rate of interest elsewhere. The consequence is, they send their money to the city banks or bankers, whence it goes into all sorts of “collaterals” furnished by various persons in business, and by various companies of various kinds, all of whom must have cash at any price. I must, therefore, to a certain extent, reckon these little country banks in the class *d’autres*.

The trustful young widow, or the unmarried sister, who places her funds unreservedly in the hands of a brother, or

brother-in-law, or family friend, each of whom is doing "such a good business!" furnishes another specimen of the community *d'autres*. I am sorry to add, the chances are nine out of ten that, as a result of her trustfulness, she will be brought to keeping a sewing-machine or a boarding-house for a livelihood.

Another large array consists of the legion of depositors in our many banks—real banks, I mean, whose capital is paid in, whose circulation is secured, and which (however the stockholders may sometimes have to suffer) can mainly be relied on to pay back the cash intrusted to them. And what a lot of cash it is! The banks of the city of New York alone hold about two hundred million dollars on deposit! The "other folks" who own this money, out of which the banks make ten million dollars per annum, are of all sorts and conditions of men and women—individuals and firms who are continually putting in money and drawing it out; gamblers who must keep a "pile" constantly on hand; respectable, well-to-do retired gentlemen, who collect their rents and interest and place them in bank to meet their current expenses; and still more wealthy persons who have a fondness for keeping a large sum of ready cash always on hand. Ladies of large and of smaller means employ the banks, and the questionable ones afford their quota. This immense class of "other folks" are of the involuntary kind. They have not the intent to help these institutions make money. They use them merely as a convenience. Nevertheless it shows that the business even of legitimate banking is in a great degree made up of *l'argent d'autres*.

Let me say, in parenthesis—for I do not propose to discuss the subject—that I shall much regret to see the plan adopted by the banks to allow interest on deposits. It will change their character; it will make the banks more eager to secure high rates of remuneration; and worse than all, it will cause the depositor to be still more indifferent to the personal supervision of his funds; and this, as I shall presently attempt to show, should be regarded as a great evil.

Quick-witted and alert as Americans are acknowledged to be, it is a fact that these qualities belong rather to the class who are attempting to make money

than to the class who already possess it. A great proportion of the retired wealthy desire to live with as little trouble as possible. Beyond the commonest routine they do not think at all, and they do not give an idea to the employment of their funds, after they are "placed" by somebody in whom they confide. It is the same too with large numbers who are not retired, but who are occupied in other matters. Hence springs the evil I complain of. Money is diverted from its proper channels to flow in unnatural directions. Large cities, in the ordinary course of trade and commerce, become the repositories of immense sums, just as they are entrepôts for every kind of the earth's products—for fabrics from the manufacturer and merchandise of all sorts. Money flows in and flows out again in a healthy, natural way, just as articles of commerce arrive and are distributed. To object to such accumulations in our banks, would be like criticising the law of gravitation. But this is not what I refer to. I speak of the habit of so many of the class *d'autres* who, without thought or reflection, send their money to the city as the safest and most lucrative thing to do with it. In this way we have an unhealthy accumulation in easy times and an unnatural pinch in bad times. The money finds ready employment in fostering schemes which are purely speculative, for we must bear in mind it belongs to "other folks," and there is no one to exercise any careful control of it. It is true these foolish people frequently—I may say generally—lose all; but they are apt to keep silence, while the lucky few are loquacious and jubilant. If to-day we could go through the thriving towns of New York and New England, and, Asmodeus-like, not only uncover the roofs but look into the desks of the well-to-do farmers, mechanics, and professional men, clergymen included, it would greatly surprise you to discover how much money these people have intrusted to New York and Boston in the hope of big returns. From many a "pocket-book" you would draw forth a handsomely engraved railroad bond—perhaps several of them—whose unused coupons made painfully manifest the condition of the investment advised by their friend in the city to whom the money was sent. Letters, too, would be found from the same friend expressing

regret at his inability even to pay the interest due on a small deposit of cash, much less restore the cash itself. These particular occurrences need not challenge our sympathy, because the persons had the money to lose and parted with it from their abundance. And should the recent "crash" teach country banks and country people to keep away from the cities and endeavor wisely to invest their small sums in their own neighborhood, it will have worked a real good. As to individuals, we can only lecture them, hoping they will listen. For the little banks, since they are under legal control, they should be compelled to loan their funds in the country where they are located. The returns of many a small bank in New England, with a capital of but one hundred thousand dollars, show more than half of it to be loaned in Chicago, drawing ten per cent. interest. Many of these investments have lately come to grief—conveying, it is to be hoped, a salutary lesson. This is something apart. The Government should deal with the banks. What I desire is to earnestly call on "other folks" who have money, more or less, to pay personal attention in putting it out. You live perhaps in the country, remote from town. In the thriving village near you is a master mechanic or a small manufacturer to whom a moderate loan would render a great and lasting service. Investigate the case; see if his security is ample, and give him a helping hand. Such investigation will do you good. It will be in striking contrast with your present habit of sending cash to your city friend, while you will be free from feverish dreams of a quarter per cent. a day rudely broken by an unpleasant awakening to find the money gone.

This suggestion seems equally well in the city. I offer not a particle of advice as to what you shall do with your money. I only say, exercise your personal judgment and attend personally to what concerns you. You do not gamble yourself; beware of taking the counsel of gamblers. Interest yourself in the seething ebb and flow of humanity about you, and you will become more of a human yourself. You have not to risk anything in doing this. All I ask is, notwithstanding thought is troublesome and action difficult, try really to think and act on your own account.

There is another class *d'autres* to whom my observations in no sense apply, and who are, I fear, quite beyond my reach. So far from being personally inattentive to the investment of their funds, they look after it with remorseless keenness and subtlety. This class of "other folks" are the sharks of that large community. They put everybody they come in contact with under contribution. Do you see that fine row of houses owned by Mr. X—? Ask him how they were erected, and he will answer with a sigh, "*L'argent d'autres*." He will tell you he passes a slavish life in renting the buildings, collecting the money, and paying all out for interest on the mortgages, for taxes, and repairs. This is unfortunately true of a great proportion of business operations. This class *d'autres* mix up in them, weave meshes for the actors, get all the control they want, and compel the apparent principals to work for them like galley slaves. You see them everywhere and in everything.

With these I do not propose to deal—I mean in this article.

RICHARD B. KIMBALL.

MR. BLACK TO MR. ADAMS.

TO THE HONORABLE
CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS :

AMONG a certain class of the American people a desire prevails that your "Memorial Address" on the late William H. Seward should receive a fuller examination than Mr. Welles has given it. His papers are very strong and clear; but there are certain fundamental questions which he does not touch, and which the friends of constitutional government cannot allow to be "washed in Lethe and forgotten." In my attempt to supply some of his omissions, I address you directly, because in that form I can best express my great respect for you while I try to expose the errors which I think I have detected in your address.

Your reputation for stainless integrity, for great talents, and for liberal principles, gives your words almost the authority of an oracle. There is, perhaps, no man in this country whose naked assertion would go further than yours, at home or abroad. If you have pronounced an erroneous judgment on an important matter, it should be subjected to a free revision.

This is an important matter. Mr. Seward was so connected with the greatest events of the last twenty years, that a misrepresentation of his life is a falsification of public history. Besides, he differed so widely from all his predecessors and many of his contemporaries, that unqualified approval of him implies the severest condemnation of them. Your own consciousness of this is betrayed in your harsh denunciations of those who committed no crime but that of being opposed by him. If Mr. Seward was not a wise and virtuous man—if he was unfaithful to his public duties—if his policy tended to the corruption of morals and the consequent destruction of popular liberty—if he was not true to the Constitution and laws which he often swore to execute—then you have done a most pernicious wrong in holding him up as an example for others to follow.

I hope I have made a sufficient apology for the presumption of which I seem to be

guilty in declaring that your address is full of mistakes.

Your comparison of Mr. Seward to Pericles was rash and extravagant. A little reflection and another reading of Plutarch will satisfy you that the New York politician bore not the slightest resemblance to the illustrious Athenian whose transcendent genius as a military commander, orator, scholar, philosopher, lawgiver, judge, and jurist, brought the greatest people of the earth to the summit of their glory in arms, in arts, and in literature. The difference could not be greater. As men they had something in common—organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions—and each was remarkable in his way; but everything that distinguished them from the rest of the world equally distinguished them from one another. They were alike in no characteristic quality, moral or mental. There is not one parallel passage in their history. A true picture of Mr. Seward's life will not show a single feature which can be recognized even as a miniature likeness of any trait in that of Pericles.

It is easy to eulogize a man by appropriating to him the qualities of another whom history has already consecrated to the admiration of mankind. This cheap and compendious mode of dealing with the fame of an ancient hero or sage, by transferring it in bulk to a modern favorite, is often resorted to, and almost always fails of its purpose. Mr. Lincoln was said by his admirers to be a reproduction of Socrates; Robespierre was the Aristides of the French Assembly, and Kloutz was Anacharsis. Congress and the State legislatures are full of Catos. We have them among the directors of the *Crédit Mobilier*. I have heard Mr. Ames described as one who was *Catonior Catone*—more severely virtuous than the sternest of Roman censors. Your analogue is more absurd than any of these. You might as well have carried it out by showing that Mr. Thurlow Weed was the counterpart of Aspasia.

But Pericles is not the only famous man that suffers at your hands. Mr.

Seward once put in the plea of insanity for a negro accused of murder ; and you pronounce his argument " one of the most eloquent in the language." The speeches of such men as Meredith, O'Connor, and Reverdy Johnson are nowhere ; and Erskine's magnificent defence of Hatfield is rivalled if not eclipsed.

Your claim of great professional ability for Mr. Seward is one of the most surprising you have made. The conviction is almost universal that he knew less of law and cared less about it than any other man who has held high office in this country. If he had not abandoned the law, he might have been a sharp attorney ; but he never could have risen to the upper walks of the profession. He would have been kept in the lowest rank, not by want of mental capacity or lack of diligent habits, but by the inherent defects of his moral nature. He did not *believe* in legal justice, and to assist in the honest administration of it was against the grain of all his inclinations. You yourself are frank enough to own that it was " not an occupation congenial to his taste," but that, on the contrary, " he held it in aversion." Being so constituted, it was impossible for him to tread the mountain ranges of jurisprudence. He might as well have tried to be a great theologian without faith in the gospel. In fact this was Mr. Seward's *côté faible* all through. If he had understood and respected the laws, he would have led a totally different life, and perhaps the general decay of our political institutions would not have taken place.

But let us go over the particular case of which you have given a most elaborate report, derived, no doubt, from Mr. Seward himself, or from somebody else who was decidedly his *comes* and *fidus Achates*. Your own facts and conclusions will show Mr. Seward's real grade as a lawyer, and at the same time test the value of your judgment upon his merits.

A negro was indicted for the wilful, deliberate, and cold-blooded murder of a whole family. The proofs of his guilt were very clear, and the public mind was, naturally and justly, pervaded with a desire that he should suffer the punishment due to him by the laws of God and man. It was legally necessary that somebody should appear for him at the trial. But you say that this duty was made so dan-

gerous by the excited state of public feeling, that when the trial was called all the crowd of professional men hung back in terror—all except William Henry Seward ; but he, defying the " enormous hazard," and taking his life in his hand, stepped forward and undertook the service. And this you declare to have been " a scene of moral sublimity rarely to be met with in the paths of our common experience."

The moral sublimity of this scene will cease to dazzle you when you recollect that no counsellor ever exposes himself to the slightest danger by defending a criminal. There is no instance on record in which the public wrath, roused by a crime, has been vented in acts of violence upon the counsel of the malefactor, for putting in truthfully and honestly the best answer he could to the charge. Even falsehood, though it provokes contempt, is largely tolerated because it can do no harm in a competent court. The assertion that Mr. Seward was in personal danger is contradicted by all experience in similar cases, and therefore wholly incredible. This acting as volunteer counsel for criminals was then, and has always been, as safe as it is common. The heroism of it in this case was an after-thought possibly of the hero himself—probably of the *comes* ; certainly it did not come spontaneously into *your* head.

The dramatic interest of your story is further spoiled by the fact that he did not volunteer unexpectedly, at the moment when the cause was called, when everybody else was scared, and after the judge had become hopeless of getting an attorney bold enough to assist him in complying with the forms of law. In Mr. Seward's speech, as quoted by you, he referred to a preliminary hearing which lasted two weeks, and at which he had appeared for the prisoner. He was then publicly connected with the cause as fully as he was afterwards. The knowledge of the whole bar that Mr. Seward was already concerned might have accounted to you for their silence at the trial, without the imputation of cowardice which your statement implies. It is not certain, but the inference is a fair one from all the circumstances, that Mr. Seward sought the case anxiously, as furnishing a desirable opportunity to display himself before the people.

The insanity of the negro at the time of the murder was the only defence Mr. Seward set up for him. It was utterly false. This is conclusively shown by the record. The jury was impartial, honest, and uncommitted by any previous expression of opinion; the ability and integrity of the judge is not denied; if any reasonable doubt of the prisoner's sanity had been raised by the proofs, his acquittal would have been perfectly certain. But the jury, upon their oaths, found him guilty, and the judge, satisfied that the verdict was right, pronounced sentence of death.

The sample of the argument which you produce shows that, instead of being able and eloquent, it was literally no argument at all. It has no application whatever to the subject matter under consideration. It makes no allusion to the evidence, and does not refer, even in the remotest manner, to any rule or principle of law. It is a mere parade of his own magnanimous and disinterested benevolence, manifestly not intended to influence the tribunal but to attract the admiration of the outside crowd to himself. Nothing could be more injudicious, in worse taste, or more out of place. The court and jury, having a case of life and death in their hands, and feeling the weight of their obligation to decide it rightly, must have listened to this irrelevant trash with painful impatience.

Mr. Seward, "nothing daunted" by the righteous judgment of the court and jury, "persisted in interposing every possible dilatory measure," and thus delayed justice from time to time until, at last, the negro died in prison. Then came the hour of his triumph. A post-mortem examination of the brain made by seven physicians "displayed indications of deep chronic disease." This, in your opinion, "clearly proved" that he "had been right from the start"; that is to say, Mr. Seward's assertion that his client was insane at the time of the murder, in a way which made him irresponsible for that crime, though contradicted by his actions during life, was established by the condition of his brain after death. Your acknowledged good sense, and that moderate amount of physiological science which you possess in common with all well-informed men, should have prevented you from believing this. The

post-mortem indications of a brain disease not immediately fatal are very obscure; supposing them to be plainly traced, no anatomist can tell how long or how short a time the disease existed; it may have existed, and it often does, without deranging the mental faculties in the least; no human skill can find anything in the matter of the brain from which a specific state of the mind can be inferred; and it is a monstrous absurdity to suppose that seven physicians, or seven hundred of them, could, by dissecting this negro's brain, demonstrate that he was afflicted with a particular form of mental insanity which irresistibly impelled him to commit murder two years before he died.

The sequel of this story, as you tell it, would show that Mr. Seward not only sacrificed himself, but magnanimously plucked down ruin upon his political friends. Your words are: "Here he was not only injuring his own interests, but those of the party with which he was associated. In vain did it labor to disavow all connection or sympathy with him. The press, on all sides, thundered its denunciations over his head: The elections all went one way. The Democratic party came sweeping into the ascendant. And all about the life of a negro idiot." These amazing facts were not known or suspected before you uttered them. The political history of our country has not instructed us that all the elections of that period turned upon the trial of a negro at Auburn, New York, or that one party was completely wrecked and another swept up to the seats of power merely because Mr. William H. Seward tried in vain to procure the acquittal of a murderer on false pretences. It cannot be true. The odium of his conduct, whatever that may have been, was all his own. It had no possible connection with any question at issue between the parties of the nation. It was as likely to produce an earthquake as the great political revolution which you assert to have been its consequence. The good faith with which you make the statement is not questioned; but it is such an outrage on historical probability as no prudent writer of acknowledged fiction would adopt. Its extravagance would deform the plot of a romance. It shocks the mind of an intelligent reader like the narrative of the German novelist who tells how the peace

of Europe was broken by a naval conflict on the Ohio river, between fleets of English cruisers and French merchantmen, in 1751, when, as every schoolboy knows, the Ohio had never felt the pressure of any craft heavier than a birch canoe.

It seems that Mr. Seward was, about the same time or a little before, employed for another negro—a convict in the State prison, who had killed one of his associates. Here also the defence was a false one. You despatch your account of the trial by saying: "The argument rested on the insanity of the prisoner. But it *carried no weight*. Within a month the convict was tried, condemned, and executed." What else could have been expected? Do you think this felonious murderer should have gone unpunished? If yes, why? Because Seward was his counsel? Because the defence was a false one? Or, simply because he was a negro? You say, in a mournful tone, that Mr. Seward's conduct in this matter "was not viewed favorably in the neighborhood." Are you not the most unreasonable man in the world to think that it should have been? Attempts to get criminals off by false pleas are often forgiven, especially when the fraud is defeated by the justice of the courts; but they are never regarded with approbation or favor by an honest community.

Mr. Seward's behavior in these two cases, though it hardly deserves the severe and universal condemnation which you say it received from all classes of the people who witnessed it, was, no doubt, very discreditable to a man of mature years who had held the highest executive office in his State. It must have prepared all who knew him to expect that his course as a politician would come to no good. That love of justice, that reverence for truth, and that high regard for the public safety which he did *not* display in his forensic efforts, are as necessary to a statesman as a lawyer. We will see if you have exaggerated his merits in one capacity as much as in the other.

He began his active political life with Anti-Masonry. A charge was publicly made that one William Morgan, a citizen of western New York, had been forcibly seized by Masons and taken out of the State to prevent him from revealing the secrets of their society. To kidnap a

freeman and lawlessly carry him away beyond the reach of *habeas corpus* or other relief, was at that time regarded as a most atrocious crime; and the people in great numbers cried aloud for the punishment of the malefactors. A judicial investigation was obviously proper; the accused parties were indicted and tried. Mr. Seward took no part in the legal proceedings which were instituted to ascertain the truth of the charges and to punish guilt according to law. That was a business to which you say, with truth, "he had an aversion." He set himself the task, "more congenial to his taste," of hissing up popular prejudice against those who were known to be innocent. A faction was organized which became locally powerful. He worked himself to the front of it, and was elected State Senator.

The managers of this political enterprise seem to have had no sincerity. They professed to believe that the country could not be safe until every Freemason was excluded from office and stripped of his influence; but as soon as they could, they transferred themselves and their followers, without reservation of body or soul, to another party, which John Quincy Adams described as "a base compound of Royal Archmasons and Hartford Convention Federalists, held together by no bond but that of a common hatred for better men than themselves." They fostered the growth of Anti-Masonry until it was large enough to sell—just as a dealer in live stock fattens a calf until it is ready for the market, and then lets it go for what it will fetch. That Mr. Seward had any faith in the Anti-Masonic creed is rendered extremely doubtful by the alacrity with which he entered the service of the "base compound," and the rewards he took for doing so. If his indignation was actually excited by the abduction of Morgan, he must have got bravely over it before he boasted to Lord Lyons of his own exploits in the kidnapping line. The just and reasonable, as well as the charitable conclusion is, that on these, as on other subjects affecting the rights of his fellow citizens, he had no convictions whatever.

You are out in your chronology when you say that Anti-Masonry made him Governor of New York for two terms, unless you mean to credit Anti-Masonry with

what Whiggery did in pursuance of the bargain and sale. But in fact Mr. Seward, before his election as Governor, had shown the flexibility of his political principles by supporting Masons as heartily as he had ever opposed them. It cannot be said that he was not true to the Whigs as long as he was with them and of them, or that he did not earn the promotion they gave him. He went through thick and thin for tariffs, banks, internal improvements by the General Government, distribution of surplus revenue—all their superstitions; and in 1840 he kindled in the general blaze of enthusiasm for hard cider and coon skins. He never once broke faith with them by discountenancing any partisan slander which could weaken the Democracy in its desperate struggle to preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution.

There is no evidence that he ever contaminated his fingers with base bribes, or put into his own pocket the wages of any special iniquity; but Mr. Welles's statement is undeniably true that he was intimately associated with the leaders of the most corrupt rings at Albany and Washington, and devoted much of his parliamentary skill to the promotion of their schemes, while they in return were the most efficient supporters he had for the Presidency. As a public debater he was distinguished almost exclusively by elaborate efforts to propagate those licentious doctrines which have since demoralized the public service and put common honesty out of countenance.

One incident you mention which is so characteristic of you and him both, that it must be adverted to. In 1848 the Buffalo Convention nominated Mr. Van Buren and you as candidates for President and Vice-President, against General Taylor, the Whig, and General Cass, the Democratic candidate. Mr. Seward professed to believe most devoutly in your anti-slavery platform. Nevertheless he voted and spoke for General Taylor, "a planter holding many slaves in one of the richest cotton-producing States." You were astonished and grieved at this inconsistency, which "seemed at first blush too preposterous to be countenanced for a moment." You have puzzled over this mystery ever since, in the belief that some solution might be given creditable to his patriotism and sincerity; and your expla-

nation is still very far from a clear one. You do not go the right way about it. Your mistake consists in looking for the motives of his conduct among those high public considerations which would have influenced your own in a similar situation. The riddle is easily read. You have only to remember that Whiggery was strong enough to make him a Senator in Congress, for which he was at that time a candidate, while you could do nothing for his personal interests. Would he go out empty-handed from a party which was able and willing to give him his "back pay," for the sake of uniting his fortunes with a forlorn organization like yours? Would he "leave that mountain to batten on this moor"? Was it not "preposterous" in you to expect such a sacrifice? You thought, like Othello, that he "should be honest"; he believed, with Iago, that he

Should be wise, for honesty's a fool,
That knows not what it works for.

It is now more than time that we turn to his achievements in the field of national politics, and especially to his dealings with the Southern States on the slavery question. Thanks to your researches and your candid account of the result, we are at no loss to understand the character of these measures or the animus with which he advocated them.

You inform us that long before he became Senator he made a speech at Auburn in which "the *deliberate claim* of a right in the *Federal Government* to emancipate slaves by *legislation* was not less remarkable than the *miscalculation* of the force of the *passions* which led the South, in the end, to the very step that brought on the predicted consequences." The miscalculation you speak of was thus set forth by Mr. Seward himself in the speech from which you quote. "The South," said he, "will *never*, in a moment of resentment, expose themselves to a war with the North while they have such a great domestic population of *slaves* ready to embrace any opportunity to assert their *freedom* and inflict their *revenge*." In other words, Federal legislation on the domestic concerns of the Southern States, however unjust it might seem to the Southern people, would be quietly submitted to by them for fear of a Northern war accompanied by negro insurrection and massacre. This brilliant and humane

conception wins your approval, and proves, in your opinion, that Mr. Seward had a special genius for administering government in a country of laws.

With these views he came into the national councils, and made it known without delay that the experiment was to be tried incontinently. At the very outset of his career in Congress he began to press the bloody cup to the lips of the South. As soon as he had a voice in the Federal legislation he announced that emancipation was near and inevitable. It might be peaceable or violent, and every effort to hinder or delay it "would tend to the consummation of violence." He would hear of no compromise and offer no terms to the South. For them there was but one alternative: submission or death. This mode of beginning his Senatorial duties, persistently followed up, made him your *beau idéal* of a great statesman; far superior to Clay and Calhoun, who "equally relucted" at his policy; and towering high above Webster, who "never could make up his mind to meet it fully in the face," because he saw there the Union broken into dishonored fragments and the country drenched with fraternal gore.

By many persons who knew him well, these ferocious demonstrations of hostility to the public peace, the Union, and the Constitution, were regarded as the clap-trap of a mere demagogue; shams intended to cajole the ultra Abolitionists, and flatter their cruel rapacity with hopes of blood and plunder which would never be gratified. Those who held this opinion, while they did not think him a dangerous man, had a most unspeakable contempt and detestation for his character. But others took him in a more serious way. Southern men especially believed it unsafe to despise his threats of pain and ruin. They watched his gathering strength with dread and terror, and when his fortunes culminated in the possession of supreme authority, they felt that their hour had come.

You found it easy enough to say that he was the greatest of American statesmen, and that he proved it by proposing such legislation as this. But consider a moment whether it was consistent with any true idea of wisdom or justice.

You will concede the simple point that Congress had no jurisdiction over the

subject of slavery in the States. What he contemplated and desired and worked to accomplish could not be done without a *fraudulent breach of the trust* on which he and all others held and exercised the powers of the Federal Government. The practicability of carrying out the usurpation was based on the assumption that the Southern people would choke down their resentment and submit tamely to be stripped of their constitutional rights; and this you admit to have been a *miscalculation* of the passions which would be roused by the attempt. It follows that Mr. Seward's political *chef d'œuvre* consisted merely of a fraud and a blunder compounded together. Have you not proved your great statesman to be alike destitute of principle and prudence?

He pleaded "the salutary instructions of economy and the ripening influences of humanity" in favor of his measures. These "instructions" and "influences" have probably made so deep an impression on your susceptible heart, that you are willing to condone both the fraud and the blunder for their sake. You will not assert the infamous maxim that the end justifies the means; but you have made up your mind that Mr. Seward's object in legislating on the internal affairs of the South was, in itself, so beneficent as to make a breach of his fidelity to the Constitution a venial sin if not a virtue. And you think the passions of the South were so monstrous and unnatural, that to miscalculate and ignore them was not a very bad mistake after all.

But look a little further. The Southern people sprang from a race accustomed for two thousand years to dominate over all other races with which it came in contact. They supposed themselves greatly superior to negroes. Most of them sincerely believed that, if they and the Africans must live together, the best and safest relation for both that could be established between them was that of master and servant. They thought it could not be abolished without a revolution disastrous to their material prosperity and fatal to their social organization. They did not think it sinful. The Bible furnished evidence satisfactory to them that God himself had framed a constitution and laws for his chosen people, which made Israel a pro-slavery commonwealth as much as Virginia or South Carolina.

Their religious teachers had told them for many centuries that the canons of the Christian church did not oppose it, but would hold them morally responsible only for the abuse of the power it gave them. They knew that the fathers of the republic, and other men, the best and greatest of all the ages, had lived according to this faith and taken it with them "through the valley of the shadow of death." Some of them believed it a dangerous evil, but did not see how to get rid of it. This last class were especially resentful of outside interference. They felt, as Jefferson did, that they "had the wolf by the ears;" they could neither hold on with comfort nor let go with safety; and it made them extremely indignant to be goaded in the rear. In all that country, from the Potomac to the Gulf, there was probably not one man who felt convinced that this difficult subject should be determined for them by strangers and enemies. Seeing that we in the North had held fast to every pound of human flesh we owned, and either worked it to death or sold it for a price, our provision for the freedom of *unborn* negroes did not tend much to their edification. They had no confidence in that "ripening influence of humanity," which turned up the whites of its eyes in horror at the sight of a negro compelled to hoe corn or pick cotton, and yet gloated over the prospect of insurrection and massacre. They were nearly unanimous in the opinion that this Yankee intrusion into their affairs was prompted by rancorous hatred of the white people, or that it proceeded, at best, from that monkey-like spirit of mischief which is never content without thrusting its unwelcome nose into somebody's kitchen or somebody's church. They had a tradition among them that it was not *their* fathers who brought the Africans to this country. They charged the cruelties of the slave trade and the horrors of the middle passage upon the English and the Yankees; the planters merely received the savage negroes, tamed and domesticated them, taught them to work, converted them to Christianity, organized them into churches, and generally did more to improve their condition, materially and spiritually, than all the missionary societies that ever existed. Moreover, they had a suspicion that if they gave up their right of self-govern-

ment on this subject all their other rights would be taken away; once placed without the pale of constitutional protection, their Northern enemies would cut them up root and branch.

Of course I admit that in all this the Southern people were blindly wrong. They should have understood their Bibles differently. They ought to have known that the negro was at least their equal; if not their superior. They were besotted not to see that Northern Abolitionists were the "wisest, virtuous, discreet, best" of human beings, whose tender hearts were always overflowing with pure benevolence, and who wished to control the local governments and domestic business of the South, not for their own profit or pleasure, but solely in the interests of God and morality. If they had seen things, as you see them, in this true light, they would have surrendered their right of self-government upon the first summons. But they *could not* so understand the business. It was with them simply *non possumus*. The faith of a people, delivered and kept from generation to generation for thousands of years, cannot be changed in a moment. Independence, bravely won and long established, is not often given up without a struggle. Burke, speaking of these same communities, warned the British Parliament that slaveholders were, by their very habits of masterdom, made more vigilant, jealous, and hardy than other men in the defence of their own liberties. Everything was unpropitious to the spread of your doctrines among them. There was not a population on the habitable globe less prepared than they were to appreciate the duty of passive submission. You must not judge them by yourself, or apply to them the lofty standard of your own conscience. You contemplated things from a different point of view, and had means denied to them of understanding their religious and political wants. Even yet they cannot see as you do the infinite blessing they enjoy in being subjected and abjected to Yankee rule.

It has been ever thus. A sinful people can never appreciate the holiness of the strangers who kill and rob them for their good. Philip II. and the Duke of Alva determined to lay the Low Countries waste, and extinguish the heresies of the people in their own blood. This was to save

their souls. The King expressed the object in his tersest Latin: "*Maló regnum vastatum quam damnatum.*" But the Dutch "relucted" at this mode of salvation as much as Clay and Calhoun, and the whole population "in a moment of resentment" determined to "die in the last ditch." The righteous souls of the English Puritans were vexed from day to day that Catholicism should exist in Ireland. It was "a relic of barbarism"; it was a "blighting curse"; there was an "irrepressible conflict" between it and the great truths which Puritanism had adopted. So the Puritans, impelled like you by disinterested zeal in a great cause, and not at all by avarice or hatred, plundered the Irish, killed them by thousands, took possession of their churches, banished their native leaders, and set up a government of strangers to tax, tithe, confiscate, and impoverish them. The Irish resisted this—fought it for centuries—and to this day they cannot understand the purity of the Puritans.

I admit that passions like these—so ineradicable and so deeply seated in the nature of man—should not be wantonly provoked. Certainly the magistrate or senator who bases his public policy on a "miscalculation" of them, is not fit to bear the rule of any country. The miscalculation of *your* statesman was so gross and palpable, that it excites our special wonder how any man of common understanding could have made it. The wanton violation under any circumstances of a compact so sacred as that embodied in the Federal Constitution was alone sufficient to produce some feeling. To violate it for the purpose of breaking up important domestic relations in fifteen States, against the will of the States themselves and of all their people, was a most aggravating outrage. But to follow this with a declaration that it would be enforced by a negro massacre, incited and led by the authorities of the government which the victims themselves had built up to protect them, was calculated to make the coolest blood boil over. You yourself tell us that the neighborhood of Auburn was "intensely and not unnaturally excited" by the act of a single negro in the murder of a single family. What, then, must have been the natural indignation of Southern communities when they heard themselves threatened with a general slaughter? Yet Mr. Seward, in

counting the consequences of his measures, left all these passions out of his calculation. It is hard to conceive how the dishonesty of breaking a political trust could be coupled with folly more extreme.

Mr. Seward's reputation must rest forever on the three things which made him especially notorious all the world over. His fame, so superior, in your opinion, to that of the men who framed our laws and administered them faithfully for three-quarters of a century, was not won as they won theirs. He was remarkably defective in nearly all the qualities which gave so much grandeur to their characters. But he was unquestionably greater than any or all of them put together on "The Higher Law," "The Irrepressible Conflict," and "The Little Bell." Of these, you touch the first in a gingerly way, and avoid all mention of the other two. If his theory and practice on these points are indefensible, you wronged your country and yourself by calling him a public benefactor and setting him up as "a light and a landmark" to guide his successors.

Your reference to the Higher Law might be considered evasive if it were not yours. You will excuse me, I am sure, for saying that your attempt to explain it, and your sneer at the opposition it met with as a mere "outcry" against an "obvious truth," show that you understand nothing about it. I transcribe your words:

"It was in this speech also that he enunciated the doctrine of a higher law than the Constitution, which gave rise to an infinite amount of outcry from even a very respectable class of people, who were shocked at the license thought to be implied by such an appeal. But it seems to me that no truth is more obvious than this: that all powers of government and legislation are closely restricted within a limitation beyond which they cannot pass without being stripped of their force. This limitation may be purely material or it may be moral; but, in either case, its power is similar if not the same. It is a familiar story which is told in the books of Canute, the great Danish conqueror of Britain, that once, when his courtiers were vying with each other in magnifying their sense of his omnipotence, he simply ordered his chair to be approached to the advancing tide of the ocean and loudly commanded the waves to retire. The flatterers understood the hint, and were abashed by this withering illustration of the "higher law."

From this it is apparent that you suppose the assertion of the Higher Law to have been a mere warning against attempts of legislation and government to

overstep the material or moral limitations which would strip them of their force. But this is a palpable misconception.

You will surely admit that there never was any question nor any argument *pro* or *con* about the powers of government and legislation to work miracles on the material creation. Did Mr. Seward think it necessary to deny that an act of Congress could make the sun change its appointed time for rising and setting, or "bid the main flood bate its usual height," or invert the force of gravitation so that the rain would fall upwards and the smoke tumble down? Never since the beginning of the world did such thoughts enter a sane mind. That the courtiers of King Canute affected to believe in his power to stop the waves by a royal order, and that he proved the contrary by actually trying the experiment, is a childish fable, never treated as a historic fact, much less as a "withering illustration," by any grown man except yourself.

Your interpretation of the Higher Law as operating to fix moral limitations to legislative power is equally inaccurate. You say that the limitation to legislation "may be either purely *material* or it may be *moral*; but, in *either* case, its power [i.e., the power of the limitation] is *similar*, if not the *same*." Here you mean, if you mean anything, that a rule of civil conduct, enacted and prescribed by the supreme legislative authority of an established State, is as powerless if opposed by a moral objection as if it were in conflict with a material force. You think it safe to affirm that the mere iniquity of a law does, *propria vigore*, defeat the intent of the lawgiver, in the same way that the winds and tides are said to have defeated Canute's proclamation to the waves of the Northern ocean. Reason and history both contradict you. From the days of Nimrod to the time of Grant, mankind have been governed by laws as bad as the cruel perversity of their rulers could make them; but, so far from being ineffectual, the nations of the earth have groaned under them and struggled against them in vain. Many recent enactments of Congress are open to the gravest moral objections, but no jot or tittle of them falls to the ground for that reason. The infamous combination of Yankee and negro thieves who now have the government of the Southern States in their hands

are every day using their power to oppress and plunder their subjects in ways which shock all sense of justice; but their laws are remorselessly executed; right is overborne and wrong revels in its insolent triumph. Here in Pennsylvania a similar class of miscreants have for years been preying like vultures on the prostrate body of the commonwealth. It would be a delightful discovery to find that their enactments are stripped of all force by the self-acting power of the moral limitations which they transgress. But we have no hope of such relief, or any relief at all. Only the other day, in a convention to reform the constitution, an effort was made to provide for the annulment of future immoral laws upon judicial proof of bribery and fraud used to procure their passage. The convention voted it down. Your fellow-disciples of Mr. Seward who lead us here not only deny that there are any moral limitations to the powers of government and legislation, but they believe that none ought to be imposed even in the grossest cases of the worst laws, known to be passed by the most open, shameless, and impudent corruption.

The Higher Law doctrine is not an assertion that the powers of government and legislation are subject to material or moral limitations, or any limitations whatever. On the contrary, it spurns even the limitations of the Constitution, and asserts the right of the ruler to pass all boundaries which his physical force is strong enough to throw down.

In words perfectly free from ambiguity, and by a long series of public acts which admit of no doubtful construction, Mr. Seward taught disobedience to the Constitution as a duty, and contempt for it as a patriotic sentiment. This principle (if it be lawful to call it a principle) was adopted, avowed, and acted upon by his party with almost entire unanimity, whenever and wherever they found their wishes opposed by a constitutional interdict. By him and by them the old notion that the law of the land ought to be obeyed was scoffed at; and the practical assertion of a legal right which they desired to invade was, in cases without number, punished as a crime. This is the higher law which you must vindicate if you desire to prove Mr. Seward a statesman.

He did not propose to substitute an-

other rule of conduct, derived from higher authority, in place of the system established by our fathers. It is not the will of God as revealed in his word that was to be obeyed. The Higher Law, as expounded by his school, is, theoretically and practically, above all law, human or divine. It looks down upon the Decalogue with as much contempt as it does upon the Habeas Corpus act. It has no more respect for Moses than for Washington. Those who received it earliest and worked hardest to propagate it were notorious for their ribald abuse of Christianity. When they met periodically, at Framingham and elsewhere, to proclaim the Higher Law, their invectives against the Constitution were accompanied by blasphemies against God too shocking to be repeated. They had men among them who professed to be Christian preachers. How many were wolves in sheep's clothing, and how many sheep in wolves' clothing, I know not; but the leading one said that their object was to be accomplished by the ruin of the American church as well as the destruction of the Federal Government. The doctrine was also supported by Christian statesmen; but you know, of course, that recent evidence proves their religion to have been a mere disguise. In fact the Higher Law, in its whole character, is so directly in conflict with every precept of the Bible, that no man who has the least respect for one can possibly believe in or practise the other.

This Higher Law, scouting the law of God and man—what is it? It is simply not law at all, but license to use political power in any way that will promote the interests or gratify the passions of him who wields it. It tells those who administer the government that they *may* do whatever they *can* do. It abolishes all law, and puts in its place the mere force which law was made to control.

Jura negat sibi nata; nihil non arrogat armis.

How thoroughly it disregards the *rights* of men, and how exclusively it respects the *mights* of men, is seen in the whole history of its administration by Mr. Seward himself. His first enunciation of it was connected with his movement against the South. That part of the Union, being encumbered by its negroes and afraid of them, was too weak to defend its constitutional rights, and might, therefore, become the prey of the spoiler. He never once kidnapped a citizen until

he had the organized physical force of the nation at his back. His victims were powerless men and women, who had no defence but their innocence. His great diplomatic achievement which you vaunt so loudly illustrates the rule clearly. Mason and Slidell were captured from a British vessel in plain violation of public law. But if there was a law higher than the Constitution and higher than all laws of God and man, it must also be higher than the law of nations. Why should not the Higher Law "have free course to run and be glorified" on sea as well as on land? The President could not see his way through these logical difficulties, and the Cabinet was all in a muddle. Mr. Blair denounced the conduct of Wilkes as an indefensible outrage which would be sure to make trouble, while Mr. Seward was as much delighted as if one of his deputy kidnappers had broken the head of an honest judge or dragged an independent editor to prison. But he remained in this frame of mind only as long as he supposed that England could not or would not resent the injury. He understood his own code well enough to know that it did not apply to a case in which the right was defended by a force strong enough to repel the wrong. When, therefore, England armed herself and uttered her stern demand for immediate reparation, his whole tone was changed. He not only backed squarely down, but he signalized the humiliation of the Higher Law by long-winded and superfluous praises of legal justice—

— month-honor, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, but dare not.

This feature of Higher Law was kept in mind by the Administration afterwards. When the publishers of the Chicago "Times" showed their pluck by resisting a tyrannical order, and the people rushed to their rescue, the decree was revoked. The Higher Law invades only the rights of the weak and the defenceless.

Called by other names, the Higher Law was practised often before it was introduced here. Amurath, securing his throne by killing all his brothers and uncles; Herod slaughtering the innocents; Nero persecuting the Christians; Mme. de Pompadour filling the Bastille with victims of her petty spite; Lola Montez setting her dogs on the students at Munich for doubting the political wisdom of the

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In the department of fiction serial stories have already been secured from Justin McCarthy and Mrs. Annie Edwards, neither of whom needs any introduction to American readers. In this department shorter stories will also be contributed by Mrs. John Sherwood, Mrs. Ella W. Thompson, Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis, Mrs. Launt Thompson, Mrs. Lucy H. Hooper, Miss Rose Terry, Miss Dora Havers, and other well known writers.

Sketches of travel and essays are expected from Miss Kate C. Spencer, Miss Kate Hillard, Mrs. Fannie Roper Feudge, and others; and among the poets of the coming year will be Bayard Taylor, William Winter, Dr. T. W. Parsons, W. L. Alden, Mrs. Helen Barron Bostwick, Mrs. Mary B. Dodge, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Miss Virginia Vaughn, and Miss Laura C. Redden. Contributions are expected from the Hon. John Bigelow. Mr. Richard B. Kimball, so well known as a novelist and writer of Wall street sketches, has in preparation a series of articles of a similar character.

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The Hon. Gideon Welles, who has already done much to enlighten public opinion through the medium of "The Galaxy," on so many important points of our recent history, will continue to contribute to the magazine. Judge Black will also contribute articles on subjects of great public interest.

General Custer, who has won new laurels in the recent military expedition to the Yellowstone country, will commence a new series of articles descriptive of army life on the Plains, and Mr. Richard Grant White will resume in "The Galaxy" his essays on language and other subjects. Albert Rhodes, Junius Henri Browne, Carl Benson, Dr. A. H. Guernsey, Henry James, Jr., and others will contribute discussions of current topics of interest.

Professor E. L. Youmans will still instruct the readers of the magazine in regard to current scientific facts and opinions, and George E. Pond (Philip Quilibet) will continue his monthly essays.

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King's mistress—all these acted upon the same kind of law that Mr. Seward declared to be higher than the American Constitution. It reduces free government to a personal despotism. The citizen who voluntarily submits to it is a slave in his soul.

It will not do to say that the Higher Law was set up merely to meet the exigencies of the war, and had but a temporary reign. That Mr. Seward stabbed the Constitution in the back only after secession had struck it a blow in the face, would not be a valid excuse if it were true, nor a true one if it were valid. In point of fact the Higher Law was proclaimed, urged, and advocated by him and by others as early as 1850, at a time of profound peace, and without reference to wars or rumors of wars. Its worst acts were done before the war, after the war, and at places where war never existed. In 1867, two years after the peace, it embodied itself in the "reconstruction laws," which did not leave one single provision of the Constitution unviolated. At the present moment it is adhered to with as much tenacity as ever. Do you know any member of the dominant party who abjures it, or professes to have been converted to the doctrine of legal obedience? Have you the least reason to doubt that the Abolitionists would to-morrow unite in a compact body to trample down the plainest constitutional rights of their opponents, North or South, if that were necessary to win supreme power, to retain possession of it, or to quell a dangerous opposition? They may act within the forms of law for their own convenience and safety; but where law that can be overborne stands in their way, what reason is there to believe that they will respect it? Let me tell you a fact. In 1865, months after the peace, at the political metropolis of the nation, in full sight of the Executive Mansion, the Capitol, and the City Hall, where the courts were in session, a perfectly innocent and most respectable woman was lawlessly dragged away from her family and brutally put to death, without judge or jury, upon the mere order of certain military officers convoked for that purpose. It was, take it for all in all, as foul a murder as ever blackened the face of God's sky. But it was done in strict accordance with Higher Law, and the Law De-

partment of the United States approved it. Now mark you: within less than three months last past the present Attorney-General officially referred to this as a precedent entirely fit to be followed. This may not be very important in itself, but it is significant as showing that the reign of Higher Law is not over yet. Can you promise that it ever will be? Is there not reason to fear that this doctrine has poisoned all the streams of justice?

In every institutional government, whether it be a republic or a limited monarchy, the delegation of its powers is coupled with an express condition that they shall be exercised only in a prescribed way, and within certain defined limits. The violation of this condition, under any pretence whatsoever, has always, everywhere, and by all tolerably honest men, been regarded as a base and treacherous breach of the most sacred trust that can be confided to human hands. Among us no man can get possession of any official authority without first making a solemn covenant with God and his country that he will be faithful to the fundamental law, and he must seal that covenant with an oath. Can anything be more damning than the doctrine which teaches men to seek office and take this oath with a predetermination to break it? Is any species of wilful, deliberate, and corrupt perjury at once so debasing and so mischievous?

Yet the author and finisher of this atrocious faith is your model of a statesman. You find your highest standard of political orthodoxy in his precept and his example. The men who made the Constitution and took it as a lamp to their feet and a guide to their path command none of your respect. Jefferson, the great apostle of liberty secured and regulated by law, is summarily set aside, and his "modern disciples" who have kept their oaths are "cast into deep shadow" by the founder of an opposing school which makes systematic perjury the corner-stone of its policy. The expression of such sentiments by a man like you is a deep injury to the cause of liberty and justice.

You know what the Irrepressible Conflict was as Mr. Seward uttered it at Rochester. I present an analysis which you will admit to be accurate. He announced that:

1. There was then a *conflict* between

the North and the South—not merely a conflict of interests, opinions, and feelings to be determined peaceably by reason or law; but,

2. It was a conflict between the *opposing forces* of the Northern and Southern States. Actual war already existed; the relation of the parties was that of belligerent enemies.

3. The determined purpose of this war, on one side, was to *plant slavery* in the *North* by force, and on the other, to abolish it in the *South* by similar means. This, of course, involved the complete subjugation of the defeated party.

4. The conflict was *irrepressible*. The dogs of war were loose and *could not* be chained up again.

5. The conflict *should not* be stopped; it *must* go on until all the rights of one section should be trampled down under the hostile feet of the other. Woe to the conquered!

You are, of course, aware that this was a mere invention. There was no such conflict as he described. The wish of himself and his party friends to visit the South with fire, sword, and famine may have been very strong, but the declaration that the Southern States were using their forces, or intended to use them, for the purpose of introducing African slavery into the North, was such an offence against the known truth as admits of no palliation or excuse.

Yet it was believed and taken into the hearts of thousands and tens of thousands. Large bodies of men combined together in sects or parties are often excited to a kind of madness. In that condition their appetite for falsehood is unappeasable, and the gluttony with which they swallow it down is incalculable. One half the English people believed the transparent lies of Titus Oates about the "Popish Plot," and the other half did not dare to contradict it. "Know-Nothings" without number believed the frightful stories of Maria Monk and her coadjutors. And the Abolitionists believed Mr. Seward. He understood them and had taken the exact measure of their credulity. This time he made no "miscalculation of the passions" he would stir. Believing him, they saw in the South a cruel enemy preparing to crush out their domestic institutions, to subvert their State governments, and to

smash up the whole framework of their society.

On the minds of the Southern people the effect was still worse. To my certain knowledge it made more secessionists than all other causes put together. To every persuasion we addressed them in favor of legal obedience, union, and peace. Seward's speech furnished an answer. How was it possible, they said, for them to obey a Constitution which we treated as a dead letter? Could one party keep a compact if the other wantonly broke it? "The Union! a conflict is not union; and, as to peace, your foremost man has told us that there is no peace." The terrible difficulties of their situation paralyzed their judgment. Exasperation took the place of that cool fortitude which had carried them through previous trials. Wisdom forsook their counsels. They gave up to their domestic foes the ship which they had often defended against foreign enemies and trusted their destiny to secession—

—— that fatal, that perfidious bark,
Built in the eclipse and rigged with curses dark.

Did Mr. Seward know what he was doing when he started this Irrepressible Conflict? If he did not, how can you feel any respect for his judgment! But his newspaper organ at Albany (the "Evening Journal") said for him that he did intend what happened; and he himself, about 1865, bragged that he had privately predicted the battle of Gettysburg many years before the war broke out. The "Irrepressible Conflict" was, then, on his part, a cold-blooded and deliberate preparation for the sacrifice of life and property on a scale of enormous magnitude, involving men, women, and children of every class and color in the North as well as the South. You think him wholly unlike Cleon, as being vastly better. But what did that unprincipled tanner ever do, or propose to do, that was comparable to the atrocity of the Irrepressible Conflict? You will say, as you have said, that Cleon "stimulated the passions of the Athenians to the massacre of the male population of Mitylene." But, remember, there were only about five thousand male Mitylenæans all told (less than two thousand actually suffered), and they were foreigners and enemies. On the other hand, that population which Mr. Seward "stimulated the passions"

of the Abolitionists and negroes to massacre were his fellow-citizens, living with him in the bonds of sworn amity, under a common government, which owed equal protection to them and himself. Perhaps you will plead for Seward that the Southern people were slaveholders and "poor white trash" whom it was no harm to kill; but I reply, on the part of Cleon, that the Mitylenæans were slaveholders also. Your contrast between Seward and Cleon is almost as much a failure as your analogy between him and Pericles.

Before you asserted that Mr. Seward *saved* the country, you ought to have remembered that, if the nation had been saved from him and his followers, and the Irrepressible Conflict which they created, it would have needed no other salvation.

Now as to the Little Bell. The same Higher Law which gave the Federal Government power to legislate against the States in defiance of the Constitution would logically justify any executive outrage that might be desired for personal or party purposes on the life, liberty, and property of individuals. Such was Mr. Seward's theory, and such was the practice of himself and his subordinates and some of his colleagues. I will not pain you by a recital of the wanton cruelties they inflicted upon unoffending citizens. I have neither space nor time nor skill to paint them. A life-size picture of them would cover more canvas than there is on the earth. You were abroad as Minister to England when most of them were done; but every wind bore you the reports, and you must have blushed for your country when you saw her degraded in the eyes of the whole world. Since the fall of Robespierre nothing has occurred to cast so much disrepute on republican institutions.

When Mr. Seward went into the State Department he took a *Little Bell* to his office in place of the Statute Book, and this piece of sounding brass came to be a symbol of the Higher Law. When he desired to kidnap a free citizen, to banish him, to despoil him of his property, or to kill him after the mockery of a military trial, he rang his Little Bell and the deed was done.

This man, to whom you would assign a place in history above all other American statesmen, took a childish delight in

the perverted use of his power, and displayed it as ostentatiously as one of those half-witted boys who were sometimes raised to the purple in the evil days of the Roman empire. He boasted of it on many occasions, and crowed over the British Minister, telling him that his Queen could not do so much. Lord Lyons was dumb. Victoria had no Little Bell of that kind; she swore at her coronation to govern according to the laws of the realm, and she must keep her oath. For more than two centuries no English monarch had tried the experiment of Higher Law on his people. Under Charles I., Strafford declared that "the King's little finger was thicker than the loins of the law"; but he was tried for this and put to death as a traitor. For acting upon Strafford's suggestion the people rose upon the King himself, dragged him to the block, and chopped his head off; and the God of justice looked down from his great white throne in the heavens and smiled upon the deed.

You may answer (as the disciples of your school generally do) that the men and women who have suffered under this tyrannous rule were mere Democrats, Copperheads, Union-savers, Dough-faces, Southern sympathizers, Bourbons who forget nothing and learn nothing, entertaining opinions out of date and unfavorable to Abolitionists, dangerous voters, improper persons, whom it was decidedly advisable to take off; and, as that could not be done according to law, it was right to do it against law. I will not affirm that the Democracy had any merits, but ask you merely to recollect that a legal right is always respectable even though the person who claims it does not stand high in your esteem. Besides, it was not expected that the party in power would oppress themselves. The law is, therefore, made to no purpose at all if it does not shield the weakness of their opponents. You cannot understand the value of a free constitution unless you imagine yourself in the situation of a minority, under the Higher Law rule. Then you will see the other side of the question. To deprive Democrats of their hereditary rights and pen them up in dungeons by the thousand without jury-trial or *habeas corpus* may be no more than a fair concession to the "ripening influence of humanity," and to rob them

is according to the "salutary instructions of economy"; therefore, these are pleasant employments for Abolitionists. But there is a difference between doing and suffering. How would you like it yourself to be throttled by the minions of the Higher Law? If you had been kidnapped and imprisoned or beaten and robbed by the hirelings of executive malice, or insulted by a mock trial before a body of pliant tools "organized to convict," perhaps you might have learned to value the Constitution as highly as it is valued by the worst of the Copperheads. You would understand then how the Bill of Rights has come to be regarded as the gospel of the weak. It is even possible that you could in that case appreciate the admiration which Pitt expressed for *Magna Charta* when he said that three words of that bad Latin were worth more than all the classics. As it is, you have no special cause to dislike arbitrary power, and you can afford to admire the man who threw down the defences of personal liberty. But you must not expect to be joined in this by that portion of the people who need the protection of a free government.

Mr. Welles presents the subject of your eulogy in a very unpleasant light. Instead of the sagacity, candor, and patriotism for which you credit him, he was cunning and treacherous, "to low ends industrious," and crooked in all his ways. I am no voucher for this, but besides Mr. Welles's own unquestioned veracity, and the circumstantial corroboration of his statements, there is a reason *a priori* for believing all he says, and more too; the man who was notoriously false to the Constitution he swore to support, could not be true to anything.

By Mr. Welles's paper it is distinctly made known that Mr. Seward, as soon as he came into office, concocted a scheme for the surrender of Fort Sumter into the hands of the Secessionists; that he drew General Scott into it, and tried to get the President's assent also; that the President having declined to surrender, and determined to reinforce the place, a confidential friend and *protégé* of Mr. Seward notified his confederates in the South of the movement about to be made; that the whole plan and arrangement of the Administration for the relief of the fort was brought to nothing by a series of secret, deceptive, and underhand manoeuvres which Mr. Seward carried on without the

knowledge of the War or Navy Department; and that, while he was thus betraying his own associates, he wrote to Secessionists that his faith pledged to *them* would be fully kept. These accusations seem to be proved by overwhelming evidence. I do not suppose that this will shake your faith in Mr. Seward's integrity and wisdom, or detract one atom from your admiration for the grand simplicity of his character. But suppose such a revelation to be made concerning a member of the Buchanan administration, what would you say? Would you present him to the country as its best example of a statesman, or would you hang him up for the execration of the world? Would you sing pæans to his virtue, or "cleave the general ear with horrid speech" about his wickedness?

You were a member of Congress when the election of Lincoln took place, and your conduct between the election and the inauguration was supposed to justify the respect which was felt for you by all the true friends of the country. I thought your speeches were the best rebuke that could be given to the intemperate malice of your party, which adopted no policy but that of slandering the existing administration. I am sorry if I mistook you, and, if I was right, I will not cite you against yourself, for the *argumentum ad hominem* proves nothing. But Mr. Seward's behavior during that critical period was not worthy of his place.

Your account of his situation at that time differs from his own. You say, in substance, that though he ought to have been *early secured in a post*, and other posts ought to have been filled under his advice, yet nothing was done for him until *quite late in the session*, when his friends were disposed to advise him to reject the tardy offer. But, on the contrary, his own written declaration is that it *was early understood* that he was to be appointed Secretary of State, and that he was regarded as *representing* not only the incoming *administration* but the *party* by which it was elected. It is certain that his *ego et rex meus* style of speaking about himself and Mr. Lincoln created a general belief at Washington that he would be the Wolsey of the new administration, with

Law in his voice and honor in his hand; while others would be subordinate, and the President himself little more than a

figurehead. In fact, he carried out this notion after he went into office, much to the disgust of his colleagues, as you may learn from Mr. Welles and Mr. Blair.

Holding a position like this, a word fitly spoken by him would have saved the country from a whole Iliad of woes. But he was narrow-minded, short-sighted, and destitute of the magnanimity needed in such a crisis. Instead of rising to the height of the occasion, he showed himself a mere politician. To tell what little things he did during that memorable winter would require a good-sized volume; but there lives not even in your partial remembrance one great act to mark him as a patriot or statesman.

Since you and Mr. Welles and Mr. Blair have put on record your personal reminiscences of him, I will add my contribution, believing that the fact I am about to mention throws a broader light on his public character than any which you have given.

When the troubles were at their worst, certain Southern gentlemen, through Judge Campbell of the Supreme Court, requested me to meet Mr. Seward and see if he would not give them some ground on which they could stand with safety inside of the Union. I consented, and we met at the State Department. The conference was long and earnest. I cannot, within these limits, set forth even the substance of it. He seemed conscious of his power, and willing to use it in the interests of peace and union, as far as he could without the risk of offending his own party. What could he do? Many propositions were discussed, and rejected as being either impracticable or likely to prove useless, before I told him what I felt perfectly sure would stop all controversy at once and forever. I proposed that he should simply pledge himself and the incoming administration *to govern according to the Constitution*, and upon every disputed point of constitutional law to accept *that exposition* of it which had been or might be given by *the judicial authorities*. He started at this, became excited, and violently declared he would do no such thing. "That," said he, "is treason; that would make me agree to the Dred Scott case." In vain I told him that he was not required to admit the correctness of any particular case, but merely to submit to it as the decision of the

highest tribunal, from which there could be no appeal except to the sword.

You will see that if such a pledge as this had been given and kept, the war could not have taken place; it would have left nothing to fight about; and the decent men of the Anti-Slavery party would have lost nothing by it which they pretended to want, for even the Dred Scott case had enured to their practical benefit. But Mr. Seward must have given up the Higher Law and denied himself the pleasure of kidnapping Democrats.

I had never before heard that *treason* was obedience to the Constitution as construed by the courts; but this prepared me to learn, as I did some time afterward, that the correlative virtue of *loyalty* consisted in trampling the laws under foot. What should the world think of the statesmanship which introduced these notions?

I do not know, but I believe, that Mr. Seward, in consequence of the conversation above mentioned, got Mr. Lincoln to commit himself in the inaugural by the absurd and mischievous declaration that he would *not* take his law from the Supreme Court, but *would* take it from the Chicago Convention.

Your address has undoubtedly done much to diminish what little confidence was left in the Government as a protection to our personal rights. We cannot help but feel that the security of life, liberty, and property must be fearfully slender in a country where a citizen of your standing can openly say that the owner and tinkler of the Little Bell was a statesman whose example ought to be universally copied.

You are a leader of the party calling itself "Liberal Republican," whose platform is a protest against iniquity in high places, and whose movements are a struggle for the restoration of honest government. Your compatriots know, if you do not, that the evils they deplore were introduced by the man you advise them to imitate. The party you oppose for its hideous corruption has but fashioned its moral and political principles upon the model which you now declare to be full of beauty and goodness. Your personal consistency is nothing; but to go back in this way, not only on yourself, but on your friends and your country, is too bad.

J. S. BLACK.

DRIFT-WOOD.

THE HOLIDAY HOMILY.

CHRISTMAS comes much oftener nowadays than during the first half of the century. In those times it happened, I am positive, once in an age, and its approach was marked by stages well-nigh endless. The first milestone was Thanksgiving; the next (perhaps the earlier), a big snow-storm; anon the toy shops bloomed gayly out with holiday goods; and presently on the keen evening air floated the sweet premonitory chime of Christ Church bells, that we lay awake to hear, counting the long nights yet to pass before the stockings should hang from the bedposts. Do bells make music there now, and do drowsy lads listen? There are none chiming *here*, anyway, and if there were, our busy brains might not note them; nor can men in mature life be reasonably expected to flatten their noses against toy-shop windows. In short, Christmas nowadays almost takes us by surprise.

Tradition has set apart the Tiny Tim or God-bless-us-every-one spirit to the uses of Christmastide. So be it; for good-will to men thrives easily in a season of retrospection. Reviewing the year, who cannot find shortcomings enough to teach him charity? Can he pronounce all his aims noble, his conduct pure? Has he kept his promises and compassed his projects; or has it happened with him as with children, who "embrace wide plans, make mighty preparations, then a few trials, and the whole undertaking is abandoned"? Were men less vain, more just, they would not so often intrench themselves in phariseism or surrender to misanthropy. A flavor of satire befits a man opening his eyes to the humbugs of life and to the illusions of childhood; but the nature steeped in gall is odious. A pinch of cynicism adds spice to character, as without salt the bread is flat; but who asks a loaf of salt for diet? We tire of perpetual snarling, of a sneering kept up to senility. The bitter sarcasm of insolent, conceited youth often ill fits the sober work of middle life, and is much misplaced in old age. A graceless, toothless old sinner, who knows no keener pleasure than to revile,

is a horrible object: such a hoary-headed backbiter is Mordaunt, who traces every kind action that he hears of to some mean motive—jealous, blackening old reprobate, and spectacle for ingenuous boys to shudder at.

Cynical married men are often pitiable creatures. Wiggins over his whiskey, rating mankind, is a terrible fellow; his rudeness, misanthropy, impudence, and obscenity provoke a wondering awe. But Wiggins, a few hours later, mopishly pacing the marital chamber in night shirt and dressing-gown, where little Roland has the mumps, and Alphonso is bawling, and the twins are pulling at the fonts, and Mrs. Wiggins is upbraiding her lord—Wiggins then is quite different from the dashing, self-satisfied cynic of the club. A man, I say, ought to temper his misanthropy on marriage. The father of a multiplying family need not scornfully look down on the human race, to which he contributes so many additions. Again, Scales the musician is very sour upon society and success, slandering everybody whom it is not his interest to praise. Scales himself is a failure. To immense conceit he joins the most moderate talent; but his vanity moved him to earn his bread by the art of music, in place of taking to a shop, where his want of scruples would have better served him. Each public show of his art has been a grotesque failure, the wonder being that decent mechanical skill could accompany an ear so false and an absence so total of sentiment. Inwardly wrung with chagrin, while figuring as a gay bird of fashion, could Scales be sure of what he simply suspects, namely, that his exhibitions are a laughing-stock, he would hang himself; but he asks criticism only of his timidest friends, whose hypocrisy barely half deceives, and less than half consoles him. Having begged the press to bespeak him favor as no ordinary musician, but a man of social standing, Scales attracted notice enough to make his failures pitiable. He has now nearly withdrawn from the world of art, and his views of men, women, and things are sombre and cynical.

Some men sneer to avoid a sentimental

simper; there is a pseudo-cynicism which soundly lashes what is false and mean, only to show its respect for what is true and worthy; and withal it is a little ashamed to be frank and natural. The real cynics are too vain and suspicious to discriminate fairly between selfishness and unselfishness, but they often take good care to bully toadies and cowards, and to procure attention by their skill in making most people uncomfortable. Some men, sour and tart in youth, lose their sourness as they age, while others never grow mellow—are harsh and crabbed till they rot.

When a noble nature is seen to be under the thrall of a single besetting sin, one fancies that this vice is like a running sore, that gathers all the vileness of the system to its horrid vent. Saint James asserts that "whosoever shall keep the whole law and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all." In fact, where the one point is the only point much tempted, the yielding of that may in a sense be held the yielding of all. But now and again we see a man endeavoring, apparently, to compensate for his cardinal fault by extra scruples regarding what is easier to rein. A rascal in politics, he may take the more pains to be blameless in the bosom of his family; a sinner in private life, he may struggle all the more to be upright and spotless in his public career. Indeed, it is not uncommon to find men very scrupulous regarding the obligations of friendship or the observances of worship, who yet wretchedly yield to the gnawing desire to swindle the community. After these years, does anybody remember *Æacus*, the justest of critics, fairest of opponents, most open-handed, simple, candid, and courageous of men? He had the true mixture of blood and judgment for his calling, and was one of the golden few in it who ask, not "Will this article make a sensation in the paper?" but "Is it true, and, if true, will it be wisely said at this time, and is it fair and square to say the thing in just this way?" In the extraordinary conscientiousness with which he did his duty to the community, in his unswerving fidelity to the right, in his singular freedom from prejudice and his manly devotion to justice, in his noble and courageous service of the public, he seemed to try to make up for the drawback of a private life which, under the accepted

canons of morality, could not bear close criticism. We satirize the practice of selling indulgences, and of seeking absolution for sin by superabundance of service; but it is only what many men try to do before the confessional of conscience, as if it were possible to make up in a path that is easy for ground lost in a way that is hard! A zealously keeps himself temperate and continent, for in business he secretly knows that he will lie, and that in politics he will steal; B, hotter in blood and less covetous of money, yields conscience-stricken to vices A defies, but takes pride in being a man of his word. This defaulter aims to be at least a faithful husband or kindly father; yonder libertine to be an upright judge; these cheats in business to be unusually courteous or patriotic. A man whose success is beyond criticism both in public and private life is sometimes apt to be arrogant, wayward, harsh in judgment, and thanking God he is not as other men are, or even like yonder publican.

Some men have a kind of dislike for people whom they call "too good," as the Athenian of old grew tired of hearing *Aristides* styled "the Just." An eccentric writer pretends that he admired Washington more when he learned that on occasion the great man could curse. But when Macaulay drew Penn as a courtier, when Thackeray depicted St. Washington as a mortal and not a demigod, and West as not only a painter but a prodigious body of conceit, this rough handling pained those of us who want no foibles in heroes, no shading in portraits, no spots on our suns. Yet, knowing a man's weakness, we do more justice to his strength. If never tempted, his virtue is not wonderful. Did Washington send lying despatches to deceive the enemy? Did he sacrifice *André* to popular clamor? Never fear that we shall lose our Penn or our Washington from whatever decision on any contested point in their careers, or that Lord Nelson will be any less the Lord Nelson of naval story if Sunday scholars should no longer be urged to "live like him." To learn the faults of a great man is to better weigh his virtues: now at last we can go into ecstasies, casting away suspicion. While the silly eulogist demanded so childish a faith in his hero's perfection, we distrusted the prodigy; but with a hint or a plain word about a human weakness, we are

relieved, and enthusiasm begins. There is an eloquent passage in "Aurora Leigh," telling us to "call no man good," and there is also Scripture basis for the idea; but cynics misuse the weaknesses of humanity to reason that because no man is perfect all men are base.

The fickleness of Fortune, that worn theme of moralists, is strikingly illustrated in this winter of panics, strikes, smashes in business, and impoverishing of workmen. The inequality of Fortune's gifts is forever an incentive to charity in judgment as well as in alms. "There's a certain sort of man," says Titmarsh, "whose doom in the world is disappointment—who excels in it—and whose luckless triumphs in his meek career of life, I have often thought, must be regarded by the kind eyes above with as much favor as the splendid successes and achievements of coarser and more prosperous men." Though justice is generally done in the world, and though what a man sows, that he is likely to reap, yet sometimes an enemy may sow tares in his wheat, or drought may parch his crops, or floods drown them. There is so vast an element of uncontrollable circumstance mixed up with life, that sometimes we must needs pause before we condemn. A grain of flint in the machinery may set a mill on fire. The newspaper said the other day that a pin carelessly dropped by a girl in the loom had just spoiled seven hundred yards of cloth in a Lawrence factory. In the fabric of life, some trifling influence of childhood mars the beauty of the web forever. Goethe remarks that "whoever spends his early years in mean and pitiful society, though at an after period he may have the choice of better, will yet constantly look back with longing towards that which he enjoyed of old, and which has left its impression blended with the memory of all his young and unreturning pleasures." To the accidents of birth-place and the bias of early nurture are added the chances of maturer life, all suggesting to us a charity for those who, with honest purpose and earnest work, yet cut a sorry figure in that game of life which all, for better or worse, are forced to play. It is a game, indeed, of mixed luck and skill. Tom is out at his first base—fallen, let us say, in his first battle; Jack gets his second in a triumph at the bar; Charley reaches his third with a

brilliant leap in politics; but it is only Senior who comes in, amid great shoutings, with a "home run." Some players strike hard and sure in this match-game of life; some are forever losing chances; some are "muffs"; some are active in the field, others lazy; some catch all that comes their way, while others drop with "battered fingers" what fortune sends plump into their palms; here is one registering many fouls, and here is a man swift to assist, and here are a batch getting their bases on errors, and ever and anon we see a splendid hard catch or a real earned run. *Allons*, we have batted the metaphor far enough and fielded it back again; there is life in the ball yet, but let us drop it and the theme.

DIPLOMAS.

ANOTHER sad case has occurred of confidence misplaced and hopes blighted through trust in the University of Philadelphia—that notorious shop for selling degrees in *absentia*. The victim is Mr. W. Shackthwaite, of Worthing, England, who paid seventeen pounds two shillings for the title of LL. D. "I can hardly describe to you," writes the sufferer to Mayor Stokley of Philadelphia, under date of November 4, 1873, "the dreadfully awkward situation in which this thing places me. I hold a leading position in this town. I am also a commissioner of West Worthing, Worthing not being a corporate town. This is a position similar to an alderman in a corporate town. You may, therefore, well imagine how very reluctant I am to make things known, and would not do so for a good many seventeen pounds, without it was possible to obtain a genuine diploma." The wretched commissioner, wrung with anguish at the rude scattering of his dreams of glory, still half hopes he may not be stripped utterly of his fine plumage. "If"—he writes to the Mayor, who, for the good name of the city, is trying to crush this enterprising diploma shop—"you intend prosecuting in the matter, will you kindly inform me what part I should have to take, as I have much to lose if made public in the papers. I have been put to great trouble in preparing for the degree. I wrote an essay, or rather a learned dissertation, which occupied me three months." The spectacle of a commissioner of Worthing toiling three months over a learned dissertation,

in order to secure the degree of LL. D. from the University of Philadelphia, might move gods to grief. Imagine the worthy officer rising early and working late; heroically shutting himself off from his usual affable intercourse with friends; reviewing phrases and weighing words; enlightening his anxious family on the critical nature of this task, and the necessity of preserving a serene mind, in order to be genially productive, so that the crucial test may be passed with honor, and the "right to call myself doctor" secured. When the coveted diploma arrived by express from "the London agent" of the university, in a tin box, with an extra bill of two pound two "for the notary's attest of genuineness," and when it was seen to be "a formidable document on parchment, with the arms and seals of the university and the signatures of seven or nine professors, including the dean's," the commissioner's cup of joy must have been full—and then to have it dashed from his lips!

But the gratification of Worthing commissioners at seventeen pounds two shillings a head, is not so serious a business as to peddle medical diplomas *in absentia*. The institution just spoken of, regularly chartered by the Pennsylvania Legislature, for half a dozen years has been hawking medical degrees by public advertisement, its chief markets being foreign countries, where nobody knows how the diplomas are obtained. What drug-ging, bleeding, and killing may have been done under certificates of skill, bought like beef and pork, on the principle that one man's money is as good as another's! Perhaps part of the evil results from the high degree of sanctity which gentlemen of the medical profession attach to the two letters M. D. It would be a kind of professional sacrilege for a physician not to parade this august appendix or the equally solemn preface of "Dr." under all circumstances. A doctor cannot go anywhere or put his signature to anything like an ordinary person. Many clergymen are in much the same predicament; whereas nobody but a "Rev." or an M. D. fancies that he loses 'ignity in society by "sinking the shop" for a moment, and appearing with no professional odor about him. A social or political committee embraces W. M. Evarts, D. Webster, C. Cushing, and so on; but always G. Washington Squills, M. D., or

more modestly, Dr. G. W. Squills. For example, we see in the newspapers a public notice like this:

The undersigned beg their fellow-citizens to unite in honoring with fit ceremonies the approaching anniversary of the birthday of Washington.

C. CUSHING,
DAVID D. PORTER,
DR. TIMOTHY TUBBS,
W. T. SHERMAN,
HENRY WARD BEECHER,
T. W. H. GALLIPOT, M. D.,
GIDEON WELLES,
CHARLES SUMNER.

Are not such shows of titles a trifle ridiculous? Mr. Beecher does not write his "Rev." before his name, nor does Charles Sumner trail his LL. D. after it; it is only Tommy Gallipot that stickles for these things. I should think a doctor would feel cheap in thus advertising himself in an affair that has nothing to do with drugs, but is some matter of a committee upon a charity, or a flower show, or a Christmas ball, or a testimonial to the genius of a nigger minstrel, or the celebration of the Fourth of July. But no; the smallest fry of a physician displays his titular grandeur alike when signing his name to a communication on politics in the morning newspapers, or when leaving a visiting card at his friend's, in an unprofessional call.

Unusual importance, in short, invests the letters "M. D." No man looks to see whether a lawyer is LL. B. or LL. D. before employing him; but the M. D. is a kind of necessary introduction to confidence, for the simple word "physician" might even be suspicious on the signboard. Accordingly, the injury done to England, France, Germany, Austria, and the disgrace inflicted upon our own land, by American medical diplomas sold to incompetent persons, must be great. Francisque Sarcey says that in Paris the *industriel* who peddled Philadelphia diplomas for that market would make you a doctor for a given sum without your troubling yourself in the least—you would not even have to write for the degree; "and these Philadelphia doctors are on a common footing with our French physicians who have slowly and by much labor conquered a difficult grade." It is but small consolation to our wounded patriotism to find this writer also declaring that sundry Jena diplomas are sold for a thousand crowns apiece, and that you can beat them down to a couple of thousand francs.

PHILIP QUILIBET.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

SEX IN EDUCATION.

DR. CLARKE, in his little volume upon this subject, has pointed out in a very impressive way the bearings of science upon a question which has been hitherto handled with very little reference to scientific principles. He says that the endurance of women is not equal to that of men, which everybody claimed to know before; but he says that this inequality of endurance must shape school policy, which has not hitherto been admitted, and he furthermore discloses the mischievous and fatal consequences that follow in our schools from practically disregarding the physical differences of sex. The effects of exposing girls to the same school method and discipline as boys are injurious and often fatal to health, but from their nature they are studiously concealed, and in the present temper of public feeling upon the question are often persistently denied. The Doctor, however, has studied the question as a physician, and the book abounds with painful evidences that he has studied it to some purpose. He shows what must be the inevitable consequences of the co-education of the sexes carried out as a system, and maintains that what science predicts experience verifies. He says: "A philanthropist and an intelligent observer, who has for a long time taken an active part in promoting the best education of the sexes, and who still holds some sort of official connection with a college occupied with identical co-education, told the writer a few months ago that he had endeavored to trace the post-college history of the female graduates of the institution he was interested in. His object was to ascertain how their physique behaved under the stress—the wear and tear of woman's work in life. The conclusion that resulted from his inquiry he formulated in the statement that 'the co-education of the sexes is intellectually a success, physically a failure.'"

THE SEAS OF MARS AND EARTH.

M. STANISLAS MEUNIER, in a note communicated to the French Academy of

Sciences, holds that the singular conformation of the seas in Mars is the type of what our terrestrial seas will be in the remote future. "One of the most singular features of the Martial globe," says Proctor, "is the prevalence of long and winding inlets and bottle-necked seas. These features are wholly distinct from anything known on our earth. For example, Huggins Inlet is a long, forked stream, far too wide to be compared to any terrestrial river, extending for about three thousand miles from its two-forked commencement, near Airy Sea, to the point at which it falls into the Maraldi Sea. Bessel Inlet is nearly as long. Another inlet, called in the chart Nasmyth Inlet, is yet more remarkable. Commencing near Tycho Sea, it flows to the east, running parallel to that sea and Beer Sea. It then turns sharply southward, and, expanding, forms Kaiser Sea."

If now, says M. Meunier, we take a marine chart—a chart of the Northern Atlantic Ocean, for instance—and trace thereon the successive horizontal curves answering to the increasing depths, these curves will be found to circumscribe areas which assume a more and more elongated form. Thus the lines indicating a depth of 4,000 metres (13,000 feet) describe figures in all respects resembling the seas of Mars.

Hence it follows that if we suppose the waters of the Atlantic to have been so absorbed that the level of the sea is reduced to the extent of 4,000 metres, we shall not alone have a less amount of the earth's surface covered with water, but we shall have narrow, winding seas, or in other words the very same conditions which now exist in Mars.

This observation confirms the modern theory of sidereal evolution. According to that theory, Mars is older than the earth, presenting now the conditions which our planet will present in the distant future, when our seas shall have been sufficiently reduced in volume by progressive absorption into the solid nucleus.

INTERPLANETARY SIGNALLING.

A YOUNG French astronomer, M. Charles

Cros, judges the coming transit of Venus to be a good opportunity for ascertaining whether there are inhabitants on that planet, and, if so, entering into relations with them. He says: "It is possible that Venus is inhabited; that among its inhabitants are astronomers; that the latter judge the passage of their planet across the solar disk to be an object to excite our curiosity; finally, it is possible that these savants will strive in some way to make signals to us at the precise moment when they might suppose that many telescopes will be levelled at their planet."

Remarking on this suggestion, Stanislas Meunier of the French Academy observes that it would be advisable to substitute Mars for Venus, and to take advantage of a transit of the earth, visible from that planet, for the purpose of making signals to its inhabitants, if any there are. There is every ground for believing that the inhabitants of Mars are more advanced than we in every way, and immensely superior to those of Venus, which is a newer planet. The Martians would therefore be in a better position for understanding our attempts at opening up communication than the Venerians, and it is far more likely that they should have another Charles Cros to make a suggestion to them similar to that made here on earth to the French Academy with regard to Venus.

VARIATION IN MULBERRY LEAVES.

MR. B. FRANCIS COBB, writing in the "Journal of the Society of Arts" on the cultivation of silk, observes that the various descriptions of mulberry leaves are to a great extent transformable into one another. Some years ago Mr. Cobb, who then lived in South Africa, took from a black mulberry tree a cutting, which he planted in a warm sheltered nook at two thousand feet less elevation than the parent stem, where the refuse of a neighboring stable was frequently thrown about it. Two years afterwards the parent tree, then five years old, or in its prime, in a poor dry soil, and exposed situation, produced a rough, small, dark-brownish leaf, full of woody fibre, about four inches in extreme length, while its progeny, at two years of age, yielded a large, light, bright green-colored, smooth leaf, measuring seventeen inches in length and twelve inches in width, and in no instance corresponding to the leaf of the original tree.

These leaves were pronounced by a competent botanist to belong to the white mulberry, while the main tree was unquestionably a black mulberry. The lesson which the author deduces from the foregoing is this: Don't bother your heads about species, nor wait to get white mulberry if you have any other; take what you can get on the spot, and trust to a genial climate, good soil, and proper cultivation to do the rest.

THE POTATO BLIGHT.

MR. THOMAS TAYLOR communicates to the "Lens" some original observations of much practical importance on the potato disease. The author appears to have settled the long-agitated question whether, as Dr. Lyon Playfair thought, only potatoes affected with some previous disease are liable to be attacked by blight, or whether the healthiest tubers are equally liable, as is the opinion of Rev. M. J. Berkeley. Mr. Taylor, having received a supply of seemingly healthy potatoes from New Mexico and Ohio, and a few diseased tubers from Massachusetts, experimented with them in the following manner:

In four glass jars he placed a pint of water. In No. 1 were placed a portion of the fungus *peronospora infestans* (the fungus which produces the potato blight) and the half of an Ohio potato remarkable for its healthy appearance. In No. 2 were placed a diseased potato containing *peronospora infestans* and the half of a potato from Santa Fé, New Mexico. In No. 3 was placed the second half of the Ohio potato, and in No. 4 the second half of the Santa Fé specimen. In Nos. 3 and 4 was also put half an ounce of pure sugar to assist fermentation. These specimens were subject during the experiments to a temperature of about 75 deg. Fahr. The respective jars were examined from day to day. On the sixth day the Ohio specimen in No. 1 was found to be rotting rapidly, while the Santa Fé specimen in No. 2 was apparently uninjured. Specimens Nos. 3 and 4 were undergoing slow fermentation. At first the water containing the New Mexican specimen became more milky in color than did that of the Ohio specimen, but on the third day the deterioration was greater in No. 3 than in No. 4.

On the twentieth day the Ohio specimen was perfectly dissolved, forming a pulp, while the Santa Fé specimen re-

tained its perfect consistency throughout. On examining the pulp of No. 4 under the microscope, the author found that the starch granules were arranged in cells, no liberated granules appearing in the field of view. Bundles of mycelium and budding spores appeared in profusion between the cells. Few infusorials were in the field of view. The odor was slightly sour. The appearance of No. 4 as seen under the microscope, of about 80 diameters, was remarkable as contrasted with No. 3. The latter presented a mass of infusorial life, mycelia and budding spores; no starch-cells could be detected, as they had been completely destroyed by fermentation. The odor was very bad.

The Ohio specimen rotted much quicker under the influence of *peronospora infestans* than it did under that of *torula* fungus favored by the action of sugar in No. 4.

The Santa Fé specimen in No. 2 resisted the *peronospora* fungus better than it did the *torula* in No. 4; but by the use of either of these fungi the tendency of any variety of the potato to resist fungus action may be easily decided. The test is simple and may be applied by any farmer, and thus potatoes may be chosen for seed which shall be able to resist the destructive fermentation known as the potato disease.

Mr. Taylor adds: "Since the preceding experiments were made, other northern and eastern varieties have been tested by fungoid solutions in contrast with some of the New Mexican varieties, giving like results; clearly demonstrating the superiority of the Santa Fé potatoes over all others thus far examined in respect to their powers of resisting fungoid and infusorial action."

HARDSHIPS OF THE MARCH TO KHIVA.

A BODY of Russian troops under command of Colonel Markosoff endured extraordinary hardships while on the march to Khiva from Krosnovodsk, a port on the Caspian sea. The following account of this march is taken from the French periodical "La Nature." After unparalleled difficulties, says "La Nature," Colonel Markosoff came to some good wells. But still there remained six days' march over the desert before he could reach the wells of Orta Kin, whence he could easily make his way to Khiva. The Russians took up the line of march for Orta Kin on the 16th

of April, after having taken every measure dictated by prudence; not only did each soldier take a small supply of water, but also the camels belonging to the expedition were loaded with a great number of casks. The ration of the men was fixed at four bottles per diem, and that of the horses at six quarts. But the atmosphere was so dry and the evaporation so active during this portion of the march, that the water in the casks decreased at a fearful rate, says the official account. On the 18th the casks, which at the start had contained somewhat over thirteen gallons each, held only about $9\frac{1}{4}$ gallons. The heat of the sun was excessive, the temperature exceeding 55 deg. Réaumur (or 155 deg. Fahr.) according to the official report; how much higher it rose cannot be ascertained, for the thermometers were graded only to 55 deg. Réaumur, and burst after that point was reached.

On the third day, April 19, this fearful temperature reappearing, Colonel Markosoff saw it would be madness to persist in marching on to Khiva, so he determined to retrace his footsteps. Measures were also taken to have water at hand for the men at all times. But the entire command would doubtless have perished, were it not that the scouts discovered some wells. The march to Khiva was definitively relinquished and the troops returned to Krosnovodsk.

A Russian officer writes as follows to the "Invalides Russes": "To-day we experienced the effects of that burning, suffocating wind, to which M. Vambéry gives the name of *tebbad*, and which is so much to be dreaded by the traveller on the steppes. It raises enormous masses of incandescent sand, changes entirely the aspect of the sand-hills, and barries whole caravans. After crossing the Amou-Daria and a portion of the oasis of Khiva—a distance of sixty versts (forty miles)—this wind is now blowing here in the city of Khiva. In the glare of the sun the heat is insupportable to-day with the temperature at 35 deg. Réaumur (110 deg. Fahr.); one can scarcely breathe except in the houses with high ceilings and with the shutters closed. The natives say that it will be still hotter later in the season."

THE "HOMING" FACULTY.

In the course of the discussion regard-

ing the "homing" faculty of certain animals, Mr. Wallace communicated to "Nature" an instance of a dog finding his master five months after having been lost, and in a house which the latter had never even seen before the loss of the dog; and he asks, "Could it have obtained information from other dogs?" Another writer, Mr. George J. Romanes, now brings forward an instance where information was conveyed from one dog to another: A Skye terrier was asleep in a room while his son lay upon a wall separating the door-yard from the street. A large mongrel dog passed along the road, and shortly afterwards the old dog awoke and went sleepily down stairs. When he appeared on the door-step the younger dog ran up to him, and the heads of the two came in contact for a moment "with a motion between a rub and a butt"—a gesture which dogs invariably employ, according to the author, in communicating information to one another. At once the old dog's manner became greatly animated, and clearing the wall together the two animals ran down the road together in pursuit of the mongrel, though the object of their pursuit had not from the first been in sight.

Another writer in the same periodical makes a large contribution of facts having a bearing on the question of a "faculty of direction." This writer is himself possessed of such a faculty, for when travelling in the "bush" he finds that he never loses the distinct perception of the direction in which his home, or camp, or starting-point for the day, is situated. In endeavoring to analyze this feeling, he has come to the clear perception that it depends on an unconscious action of the memory, which thus records the alterations of the courses he has followed, and which he could by an effort of memory recall. He adds that in the course of twenty years' experience he has never found the faculty at fault. He next proceeds to give instances of horses and cattle finding their way home by the most direct route through trackless wildernesses. In such cases neither sight nor smell can be supposed to assist the animal in finding its way home, and the writer therefore judges that the most satisfactory explanation of the phenomenon is to be found in Darwin's "faculty of direction," a faculty which is undoubt-

edly possessed by man, and which may easily be supposed to pertain to brutes also.

PRESERVATION OF MILK.

WE are indebted to the "American Artisan" for the following account of a new process, the invention of Mr. Lewis F. Kirchofer, for preserving milk. The object of this invention (patented) is to subject milk to such a treatment that, without altering its elements or taste, and without the addition of any foreign substance, it may be preserved in its natural state for several months without change, except the rising of cream, whether it be kept in a state of rest or subject to constant movement, as in sea voyages. If this object be accomplished, the invention is a most important one, as condensed milk is not in favor with most people when used directly as an article of food, although it is excellent when used in cookery or for tea and coffee. In Mr. Kirchofer's process the milk, fresh drawn from the cow, is placed in cans or bottles, which are filled as nearly full as possible, and immediately corked tightly or hermetically sealed.

The cans or bottles are then placed in a bath of water, heated to the same temperature as the milk, in such a manner as to allow a free circulation of water beneath and around, but not over them. The temperature of the water bath is then slowly raised to between 160 and 170 deg. Fahr. The water is kept at this temperature for a greater or less length of time, according to the period during which it is desired to preserve the milk. One hour will, it is claimed, preserve the milk four or five weeks. Five hours' heating is enough for eight months or a year.

The fire is then withdrawn and the bath allowed to cool down slowly, after which the cans are withdrawn and the operation is completed. An essential condition of success in this process is that the vessels designed to contain the milk should be perfectly clean and sweet, and the milk itself pure and unadulterated. If the temperature be raised above the degree indicated, the milk acquires a cooked taste.

SCIENCE AND MORAL ORDER.

WHEN a deputation from the French

Association visited the Prehistoric Station at Solutre, they were hospitably entertained at a banquet, and some speeches were made *à la mode anglaise*. M. Charles Boysset said: "Science has no fear for dissent or for heresy. She collects facts eagerly, steadily, from generation to generation, the labors of one investigator being added to those of another, the speculations of one coalescing with those of another, in virtue of a necessary and admirable solidarity. Then, from these facts patiently observed, brought together, coordinated, classified, science deduces a *law*, a positive law, which is the expression of reality, of truth itself.

"Now after these grand laws, these grand conceptions have once been discovered and formulated, whether in the domain of purely mathematical speculation, or in those of sidereal physics, terrestrial physics, chemistry, or biology, they defy, I repeat, criticism or heresy; they command the adhesion of all minds, high and low; they join in indissoluble union, not only brother with brother, friend with friend, but stranger with stranger, even enemy with enemy. They form a kind of strong and manly communion, for they have nothing to do with phantoms and chimeras. In short, here is the new dogma which, dismissing phantasms, reserves all its homage for those indestructible ideas which determine the everlasting relations of things, and which are themselves the everlasting and absolute truth.

"Thus science alone, without resorting to repressive measures, or pitiful artifices, or corruption or violence, can bring about mental and social cohesion. Some eminent intellect recognizes for the first time and formulates some new truth, and at once communicates his discovery to the *élite* of science; it may then, by the aid of a rational popular education, make its way slowly but surely to the masses, and serve not only to add to their intelligence, to their collective force, but to promote concord and harmony among them.

"Yes, science alone can set upon a firm basis *moral order*—that *moral order* so childish and so dangerously sought for in old methods of expression, in defunct doctrines, in superannuated and fossil dogmas, which some people undertake to exhume to-day with infinite labor."

The Abbé Ducrost spoke as follows: "I represent the ancient dogmas here. Still,

I am sure that I shall not be disowned by any of my superiors in the hierarchy when I say that whenever the savants offer any truth in the order of nature, fully established and truly incontestable, it will not be contrary to my faith. As questions touching the origin of man have been raised, allow me to quote the words of the celebrated M. Lehir, Renan's master: 'There is no Biblical chronology.' The savants will do us a service by helping us to determine it."

RESEARCHES ON SPONTANEOUS GENERATION.

In a paper entitled "Researches on the Life History of a Cercomonad," published in the "Microscopical Journal," Messrs. Dallinger and Drysdale give the results of some very careful observations on the subject of abiogenesis. The authors state that they have cautiously examined, sometimes during as long a period as fourteen days, a peculiar monad, hitherto undescribed, but which is under some circumstances developed in enormous quantities in the fluid resulting from the maceration of the head of the cod. This form passes through a remarkable series of changes, each of which might be taken for a distinct and independent form, were not its evolution perfectly regular. While working on this they observed a second form, which possessed only one flagellum (whip-shaped appendage) instead of two. When mature, this form multiplies by fission for a period extending from two to eight days; it then becomes peculiarly amoeboid, two individuals coalesce, slowly increase in size, and become a tightly distended cyst. The cyst bursts, and incalculable hosts of immeasurably small sporules are poured out as if in a viscid fluid and densely packed; these are scattered, slowly enlarge, acquire flagella, become active, attain rapidly the parent form, and once more increase by fission.

Experiments were next made to determine the influence of heat. An ordinary slide containing adult forms and sporules, covered in the usual way, was in seven separate instances placed in a dry heat which was raised to 250 deg. Fahr. The slide was then slowly cooled, and distilled water added, which was taken up by capillary attraction. On examination all the adult forms were absolutely de-

stroyed, and no spore could be definitely identified. After being kept moist in the growing stage for some hours and watched under the microscope, gelatinous points were seen in two out of the seven cases, which were recognized as exactly like an early stage of the developing sporule, and by careful watching these were observed to attain the small flagellate state.

AN ANCIENT DOLMEN.

AN antiquarian discovery of some interest has lately been made in the vicinity of Caranda, department of Aisne, France. In 1872 some of the stones of a dolmen were found covered over with earth, and an effort was at once made to disinter the monument, but, for some reason, without success. During the present year M. Frédéric Moreau took the matter in hand, and has succeeded in laying bare the entire structure. With considerable difficulty he set up again in their places the fallen stones of the dolmen, and carefully cleaned out the earth with which it was filled. Buried beneath the flagstones which formed the floor of the monument, M. Moreau found a skull and the greater part of a skeleton, which must have lain there since prehistoric times. He found also, in connection with these remains, sundry implements, among which we may name a pin made of stag's or roebuck's horn, lance and arrow tips, and a large, neatly chipped flint knife. All these objects, which possess considerable interest for man's history, are in a perfect state of preservation.

The Caranda dolmen stands on the top of a circular eminence, at the base of which flows the little stream of the Ourcq, which is here near its source. The structure is in form an oblong parallelogram, about $16\frac{1}{2}$ feet long by $6\frac{1}{2}$ wide, and $6\frac{1}{2}$ high. It lies east and west, the entrance being in the east end. The door was a movable slab which leaned on each side against a pilaster set up for that purpose. There is a sort of open vestibule at the east end, these pilasters being set up somewhat less than three feet back of that extremity of the side walls. The south wall consists of four stones, the north of six, the west of only one; the east, as we have seen, of two and the door. The whole would appear to have been roofed over with several large slabs.

Around the dolmen, and on the same eminence, some ancient graves have been discovered, in which occur a number of flint implements; but they belong to more recent times, as is shown by the fact that iron weapons, pottery, and other objects are found in company with the human remains.

CAST-IRON VERSUS STEEL GUNS.

EXPERIMENTS recently made in Belgium to test the relative strength of Krupp steel guns and guns of cast iron strengthened with rings would seem to demonstrate the immense superiority of the latter. The steel gun used in these experiments had cost 102,000 francs, and would cost at present prices 124,000, while the cost of the cast-iron gun strengthened with rings was 17,000 francs, or only about one-seventh the price of the Krupp gun. The cast-iron gun, after firing 552 rounds, was considered to be almost in as good condition as before a shot had been fired, while the steel gun, after 150 shots, was not a little injured. The commissioners reported the following injuries: 1. An enlargement of the bore, a serious matter; 2. Deep scratches along the bore, and this notwithstanding that during the experiments the workmen of Herr Krupp were from time to time engaged in certain repairs of the gun. The two guns tested were of the same calibre and their rifling precisely similar, the weight of the projectile being 275 lbs., and the initial velocity in both was about 1,300 feet per second. It is further stated that in France, Italy, Sweden, Holland, and Denmark, where numbers of experiments have been made with ringed cast-iron cannon of 9 and 11 inches diameter, without once having burst, these guns have been adopted for the navy and for the coast defences.

TILGHMAN'S PATENT SAND BLAST.

ONE of the papers read at the meeting of the British Association was by W. E. Newton, C. E., on Tilghman's sand blast, an American invention which attracts much attention in Europe. This invention is based upon the principle that if grains of sharp sand be driven with a certain velocity against a hard surface, such as glass, iron, stone, or wood, that surface will be gradually cut away. If now a portion of the surface exposed to

the blast be protected by a covering of soft and elastic material, only the exposed parts will be cut away by the impact of the sand.

In Tilghman's process a stream of sand is fed into a jet or current of steam or air so as to acquire a high velocity, and then directed on the surface to be cut. In the stone-cutting machine now in operation at the International Exhibition, London, the sand is introduced by a central iron tube. This tube is about $\frac{1}{4}$ in. bore, and the steam issues through an annular passage (7-16 in. external and 5-19 in. internal diameter) surrounding the sand tube. A tube of chilled cast iron 6 in. long and 7-16 bore is fixed as a prolongation of the steam passage, and serves as the gun or tube in which the steam mixes with the sand and imparts velocity to it. The central sand tube is connected by means of a flexible tube and funnel with a box containing dry sand, and the outer annular tube is connected by another flexible tube with a steam boiler.

The operation is as follows: Steam of about sixty pounds per square inch is turned on, and rushes with great velocity through the steam tube into the annular tube of the injector; this causes a suction of air through the central tube and the flexible pipe and funnel leading to the sand box. About a pint of sand per minute is driven by the annular jet of steam through the gun, thereby acquiring a high velocity, and then strikes upon the stone.

To cut an ornament or inscription in relief upon a flat surface of stone, a pattern of iron is fastened to the stone so that it cannot be blown away by the steam. The movable jet pipe is made to traverse the surface of the stone, which is placed at a distance of eight inches. Ordinarily a square foot of surface can thus be travelled over in eight minutes; if it is Portland stone, it will be cut 4-10 in. deep; if of marble or glass, 1-5; and if of granite, 1-10.

The "gun" or tube, which is the name the injector is called, and in which the sand receives its velocity from the steam, is the only part of the apparatus which shows any considerable wear. Its durability depends upon the hardness of its metal and the accuracy with which its axis coincides with that of the steam jet. It is made of white iron cast in iron

moulds, weighs about one pound, and fits into a sleeve on the steam jet so as to be readily replaced. A good specimen has lasted thirty hours constant work, and was then worn to about $\frac{1}{8}$ in. bore, so that the cutting effect of the sand was found to be somewhat diminished. The sand employed is of the ordinary quality used for sawing stone, the harder and sharper the better. In cutting hard rock about one-tenth of the sand is reduced to powder, but the rest can be again used. Small shot, or grains of cast iron of about one-twenty-fifth of an inch in diameter (used in place of the sand), have been found to cut granite more rapidly, probably because they are not broken by the shock, and the whole force of the blow is thus expended in disintegrating the stone instead of being partly wasted in crushing the grains of sand. The familiar fact that particles of matter in rapid motion will wear away substances much harder than themselves, is well illustrated by some of the experiments. Common quartz sand, driven by steam of sixty pounds pressure, will cut steel files and crystals of corundum and ruby, and even black diamond, though the last will be acted on but very slowly.

BRITISH VITAL STATISTICS.

IN Great Britain the death rate is estimated as fully one-third higher than it would be if our existing knowledge of the chief causes of disease were reasonably well applied throughout the country. Captain Douglas Galton asserts that there is a yearly average of 120,000 deaths in the United Kingdom, from causes which may be termed preventible; and when we consider that the larger proportion of individuals attacked by these preventible diseases recover, and that only a small proportion die, it is oppressive to think of the enormous amount of human suffering and waste of human life which these figures represent. Among urban populations the deaths average 25 per 1,000; among rural populations, 17 per 1,000. At the beginning of the present century the population of London was under a million, and no other town exceeded 100,000. There were only five towns having over 50,000 inhabitants. Now London has over three and a quarter millions, and there are over 40 towns with a population exceed-

ing 50,000, of which 17 exceed 100,000 inhabitants.

From a very careful analysis of the details of 1,000 town families and 1,000 country families, Mr. Francis Galton has found that a town population supplies to the next generation only three-quarters the number of adults supplied by an equally numerous country population, and that in two generations the adult grandchildren of artisan townsfolk are little more than half as numerous as those of laboring people who live in healthy country districts. Yet the sanitary condition even of the rural districts is very far from perfect, and Captain Galton says that "the majority of cottages which exist in rural parishes are deficient in almost every requisite that should constitute a home for a Christian family in a civilized community."

A MUD VOLCANO.

A CORRESPONDENT of the London "Times" describes a singular phenomenon, the "bursting" of an Irish bog. The bog in question is situated about three miles east of Dunmore (Galway). The level of the upper surface of the bog was two hundred and sixty feet above the sea, and that of the water at Dunmore one hundred and ninety feet. On Wednesday, October 1, a farmer living on the Corrabell rivulet, near the bog, was digging his potatoes, when he suddenly observed a brown mass slowly approaching him. He left his spade in the ground and went for the neighbors; on his return the mass, which was the moving bog, had half covered his potato field and completely hidden from sight his field of grain. This was but the commencement; since then the bog has continued to advance in a rolling mass, continuing its course right down the valley to Dunmore, burying on its way three farm-houses, and covering at least one hundred and eighty acres of pasture and arable land to a depth in some places of six feet.

The source of the disaster presents a wonderful appearance. The subsidence at the discharging point cannot be less than about thirty-five feet. The extent of the bog affected is most clearly defined by a series of black crevasses, where the upper crust of the bog has, by subsidence below, been torn asunder. The whole

assumes the form of a crater half a mile in diameter. The writer with considerable difficulty picked his way to the centre, where he found the brown liquid bog boiling out like a stream of lava, and feeding the moving mass in the valley below. At the point where the bog burst, the turf banks were forced over and round on either side, and assumed somewhat the appearance of moraines.

LIQUEFACTION OF GASES.

Wood charcoal has the property of absorbing its own weight of chlorine gas. This property of charcoal may be turned to account in bringing about the liquefaction of chlorine. We take from the "Comptes Rendus" of the French Academy the substance of a note on this subject by M. Melsens:

Take a Faraday A tube, but with one of the arms of the siphon very short; fill the long arm with charcoal saturated with chlorine, and seal up both ends. Now immerse the long arm of the tube in boiling water, and the short end in a freezing mixture. A considerable quantity of the chlorine will be driven out of the charcoal, and with the aid of the high pressure thus obtained the gas will become liquid in the shorter arm. By this process the author has got several cubic inches of pure liquid chlorine.

On raising the tube out of the baths the liquid chlorine commences to boil, and the gas thus developed is again absorbed by the charcoal, the short arm in the mean time becoming covered with frost. These phenomena may be repeated any number of times. Similar experiments have been made on the liquefaction of sundry other gases absorbed by carbon at ordinary temperatures and disengaged at temperatures not above 212 deg Fahr, such as ammonia, sulphurous acid, sulphydric acid, bromhydric acid, chloride of ethyl, and cyanogen.

The author's observations on the thermic effects resulting from the saturation of charcoal with certain liquids are also very interesting. Thus on immersing charcoal in liquid bromine in the proportion of 1 part to 7, the temperature rose about 50 deg., only from 5 to 10 grammes of charcoal being used. He further finds that volatile liquids which are thus condensed in the pores of charcoal—such as bromine, cyanhydric acid, sulphide of carbon, common ether, and alcohol—are only partially expelled, at common pressure, even with a temperature of 212 deg. Fahr. A tube containing charcoal saturated with alcohol (which boils at 173 deg. Fahr.) will not distil any of that liquid at 112 deg. Fahr.

QUACKERY IN FRANCE.

FRANCE offers a gloomy prospect to the medical man. All manner of diseases are there daily cured by miraculous waters and by prayer; but, as though the native supply of curative agencies was insufficient, a generous American, a party by the name of Strong, transfers to that favored land his thaumaturgic powers. The number of patients who visit M. Strong, says "La France Médicale," grows larger from day to day. Every morning sufferers of all kinds, particularly paralytics, who are possessed of a blind faith, and who believe in the efficacy of the American healer's touch, may be seen wending their way to his lodgings (in Marseilles). A restaurateur of the neighborhood has opened a *table d'hôte* for the paralytics who come to see M. Strong, and who are ready enough to recuperate a little previous to visiting the ante-chamber of him they call their savior. It is a curious spectacle to see the table surrounded by persons most of whom cannot wait on themselves, and who have to be spoon-fed like babies. Each patient brings a flagon of pure water, which M. Strong magnetizes, and which then becomes a sovereign medicine.

THE ITALIAN SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION.

THE "Men of Science Association" of Italy held its first sessions at Pisa in 1837, having been called together under the patronage of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. The Association soon became an object of mistrust and abhorrence to the Papal, the Bourbon, and other Italian governments, who saw in it an engine of political and social agitation. Annual meetings were held regularly until 1862, when it was voted that the next place of meeting should be the Capitol at Rome. At that time the Eternal City was the stronghold of obscurantism, and it required no little faith on the part of men of letters and science to appoint their rendezvous there. But on the 20th of October, 1873, the Association opened its sessions in a hall of the Capitol. Count Mansiani, formerly the Pope's Prime Minister, read a speech, in which he alluded to the past vicissitudes of the Association, and hinted that science, which in the evil days of old Italy had been a means, should now, upon the happy emancipation of the country, become an end, as the country on its revival

finds the first rank in arms, in wealth, in industry, and enterprise, already filled by other nations, and all that the old mistress of the world could now confidently aspire to can only be success in those intellectual pursuits for which it seems to have been especially fitted, both by its native instincts and by its glorious traditions.

IRON MINES OF STATEN ISLAND.

WITH regard to the iron mines of Staten Island, the "Engineering and Mining Journal" reports that within the past few years large deposits of very superior ore have been opened, and mining operations are at the present time being carried on extensively. The ore consists of both hematite and magnetite, and is found in strata and pockets, at an average depth of seven feet, and extends from this point to the serpentine rock, at a depth varying from twelve to thirty feet. The formations are remarkable, and the superintendent of the mine says that in a mining experience of many years he has found nothing at all resembling them. There are no surface indications, and consequently most of the operations of the miners are governed by speculation. Owing to the great abundance of the ore, a drift in almost any direction is pretty certain to yield satisfactory results.

The ores are washed in a Bradford washer, having a capacity for cleaning one hundred and fifty tons per day, and are conveyed directly from the mine to the docks of the company at West New Brighton, and thence shipped mainly to Poughkeepsie and Albany, realizing about five dollars per ton. The company, since the commencement of operations, have taken out one hundred and fifty thousand tons of ore, which has yielded about sixty per cent. of superior iron, and entirely free from phosphorus. This iron is largely used in the manufacture of steel.

THE "Gas-Light Journal" puts the very timely question, Why may not a *petroleoduct* come all the way to New York, and thus save the greater part of the cost of oil at the seaboard? In the oil regions there are already 675 miles of pipes for the conveyance of oil to shipping points on the Alleghany Valley Railroad.

THE area of British India is in round numbers one million square miles, and the population averages two hundred souls to the square mile.

THE water-supply of Boston is greatly diminished by incrustations on the inside of the pipes. Thus a three-inch pipe that has been laid ten years becomes reduced to two inches, and six-inch mains to five and four inches. A pipe of three-inch bore was lately taken up in Beacon street, which was filled with solid rust.

A WRITER in "Iron" states that malleable iron was well known and widely used four thousand years ago, and probably at a much earlier period. The manufacture of cast iron is more modern, but from certain passages in Aristotle it is believed to have been carried on as early as his time.

IN Cairo gas pipes have been laid down in all the principal streets, and these are better lighted than those of some European capitals. Good water is also distributed throughout the city. An artificial lake has been formed in a fashionable part of the city, which was formerly traversed by an offensive ditch.

A GENEVAN physician has observed that among populations dwelling at a high elevation above the level of the sea cases of consumption are very rare, while on the other hand cases of pneumonia are very frequent. Having bestowed attention also upon the therapeutic effects of a change of altitude, he comes to the conclusion that a given increase of altitude produces always the same effect, whatever the altitude of the starting-point.

THE Russian Steamship and Railway Company announce that they have found naphtha very advantageous for steam generation in locomotives. The material employed by the company is the crude oil from the Caucasian and Volga regions, and the amount consumed is about one-half that of coal by weight. The arrangement for burning naphtha is such that no difficulty will be experienced in substituting another for coal consumption in place of it, should it be found desirable to do so.

A NEW sect was recently discovered in Russia, the Seraphinovski, so called after their founder, Father Seraphinus. The devotees, who were chiefly females, held

two cardinal points of doctrine and practice, viz., implicit belief in Seraphinus, and the use of the tonsure. The astute leader had a half-brother who dealt in coiffures, and priest and barber drove a very pretty trade in the tresses sacrificed by the devotees. The worthy man is now studying behind prison bars the relations between religion and trade.

IN the year 1871 the cost of intoxicating drinks consumed in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland amounted to £120,000,000, or £78,000,000 in excess of the total railway receipts, and £65,000,000 in excess of the estimated value of all the coal and metals produced in the United Kingdom. In the same year the gross public or governmental expenditure was £47,000,000 less than the expenditure for alcoholic drinks, and the entire value of British and Irish exports was only about double the outlay for intoxicating liquors.

THE experiment recently made to transport a cargo of fresh meat from Australia to England has proved an utter failure. The plan was to freeze the meat solid and then to keep it in that state by surrounding the vessels in which it is kept with ice and salt. The voyage took up seventy-nine days, but as early as the thirty-fourth day the greater portion of the meat had to be thrown overboard. The last of the ice melted away when the ship touched at the Azores. The experiment will be tried again under more favorable conditions.

AN English officer at Sierra Leone some years ago discovered that the bark of the mangrove tree acts as a febrifuge, and hence may be used as a substitute for cinchona bark. This discovery will doubtless attract attention now during the Ashantee expedition, and if it is confirmed cannot fail to be of great importance for the civilization of Africa. Hitherto the mangrove has been a tree of evil omen to the European resident in Africa, as indicating the presence of mortal disease.

IN the month of September last, the coast of the Mediterranean in the vicinity of Marseilles was visited by an immense number of porpoises, which made their appearance during a violent storm from

the northwest. The fishermen of Marseilles, by skilful manœuvring, succeeded in driving the animals ashore, where they were slaughtered by the hundred. Many of the spectators fell upon these harmless creatures, which filled the air with their fearful groans and cries. The porpoise is the enemy of the fisherman, inasmuch as it destroys the fish frequenting the coast; these it devours greedily, thus proving itself an active rival of that other devourer of fish—man.

According to Mr. Alexander Delmar, the utmost capacity of a population to consume grain in the form of food is eight to ten bushels per capita per annum. The grain product of the commercial world, however, amounts to eighteen bushels per head, giving an excess of supply which necessarily makes agriculture unprofitable. In 1848 Indian corn was worth sixty-seven cents gold per bushel; now it is worth only sixty-seven cents currency. "If this," says Mr. Delmar, "does not demonstrate oversupply, political economy is a valueless science, and observation in matters relating to breadstuffs must go for nothing."

It is proposed in England to establish a national school of cookery, in connection with the annual international exhibition at South Kensington. An influential meeting recently held for the purpose of advancing the project agreed to the following resolutions: 1. That such a school should be at once founded, to be in alliance with school boards and training schools throughout the country. 2. That the aim of the proposed school should be to teach the best methods of cooking articles of food in general use among all classes. 3. That an association should be formed with the intention of making the school self-supporting. 4. That it would be prudent to secure a capital, say £5,000. The provisional committee, containing some very eminent names, were authorized to take the necessary measures to establish the school by means of shares, donations, and guarantees. In time it is expected that schools of this description will be established in all the great towns of the kingdom.

THE recent loss of three large passenger steamships has led somebody to propose an effectual means of guarding against such fatal accidents. Each large passenger ship should carry a small but powerful steam launch. In foggy weather this launch should be sent ahead a few hundred yards, being connected with the passenger ship by a flexible telegraph cable provided with an electric battery, so that signals might be constantly transmitted from the one to the other. The launch should also carry an electric or other strong light, and be provided with a powerful steam whistle. On meeting with ice or with vessels, or unexpectedly approaching the coast, it would be comparatively easy to stop the launch and give warning in time to save the passenger ship from harm.

A SINGULAR decision was that lately rendered in the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. The case under consideration was the pollution of Mystic Pond, the water supply of Charlestown, by the influx of tannery refuse. Three chemical experts gave their testimony, among them Professor Benjamin Silliman. But Professor Silliman, besides being a chemist, holds the degree of M. D., and his testimony in the latter capacity, as to the effect of decaying organic matter in water on the health of those who drink it, was offered to the court. It was, however, refused, on the ground that Dr. Silliman is not a practising physician. The absurdity of the ruling becomes all the more apparent when it is known that Dr. Silliman has for many years been a professor of medical chemistry.

IN Canada a burner is in use by which residuum of crude petroleum is used instead of wood or coal in brick kilns. By a simple contrivance, says the "Oil Journal," the nozzle of the burner is made to throw the flame directly downward at the first firing, and after burning the head, as it is termed, this nozzle is replaced by a straight one, the change being effected in a few moments. The flame is thereby thrown into the arch any required distance, burning the whole kiln from one end, and doing it in much less time than by the old method.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

"AUTOBIOGRAPHY." By John Stuart Mill. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The Comtian prophecy that the reign of priests, in the moral and intellectual world, was to be succeeded by the reign of philosophers, seems to have had a striking fulfilment in the career of Mill. Born at the beginning of this century (1806), the opening years of which marked the death-struggle of the old European régime, both political and ecclesiastical, and educated from his birth in a school of philosophy which was then the most heterodox known among men, he lived long enough to find himself elevated upon a pedestal of contemporaneous fame such as few generals or statesmen, and certainly no ecclesiastics of our time, have reached, and to be looked up to with reverence and affection by the best minds of one great empire, and by the whole people of another. It may be said that the popular regard for him in this country was an unthinking regard, and was due to the fact of his sympathy for the North in the rebellion; but it is none the less true that his name was revered in the United States; and in the philosophical reign which Comte predicted, a blind worship of the new king was quite as much a part of the prophecy as the change in the line of succession. The majority of men, Comte thought, must always receive their opinions on authority, and not form them by investigations of their own. Certainly Mill acquired a reputation in this country among hosts of people who knew as little of the Hartleian philosophy, or the association of ideas, as the Southern negroes, who now worship the name of Lincoln, knew of Rousseau or the social contract; and this reputation is a very good instance of the enormous weight with the mass of mankind which sentiment will always have affecting the understanding. Mill was believed in the United States to be a great philosopher, not because other philosophers said that he was great in philosophy, but because he had sympathized with the North. This, either on Mill's scheme or Comte's, was wrong; but it makes the resemblance between

the new philosophic and the old ecclesiastical dominion more remarkable. The number of priests who have obtained fame while living by their hold on people's affection, is far greater than the number who have obtained it by "authority" based either on reason or on force.

There can be no doubt, whatever else we may say about it, that the sway obtained over the minds of his contemporaries by Mill was powerful and beneficent; his rule was indeed more like that of a wise statesman or king than of the priest which the Comtian philosophy would have made him.

His death, too, made the parallel more exact; for he had hardly ceased to breathe when the statues that had been set up in his honor are overthrown, his fame begins to be questioned, and a malicious pleasure seems to be taken, not in shouting in honor of the new king his successor, for there is no successor, but in heralding abroad the news that he at least is in his grave.

This autobiography tells us at once a great deal and very little about the subject of it. Mr. Mill is certainly not communicative with his readers. He does not unbosom himself as many other men have done in their autobiographies; from his earliest years he seems to have taken to heart the lesson which his father took so much pains to teach him, that "*toute vérité n'est pas bon à dire*." It is a lesson which most men of sense learn sooner or later in life, but Mill seems to have learned it almost from the cradle. Whatever may have been the peculiarities of Mill as a human being, this book does not contain them at all; and notwithstanding his injunction to the contrary, it will need a new life by some one else to make this record of himself complete. Record is, indeed, the only word which properly applies to the book; it is the record of a Philosophical Radical—a species of man now almost as completely extinct as the Troglodytes.

That part of the book in which Mill does attempt to give us an account of his own feelings only confirms this impres-

sion. The two people to whom he was most closely bound were his father and his wife; but his account of these people is so strange as to give a positively grotesque effect to the whole. The common and just impression of James Mill is that he was a man of considerable power of mind, who discharged the duties of a responsible post in the India office with fidelity and skill, who wrote a very valuable Indian history, and who elaborated, and probably rather over-elaborated, in a psychological treatise, the "association philosophy" which was already in the world, but had not yet been given to the public in the shape of a complete and rounded system. To his son he very naturally appeared a much greater man, and at this we do not wonder; but it does seem unnatural that his son should attempt to make the public believe that his father was "one of the most original thinkers of his time," and not only that, but one of the most able administrators also; for it is not only hinted that Bentham is the only man with whom it would be imprudent to compare the elder Mill, but that his management of the Indian affairs intrusted to him was such that he practically governed that country while he remained in office. With regard to Mrs. Mill, his extravagant language has already attracted so much attention that it is hardly worth while to say anything here, except that, combined with his remarkable tributes to his father's memory, it seems to show as much lack of judgment on the part of Mill in dealing with subjects closely bound up with his deepest feelings as he elsewhere shows reserve. Probably any one who had much experience of life—as Mr. Mill never seems to have had—would have advised him to leave out these passages, not on the ground that he was not entitled to believe his father and his wife demigods of intellect and character, but that other people would not believe his statements.

These are serious drawbacks to the interest of the sketch. An autobiography which when it is credible is a dry statement of facts (or a statement of opinions and feelings almost as dry—for the utilitarian inspirations of Mill are not very interesting), and when it is anything else lapses into the marvellous, is certainly not a complete biography. When we think of some of the good autobiographies, of Franklin's, of Gibbon's, of Haydon's,

we feel how very far this falls short, not of what such a book might be, but of what such books have been.

"THE ROSE OF DISENTIS." A Novel. By Heinrich Zschokke. Translated from the German by James J. D. Treloar. New York: Sheldon & Co.

Disentis is the name of a Swiss town; and the rose of Disentis was an ornament given to the hero of this tale by his mother, which he was in turn to give to his heart's idol. The hero is a captain of riflemen, by the name of Flavian Prevost, who burns with a desire to serve his country, Switzerland; and the scene is laid chiefly in the Swiss mountains, toward the end of the last century, at the time when Austria and France were contending for the possession of that part of the country in which Disentis lies—ancient Rætia, or, as it was called at the time of this story, the Graubünden. Besides the difficulties between French and Austrians, there are also intestine quarrels of a very complicated nature; and, on the whole, the background of the story is one of war and treachery, while in the foreground stands out the heroic character of the enthusiastic and patriotic Flavian, his pleasing sister, the Countess von Schauenstein, and the charming Viennese whom he loves. He is an old-fashioned hero, full of fire and love, and of contempt for the low and sordid ambitions of the mass of mankind, devoted to everything noble and good, and withal, and above all, a fighting man. His character represents a type that has almost completely disappeared from modern literature, and which is quite foreign to our literary tastes. We may go further, and say even that it would be an impossibility for any English or American novelist to imagine such a character, far less describe him and make him live and move in a book, except as a burlesque; and yet there is no burlesque at all about the "Rose of Disentis." Flavian madly loves Elfrida von Marmels, and is thwarted in his love for a long time by the machinations of the Count Malariva, in whose care Elfrida lives. The Count first drives him away from Vienna, where everything was going on smoothly, and contrives with devilish malice that circumstances shall make Elfrida appear unfaithful, and thus turns his love for her into that peculiar kind of hate which the experienced novel reader

well knows is quite ready to turn back, after a proper amount of delay and suffering, into warm love again. Flavian, with bitterness in his heart, strives to turn his energies toward relief for his unhappy country, and plays for some time a peculiar military rôle, in which he is suspected by the French of being in league with the Austrians, by the Austrians of being in the service of the French, while among the simple mountaineers he is decidedly *un homme incompris*, though the reader knows very well what his motives are, and that they are of the best kind. Altogether the "Rose of Disentis" is such a book as nobody but a man of unusual literary power could make, and is well worth reading as a specimen of a certain kind of German novel—though it is not at all in the taste of the day. For that matter, there are a great many other books which are not in that taste, which we yet call good books. Of course the novel ends happily. It seems to be translated very well, and ought to do something to make the American public familiar with the works of Zschokke, who, though dead for a quarter of a century, is still hardly known in this country.

"THE CROSS OF BERNY; OR, IRENE'S LOVERS." A novel. By Mme. Emile de Girardin, MM. Théophile Gautier, Jules Sandeau, and Méry. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.

"The Cross of Berny" must be the only book of its kind in existence. It is not the product of an ordinary literary partnership like those of Erckman-Chatrian. The story is told in letters written by Irene and her three lovers, the letters signed Irene being written by Mme. de Girardin, those of Edgar de Meilhan by M. Théophile Gautier, those of Raymond de Villiers by M. Jules Sandeau, and those of Roger de Monbert by M. Méry. Why the book should be called the "Cross of Berny" we do not understand; and indeed, the writer of the preface to this translated edition says that "since its applicability depends upon a somewhat local allusion, the general reader may possibly fail to appreciate it." The plot is very surprising, and suggests the idea that it was written letter by letter, without concert, each writer doing his or her best to make the difficulties of the unfortunate heroine more and more irremediable. Irene first falls in love with and is

engaged to the Prince Roger de Monbert, who devotedly loves her; is then fallen in love with, in her turn, by the poet Edgar de Meilhan, and in a moment of weakness promises Edgar's mother, who imagines that his hopeless love will carry Edgar away from her in blinding despair, that she will marry him; while at nearly the same time she herself falls in love with Raymond de Villiers, who also falls desperately in love with her. To add to the delicacy of the situation, it must be mentioned that these three gentlemen are bosom friends, and while all this is going on they are confiding in each other by letter. In order to make such astonishing misunderstanding possible, it is necessary to make Mlle. de Chateaudun assume two different characters, and go about the country masquerading sometimes in the character of the widow Louise Guérin, and then returning to the rôle of Irene the heiress. The first escapade is for the purpose of testing Roger's love for her. She does not really love him, though she is engaged to him, while he is madly in love with her. She is really in love with an ideal man, whom she has never seen, but still hopes to see, and him she finds in Raymond de Villiers. Of course, as soon as the two friends of Raymond discover what deception has been practised upon them, they suspect that the whole affair has been a contrivance from the beginning; that Raymond was accessory before the fact—though in reality all he has done has been to fall in love with Irene—and they both challenge him to mortal combat. He, just married to Irene, accepts the challenge, and it falls to the lot of the poet, Edgar de Meilhan, to fight, Roger acting as second. Swords are the weapons chosen, and they are hardly crossed before the noble and unhappy Raymond falls, pierced to the heart with his death-wound. The shock of the news kills his wife. This tragical ending is a surprise to the reader, who is misled by the gay and even flippant tone of the earlier letters, and the curious development of the plot, into supposing it to be a comedy. The story is very French, of course, and belongs to the period which comes between that of the Restoration and that of the Empire—when Byron was the Frenchman's favorite English poet, when Alfred de Musset was almost an unknown name, and when the romantic school was at the height of its fame. Irene and Ray-

mond de Villiers both belong to the period of romance, and even the deception practised by the heroine seems to be excused by the love of adventure and mystery which all the romanticists lived upon. According to the feeling of the time, there is nothing impossible in the duel with which the book closes, though to the English or American readers of to-day it seems as unnecessary a tragedy as can well be; for it is only right that if Irene is going to marry Raymond, she should break off her engagement with Roger; the poet Edgar had no real claim upon her, and Raymond had done nothing himself unbefitting the gentleman and scholar that he really was.

"THE FAIR GOD; OR, THE LAST OF THE 'TZINS. A Tale of the Conquest of Mexico." By Lew Wallace. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

"The Fair God," though the work is due totally to the genius of General Lew Wallace, is sportively, or romantically rather, attributed by him to Fernando de Alva Iztlilzochitl, a noble Tezcucan, who flourished at the beginning of the sixteenth century. He was a man of great learning (we get these facts from General Wallace's introduction), familiar with the Mexican and Spanish languages, and the hieroglyphics of Anahuac. According to Prescott, Iztlilzochitl's writings have many of the defects of the age to which they belong, for he had, it seems, a fondness for "crowding the page with incidents of a trivial and sometimes improbable character," for "inextricably entangling" his chronology, and lending a too willing ear to traditions and reports which, had he lived in the nineteenth instead of the sixteenth century, and been a member of any historical society in good and regular standing, instead of a noble Tezcucan family, he would have scrutinized with a jealous eye. From this description the reader will perceive that General Wallace could hardly have selected a better author for his romance than this same Iztlilzochitl, who, were he living now (supposing him for the moment to retain the characteristics of his period), would undoubtedly be quite as likely to be contributing serial tales to the magazines as to be engaged in any strictly professional work.

Exactly what the book is all about we

do not undertake to say. The scene is laid in and around the halls of Montezuma, at the time of the invasion of Mexico by Cortez, and we have consequently a romance, partly Christian and partly 'Tzin, in which the Christians remind us of the Christians of Scott's crusading novels, and the 'Tzins are the 'Tzins of those delightful dreams of the early civilization of this continent, which every boy has at some time or other dreamed, and which always seem to make it a matter of regret that America was ever discovered by Europeans, or if not that, certainly that we could not have retained, in adopting the Federal Constitution, some few of the institutions of the elder civilization.

"BRAVE HEARTS." An American novel. By Robertson Gray. Illustrated by Darley, Beard, Stephens, and Kendrick. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.

"Brave Hearts" is a novel of love, adventure, and financial embarrassment. The pecuniary troubles of Andrew Campbell, the father of the heroine, are of a kind which ought at the present time to bring the novel peculiarly home to men's business and bosoms; while the love stories which are interwoven with what might be called the financial plot, are calculated to stir the coldest heart. The scene of the tale lies partly in California, and partly in one of the luxurious seaside resorts of the east; and the heroine is a girl equally fitted to adorn the miner's camp or the gay saloons of a land of civilization. She is not only possessed of all the grace and timidity of a woman, but of the force and courage of a man as well, and to crown all her accomplishments, she is mistress of two languages—the refined diction of the most cultured circles of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, and the peculiar jargon of the Western "diggings," with which the dramatic lyrics of Mr. Bret Harte have made us all so familiar. At its best, the language used by Miss Campbell would draw tears from the eyes of Sir Charles Grandison himself; at its worst, it is certainly a free and easy lingo. The novel also contains a lurid portrait of a defaulting cashier, and is in every way it well adapted to this hour of commercial doubt and distrust, particularly as comes out right in the end.

"A TOUR THROUGH THE PYRENEES." By Hyppolyte Adolphe Taine. Translated by J. Safford Fiske, with illustrations by G. Doré. New York; Henry Holt & Co.

This handsome looking volume will, no doubt, be received with pleasure by M. Taine's many readers in this country. The illustrations by Doré may or may not do much to enhance its value; probably, on the whole, they will enhance it, though we should have liked better ourselves some less mannered artist. M. Taine's method of studying countries is well known. He looks at them with the eye of a painter, or rather of a student and professor of art. His descriptions are descriptions of scenes as they would strike the professional eye—possibly to too great an extent; this, at least, must be the reason why, to one who has not actually seen the particular scenes described, the descriptions are difficult to follow. Notwithstanding this defect, however, they are valuable, and probably more valuable to the professional artist than to any other.

"THE STUDY OF SOCIOLOGY." By Herbert Spencer. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The word "sociology" is to most people so forbidding, that one might well fear for Mr. Spencer's book a cold reception. But the fear would probably not be well grounded, as the work, appearing in the form of a series of magazine articles, has already met with a warm reception. We are very glad indeed to be able to say this, for, whatever may be thought of Mr. Spencer's general philosophical speculations, no one can deny the extreme importance of the rapid spread of his ideas of the subject of his present treatise. The study of sociology is nothing more than a scientific term for the study of man; the study being carried on not in the old way, on the supposition that man is outside of and above nature, but that man is himself part of the order of nature. The mere adoption of this fundamental idea works in most people's minds a total change in their mode of regarding and studying social phenomena; and there are at present many prejudices on the subject which have a tendency to retard the adoption of the conception. Chief among these is the religious prejudice, a prejudice which it ought to be one of the triumphs of this

book to help to disarm. One of Mr. Spencer's most interesting chapters is that in which he expresses his profound conviction that religious feelings are among the deepest and most ineradicable in human nature; and that though religion may from age to age change its form, it can never die until the heart of man itself dies. We have no space here to discuss Mr. Spencer's book in detail, but we may cordially recommend it to the public as not merely the best, but absolutely the only book of its kind in existence.

"SONGS FROM THE SOUTHERN SEAS, AND OTHER POEMS." By John Boyle O'Reilly. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Mr. O'Reilly says in his preface that many of his subjects "are taken from a land blessed by God and blighted by man—a penal colony"—Western Australia. He does not undertake to make excuses for "the many faults and crudities in this first book: if nobody else can prize the volume, I myself can—not for its literary worth indeed, but for many hours of pleasure which its composition has given to me. Whatever merit it may be denied, it must certainly possess that, if merit it be, of realism. Many of the scenes shown are memories, not imaginings—things which have clamored for recognition, and I have written them here." This manly announcement, so different from the usual mawkish nonsense about a hollow and unsympathetic world by means of which poets are accustomed to recommend their books, fairly disarms criticism. There are indeed many faults and crudities in Mr. O'Reilly's poems, but there are good things in them too, and the realism of some of his sketches cannot be denied. The "Dukite Snake," for instance, is a disagreeably real subject, which we at least have never seen done in verse before. The dukite snake is, it seems, a reptile peculiar to Australia, or at least the southern seas—a long red snake, looking

— as if what was within
Was fire that gleamed through his glistening
skin;
while as to his eyes—

— if you could go down to hell
And come back to your fellows here and tell
What the fire was like, you could find no thing
Here below on the earth, or up in the sky,
To compare it to but a dukite's eye.

These dukites, it seems, travel in pairs;

and when one is killed it is always necessary to kill the other, for if that is not done the survivor will avenge its mate's death. Mr. O'Reilly's poem is about a poor Australian settler, by the name of David Sloane, whose wife and child have come out from Ireland to join him. Three months after their arrival David sees a dukite snake, and knowing nothing about its habits, kills it and carries it home. The next day, on his return home from work, he finds his wife and boy dead under the fangs of the surviving dukite. The husband goes mad, and spends the rest of his days seeking for and killing dukites. The story is told by an Australian bushman, and the best thing in it is the touch at the end, where the narrator, after mentioning David Sloane's occupation, says :

'Tis clear

That the Lord out of evil some good still takes,
For he's clearing this bush of the dukite snakes.

“SONGS OF THE SUN-LANDS.” By Jonquin Miller, author of “Songs of the Sierras.” Boston: Roberts Brothers.

This volume (dedicated “to the Rossettis”) contains for its principal poem the “Isles of the Amazons,” and a number of smaller poems on various subjects, which in the good old times would perhaps have been called “copies of verses.” The “Isles of the Amazons” is the Brazilian myth—whether invented by Mr. Miller or no does not appear—of a young Christian knight of the middle ages who, tired of war and slaughter, suddenly leaves Europe and civilization in search of the fabled country of the Amazons—the abode of blessedness and peace. The Amazons he finds, but little blessedness or peace at first, because his songs inspire his female entertainers with the love of man, of which they had before rid themselves, and arouse, worse than all, a terrible tumult in the breast of the queen herself. In the end love triumphs over the constitution and laws of Amazondom, the country is invaded by a horde of determined lovers, and the Christian knight is proclaimed king by the queen, and it all ends amorously and happily. The versification of the poem is almost if not quite as varied as Tennyson's “Lotus-Eaters,” and as Mr. Miller passed a year or two since for a master of versification, one is tempted at first to compare one with the other. But, on the whole, it is

hardly worth while, for Mr. Miller is by no means a master of versification. It would be much more correct to say that versification is master of him; for it is impossible not to feel in reading his poems that the rise and fall of the verse carries him continually off his feet, and not seldom gives the reader that uneasy sensation which the spectator at the seaside feels in seeing undersized persons among the breakers on the shore. We have no desire to underrate Mr. Miller's powers, which appear to us to be considerable; nor do we very much care for the immorality of his books, for poets are not as a rule skilled moralists. But when a gentleman who writes an account of himself in prose such as Mr. Miller has recently given to the world—an account of a life of scalping, murder, and treachery among the Indians of the plains—and is continually begging us in his poems to remember that he has a profound contempt for civilization and law and order, he must forgive us if we hold up to him a higher standard than that which we should apply in most cases. He is, above all men, bound to justify his erratic opinions by some prodigiously fine poetry. It will hardly satisfy the critical minds of those among us who have no time to spare for the delights of Modoc life, to assure us that Mr. Miller is a great poet for the simple reason that he knows what life among the Modocs is, and enjoys it far more than he does life under the immediate administration of the Great Father. It does not follow that because a man prefers the woods to Broadway, has tasted the pleasures of an ambushade followed by a slaughter of women and children, he is therefore a great poet. This may seem going very far, but for the sake of example it is necessary to advance extreme opinions.

To ask Mr. Miller to become a civilized man would be useless, for he scorns civilization; but it does not seem too much to ask him to remember that it is one of the peculiarities of civilized people that they have a vast quantity of poetry, good and bad, to read and review; and there are certain old-fashioned devices of poets with which the public is familiar, and which return, to use an uncivilized simile, like the boomerang, upon him who uses them unskillfully. One of these devices, familiar to all readers of Mr. Morris's poetry,

consists of printing a sort of introductory rhyme on large paper at the beginning of each division of a long poem, having only a very general relation, if any, with the poem itself, but serving to give a background to what follows. Mr. Morris has made use of this device with a great deal of grace. Mr. Miller uses it with the art of the Modoc chieftain he seems to wish to be considered. On p. 71 of this volume, for instance, there are these verses :

*There is many a love in the land, my love,
But never a love like this is.
Then kill me dead with your love, my love,
And cover me up with kisses.*

*So kill me dead and cover me deep,
Where never a soul discovers —
Deep in your heart to sleep, to sleep,
In the darlingest tomb of lovers.*

The Italics, it is hardly necessary to say, are the author's—for it is part of the device of which we are speaking to print the verses in Italics; and though it seems to us that it would be more to the point if the Italics were confined to the particular words or phrases to which the author wishes to call attention, there may be reasons why this is impossible.

These silly lines, of course, are not examples of Mr. Miller at his best. He has really a great deal of poetic fire and natural ability, and might, if he were not evidently puffed up with an overweening belief in himself, which the foolish adulation he received both in England and America a few years ago has probably caused, accomplish considerable things in time. But he mistakes his faults for virtues, and instead of doing his best to restrain and put to its proper use his native power, he lets it run away with him, and then calls upon us to admire the lawless destruction of prosody and syntax which ensues.

"BED-TIME STORIES." By Louise Chandler Moulton. With illustrations by Adie Ledyard. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

It may be inferred from Mrs. Moulton's "dedication" to her daughter Florence of her "Bed-time Stories," that they have been actually told by a living mother to a living child. Mrs. Moulton says :

*Will another as kindly critic
So patiently hear them through ?*

Will the many children care for
The tales that I told to you ?

We should say in answer to this question, and speaking in as kindly a manner as it is possible for the habitual critic to speak, that a good many children would perhaps care for them, but that it would be well for all such children to be told as few of them as possible. There is a settled melancholy about these "Bed-time Stories" which is, to an adult at least, very depressing. They are moral, they are religious, they are humane, they are in parts well written, but they are all more or less sad—with that sort of sadness which comes of a long life and a weary one, and which it is certainly well to keep as far away from children as possible, especially from morbid and unhappy children, who would be the children most likely to take an interest in them. It is not that the stories do not end well, but that they are pervaded by a subtle, phthisicky poison which makes them all sombre. They are stories which interest the reader in the writer, and, with all their unreality in places, are pathetically true to a certain sort of life among children, of which the less there is the better. As for their unreality no boy ever used such language as in "Coals of Fire" is put into the mouth of Dick Osgood, who had struck Guy Morgan, and been repaid by Guy's saving his sister from drowning. "I have come," he said, "to ask you to forgive me. I struck you a mean, unjustifiable blow. You received it with utter contempt. To provoke you into fighting, I called you a coward, meaning to bring you down by some means to my own level. You bore that, too, with a greatness I was not great enough to understand," etc. (P. 48.) In all probability Master Osgood would, under the circumstances, have blushed a great deal, or faltered out some shame-faced, half-articulate excuse. Nevertheless the story is affecting; in the end Master Osgood, after his stump speech, becomes a boy again, and bursts into tears, as he might not unnaturally have done without making it, and is of course nobly forgiven by Guy. But even this story of nobility, Christianity, and forgiveness is made depressing, and on the whole we must protest against the book.

NEBULÆ.

— A PARAGRAPH or two has been going the round of the press lately with regard to Bohemian life in New York. Or, perhaps, it would be more correct to say that one or two newspapers have recently thrown out intimations that they might, if they chose, furnish the public with some interesting facts on that interesting subject. What incident it was which led to these promises, or suggestions of promises; whether it was the death of the Queen of the Bohemians—there was once, we believe, such a person in New York—or whether it was the King (though we confess we never heard of such a dignitary in the organization which settled the New York Bohemia); whatever it was, it certainly would be worth the while of any one who really knows much about the matter to make public what he knows; for the taste for Bohemianism seems to be on the decline, and the time will probably be not long in coming when, in this very city of New York, we shall have forgotten what the word means, and relegated the worship of the Bohemian ideal to the limbo of mock religions, of which we have in New York so large a collection. And what was the Bohemian ideal of life of which we used to hear so much, and of which we now hear so little? It is, according to the scheme of American ideals which we propounded in this magazine a month ago, a peculiarly New York ideal—for the best of all reasons, that it came from France. The artists and young men about town who imagined it there, got it not from the Bohemia which appears on the map of Europe, but from the Bohemia of their own mind's eye—a country of lawless life, migratory domicile, and unbounded gratification of the primitive instinct which inclines men to lay hands upon and appropriate and enjoy whatever they can, leaving all questions of right and title to be settled afterwards. The wandering tribes which were supposed to have spread themselves over Europe from Bohemia, seemed to have found a means of leading this kind of life unmolested, and why should not the young gentlemen to whom we have referred do

the same thing in Paris? There does, to be sure, seem to be something a little grotesque in an imitation of life in the open woods attempted in the middle of a highly civilized modern city; but grotesqueness and absurdity need not stand in the way to people who care nothing for society or her arrangements.

— FRENCH people, too, have always had very liberal notions about foreign life; and to say that they were going to lead the "Bohemian life" in Paris, did not mean that they were going to lead any actual Bohemian life, but merely such a life as they chose to consider and give the name of Bohemian to. They were not going, necessarily, to rob henroosts, and run off with new-born babies, merely because affiliated tribes did so. They were going to do exactly what they pleased, and after their own fashion. In imitating their ideal they were not going to be the slaves of realism. Indeed realism, though we are sometimes inclined to suppose it a peculiarly French taste, is only French within French limits. The moment a Frenchman begins to deal with foreign ideas, whether English, American, German, or any other, he is quite at sea, and naturally aims not at faithfulness, but at amusement. The play of "Oncle Sam" gives an idea of life in the United States which is very French, because Sardou has never been in the United States. Dumas fils has recently published a criticism of Goethe, all the more interesting because he avows himself to be entirely unacquainted with German literature. And for French notions of England we have only to turn to M. Taine himself, who gives us to understand that he believes Macaulay to have been one of the English humorists. So it was with the *vie de Bohême*. It made no difference what the *vie de Bohême* actually was; it was to be lived, and lived, too, in the heart of Paris.

— So they lived it; and a queer, drunken, riotous sort of life it must have been. What they wished to do was to make possible an existence in which every man or

woman might do what seemed most agreeable to him or to her, without being disagreeable to any one else. It was this last part of the plan that it was found difficult to carry out. It is easy enough, to be sure, to borrow of the first friend one meets, and to spend what has been borrowed. There is no great difficulty in sitting down to a magnificent supper and devouring the viands and drinking the wine in honor of "La Débauche." There is no great difficulty, either, in getting rid of all one's principles except those of good-fellowship, or in merging all one's feelings in the passion of indiscriminate love. But when the friend of whom we desire to borrow ceases to be equally willing to lend; when the viands and wine, in consequence of this change of circumstances, are no longer easy to procure; then comes a time when not even the great principle of good-fellowship will help one, and when the capacity of the heart for indiscriminate passion becomes a matter of regret rather than pride and vanity.

— FORESEEING this difficulty, which moralists have always been ready to dilate upon, the French Bohemians provided against it by maintaining that whether they had little or much, a crust of bread and draught of water or a sumptuous meal, it was all the same to them, if they only had liberty—a free, vagabond life; a life of hard work, of the spasmodic kind, but as little regular industry as possible; a life which would enable him who led it to bask in the sun while the sun shines, and to begin making hay when it went under a cloud. It is unnecessary to say that the French Bohemians were artists, or men of a literary turn who took an artistic view of life; and they did for a time persuade one another that their theories were sound. Gradually, however, the Bohemian life in Paris went the way of all such things. Some of the Bohemians married, and found marriage incompatible with perfect liberty; some of them died, and left behind them no successors; some of them found that ambition could not be gratified without hard and continuous labor; and some possibly came to worse ends, by charcoal, or with the assistance of the officers of the law. One by one they disappeared, and at last there was no longer any *vie de Bohème* in the city of its origin.

— AT about the time that it became evident that Bohemianism was a thing of the past in Paris, it suddenly struck some one, endowed, we must confess, with a very brilliant imagination, that the place for it was New York. Why New York should have been selected it is difficult to say, except for the reason that there was a notion in the heads of many New Yorkers that this was a remarkably French city, and also possibly that it was a city which was certain to be the home of American art, as soon as we had any. So, in order to make it a dead certainty that we were very French, and that we would have art sooner or later, a number of gentlemen banded themselves together, held themselves out as the Artists of the Future, and to prove it enrolled themselves as the Bohemians of the present. They lived but for art and freedom. Their idea of art was "art for the sake of art," and their idea of freedom was doing whatever one pleased. When they said that art existed for the sake of art, they meant that so long as the heart of the artist was true, it made no difference what he did—not simply what his private life was, but it made no difference what subjects he chose for his works. The only question was how he did what he undertook; not what he undertook. If his particular walk in art was the writing of indecent poetry, the question was not whether indecent poetry was a good thing, but whether he could be successfully indecent. If his particular walk were grinning through horse-collars, or the flying trapeze, the question was whether he did it in a truly artistic manner. Outside the limits of artistic production, the canons of criticism in vogue among our Bohemians were wider still. They were the same as those which prevailed among their prototypes in Paris. But there were differences between the two. The chief of them was that while Bohemianism in Paris was a real thing, in New York it was not; it was merely one more attempt at leading a life utterly out of harmony with the surroundings of the people who attempted to live it; and so it failed. There was no art in New York, although it was destined in the course of time to become another Paris, or Venice, or whatever you please; the time had not yet come, and it seemed long to wait. Besides, the inhabitants did not appear to care

anything about the true theories of art, whether they came from Bohemians or any one else; what they wanted to do was to make money. To most of them, Bohemia and the Bohemians meant little more than Bulgaria and the Bulgarians, or Croatia and the Croatians; and the only theory of art they ever had was that if a man had a house, he ought to put a few pictures on the walls. This was not a good atmosphere for the Bohemians to found their order in. Besides this, the beauty of spasmodic work was not understood in the United States. A man was expected to work regularly if he himself expected to succeed. The climate was cold, and the price of the necessities of life was very high; and then there was not much generosity in nature to make up for our own want of providence. So, before long, the Bohemia of New York dropped to pieces, as had the Bohemia of Paris before it, and its disappearance and decay made even less noise in the world than its birth had. Already it is a thing of the past, and in a few years it will perhaps make its appearance in some new American novel, and our children will perhaps believe that there was once a mysterious quarter of New York known by this name, which, if its secret history could be written, would make a tale as marvellous and romantic as any writ in history's page. But there was nothing very marvellous or romantic about either the French or New York Bohemians. They found great difficulty sometimes in paying their debts, and they talked a great deal of nonsense about productions of their own which they were pleased to consider art and literature; but when you met them in the street they looked very much like other people, and their wild dream of an unfettered life was not a dream of genius so much as of brandy or beer.

—THE production of books on the minor morals, etiquette, and all sorts of kindred subjects, seems to have become recently one of the most important branches of the trade. We have already taken occasion to refer to one or two of them, but we have before us a treatise which deals not only with these, but with a great variety of other subjects no less important, and in the most comprehensive manner. This is a "Condensed Encyclopædia of all Things of Every-Day Life."

Whether the inquirer is in search of information relating to home, sleep, food, exercise, skin diseases, or any other kind of diseases, or cooking, or nutrition, digestion, marketing, wine-making, signs of the weather, conversation, pronunciation, good manners, love-making, marriage, or law blanks, or the habit of biting the nails, or mothers, or fancy needlework—on all these topics and many more, he will find instruction in this volume. Whether it will in every case be exactly what it ought to be, we do not undertake to say; but we will give a few specimens, and the reader must judge for himself. At the present day there is no subject which is more interesting than the woman question. A universal encyclopædia ought certainly to give us a few hints which may throw some light on the subject; and we find in this one, under the head of "Hints for Wives," some suggestions which if thoroughly carried out in all households would certainly do much to relieve domestic life of the difficulties which now render it so repulsive to the married, and so unattractive to those still single. These "Hints" suggest to the intelligent wife that if her husband "occasionally looks a little troubled when he comes home," she should not say to him, with an alarmed countenance, "Whatails you, my dear?" nor should she "bother him," nor "rattle a hailstorm of fun about his ears" either. She should be, on the contrary, "observant and quiet," not supposing whenever he is silent and thoughtful that *she* is the cause; but she should let him alone until he is inclined to talk; she should take up her book or needlework ("pleasantly, cheerfully; no pouting, no sullenness"), and should wait until he is inclined to be sociable. She ought not, either, to *ever let him find a shirt button missing*. (We believe, in underlining these words, we do but echo the sentiment which animates the bosom of every member of our large and once powerful sex.) She ought not to mind it either if he frets a little about his shirt collars, because—and this, too, is an important point, which in most households is overlooked—"men have a prescriptive right to fret about shirt collars." Nor should the wife complain that her husband "pores too much over the newspaper," to the exclusion of "that pleasing

conversation" she formerly enjoyed with him. She is warned, too, not to hide the paper, or give it to the children to tear, or be sulky when the boy leaves it at the door, but to take it in pleasantly, and "lay it down before her spouse." "Think what man would be without a newspaper. Treat it as if a great agent in the work of civilization—which it assuredly is—and think how much good newspapers have done by exposing bad husbands and bad wives, by giving their errors to the eye of the public." What a good wife should do with the newspaper herself is, to sit down quietly with it, in the absence of her husband, and look over it—its home and foreign news, its accidents, railway slaughters, murders, suicides, and the like, its leading articles; and at tea time, when "your husband again takes up the paper," you should say, "My dear, what an awful state of things there seems to be in Europe," or "What a terrible calamity at Santiago" or "Trade appears to be flourishing in the North"; and, "depend upon it, down will go the paper." "If he has not read the information, he will hear it all from your lips; and when you have done he will ask, 'Did you, my dear, read Banting's letter on corpulence?'" Though why he should go out of his way to ask such a question as this, we are at a loss to understand; but at any rate, this question "will lead to as cosy a chat as you ever enjoyed," and you will soon discover that, "rightly used, the newspaper is the wife's best friend."

— This shows the right spirit, and is very different in tone and temper from the advice usually given. In these dis-tempered times it is gratifying to find that the difficulties which stand in the way of domestic harmony are traced, at any rate by some philosophers, to their right cause, and that they do not propose to remedy them by arming the wife with the ballot. Although we do not usually like, in this department of "The Galaxy," to trench upon political questions, we must say that if these hints are carefully followed there will be many more contented and smiling husbands to be met with than there are now. The time seems to have come when the exact position of those who continue to agitate the woman question ought to be understood. Is it or is it not their design to array against each

other the two great organizations which have for so many generations peacefully divided the inheritance of man between them—the male and the female sex? Intimations have at various times been thrown out looking that way, so that we are prepared for the worst, and are therefore all the more grateful to authors of such books as the "Encyclopædia" for doing what is in their power to stem the tide. We have now watched this struggle for a long time, and we are firmly of opinion that the remedy for the present condition of things is not the co-education of the sexes, nor the admission of woman to the bench, the bar, and the pulpit. The antagonism between the two sexes has gone too far for such measures as these. Woman must be reduced to subjection, peacefully if we may, but forcibly if we must; and the sooner the work in the good cause is begun the better.

— TURNING to other parts of this treatise, we find equally valuable advice. "Provincialists," for example, will find at p. 290 some extremely important hints for the correction of the Irish brogue. "An Irishman wishing to throw off the brogue of his mother country, should avoid hurling out his words with a superfluous quantity of breath. It is not *broadher* and *widher* that he should say, but the *d*, and every other consonant, should be neatly delivered by the tongue, with as little riot, clattering, or breathing as possible. Next, let him drop the roughness or rolling of the *r* in all places but the beginning of syllables; he must not say *stor-rum* and *far-rum*, but let the word be heard in one smooth syllable. He should exercise himself until he can convert *plaze* into *please*, *plinty* into *plenty*, *Jasus* into *Jesus*, and so on. He should modulate his sentences, so as to avoid directing his accent all in one manner—from the acute to the grave. Keeping his ear on the watch for good examples, and exercising himself frequently upon them, he may become master of a greatly improved utterance." There are no doubt among our fellow-citizens thousands of Irishmen who would be only too happy to throw off the brogue of the mother country, and certainly no sounder advice could be given them than to speak with as little riot, clattering, and breathing as possible, and to deliver their con-

sonants neatly with the tongue, and not (as they are accustomed to deliver them) with cheeks, throat, chest, and eyes as well. Whether the advice that they should so modulate their sentences as to avoid directing their accent all in one manner—from the acute to the grave—would benefit them much, we are unable to say; though it seems, for gentlemen who habitually say *far-rum* for *farm*, and *stor-rum* for *storm*, to be rather over-refined.

— ON the whole, however, the most interesting part of the book is that which relates to Etiquette and Dancing. With regard to the first the advice given is of a very thorough-going kind. In order to be really *au fait*, it is of course necessary to have some better foundation than a mere set of rules of behavior, learned for the occasion; and hence there are certain “elements” of a “manly character” which are worthy of “frequent meditation”; by observing which, a man will do a great deal to keep himself in the right path. “To be wise in his disputes,” “to be brave in battle and great in moral courage,” “to be discreet in public,” “to be a teacher in his household,” “to be an arbitrator in his vicinity,” “to be a council in his nation,” and “to be a lamb in his home”—these are some of a number of maxims which every gentleman will do well to take to heart. He should also be careful never by any chance to put a knife “near his mouth,” not on account of the danger, but because, as being a “council in his nation” marks him as excelling in manly wisdom, the avoidance of the knife shows him to be a gentleman and a scholar. This is the only safe advice. Other books on kindred subjects have laid down the rule that eating should be done with the fork and spoon; and Thackeray has himself had something to say on the subject of eating peas with a knife. But the only

comprehensive rule—the only rule which will insure the student of etiquette against accident under all circumstances—is to avoid temptation by not letting his knife approach his mouth at all. In the same comprehensive spirit, we find the knotty subject of bread dealt with. There is nothing which to the neophyte in etiquette is so difficult to master as the tactics which are and are not permissible with bread, because it is always making its appearance in different forms at every meal, and seems devised for the express purpose of torturing the uninstructed. The maxims laid down in this treatise—and they are, simple when once they have been mastered—are: “Do not bite your bread (at dinner); the rule about eating it is this: *Cut it* at breakfast, when you generally take a thick piece, and butter it yourself. *Break it* at dinner. *Bite it* at tea, when it is in thin slices.”

— THE gentleman who has fairly ceased to say *far-rum* and *stor-rum*, and speaks without any riot or clatter, and has made himself master of the other rules contained in this valuable work, will undoubtedly feel that his education is still incomplete until he has learned the art of dancing. In order to do this he has only to turn to p. 312, where he will find one of the neatest and most compendious descriptions of the “*deux-temps*” waltz we have ever seen. “This waltz contains, like the common waltz, three times, but differently divided. The first time consists of a gliding step; the second a *chassez*, including two times in one. A *chassez* is performed by bringing one leg near the other, then moving it forward, backward, right, left, and round.” This is only the beginning; but all is a really valuable. We would suggest, however, that the perfect gentleman, whom “moderation, decorum, and neatness distinguish,” would, in describing this dance, invariably say foot rather than leg.

THE GALAXY

Miscellany and Advertiser.

SIR FLETCHER NORTON, who was somewhat ill-mannered, when pleading before Lord Mansfield on some questions of manorial rights, chanced unfortunately to say, "My lord, I can illustrate the point by an instance in my own person; I myself have two little manors." The judge immediately interposed with one of his blindest smiles, "We all know it, Sir Fletcher."

NINETEEN of every twenty persons who write a family letter, after closing with an injunction to "write again as soon as you can," tilt back and devoutly exclaim, "Thank heaven, that job is done!"

A NEW candidate for the favor of the story-reading public has been introduced to the American public by the Messrs. Sheldon & Co., in the person of Heinrich Zschokke, a German author of heretofore comparative obscurity on this side of the Atlantic. His first offering, however, is a literary treat of such attractive merit that he will doubtless take a prominent place in our cosmopolitan gallery of novelists. The book in which he makes his bow to an American public is entitled, "The Rose of Disentis," a charming tale of life in one of the 6x9 republics, of which the Swiss Confederation was originally made up.—"Eve Telegram," New York

A DIFFERENCE OF TASTE.—A country paper says that, in reply to a question from the lecture committee of the chief town of the district as to the subject of a lecture to be given at the institution, the lecturer telegraphed, "A Taste of Naples and Rome." The telegraph made it read, "A Taste of Apples and Rum."

I SLEPT in an editor's bed last night,
When no editor chanced to be nigh;
And I thought, as I tumbled that editor's
nest,
How easily editors lie.

THE poet Longfellow, at a party in Boston, asked a French gentleman who happened to be present, why he seemed so sad and unhappy at that moment. To which the latter replied, "Me very mosh dissatisfy. Me just hear zat my fadere be dead."

ONE of the most beautiful books of the year for the coming holidays is "Heaven in Song," by Dr. Henry C. Fish. It contains the very gems of poetry from all the ages, on the heavenly home. Great judgment and care have been used in the selection. The book is published in a most elegant form by Sheldon & Co., with ornamented and red-line borders, and in the most exquisitely beautiful binding. Many of the greatest poets of all ages have chosen heaven as the theme of their sweetest songs, and these choice poems are now for the first time collected in one volume, and published in the most elegant form. The result is a volume especially suited for an ornament to the parlor-table, for consolation in the sick room, or for hours of literary amusement and devotional musings. We advise all our friends to get a copy.

"THE Youth's Companion," of Boston, is a thoroughly wide awake paper, having among its contributors such writers as Prof. De Mille, Dr. L. I. Hayes, Edward Eggleston, Louisa M. Alcott, Sophie May, Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis, and Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton. No writers more attractive in the country, and no publication for young people more enterprising and useful.

WILCOX & GIBBS Sewing Machine is offered as a very suitable and appropriate present for the holidays. It is certainly one of the very best sewing machines now made, and it has some advantages peculiarly its own. This machine is said to be the lightest moving and easiest to work of any now made; and this is a very great advantage, especially when the lady of the house herself uses it.

Two men disputing about the pronunciation of the word "either"—one saying it was ee-ther, the other i ther—agreed to refer the matter to the first person they met, who happened to be an Irishman, and who confounded both by declaring, "It's nayther, for it's ayther."

A LITTLE American lad who had just commenced reading the newspapers, asked his

father if the word "Hon.," prefixed to the name of a member of Congress, meant "honest."

A WHILE ago a farmer in the Highlands lost his wife, and out of love for her memory called his estate "Glenmary." A neighbor having met with the same affliction, and equally desirous of keeping before him the image of his dear departed, followed his example, and his farm is known by the name of "Glenbetsy."

J. W. JOHNSTON'S, 250 Grand street, is a good place to get shirts at reasonable prices. His card, with all details, can be found in our advertising columns.

ASLEEP IN THE SANCTUM, and other Poems. By Alphonso A. Hopkins. This neat little volume has a peculiar charm for us. We find it full of the glow of true poesy and the suggestions of true friendship. We read it equally for the fancy and sentiment that brighten every page and for the familiar voice that seems to speak in every line.

INFORMATION about any Railroad Bonds can be obtained if you will write to Hassler & Co., No. 7 Wall street, New York.

SCENE in court: Judge—"Have you anything to offer to the court before sentence is passed on you?" Prisoner—"No, judge, I had ten dollars, but my lawyers took that."

Two young ladies of La Crosse were standing by a ditch thirteen feet wide, which they didn't know how to cross, when their escort cried "snakes," and they cleared it at a bound.

MISS FORRESTER, by Mrs. Annie Edwards, recently published by Sheldon & Co., is having a large sale, notwithstanding the hard times. There is a fascination about Mrs. Edwards' writings that none can resist.

WE call the attention of our readers to the engraving on our third page cover, a fac-simile, in form and proportion, of the really excellent chromo, Yosemite Valley, furnished by the publisher of "Wood's Household Magazine," Newburg, N. Y., in connection with their magazine.

PECK'S EXPERIENCE WITH A COAL STOVE. We never had a coal stove around the house until last Saturday. Have always burned pine slabs and pieces of our neighbor's fence. They burn well, too, but the fence got all burned up, and the neighbor said he wouldn't build a new one, so we went down to Jones's and got a coal stove. It is called the "Radiant Home," and any man that says

we didn't have a radiant home at our house for about four hours last Saturday night is a Republican and a villain. You see we didn't know anything about coal stoves. We filled the Radiant Home about half full of pine fence, and when the stuff got well to going we filled the artesian well on top with coal. It simmered and sputtered about five or ten minutes and all went out, and we put on an overcoat and a pair of buckskin mittens and "went out too," to supper. We remarked, in the course of the frugal meal, that Jones was a "froad" for recommending such a confounded refrigerator to a man to get warm by. After supper we took a piece of ice and rubbed our hands warm, and went in where that stove was, resolved to make her draw and burn if it took all the pine fence in the First Ward. Our better half threw a quilt over her and shiveringly remarked that she never knew what real solid comfort was until she got a coal stove. Stung by the sarcasm in her remark, we turned every dingus in the stove that was movable, or looked like it had anything to do with a draft, and pretty soon the Radiant Home began to heave up heat. It was not long before she stuttered like the new Silsby steamer. Talk about your heat! In ten minutes that room was as much worse than a Turkish bath as Hades is hotter than Liverman's ice-house. The perspiration fairly fried out of a tin water-cooler in the next room. We opened the doors, and the snow began to melt as far up Vine street as Hanscomb's house, and people all round the neighborhood put on linen clothes. And we couldn't stop the confounded thing. We forgot what Jones told us about the dampers, and she just kept a biling. The only thing we could do was to go to bed, and leave the thing to burn the house up if it wanted to. We stood off with a pole, and turned the damper every way, and every turn she just sent out heat enough to roast an ox. We went to bed, supposing that the coal would eventually burn out, but about twelve o'clock the whole family had to get up and sit on the fence. Finally a man came along who had been brought up among coal stoves, and he put a wet blanket over him and crept up to the stove and turned the proper dingus, and she cooled off, and since that time has been just as comfortable as possible. If you buy a coal stove you want to learn how to engineer it, or you may get roasted.—"La Crosse Democrat."

THE styles in ladies' dresses have now got back as far as the days of Catherine de Medicis. At this rate we shall soon have reached the styles prevalent in the Garden of Eden.

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The American Homes.

Charles H. Taylor & Co., who published this popular magazine during the first two years, and Messrs. Shepard & Gill, book publishers of Boston, have organized a corporation to be known as the American Homes Publishing Company, and henceforth this magazine will be issued under the auspices of the company—Charles H. Taylor to be conducting Editor, and Shepard & Gill the Publishers. The third year begins under most auspicious circumstances, and many improvements are contemplated under the new regime. The magazine has been enlarged and improved typographically, and a long list of brilliant and popular writers will contribute to its pages, including:

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20TH SEMI-ANNUAL STATEMENT
OF THE
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HARTFORD, CONN., January 1, 1874.

ASSETS.

Real estate owned by the company..	\$27,000 00
Cash in bank and hands of agents ..	229,080 07
Loans on first mortgages real estate..	1,186,222 60
Deferred premiums.....	57,735 24
Accrued interest	52,694 03
United States government bonds.....	250,145 09
State and municipal bonds.....	123,200 00
Railroad stocks and bonds	163,450 00
Bank and insurance stocks	422,690 08
Total assets.....	\$2,694,306 84

LIABILITIES.

Claims unadjusted and not due.....	\$173,594 74
Reserve, N. Y. standard, life dep't..	1,475,329 09
Reserve for re-insurance, acc. dep't.	163,228 94
	\$1,832,452 77
Surplus as regards policy-holders.....	\$661,854 07

Statistics of the Year 1873.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

Number of Life Policies written in 1873..	2 461
Gain over 1872 in New Policies written.....	94
Whole number written to date.....	18,154
Gain in Net Premiums over 1872.....	\$59,786 26
Whole number of Losses paid to date	235
Whole amount paid in Losses.....	\$511,736 29

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.

No. of Accident Policies written in '73....	25,207
Gain over 1872 in New Policies written....	2,479
Net Cash Premiums rec'd for same.....	\$505,466 02
Gain in Net Premiums over 1872.....	\$54,807 20
Whole No. Accident Policies written	302,889
Whole No. Accident Claims paid	19,115
Whole amt't Accident Claims paid	\$1,290,301 58
Total Losses paid both dep'ts	\$2,402,040 52
Average paid (both departments) for every working day, from beginning	\$686 00

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THE GALAXY.

VOL. XVII.—FEBRUARY, 1874.—No. 2.

LIFE ON THE PLAINS.

FORAGE for the horses and mules, and rations for the men, sufficient of both to last thirty days, having been loaded on the wagons, the entire command, composed as previously stated, and accompanied by General Sheridan and staff, left Camp Supply early on the morning of December 7, and turning our horses' heads southward, we marched in the direction of the battle-ground of the Washita. Our march to the Washita was quiet and uneventful, if we except the loquacity of California Joe, who, now that we were once more in the saddle with the prospect of stirring times before us, seemed completely in his element, and gave vent to his satisfaction by indulging in a connected series of remarks and queries, always supplying the answer to the latter himself if none of his listeners evinced a disposition to do so for him. His principal delight seemed to be in speculating audibly as to what would be the impression produced on the minds of the Indians when they discovered us returning with increased numbers both of men and wagons.

"I'd jist like to see the streaked count'nances of Satanta, Medicine Arrow, Lone Wolf, and a few others of 'em, when they ketch the fust glimpse of the outfit. They'll think we're comin' to spend an evenin' with 'em sure, and hev brought our knittin' with us. One look 'll satisfy 'em thar 'll be sum of the durndest kickin' out over these plains that ever war heern tell uv. One good thing, it's goin' to cum as nigh killin' uv 'em to start 'em out this time uv year as ef we hed an out an' out scrummage with 'em. The way I looks at it they hev jist this preference: them as don't like bein' shot to deth kin take ther chances at freezin'." In this interminable manner California Joe would pursue his semi-soliloquies, only too delighted if some one exhibited interest sufficient to propound an occasional question.

As our proposed route bore to the southeast after reaching the battle-field, our course was so chosen as to carry us to the Washita river a few miles below, at which point we encamped early in the day. General Sheridan desired to ride over the battle-ground, and we hoped by a careful examination of the surrounding country to discover the remains of Major Elliott and his little party, of whose fate there could no longer be the faintest doubt. With one hundred men of the Seventh Cavalry, under command of Captain Yates, we proceeded to the scene of the battle, and from there dispersed in small parties in all directions, with orders to make a thorough search for our lost comrades. We found the evidences of the late engagement

much as we had left them. Here were the bodies, now frozen, of the seven hundred ponies which we had slain after the battle; here and there, scattered in and about the site of the former village of Black Kettle, lay the bodies of many of the Indians who fell during the struggle. Many of the bodies, however, particularly those of Black Kettle and Little Rock, had been removed by their friends. Why any had been allowed to remain uncared for, could only be explained upon the supposition that the hasty flight of the other villages prevented the Indians from carrying away any except the bodies of the most prominent chiefs or warriors, although most of those remaining on the battle-ground were found wrapped in blankets and bound with lariats preparatory to removal and burial. Even some of the Indian dogs were found loitering in the vicinity of the places where the lodges of their former masters stood; but, like the Indians themselves, they were suspicious of the white man, and could hardly be induced to establish friendly relations. Some of the soldiers, however, managed to secure possession of a few young puppies; these were carefully brought up, and to this day they, or some of their descendants, are in the possession of members of the command.

After riding over the ground in the immediate vicinity of the village, I joined one of the parties engaged in the search for the bodies of Major Elliott and his men. In describing the search and its result, I cannot do better than transcribe from my official report, made soon after to General Sheridan:

“After marching a distance of two miles in the direction in which Major Elliott and his little party were last seen, we suddenly came upon the stark, stiff, naked, and horribly mutilated bodies of our dead comrades. No words were needed to tell how desperate had been the struggle before they were finally overpowered. At a short distance from where the bodies lay, could be seen the carcasses of some of the horses of the party, which had probably been killed early in the fight. Seeing the hopelessness of breaking through the line which surrounded them, and which undoubtedly numbered more than one hundred to one, Elliott dismounted his men, tied their horses together, and prepared to sell their lives as dearly as possible. It may not be improper to add that in describing, as far as possible, the details of Elliott's fight, I rely not only upon a critical and personal examination of the ground and attendant circumstances, but am sustained by the statements of Indian chiefs and warriors who witnessed and participated in the fight, and who have since been forced to enter our lines and surrender themselves up, under circumstances which will be made to appear in other portions of this report.

“The bodies of Elliott and his little band, with but a single exception, were found lying within a circle not exceeding twenty yards in diameter. We found them exactly as they fell, except that their barbarous foes had stripped and mutilated the bodies in the most savage manner.

“All the bodies were carried to camp. The latter was reached after dark. It being the intention to resume the march before daylight the following day, a grave was hastily prepared on a little knoll near our camp, and, with the exception of that of Major Elliott, whose remains were carried with us for interment at Fort Arbuckle, the bodies of the entire party, under the dim light of a few torches held by of sorrowing comrades, were consigned to one common resting place. No funeral note sounded to measure their passage to the grave. No volley was fired to tell us a comrade was receiving the last sad rites of burial, that the fresh earth had closed over some of our truest and most daring soldiers.

“Before interment, I caused a complete examination of each body to be made by Dr. Lippincott, chief medical officer of the expedition, with direction to report on the character and number of wounds received by each, as well as to mutilations to which they had been subjected. The following extracts are taken from Dr. Lippincott's report:

“Major Joel H. Elliott, two bullet holes in head, one in left cheek, right hand cut off, left foot almost cut off, . . . deep gash in right groin, deep gashes in calves of both legs, little finger of left hand cut off, and throat cut.

“Sergeant-Major Walter Kennedy, bullet hole in right temple, head partly cut off, seventeen bullet holes in back, and two in legs.

“Corporal Harry Mercer, Troop E, bullet hole in right axilla, one in region of heart, three in back, eight arrow wounds in back, right ear cut off, head scalped, and skull fractured, deep gashes in both legs, and throat cut.

“Private Thomas Christer, Troop E, bullet hole in head, right foot cut off, bullet hole in abdomen, and throat cut.

“Corporal William Carrick, Troop H, bullet hole in right parietal bone, both feet cut off, throat cut, left arm broken.

“Private Eugene Clover, Troop H, head cut off, arrow wound in right side, both legs terribly mutilated.

“Private William Milligan, Troop H, bullet hole in left side of head, deep gashes in right leg, . . . left arm deeply gashed, head scalped, and throat cut.

“Corporal James F. Williams, Troop I, bullet hole in back; head and both arms cut off, many and deep gashes in back. . . .

“Private Thomas Dooney, Troop I, arrow hole in region of stomach, thorax cut open, head cut off, and right shoulder cut by a tomahawk.

“Farrier Thomas Fitzpatrick, Troop M, bullet hole in left parietal bone, head scalped, arm broken, . . . throat cut.

“Private John Myres, Troop M, several bullet holes in head, scalped, nineteen bullet holes in body, . . . throat cut.

“Private Cal. Sharpe, Troop M, two bullet holes in right side, throat cut, one bullet hole in left side of head, one arrow hole in left side, . . . left arm broken.

“Unknown, head cut off, body partially destroyed by wolves.

“Unknown, head and right hand cut off, . . . three bullet and nine arrow holes in back.

“Unknown, scalped, skull fractured, six bullet and thirteen arrow holes in back, and three bullet holes in chest.”

I have quoted these extracts in order to give the reader an insight of the treatment invariably meted out to white men who are so unfortunate as to fall within the scope of the red man's bloodthirsty and insatiable vengeance. The report to General Sheridan then continues as follows:

“In addition to the wounds and barbarities reported by Dr. Lippincott, I saw a portion of the stock of a Lancaster rifle protruding from the side of one of the men; the stock had been broken off near the barrel, and the butt of it, probably twelve inches in length, had been driven into the man's side a distance of eight inches. The forest along the banks of the Washita, from the battle-ground a distance of twelve miles, was found to have been one continuous Indian village. Black Kettle's band of Cheyennes was above; then came other hostile tribes camped in the following order: Arrapahoes under Little Ra-

ven; Kiowas under Satanta and Lone Wolf; the remaining bands of Cheyennes, Comanches, and Apaches. Nothing could exceed the disorder and haste with which these tribes had fled from their camping grounds. They had abandoned thousands of lodge poles, some of which were still standing, as when last used. Immense numbers of camp kettles, cooking utensils, coffee-mills, axes, and several hundred buffalo robes were found in the abandoned camps adjacent to Black Kettle's village, but which had not been visited before by our troops. By actual examination, it was computed that over six hundred lodges had been standing along the Washita during the battle, and within five miles of the battle-ground, and it was from these villages, and others still lower down the stream, that the immense number of warriors came who, after our rout and destruction of Black Kettle and his band, surrounded my command and fought until defeated by the Seventh Cavalry about 3 P. M. on the 27th ult. . . . In the deserted camp, lately occupied by Satanta with the Kiowas, my men discovered the bodies of a young white woman and child, the former apparently about twenty-three years of age, the latter probably eighteen months old. They were evidently mother and child, and had not long been in captivity, as the woman still retained several articles of her wardrobe about her person—among others a pair of cloth gaiters but little worn, everything indicating that she had been but recently captured, and upon our attacking and routing Black Kettle's camp her captors, fearing she might be recaptured by us and her testimony used against them, had deliberately murdered her and her child in cold blood. The woman had received a shot in the forehead, her entire scalp had been removed, and her skull horribly crushed. The child also bore numerous marks of violence."

At daylight on the following morning the entire command started on the trail of the Indian villages, nearly all of which had moved down the Washita toward Fort Cobb, where they had good reason to believe they would receive protection. The Arrapahoes and remaining band of Cheyennes left the Washita valley and moved across in the direction of Red river. After following the trail of the Kiowas and other hostile Indians for seven days, over an almost impassable country, where it was necessary to keep two or three hundred men almost constantly at work with picks, axes, and spades, before being able to advance with our immense train, my Osage scouts came galloping back on the morning of the 17th of December, and reported a party of Indians in our front bearing a flag of truce.

It is to this day such a common occurrence for Indian agents to assert in positive terms that the particular Indians of their agency have not been absent from their reservation, nor engaged in making war upon the white men, when the contrary is well known to be true, that I deem it proper to introduce one of the many instances of this kind which have fallen under my observation, as an illustration not only of how the public in distant sections of the country may be misled and deceived as to the acts and intentions of the Indians, but also of the extent to which the Indian agents themselves will proceed in attempting to shield and defend the Indians of their particular agency. Sometimes, of course, the agent is the victim of deception, and no doubt conscientiously proclaims that which he firmly believes; but I am forced by long experience to the opinion that instances of this kind are rare, being the exception rather than the rule. In the example to which I refer, the high character and distinction as well as the deservedly national reputation achieved by the official then in charge of the Indians against whom we were operating, will at

once absolve me from the imputation of intentionally reflecting upon the integrity of his action in the matter. The only point to occasion surprise is how an officer possessing the knowledge of the Indian character, derived from an extensive experience on the frontier, which General Hazen could justly lay claim to, should be so far misled as to give the certificate of good conduct which follows. General Hazen had not only had superior opportunities for studying the Indian character, but had participated in Indian wars, and at the very time he penned the following note he was partially disabled from the effects of an Indian wound. The Government had selected him from the large number of intelligent officers of high rank whose services were available for the position, and had assigned him with plenary powers to the superintendency of the Southern Indian District, a position in which almost the entire control of all the southern tribes was vested in the occupant. If gentlemen of the experience and military education of General Hazen, occupying the intimate and official relation to the Indians which he did, could be so readily and completely deceived as to their real character, it is not strange that the mass of the people living far from the scene of operations, and only possessing such information as reaches them in scraps through the public press, and generally colored by interested parties, should at times entertain extremely erroneous impressions regarding the much-vexed Indian question. Now to the case in point:

With the Osage scouts who came back from the advance with the intelligence that a party of Indians were in front, also came a scout who stated that he was from Fort Cobb, and delivered to me a despatch, which read as follows:

HEADQUARTERS SOUTHERN INDIAN DISTRICT, FORT COBB, 9 P. M. December 16, 1868.

To the Officer, commanding troops in the Field.

Indians have just brought in word that our troops to-day reached the Washita some twenty miles above here. I send this to say that all the camps this side of the point reported to have been reached are friendly, and have not been on the war path this season. If this reaches you, it would be well to communicate at once with Satanta or Black Eagle, chiefs of the Kiowas, near where you now are, who will readily inform you of the position of the Cheyennes and Arrapahoes, also of my camp.

Respectfully,

(Signed)

W. B. HAZEN, Brevet Major-General.

This scout at the same time informed me that a large party of Kiowa warriors, under Lone Wolf, Satanta, and other leading chiefs, were within less than a mile of my advance, and notwithstanding the above certificate regarding their friendly character, they had seized a scout who accompanied the bearer of the despatch, disarmed him, and held him a prisoner of war. Taking a small party with me, I proceeded beyond our lines to meet the flag of truce. I was met by several of the leading chiefs of the Kiowas, including those above named. Large parties of their warriors could be seen posted in the neighboring ravines and upon the surrounding hilltops. All were painted and plumed for war, and nearly all were armed with one rifle, two revolvers, bow and arrow, some of their bows being strung, and their whole appearance and conduct plainly indicating that they had come for war. Their declarations to some of my guides and friendly Indians proved the same thing, and they were only deterred from hostile acts by discovering our strength to be far greater than they had imagined, and our scouts on the alert. Aside, however, from the question as to what their present or future intentions were at that time, how deserving were those Indians of the certificate of good behavior which they had been shrewd enough to obtain? The certificate was dated De-

ember 16, and stated that the camps had not been on the war path "this season."

What were the facts? On the 27th of November, only twenty-one days prior to the date of the certificate, the same Indians, whose peaceable character was vouched for so strongly, had engaged in battle with my command by attacking it during the fight with Black Kettle. It was in their camp that the bodies of the murdered mother and child were found, and we had followed day by day the trail of the Kiowas and other tribes, leading us directly from the dead and mangled bodies of our comrades, slain by them a few days previous, until we were about to overtake and punish the guilty parties, when the above communication was received, some forty or fifty miles from Fort Cobb, in the direction of the Washita battle-ground.

This, of itself, was conclusive evidence of the character of the tribes we were dealing with; but aside from these incontrovertible facts, had additional evidence been needed of the openly hostile conduct of the Kiowas and Comanches, and of their active participation in the battle of the Washita, it is only necessary to refer to the collected testimony of Black Eagle and other leading chiefs. This testimony was written, and was then in the hands of the agents of the Indian Bureau. It was given voluntarily by the Indian chiefs referred to, and was taken down at the time by the Indian agents, not for the army, or with a view of furnishing it to officers of the army, but simply for the benefit and information of the Indian Bureau. This testimony, making due allowance for the concealment of much that would be prejudicial to the interests of the Indians, plainly states that the Kiowas and Comanches took part in the battle of the Washita: that the former constituted a portion of the war party whose trail I followed, and which led my command into Black Kettle's village: and that some of the Kiowas remained in Black Kettle's village until the morning of the battle.

This evidence is all contained in a report made to the Superintendent of Indian Affairs, by one Philip McCuskey, United States interpreter for the Kiowa and Comanche tribes. This report was dated Fort Cobb, December 3, while the communication from General Hazen, certifying to the friendly disposition and conduct of these tribes, was dated at the same place thirteen days later. Mah-wis-sa also confirmed these statements, and pointed out to me, when near the battle-ground, the location of Satanta's village. It was from her, too, that I learned that it was in Satanta's village that the bodies of the white woman and child were found. As I pen these lines, the daily press contains frequent allusions to the negotiations which are being conducted between the Governor of Texas and the General Government, looking to the release of Satanta from the Texas penitentiary, to which institution Satanta, after a trial before the civil authorities for numerous murders committed on the Texas frontier, was sent three or four years ago to serve out a life sentence.

After meeting the chiefs, who with their bands had approached our advance under flag of truce, and compelling the release of the scout whom they had seized and held prisoner, we continued our march toward Fort Cobb, the chiefs agreeing to ride with us and accompany my command to that place. Every assurance was given me that the villages to which these various chiefs belonged would at once move to Fort Cobb, and there encamp, thus separating themselves from the hostile tribes, or those who preferred to decline this proposition of peace, and to continue to wage war; and as an evidence of the sincerity of their purpose, some eighteen or twenty of the most prominent

chiefs, generally Kiowas, voluntarily proposed to accompany us during the march of that day and the next, by which time it was expected that the command would reach Fort Cobb. The chiefs only requested that they might send one of their number, mounted on a fleet pony, to the villages, in order to hasten their movement to Fort Cobb. How eager for peace were these poor, confiding sons of the forest is the mental ejaculation of some of my readers, particularly if they are inclined to be converts to the humanitarian doctrines supposed to be applicable in the government of Indians. If I am addressing any of this class, for whose kindness of heart I have the utmost regard, I regret to be compelled to disturb the illusion.

Peace was not included among the purposes which governed the chiefs who so freely and unhesitatingly proffered their company during our march to Fort Cobb. Nor had they the faintest intention of either accompanying us or directing their villages to proceed to the fort. The messenger whom they seemed so anxious to despatch to the village was not sent to hasten the movement of their villages toward Fort Cobb, as claimed by them, but to hasten their movement in a precisely opposite direction, viz., towards the head waters of Red river, near the northwestern limits of Texas. This sudden effusion of friendly sentiments rather excited my suspicions, but I was unable at first to divine the real intents and purposes of the chiefs. Nothing was to be done but to act so as to avoid exciting their suspicion, and trust to time to unravel the scheme. When we arrived at our camping ground, on the evening of that day, the chiefs requested permission to despatch another messenger to their people to inform them where we were encamped. To this proposition no objection was made. That evening I caused an abundant supply of provisions, consisting principally of beef, bread, coffee, and sugar, to be distributed among them. In posting my pickets that night for the protection of the camp, I arranged to have the reserve stationed within a short distance of the spot on which the chiefs were to encamp during the night, which point was but a few paces from my headquarters. Before retiring, I took Romeo, the interpreter, and strolled down to pay a visit to the chiefs. The latter, after the substantial meal in which they had just indulged, were seated, Indian fashion, around a small fire, enjoying such comfort as was to be derived from the occasional whiffs of smoke which each in proper turn inhaled from the long-stemmed pipe of red clay that was kept passing from right to left around the circle. Their greeting of me was cordial in the extreme, but, as in the play—of “Richelieu,” I believe—they “bowed too low.” Through Romeo I chatted on indifferent subjects with the various chiefs, and from nearly all of them received assurances of their firmly fixed resolution to abandon forever the dangers and risks of the war path, to live no longer at variance with their white brothers, to eschew henceforth all such unfriendly customs as scalp-taking, murdering defenceless women and children, and stealing stock from the settlers of the frontier. All this was to be changed in the future. It seemed strange, listening to these apparently “artless sons of nature,” that men entertaining the ardent desire for repose which they professed, had not turned their backs on the war path long ago, and settled down to the quiet enjoyment of the blessings of peace. But better that this conclusion should be arrived at late than not at all. The curtain had fallen from their eyes, and they were enabled to see everything in its proper light. To adopt their own language, “their hearts had become good,” “their tongues had become straight,” they had cast aside the bad ways in which they had so long strug-

gled unsuccessfully, and had now resolved to follow the white man's road, to adopt his mode of dress, till the soil, and establish schools for the education of their children, until in time the white man and the red man would not only be brothers in name, but would be found travelling the same road with interests in common.

Had I been a latter-day Peace Commissioner, I should have felt in duty bound to send a despatch to the chief of the proper bureau at Washington, in terms somewhat as follows:

Hon John Smith, Secretary of the ——— Department.

I have just concluded a most satisfactory council with the Kiowa and other tribes, certain members of which have lately been accused of being more or less connected with the troubles lately occurring upon our frontier. All the prominent chiefs met me in council, and after a free interchange and expression of opinions, I am happy to inform the Department that these chiefs, representing as they do one of the most powerful and important of the southern tribes, have voluntarily and solemnly agreed to cease all hostile acts against the white men, to prevent raids or war parties from being organized among their young men, to abandon for all future time the war path, and to come within the limits of their reservation, there to engage in the peaceful pursuits of civilized life. They express a warm desire to have educational facilities extended them for the benefit of their children. As the season is far advanced, rendering it too late for them to successfully cultivate a crop the present year, they ask, and I recommend, that provisions sufficient for their subsistence the present season be issued them. They also request that, owing to the scarcity of game, a few breech-loading arms be furnished them, say one rifle and one revolver to each male over fourteen years of age. I am satisfied that this is a most reasonable request, and that the granting of it would go far to restore confidence in the good intentions of the Government, as I am forced to remark that some of the recent acts of the military, such as the occurrence on the Washita, have done much to produce an unsettled feeling on the part of these untutored wards of the nation. No further anxiety need be felt as to the complete pacification of this tribe. I wish you might have shared with me the pleasure of listening to these untaught chieftains, begging for such assistance and guidance as would lead them in the paths of peace. I leave here on the —th, to visit the neighboring tribes, provided the military commander at this point will furnish me a suitable escort.

I have the honor to be your obedient servant,

JOHN JONES, Indian Agent.

P. S.—I have thought that if we could confer the ballot upon those of the chiefs and warriors who show the greatest aptitude and desire for peace, it might be a great step toward completing their civilization. Of course some line of distinction or qualification would have to be drawn; for example, confer the right of ballot upon all those who faithfully accept their rations from the Government for a period of six months. I merely throw this out for the consideration of the Department.

J. J.

Not being an orthodox Peace Commissioner, in good standing in that fraternity, I did not send a despatch of this character. What I did, however, answered every purpose. I went to the station of the guard near by and directed the non-commissioned officer in charge to have his men keep a watch-

ful eye upon those same "untutored sons of the forest," as I felt confident their plans boded us no good. Romeo was also told to inform the chiefs that after the camp had quieted down for the night, it would not be prudent for them to wander far from their camp fire, as the sentries might mistake them for enemies and fire upon them. This I knew would make them hug their fire closely until morning. Before daylight we were again in the saddle and commencing the last march necessary to take us to Fort Cobb. Again did it become important, in the opinion of the chiefs, to despatch another of their number to hurry up the people of their villages, in order, as they said, that the villages might arrive at Fort Cobb at the same time we did. As the march progressed these applications became more frequent, until most of the chiefs had been sent away as messengers. I noticed, however, that in selecting those to be sent, the chiefs lowest in rank and importance were first chosen, so that those who remained were the highest. When their numbers had dwindled down to less than half the original party, I saw that instead of acting in good faith this party of chiefs was solely engaged in the effort to withdraw our attention from the villages, and, by an apparent offer on their part to accompany us to Fort Cobb, where we were encouraged to believe the villages would meet us, prevent us from watching and following the trail made by the lodges, which had already diverged from the direct route to Fort Cobb, the one the villages would have pursued had that fort been their destination. It became palpably evident that the Indians were resorting, as usual, to stratagem to accomplish their purpose, which of course involved our deception. Fortunately their purpose was divined in time to thwart it. As no haste was necessary, I permitted the remaining chiefs to continue the march with us, without giving them any grounds to suppose that we strongly doubted their oft-repeated assertions that their hearts were good and their tongues were straight. Finally, as our march for that day neared its termination and we were soon to reach our destination, the party of chiefs, which at first embraced upwards of twenty, had become reduced until none remained except the two head chiefs, Lone Wolf and Satanta, and these no doubt were laughing in their sleeves, if an Indian may be supposed to possess that article of apparel, at the happy and highly successful manner in which they had hoodwinked their white brethren. But had they known all that had been transpiring they would not have felt so self-satisfied. As usual, quite a number of officers and orderlies rode at the head of the column, including a few of General Sheridan's staff.

As soon as the scheme of the Indians was discovered, I determined to seize the most prominent chiefs as hostages for the fulfilment of their promises regarding the coming on of the villages; but as for this purpose two hostages were as valuable as twenty, I allowed all but this number to take their departure apparently unnoticed. Finally, when none but Lone Wolf and Satanta remained, and they no doubt were prepared with a plausible excuse to bid us in the most improved Kiowa *au revoir*, the officers just referred to, at a given signal, drew their revolvers, and Lone Wolf and Satanta were informed through Romeo that they were prisoners.

G. A. CUSTER.

LINLEY ROCHFORD.

BY JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

CHAPTER X.

SOBER REALITIES.

A FEW days of quiet, monotonous existence slipped away for Linley. They were monotonous in their outward character at least, for the routine of incidents was much the same one day with another. But on Linley's mind and feelings they were contributing to form an impression that was always spreading and deepening. This was not exactly a sense of dissatisfaction and of disappointment, but rather a recognition of the profound necessity of stripping off exaggerated hopes and faiths in order to anticipate and avoid disappointment. "My master" was right when he acknowledged himself to be no hero, and Linley was now bravely making up her mind to the conviction that there are no heroes among men; or that if there were, they would not be lovable persons; or that if they did exist and were lovable, they would only love heroines, and therefore would be out of her range altogether. She had not as yet the slightest doubt that she loved her husband with woman's fullest love. But she could not help seeing some of his faults, even while, to do her justice, she always strove to think only of his good-nature, his generosity, his general kindness and frequent demonstrations of affection to herself. In her own mind she justified him. "When one justifies his faith," says a great religious thinker, "the faith is already dead within him, even though he knows it not." Certainly if Linley Rochford's faith was dead within her, she knew it not.

Laboring with constant good-will to do some kindness for the squalid and stolid poor of Dripdeanham, she had necessarily found out who was the owner of certain neglected tenements of which Mr. Tuxham had spoken to her on her first exploring day—the careless owner whom she had so vehemently declared that she would have put in the stocks. Alas! it was the good-natured epicurean who read the "Greek Anthology" of nights in the library when she had gone to her room, and who was always promising to make some gigantic effort in the way of beneficent reform, but again always putting it off. Now Mr. Platt had, as has already been mentioned, a great scheme for founding a model village in Dripdeanham, by pulling down all the dirty old cottages, building up new ones with the best modern conditions of ventilation, drainage, and water-supply, and then giving them to the old tenants at very cheap rents, but with strict stipulations as to cleanliness, order, and so forth. Mr. Platt in fact had a soul bursting with energy and benevolence, and having retired from business (he had risen from the condition of a Methodistical "navvy" to that of a great railway contractor), he had nothing to occupy himself with but doing good for somebody. Valentine highly approved of the scheme, but Rochford was hard to move. He would not sell; he would only vaguely undertake to do something some time. He seemed to have grown jealous of Platt's popularity and public spirit, and to see a sort of humiliation to himself in having the fortunes of his neglected tenantry bettered by other hands than his own. So he only laughed at Platt when that gentleman's back was turned; and kindly Mr. Platt was fully convinced that Rochford, with all his scholar-

ship, had some splendid plan of his own in hand into which he, Mr. Platt, could not see just yet, but which would astonish everybody when it came out.

Linley hoped so too, and was often quite reassured by the honest faith of Mr. Platt. Meanwhile Valentine worked very hard at papers and figures of all sorts on behalf of Mr. Rochford, whose business affairs were allowed to drift into periodical chaos until his friend came and reduced them to order. Rochford was soon going to town, Valentine had to return there almost immediately, and both wanted the periodical restoration to order completed as fast as possible. Valentine seemed to take as much pleasure in spells of Herculean work as in nightly rambles or lying down in the moonlight. Linley, who was not called to council, had many opportunities of observing, as if from a distance, what a great many things Valentine could do cleverly. Mr. Platt was always big with his benevolent schemes, and when he came and talked with Rochford it was almost always Valentine who answered and advised. All this Linley observed, wondering much how a man who seemed to understand and manage other people's affairs so well had not made a better way in the world for himself. She could only explain it by thinking of his odd, volatile ways, which probably indicated a character incapable of fixing itself steadily to any one pursuit. Sometimes, in the midst of a deep consultation with Mr. Rochford, he would jump from his chair, run to the piano, seat himself there, and become absorbed in playing some wailing air, which suddenly would change, perhaps, if anybody, even a servant, entered the room, into some fantastic and rattling dance music. A favorite attitude of his was to lean against the chimneypiece, bury his hands in his pockets, and pour out a volume of paradoxes or queer reflections and suggestions of thought. One odd thing about this was that he always seemed to be in earnest. He certainly never appeared to have any consciousness that he was trifling. He pursued the most trivial or absurd conceit with as much strenuous effort as if it were a thought on the solution of which half his life depended.

"Look here, Louis," he exclaimed one day as he took up his favorite position; "I have a grand idea for a picture—for the Academy; a classical subject—quite fresh and new! 'Vulcan chasing butterflies.' Don't you see?"

"I confess I don't," Rochford answered.

"Well, I think I do," said Linley.

"Woman's perception; quick, of course; at least that's the right thing to say," Valentine remarked; "but will you give us your guess, Mrs. Rochford?"

"It isn't very hard to guess; in fact I think one can't well avoid seeing it. I can't explain very brilliantly; but I suppose the idea is that of a very powerful and awfully—I can't help saying awfully—earnest and strenuous sort of character, busying itself with trifles; and——"

"And being frightfully earnest in running after them," Valentine interrupted. "Yes, that's the idea."

"Is there such a thing in real life?" Linley asked.

"In real life," Rochford said, "I fancy it is much more common to see people taking very serious things coolly and treating them lightly; and I would recommend as an antique allegory, with a moral for to-day, Vulcan dropping into a doze, with a flower falling from his half-opened lips and the armor of the gods lying unfinished on his anvil."

"Perhaps the two pictures only illustrate the same thing," Linley sug-

gested. "If Vulcan has tired himself out with chasing the butterflies, how can he help falling asleep over the work of the gods?"

"So we come to a bit of morality after all," Valentine said. "Mrs. Rochford, you may paint the picture yourself, having brought it to the proper purpose and made it useful. We'll send it to the Academy; and there shall be a verse from Dr. Watts under its name in the catalogue."

The next day Mr. Valentine was leaving for London. He had ever so many things to do, he said, and had outstaid his time.

"And now, Mrs. Rochford," he said, "I can release myself from responsibility with a good conscience and a merry heart. I hand over my lad Louis to your care. Don't spoil him too much. We men find him a capital fellow, with all his faults. I am not so sure of him in the hands of women; but I think I may trust him to you."

"But this is too solemn a leavetaking," Linley said—"as if Louis were going to lose you forever; and I. His house will still be yours as much as before. I shall not scare you away."

"I shall always like to think that he and I are the same old friends as ever. In fact—what nonsense!—of course we are. I seem to be growing sentimental. I shall invade you ever so often in town. As Louis must some time or other inevitably have married some woman, I am heartily glad, Mrs. Rochford, that he married *you*."

"Thank you; so am I. But you—do you never mean to marry some woman?"

"Never! How could I? Did I not tell you that both were faithless?"

"Both—who?"

"She who married the policeman, and she who was here the other day, and who would not marry me! No, Mrs. Rochford! The true heart loves but twice! Besides, I have a wife and children already provided for me."

"I don't understand——"

"It's quite true all the same. Ask Louis. But in sober seriousness, Mrs. Rochford, I am very happy. I ask of fortune nothing but that she will kindly let me alone; and even if she should find me sleeping on the edge of the well, not trouble herself to wake me. I shan't fall in. Good-by."

They were standing on the lawn, and he jumped into Rochford's brougham, which was waiting to take him to the station. As he disappeared Linley saw the bright boyish smile go out of his face, exactly as a light goes out.

"What does he mean, Louis, by saying that he has a wife and children already provided for him?" Linley asked.

"His brother's wife and children—two or three, I think. Valentine supports them altogether, I fancy."

"Is his brother dead?"

"His brother is dead; yes. I didn't know much of him. Its a long story."

"And she—is she nice?"

"Is who nice, Linley?"

"The sister-in-law, dear."

"I suppose so; I never saw her."

"How odd! I wonder you didn't ever go to see them."

"Well, it wouldn't do any good. I hardly knew anything of the brother; and there's a good deal to be said; and then Roche Valentine is rather sensitive, and might suspect me of wanting to help them with money, perhaps;

and then, Linley, to speak the honest truth and save you the trouble of finding it out, I am sadly indolent. I intend to do ever so many things, and I don't do them."

"Is that men's friendship?" Linley thought—"to know that one's dearest friend had a widow and orphans so near akin, and not even to see them? The world says many hard things of us women, but we don't act in that sort of way."

"I should like to see them and to know them," she said aloud, "if Mr. Valentine would have no objection."

"He couldn't, I think, have any objection," Rochford said rather eagerly. "You shall do my good works for me, Linley, henceforward, and be my saving angel. Truly I do need some such agent, for I feel sometimes that I am too good-for-nothing to be tolerated in life. But then you see Valentine is in magnificent health. He always says he doesn't know whether he has nerves and digestion or hasn't them."

"Does he do nothing—in the way of regular occupation?" Linley asked.

"Oh, yes; I believe so. He writes, I think, a good deal for newspapers and that sort of thing; and writes on science in some reviews. But I don't ask him much about his affairs; I don't think he cares to be asked. Is it not strange, Linley? He knows all about my affairs—knows many of them better, positively, than I do myself. He tells me what charities and schools and things to subscribe to, and what rents to lower and raise, and so forth. And I know hardly anything about his private life apart from mine."

"Strange indeed; I can't understand it. If two women were friends, they couldn't be like that."

She reflected a long time during the night, when she was alone, over the strangeness of this one-sided confidence. That Valentine was poor and proud would by no means, she thought, explain such a deficiency of reciprocity between two such devoted friends. "One of them does not really understand the other," she thought. "I am convinced of *that*. There will be a revealing some day. Either my master is mistaken in his Orestes, or Orestes is—but *that* cannot be."

"My master's" life was now very quiet, careless, and happy. He could hardly, it would seem, have found a wife better suited to his habits than Linley. She fell tranquilly into all his ways, and as yet she hardly ventured to question them, except in such rare and repressed impulses as people used to call diabolic temptations, when saints feel suddenly provoked to doubt the truth of the creed on which they have staked all. Mr. Rochford rose late, breakfasted with Linley, read newspapers, talked and listened; then went to his library and read there, unless some visitors came whom he wished to see. He lounged a little on the lawn and in the woods, but he did not care much for exercise. He really suffered greatly from dyspepsia, and he would not follow the kind of life which might probably have driven away his torment. He loved ease and easily attained amusement, and enjoyed a dinner that was good with a perilous and penal relish; and he desired above all things to avert discomfort or disturbance of any kind. A wife who passionately loved him would have been an intolerable distress to him; but he liked to know that a pretty and clever woman, who was affectionate and docile, was always at hand, could sit at his breakfast table and dinner table, entertain his guests and himself, and go away when he preferred to be left alone. Rochford was by no means a devoted admirer of women. Even in his youngest days he

never felt tempted to fall in love with any woman in any extravagant way. But it gave him great pleasure to be admired by women. "The desire of the man is for the woman," says a poetical proverb; "but the desire of the woman is for the desire of the man." This was not so with Mr. Rochford. His desire was not for the woman or the women, but for the admiration of the women.

Probably the strongest, purest, healthiest emotion he had ever felt in the way of love, was when he first came to know Linley and desired to make her his wife. He became determined when he saw in her clear eyes the evidence of her genuine and unrestrained admiration. But there was mingled even then in his feelings a thought which had some selfishness and some generosity in it—the thought that it would be well to marry a penniless girl who must know that she owed all to him. He was well satisfied thus far. Every day he said to himself that he was more satisfied. He congratulated himself upon his choice. He never thought so clever and sprightly a girl could prove to be so docile. He had always been afraid of women's tempers; and here was a woman who seemed to have no such thing as a temper. He was conscious, too, of his own defects—his lack of force of character and of high purpose, his sensuous love of ease, the indolence of even his better qualities. He did not want a stupid woman who had not sense enough to find out these defects. Concealment or hypocrisy would be an intolerable constraint to him. He wanted a tolerant, human, genial woman, who should know all about his defects and yet be the same to him. Roche Valentine knew all about him and his faults, and yet was unchanged to him. He believed he had found in Linley a wife who could show a love like in grain to that robust friendship.

And Linley? Well, she went her own way, occupied herself as she pleased, was absolute mistress of a great part of her time, and of more money than she had ever expected to see; and she assumed that this was a perfectly happy married condition. It was not what she had expected; but was it not probably a much better reality than the feverish dreams which poetry and romance called love? Could any woman admire her husband more and be fonder of him? Could any husband be kinder? Could any life be more free and happy? Surely not. If Mr. Rochford had certain failings, did she not well know her own defects? Was it to be supposed that a perfect man—could such a man live—would care to marry her? No; nothing could be happier than her life. It was so cosy and happy that she wondered there was so much anticipatory alarm and anxiety and doubt about marriage.

Thus she sometimes thought to herself as she rambled by the sea, and wondered whether the land of romance did not lie perhaps somewhere beyond the track which the sunlight made upon the waters. Sometimes when she slept at night she dreamed of the Rhine, and the quiet life of patient usefulness she led on its banks, and she started from sleep into wakefulness with the mere shock of finding that in her dream she was glad to be back there again.

Meanwhile Linley began to discover that in assuming the guardianship of little Sinda she had got the proverbial wolf by the ears. She found it difficult and perplexing to hold on, and she could not well let go. She had brought the girl home with her under the promptings of a sudden and kindly impulse, and because she thought she could do something in the way of propitiation to the immortal gods that they might not punish her for her too great happiness. Then the words of Mr. Tuxham piqued her, and she was anxious to prove that her impulse was not a mere ephemeral caprice, and that she really could

and would persevere in rescuing and educating the pretty little castaway. Nor did she in the least repent of her purpose, even as the days went on, and no father, brother, or other natural protector of the girl made his appearance. But it was hard to know what to do with Sinda. She was quick enough at learning to read and write and play the piano, and she shook off grammatical errors and defects of pronunciation with wonderful rapidity. Linley herself taught her for so many hours a day. But as to learning how to sew, or add up figures, or do anything useful of that kind, the girl simply would not or could not accomplish it. Then she quarrelled with the maids, for whom she professed openly the most utter contempt, and who despised her as a little beggar girl; and she showed, as Mr. Tuxham had remarked, an inauspicious partiality for the society of the grooms and the gardener's lads. She was put to a village school for a few days, but she was very soon returned on Mrs. Rochford's hands, for the girls, she said, insulted her—as they very probably did—and she had endeavored to take summary vengeance with a pair of scissors. On the whole it was clear to every eye that if she were suddenly thrust out upon the world she would go to destruction, and Linley would not do anything of the kind. The least hint of her being sent away reduced Sinda to passionate tears, entreaties, and submission; and Linley was easily melted. Sinda seemed all devoted to her; clung to her with the tenacious homage of a spaniel, and deprecated her anger as the spaniel does, by the abject pathos of grovelling at her feet.

Linley found it very hard to impress on Sinda any notion of the beauty of truth. The girl was at first a shocking little liar. She was intensely vain. She delighted to steal into Linley's bedroom when no one was there, and put on any of her benefactress's clothes or ornaments that she could find, and gaze at herself in the looking-glass. Linley found her thus engaged once or twice, and, unluckily perhaps, was too much amused to be very angry. Sinda, with a remarkably quick instinct, divined, perhaps before anybody else in the house did, the slightly whimsical and humorous side of Mrs. Rochford's character; the hidden drollery and thoroughly good-natured turn for satire that as yet had not come fully into play; and she knew how anger could be averted by provoking a smile. In truth, Linley was already beginning to be conscious that her life, whatever its compensations and its promise, was rather more lonely than she had expected it to be; and she was sometimes willing enough to be amused by the odd ways of the child.

Sometimes she saw in Sinda a thoughtless cruelty which was not excusable in any years beyond those of ignorant infancy—a pleasure in annoying birds and cats, and so forth. Now Linley's whole frame thrilled through with sensitive horror at the bare idea of cruelty. She shrank from physical pain herself, and shuddered at the idea of its malicious infliction on other creatures. So she was seriously angry with Sinda one day, and talked to her so eloquently that she really believed she had reached the girl's feelings. As a final appeal to her generous emotions—for Linley had immense faith in the generous emotions of human beings—she said:

“You know, Sinda, that you ought to be very careful not to give pain; for nobody here would give *you* pain. Some very good people have told me that I ought to have you whipped when you do wrong; but I would not have *you* hurt. You ought not to give hurt to any other creature.”

“But you may whip me, if you like,” pleaded Sinda quite earnestly. “Nobody else shall; but you may. I'd rather you whipped me every day

than send me away. I don't mind the pain a bit; and I'll not cry—unless you like me to. Would you like to whip me? Oh, do—do!"

She laid her hand on Linley's arm, and looked up to her with such a sincere expression of a wish to be whipped if it would give Linley any pleasure, that our heroine became impressed with a sense of absurdity and could hardly keep from laughing.

"Well, Sinda," she said, "I want you to be kind and good without punishment; and you won't hurt animals any more, will you? And now run out into the lawn and wait for me there."

"The child means no harm," she said to herself; "and I must only wait until better and clearer ideas come to her. There is good in her, and it will come out. It's of no use mere preaching; and I am not good at that sort of thing. The poor girl evidently thought it ought to be as much of an amusement to me to punish her as to her to annoy the cat and the peacock. Sermons are thrown away. Time and example will teach her better."

So it came to this, that Sinda was a good deal more in Linley's company than Linley had at first intended. She could not be left to quarrel with the maids or to romp with the grooms. Linley bore her burden cheerfully, but the difficulty was to know what to do with the girl now that they were about to go to town.

"What am I to do with my little Old Girl of the Sea, Louis?" Linley said one day to her husband as they sat at luncheon alone.

"That little thing? Anything you like, love—only don't bring her to town."

"Not to town?" Linley asked in a half-plaintive voice, having had a faint shadow of a hope that she might be allowed to take Sinda to London, where she might be better taught and trained, and would be less liable to quarrels and other evil influences than in Dripdeanham, where her antecedents were only too well known.

"No, dear; oh no. What could we do with her in town?"

"But what is to be done with her here, when we are away? She doesn't get on very well with anybody."

"Well, then, let her get off."

"I know you don't mean that."

"Send her to school somewhere. Or let her stay here and fight it out as best she can."

"I feel quite unhappy about her."

"Unhappy about *her*? Linley, my love, you talk rather nonsensically. As long as she has enough to eat and drink and wear, what do you think she cares? As for quarrelling, I fancy she can take pretty good care of herself. You needn't trouble."

"It seems to me as if I had taken on myself the whole responsibility of the girl's future," Linley said with a sigh. "It weighs on me in a way that I can't explain."

"Dear child, don't try to explain it. I dare say the urchin will get on in life well enough for that sort of girl. You may put out of your head any notion that you or anybody else could control her future. When you have seen a little more of the world, Linley, you will be rid of the notion that you can remould a human character."

"Please, Louis, don't make me despondent and faint-hearted too soon."

"I only want you to see the truth, dear."

"You didn't like my taking that girl from the first," said Linley, not angrily or in complaint, but gently and almost in a penitent tone. "I know you didn't think it wise and sensible; and I suppose I ought to have followed your thought, though you didn't say so. I almost wish I had now, Louis. But it seemed hard and cruel to desert the poor thing—I mean cruel of me, having once taken her up; and I so wish always to do some good!"

"My dear Linley, do all the good you can; amuse yourself in any philanthropic ways you like. Keep the girl as long as you please—here in the country, I mean. I will never interfere with any of your projects; and when she is a little more grown, or you are fairly tired of her, we can get her a situation somewhere, or she will marry somebody. Things will all come right enough; and at the very worst you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you acted from a kindly motive."

"You are very good," said Linley; "and I don't by any means despair yet, Louis! That girl has a good heart."

"I dare say," said Rochford carelessly. "I doubt if there are many really bad hearts in the world. Did they say that the piano and the pictures had come all right?"

"Quite right. Then, Louis, you think we can't take Sinda to town?"

"No, dear; by no means. We hear quite enough of her in the country, Linley. I want you to be perfectly free in indulging all your whims, Linley, but you know, dear, the worst thing about whims of any kind is that they are apt to come up rather often in one's conversation; and the effect is not exactly amusing."

There was a certain decisiveness in Mr. Rochford's easy tone which Linley could not fail to understand. Indeed, in every way that gentleman made it gently perceptible to those around him that he would not endure being bored. His own maxim was, that it saved trouble and vexation to all parties if from the first one showed that he was determined not to be bored. Then people let him alone, and thereby all occasion for rudeness or clash of temper was saved. His pretty young wife had not been a week at home with him when she learned that she must not bore him any more than anybody else.

"My master will indulge me in all my fads, and pay whatever they cost," she said to herself, "but he must not hear too much about them. Well, he is in the right! That is quite fair. I must do my part by amusing my master."

So she put all serious thoughts away for the hour, and set herself to amuse her master, which she did, we regret to say, by satirizing people and saying pleasant little ill-natured things. Mr. Rochford laughed several times, and she had her reward, although she thought of Mr. Valentine's warning words meanwhile, and wondered whether this was really all she was destined to do for her husband.

CHAPTER XI.

UNCLE ROCHE.

THE wife and family whom Roche Valentine had spoken of as already provided for him, he had established in a little cottage in one of the northern suburbs of London. Their story is easily told. Roche's younger brother, to whom he was very much attached in their early days, seemed at first to have inherited a genius for spending money which had belonged to many of his predecessors in the times when the old family of the Valentines had plenty of

money to spend. Midway in a foolish career he fell in love with a pretty girl who had no money, but had heart and brains, and who loved him. He married her, to the anger of all his friends and with the warm approval of Roche. He went to the bar with Roche's help. Roche and he had the same chambers; he withdrew from all society, devoted himself to his wife, his young children, his career. Everything looked bright, when suddenly fate interposed and bade him begone. "Roche, you'll take care of her," were his last words to the brother in whom he still had the boyish faith, unconquered by hard facts, that Roche could do anything.

Roche could at least do that. He settled the widow and her children—two boys and one little girl—in a cottage, as has been said, and he took the family under his charge. His brother had insured his life, and Roche invested the sum—it was not much—and squeezed his own income shrewdly to help it out, without allowing the widow to know half what he did for her. Whenever he had an evening disengaged he went out to the cottage to keep things in order for her, and to teach the elder boy the rudiments of Latin and Greek, in order to qualify him for the university of London, Oxford or Cambridge being clearly out of the question. Thus it befell that one evening, immediately after Valentine's return from Dripdeanham, his sister-in-law and her children were expecting a visit from "Uncle Roche." Three years had gone by since his brother's death, and Annie Valentine, the widow, though not wearing "weeds," had the mourning in her dress as well as her face. She was rather a tall woman, with an intelligent countenance and a sympathetic manner. The purple light of youth had been prematurely extinguished for her, and she seemed already to have approached middle age. She had a fine figure, stately and firm, and an expression, if there might be such a thing, of cheerful sadness. Between her and her brother-in-law a natural affection and confidence had gradually sprung up.

Mrs. Valentine stood in the front garden of the house (a little enclosure about the size of a table cloth) with her two boys, aged respectively twelve and ten, and a toddling lassie of five. It was a fine sunny evening of early summer, and the leaves of the trees were already deepening in tint from their most delicate green. The house stood in a little road or lane just off the highway. The lane had been one of the delicious walks which are peculiar to English country life; but the growth of the suburbs and the nearness of the railway station had given it up already to little villas and cottages, with stucco walls, and doors enlightened with squares of colored glass, and cypresses in the front gardens.

"Uncle Roche!" the elder boy shouted, and scampered out of the garden and down the road.

"Uncle Roche!" the other shrilly echoed, and ran after through the dust, making such vigorous movements that to those who looked after him the soles of his sturdy boots seemed to rise almost as high as his head at every plunge.

Uncle Roche presently appeared, ploughing through the dusty road, with one boy held by each hand. He greeted his sister-in-law affectionately, and then lifted the little girl high in air, straight above his head at arms' length, and suddenly brought her down out of breath, puffing, and eagerly imploring him to do it again.

"Uncle Roche, I have three chapters of Sallust for you and a Greek exercise!" the elder boy exclaimed.

"And I know all my geography," screamed the younger.

"Poor Uncle Roche!" said the pitying mother. "Now, my dears, do let your uncle alone, or he'll never come here any more;" for each boy, with a noble disregard for anybody's interest but his own, was endeavoring to drag Uncle Roche the particular way he would have him to go.

Uncle Roche, however, let the boys hang on and pull as they liked, while he paced up and down the garden talking with Mrs. Valentine, so that they trailed along with him like barnacles to the side of a boat. The little girl trotted beside her mamma. A passer-by would probably have thought it a very charming picture of married love and domestic happiness—this rather melancholy meeting of a widowed wife and a lonely, purposeless bachelor.

"Stayed at Dripdeanham longer than I intended to, Annie," Roche explained. "Rochford wanted some help in putting things to rights. I was longing to see you all."

"All your life, Roche, seems to go in looking after us and looking after him."

"How could a fellow's life go better, girl, than in looking after his sister and his friend?"

"Shall we never be able to take care of ourselves and release you?"

"I hope not. I like taking care of people; it makes one feel such a superior being. But, Mrs. Annie, are we not to have any tea? I should like a river of tea."

"A river of tea?" the little girl asked with wondering eyes.

"Yes, little Annie. Did you never hear of the river of tea that flowed between banks of bread and butter, covered with strawberry jam; and the river rolled over rocks of sugar and melted them, and a shower of milk came instead of rain, and fell into the river of tea; and when the river reached the giant's country the giant came out of his castle and drank it all up—did you never hear that story, Annie?"

"No, Uncle Roche," said the preternaturally grave little blue-eyed maid. "Tell me the story."

"I'll tell you all the story after tea. Just now I am going to show you what the giant did."

"Did the giant eat all the bread and jam?" asked the younger boy, with quickening interest, as he discovered a sort of allegorical meaning in the fable.

"No, I don't think he did. I rather think—but mind, Fred, I only say I *rather* think—that the giant gave the bread and jam to be eaten by two little giants and a very little giantess who happened to be with him at the time."

Fred seemed relieved and gratified at this liberal and proper arrangement on the part of the mature giant. Annie's intellect was hardly yet up to the mark of the allegorical and personal application. Arthur, the elder boy, was not sorry that the explanation had been elicited, but did not conceive that the dignity of a student of Sallust would allow of any interest either in mythological giants or in real strawberry jam.

The whole group then entered the house. It was a pretty little cottage, furnished with a very graceful and almost artistic simplicity. If compared with its near neighbors, it would have seemed poor and bare perhaps, for in the small suburban houses of London the occupiers seem to make it their business and their pride to cram up every little room with as many tables, chairs, mirrors, ottomans, footstools, curtains, screens, furniture pictures and furniture books, as the dimensions of floor and walls will allow. This done to present satisfaction, the windows are then darkened with boxes of ferns and

pots of flowers, until the whole concern resembles a Strasburg goose—stuffed, stifling, and darkling. Mrs. Valentine's cottage suggested, above all things, physical health and intellectual brightness. There was an air of simple and pure reality about it which suited the woman who occupied it.

It had come to be a sort of routine in the little household that while tea was being prepared Master's Arthur's classical lessons should have precedence of everything else. Accordingly Valentine disposed himself in a chair near the open window, and Arthur brought his books, and they plunged first into the Greek verbs and then into Sallust.

Arthur read out at the top of his voice some pictures of the wicked Catiline from the condensed edition in which he studied. "For the mind impure, hostile to gods and men, neither by watchings nor by rests could be quieted, so conscience disturbed his excited mind. Therefore his color bloodless, his eyes foul, his walk now quick now slow; frenzy was in his face," etc.

Arthur suddenly stopped and looked up inquiringly at his tutor.

"What a very wicked man, Uncle Roche! I wonder if there are any men so wicked now?"

"Well, Arthur, if there are, I don't think they show their wickedness quite so plainly in their face and their walk and all the rest of it as Catiline seems to have done. Don't you think it was very foolish of Catiline as a conspirator to go staggering along in this absurd sort of way, letting everybody see what a terrible villain he must have been?"

"I wouldn't go on so if I was he," exclaimed Arthur.

"But, Arthur, you wouldn't be a wicked man like that?" Fred remonstrated.

"If I was, I wouldn't let everybody know it like that."

"Some people now think that perhaps he was not such a very wicked man, Arthur," Valentine said.

"Oh, do they, Uncle Roche? But it's all down here, you know."

"Yes, Arthur, but perhaps he had enemies, you know—people who didn't like him. You see if he was such a very bad man, plotting to kill all the good men like Cicero, and to take their money, it seems strange that he shouldn't take a little more pains to hide it."

"So it does," Arthur said thoughtfully. "But Sallust says it here."

"Perhaps Sallust made a mistake. When people don't agree in politics even now, Arthur, they are apt to think each other very wicked and to call hard names. But we'll get on with the book, and we'll see more about it."

"Roche," interposed Annie, pausing teapot in hand as she was making the tea, "what terrible lessons of unbelief are these you are teaching my boy?"

"Can't begin too soon, Annie, with the grand principles of historical skepticism. Half the evils in the world have come from the stupidity of blindly believing every one his own side of history. Always accustom yourself to question the accepted tradition. Don't be afraid of the conventional. A bold question in time may sometimes save the lives of the best men in two armies, or the comfort of a generation. I am bringing up Arthur on the grand principle of eyes open and study for yourself."

When the lessons were all done and the tea was over, and while the sunlight still lingered, Roche and the children went gardening in the ground at the back of the cottage. They watered flowers, put in new plants, snipped away decaying leaves, nailed up falling vine-stems, dug out hopeless roots, mended palings. Roche goes now high up on a ladder, now in the branches of a tree,

and now seated complacently astride a wall. Wherever he went he generally managed to pull the two boys after him. As he sat on the top of a wall some eight or ten feet high, his eye caught sight of a creeper which had got itself partly imbedded in a little cleft of the wall, and was likely to be squeezed and cramped there.

"Run along the wall, Arthur," he said, "lift that creeper out, and come back."

The boy tripped along the narrow ridge as deftly as a rope-dancer, settled the creeper, turned round, and ran back again as if he had been walking on the broad earth.

Annie, who was seated below with the little girl, looked up breathless, but did not speak. Valentine threw himself lightly off his wall, dropped to the ground as easily as if he had floated, and went up to her.

"Part of my principles of tuition, Annie," he said. "I'm glad you had the courage not to raise an alarm. My boys shall have no such things as nerves. There isn't any greater difficulty in walking along a strip of eight inches breadth at the height of eight feet from the ground than in walking between these two flower beds, if one hadn't nerves. I suffered dreadfully from that sort of thing, and I shall never quite get over it. I have only conquered my nerves so far as not to expose my feelings and to do everything in spite of them, but the feelings are there all the same. Arthur and Fred have already about as much knowledge of what nerves are as a kitten or a goat."

Annie looked resigned although a mother, for she had great faith in Valentine; but she could have wished perhaps for an order of things in which it would not be necessary that boys should climb or run along the tops of high walls.

"Now then, Arthur, jump down," said Valentine, standing with apparent carelessness beneath him. Master Arthur jumped without a second's hesitation. Roche caught him under the arms as he descended, and swung him lightly and safely to the ground.

When they returned to the house Roche played the piano and sang comic songs for the children, and told little Annie some superb stories of giants and ogres. Little Annie then was conveyed to her crib by her mother, and Roche talked to the boys, who were allowed to stay up to a later hour. The evening passed quietly and happily away. Annie the elder came down after having seen Annie the younger to bed, and she too played and sang—sang ballads in a low, sweet tone, almost like a recitative, that blended deliciously with the soft summer air, the perfume of roses and mignonette and sweetbrier floating in through the open windows and the deepening twilight. Roche sat silent and enjoyed the quiet, the music, the hour. Then the boys too bade him good-night and were taken away by their mother.

Roche Valentine was left alone for a short time. He leaned out of the window and dreamily watched the stars that began to sparkle in the pale violet of the sky. The moment active motion ceased with Valentine he fell at once into dreamland. After a while he went to the piano again and played some soft, low, and melancholy notes—so slow and faint that they were only the accompaniment of his vaguely wandering thoughts. The room was growing dark, and his soul had floated so far away into the blue ether of the ideal that he almost started when the voice of his sister-in-law sounded in the room and recalled him to reality.

"Now, Roche, I want to talk to you; and I hadn't a chance all night. Come away from that piano and turn round."

"Round it is! Behold me. Now then—talk away, my dear. Would you like your lamp lighted?"

"No; let us have the twilight just for a few moments. I want to put you to the question, Roche."

Roche formally buried his hands in his pockets, assumed an air of profound attentiveness, and murmured, "Had I three ears I'd hear thee!"

"Tell me, Roche, what is the matter with you?"

"Matter, Mrs. Annie? Nothing at all."

"Oh, yes there is. Don't I see it? Can I help watching you? Who has the same interest in you that I have?"

"True enough, dear," he said kindly, and taking one hand from his pocket to touch her hand. "I always feel that I have some motive in living while you and the boys are to the fore."

"We owe you all——"

"You owe me nothing, Annie; on the contrary, don't I tell you that any pleasure I have in existence, or motive in wishing it to be prolonged, is entirely because I have you to take care of. But now, like a good woman, don't let us have any more of that. If you will question, question; if you will take interest, take interest; but none of your gratitude or stuff of that sort. Whatever you do, Annie, don't rouse my temper! Beware of the British lion!"

"I don't believe you were ever out of temper in your life."

"That's all you know about it yet! Beware."

"You want to turn me away from my inquiries, Roche, but you can't succeed. You had better meet the trial at once——"

"Face the music, as our American friends say," Roche interjected.

"I don't understand the metaphor, but no matter. Tell me what has gone wrong with you lately. Do tell me, Roche."

"Indeed, my dear, nothing has gone wrong with me. You know yourself that there's nothing, or next to nothing, to go wrong. Here am I in perfect health—feel that biceps! I am of sane mind; my pulse as thine doth temperately keep time! I don't owe any man anything. I have no care of wedded strife. I have given up authorship, and therefore can't have to writhe under disparaging criticism, and can always tell myself of the wonderful things I might have done if I had only tried. What could go wrong with me?"

"Perhaps nothing is positively wrong; but I often think that life must seem blank and dull to you, and perhaps something has made you feel this lately."

He shook his head.

"Nothing of the sort," he said. "Of course you mean love and marriage and all that sort of thing; you women please yourselves by imagining that all our troubles and joys must come from you. There isn't a woman in the world, dear, that I would marry. There isn't a woman in the world, except yourself, I would sacrifice an evening's read or ramble for. Come, will that answer your questions beforehand?"

"Well, yes—to some extent; and I am glad to hear it, Roche; and sorry too. I am glad because it would be such a painful thing if I could suppose that you remained unmarried because of any supposed obligation to us——"

"Absurd!" Roche said. "My dear Annie, you ought to know by this time that I am the creature of egotistic impulse. I never could think of any obligations. If I had had any longing for matrimony, you may be sure I would have gratified it long ago. I am no philanthropist; I am all self! I

look after you and the children only because I like it and it gives me occupation."

"Still I am sorry. I told you why I was glad, didn't I, now? I am sorry that your youth should be passing away without any love in it. Such a pity—you who could be so happy, and who could make a woman so happy!"

"Well," Valentine said slowly, and with an appearance of profound consideration; "you are a sensible woman, Annie, and if you really think I ought to marry somebody, I'll do it! No one could know better than you what would be likely to make me happy. I'll leave it all in your hands. You choose the woman and make the proposal, and all that. I make no stipulations as to beauty or manners—even the conventional number of eyes and limbs; I trust wholly to you. Engage the woman first, and let the clergyman send me a telegram fixing the day and hour, and I'm there. Now then!"

"What nonsense! Well, it isn't *that* then that troubles you. Has it anything to do with Mr. Rochford? I think it has."

Valentine pulled his beard once or twice, then got up from his chair and took his position by the chimneypiece.

"Look here, Annie; I'll speak out as frankly as if I were in the confessional—and you'll see how little after all you will come to know. But you shall know as much as I do myself, dear. Well, then, I think I *am* a little concerned about Louis Rochford. Why, I can hardly explain or even guess."

"He hasn't changed at all—to you?"

"To me, Annie? Oh, no; nothing of the kind. Men don't change in antediluvian friendships like ours; but I do think I see a growing alteration—a sort of—I don't like to say the word, but, confound it! it must come out—a sort of degeneracy in his character setting in. Of course he was always indolent, and that; but now it seems almost impossible to get him to shake off his indolence. If things go on as they are doing, I foresee a time when he will have no power over himself but just to indulge himself as he likes."

"Roche, I always thought Mr. Rochford a profoundly selfish man—always."

"But, Annie, you don't know him, and how could you think anything at all about it? Now, please, don't tell me anything about the instincts and intuitions of woman, for you know I don't believe in such nonsense any more than—well, than you do yourself."

"I studied Mr. Rochford only through your own descriptions, which were always of course colored by your friendship. But even in these, Roche, I read of a selfish nature, a man all egotism."

"Then my descriptions must have been very badly done, Annie; and anyhow selfishness and egotism are very different things, my dear. But at present I confess that Louis Rochford does seem to me to be degenerating."

"You have not told me anything yet about his wife, and you might have supposed that I am very curious to know."

"You see, Annie, I am not much of a judge of women, and I might give you a wrong impression; and then perhaps I am prejudiced, for I think it was a stupid thing of Rochford to get married at his time of life."

"His time of life? Why, he is not so much older than you, is he?"

"Three or four years, but that's too old. After thirty a man's habits are fixed. I am nearly six-and-thirty. Rochford's wife is a mere child compared with him."

"How old is she, Roche? Make a guess."

"I hardly know. One or two-and-twenty perhaps."

"Is she pretty?"

"Very."

"Is she clever?"

"Very clever, I think."

"Is she fond of him?"

"She seems very fond of him."

"Then, Roche, what is there to alarm you in all that?"

"She is very young, and he isn't. She knows nothing about him yet, and she doesn't seem, so far, to have any influence over him, or to try to have any."

"My dear Roche, what influence could a girl of that age have over a man like him?"

"That's just the thing I don't like in the whole affair. Rochford married her out of a whim, thinking he had got a pretty little toy to play with, and then put away on the shelf until he wanted it again. Now, I don't think this girl is going to turn out a mere toy. I think she has talent and character, and is likely to have a good deal of the contemptuous and scornful about it. Rochford teaches her to make fun of other people's ways and weaknesses; see if she doesn't have a quick eye to find out his own."

"But, Roche, my dear, you talk like a boy, or like a man who never had a wife. Every woman finds out her husband's weaknesses just as he does hers, but she doesn't love him a bit the less. Women don't love men, dear, for being blameless; they love them because—well, because they love them."

"Yes, but how does this little thing know whether she loves him or not? I tell you, Annie"—and he now spoke with even more than his habitual energy—"I don't think this pair of people will get on. I wish to heaven he had married a pretty doll, or a matured woman of developed character and experience. I know all Louis Rochford's defects, and they don't change *me* to him. He's just the sort of man not to do with a wife; but if he would marry, he ought either to have had a feeble-minded innocent, who would have passed her whole existence on her knees before him in admiration, or a woman of strength and judgment who could have ruled him."

"If this young woman be really good and clever, you can't tell what influence she may come to have over him in time."

"I don't see it, somehow. She is satirical and whimsical, and, I dare say, self-conceited."

"You don't much like her, Roche?"

"Well, you see, I am concerned about him rather than about her. I doubt if she has found her true place in life. I doubt if they won't spoil each other."

"Do people like her at Dripdeanham?"

"Tom Tuxham adores her, scolds her, and thinks her an angel of light. The Platts like her, and they'll never know whether she laughs at them or not. The Dripdeanham blockheads don't know what to make of her, because she goes about there half the day, taking long rambles on the strand and the hills, and because she has taken a little dark-eyed ragamuffin of a girl and is bringing her up to be a lady."

"What a kind thing! but how odd for a woman only just married!" said Annie, wondering much internally why Mrs. Rochford did not at least wait a little to see whether she was not to have children of her own to take care of.

"Most things that she does seem exactly that—kind and odd; and that is just why I don't feel sure about the way in which the affair will turn out. Perhaps I am a gloomy prophet of unnecessary evil; perhaps it is all because I have an idea that Rochford isn't the sort of man to have a wife; or, Heaven

knows, perhaps it's all because I should like him better without a wife. Anyhow, Annie, I've made a clean breast of my troubles to you. You know all now that I do; it generally comes to that in the end."

"My mind is greatly relieved," said Annie, "as you are not personally concerned. But I think you look at things quite too gloomily; and, Roche, I rather like this young wife as you have pictured her."

"I must be a marvellous portrait painter then, for I find that I generally manage to convey the very opposite idea to that which I have in my mind. Yet I don't dislike this second Mrs. Rochford, Annie. No, I think I try to dislike her, but I don't quite succeed. At least I dislike her only because Louis Rochford has been silly enough to marry her."

"Roche, I never could understand your admiration for Mr. Rochford."

"But, dear, I don't admire him. I can't admire him. I have only a friendship, an affection for him; some sense of old companionship, something brotherly. I think we must have been foster brothers; at least we ought to have been, his mother so loved us both, and we were always together. When we were at school and at college I thought he was the cleverest fellow in all the world, and I believe he thought the same of me. Do you remember the story of the Irish gentleman running up to somebody whom he mistook for a friend, and who mistook him, and then falling back with the apology, 'I thought it was you and you thought it was me, and faix, it was neither of us' ? Very like, I thought Rochford was destined to turn out something wonderful, and he thought it was me, and, faix, it was neither of us."

Roche Valentine's voice had a peculiar vibration, a tremble in it, which gave a pathetic quality sometimes to its most careless tones, and expressed to a listener of any intelligence the emotion which Valentine did not put into words or manner. His listener now read a story of disappointment double and deep, in the tone which told his jocular anecdote. The dusk of evening had quite gathered by this time, and silence fell for a while on the pair. Perhaps the silence and the darkness were the truer conductors for the sympathy which the widowed woman gave to the brother of her lost husband, the more than brother of her heart. Neither spoke of that subject any more.

Then the lamp was lighted by the one servant whom Mrs. Valentine kept, and Annie went to work at some sewing, which seldom was long absent from her hand, and Valentine plunged into calculations about expenses, payments, repairs, improvements, what he must get the landlord to do, what roots and flowers he must bring from town, whether anything better could be done in the way of investing Annie's little money, when they might be thinking of sending the elder boy to University College school, and a whole host of little details only interesting to the widow, and the brother who made all her cares his own. Many a man of higher nature and wider benevolence than Roche Valentine would have found it impossible to throw his soul into all these little matters. But nature had endowed Valentine with a peculiarity of temperament which made the affairs of other people always more interesting to him than his own. He was a model of prudence, care, caution, and energy for his brother's widow; he was half consumed with anxiety about his friend's future; he had allowed his own youth to drift away purposeless, and was now permitting his manhood to float after it.

When it was time for him to return to town, he bade his sister-in-law an affectionate good-night, promised to come down again soon, observed just as he was leaving that the wooden latch of the little front garden gate required to be better fixed, got a hammer then and there and put it to rights, gave An-

nie the hammer again, told her she ought not to be out in the night air any longer, and went his way. He always walked home to London in whatever weather; and these night walks were among his especial delights. He smoked his meerschaum; he sang old songs or scraps from operas, in a low tone at first, then gradually swelled loud enough to remind him that there might be people with ears somewhere near; he recited long passages of Homer and Shakespeare and Goethe; he talked to himself aloud; he looked on approaching London from various points of view, and moralized or made little romances for himself as this or that road, house, scene, or incident suggested; he allowed every whimsy to have its way, gave himself up for the time to himself and his humor, and was remarkably happy. Many of his neighbors in the Temple, where Valentine lived several flights of stairs up, considered him a dissipated, disorderly, and turbulent young man when they heard him mounting his stairs at one or two o'clock in the morning, singing rather loudly as he climbed. But Valentine had just come, perhaps, from looking up his sister-in-law's accounts, had had nothing since tea, and being hungry and tired sat down when he came home to a piece of dry bread, perhaps a sardine, a glass of spirit and cold water, and a read of anything first rate of its class, he didn't care what it was—perhaps Plato, perhaps Plautus, perhaps Chaucer, perhaps Boswell's "Life of Johnson."

THE ROCK AND THE FLOWER.

RIFE with deep meaning, deep and pure, we deem
 That antique myth, of Grecian fancy born,
 Which saith that somewhere near the gates of morn
 Loomed a dark rock, midmost the ocean stream
 That thundered 'round it like a troublous dream;
 Midmost the waters, from its desolate height,
 Moveless, it views the tumult with calm scorn,
 As if those waves, so wild in turbulent might,
 Were but the ghosts of billows—their loud roar
 A phantom sound rolled down a phantom shore—
 Void, powerless, and unreal! . . . yet if one,
 Pure-handed from some golden inland "swell,"
 Should pluck that flower men call the Asphodel,
 And, braving wind and tide, and clouded sun,
 Touch with its tiniest leaves the mystic rock,
 Shaken as 'twere beneath an earthquake's shock,
 The Titan cliff would strangely heave and sway,
 Quivering from base to summit.

Thus, O heart!

Unmoved while ravening anger hurls its spray
 Of passion round and o'er thee like a sea,
 Ah! what sweet feeling stirs the blood in thee,
 And how thy wakened pulses thrill and start,
 When, dropped as dew from sacred calms above,
 Falls the first whisper of a voice of love!

PAUL HAYNE.

LINGUISTIC AND LITERARY NOTES AND QUERIES.

III.

"ENGLISH DEFILED."

AMONG the criticisms of the Department reports which accompanied the President's Message at the opening of the present session of Congress, was one of a strictly verbal character. Such criticisms are rare, rarer than they should be, upon our public documents, including our acts of Congress and our State laws, which for some years past have been so carelessly worded and so confused in their construction that it can hardly be but that, in years to come, misunderstanding and doubt will arise as to the meaning of many of them, and consequently serious trouble. This inexcusable slovenliness, and the contrast presented thereto by the care and precision as to style in the making of the Constitution of the United States, I have previously remarked upon.* That instrument, and the laws passed by Congress in the earliest years of the Federal Republic, are models of simplicity and clearness of expression, which it would be well for the official persons and the legislators of our day to study and to follow. Very rarely does it happen that there is any doubt as to the construction or the real meaning of a passage in any one of those laws, other than such as must arise when the necessarily imperfect instrument of human expression, language, is used by more than one person at more than one time. For with all our efforts toward its perfection, the meaning of language cannot be made absolutely and permanently precise and certain. It can hardly be trusted as it is used between man and man for the moment; and indeed it may be doubted whether in all speech, which is the only real language, the speaker (that is, his character, tone of mind, views of life, and immediate feeling and purpose) is not such an essential element of meaning, that what is once uttered can never be again exactly repeated. The word perishes in its utterance, dies in its birth, and can never again be restored to its full life, except under exactly the same circumstances—the speaker the same, the hearer the same, their surroundings and state of mind the same as they were when it was spoken; a recurrence which can never happen. But as practically words must be regarded as having a fixable and generally accepted, if not a lasting and universally understood meaning, this element of change and uncertainty in language is only a reason for the greater care and precision in its use on all occasions of general and enduring importance.

To return to the Secretary of the Navy and the sins against English with which he is charged. Hardly had his report been published, when one of our daily newspapers which has long held a high position as an authority in literature no less than in politics and on social questions—a paper with which are connected the names of Bryant, and Parke Godwin, and of late Sidney Howard Gay—the "Evening Post," fell upon the hapless Secretary in an editorial article headed "English Defiled," in which he was sorely chastened for using two words, *eventuality* and *canalized*. These the critic placed without hesitation in the class of words that are not words. Secretary Robeson wrote that the coming transit of Venus seemed to him an occurrence of such scientific importance, that he had determined to put a government ship at the service

* "Words and their Uses," pp. 36-38.

of a party of observers, "under any eventuality now considered." This use of *eventuality* was thus censured:

What he means to say is that he will do this under any circumstances, or contingency, or event. "Eventuality" is a very poor word at the best, and of doubtful birth. It has a place in the best dictionaries, it is true, but its origin is laid to the score of what is called phrenology, and appears to have been due to the desire of some "professor" to get a new name for an old bump. In that technical sense it means a "propensity to take cognizance of facts or events." Its misuse, into which Secretary Robeson has fallen, is common among a class of newspaper reporters, and those persons who prefer sound to sense.

The exception, in certain respects, seems to be well taken. *Eventuality* is certainly a poor word at the best, at least for English-speaking folk to use. It belongs to a class which might well be swept out, or kept out, of the language, and which the persons described do use in a very unadmirable and unenglish way. But as to its meaning, if it is to be admitted to use at all, being only "a propensity to take cognizance of facts or events," that is at least doubtful. That is the only definition of it which is given in Worcester's Dictionary, and substantially in Webster's, which hold and deserve so high an authoritative position as to definition. That is its technical phrenological meaning. So far it is little better than a cant word, and must be so regarded until phrenology takes a recognized place among the sciences. It is not recognized as an English word in Latham's edition of "Johnson." But in Stormonth's "Etymological Dictionary," recently published, and yet little known in America, but which, in so far as I have examined it, is on the whole the most valuable existing handbook of the English language, *eventuality* is defined as meaning "the coming or happening as a consequence; contingency; dependence upon an uncertain event; an organ in phrenology, said to enable one to note and compare all the active occurrences of life." Here even the technical or cant meaning of the word seems to be more clearly set forth than by either Worcester or Webster; and as to the real or etymological definition previously given, it is hard to see how, if the word is recognized at all, that meaning can be denied to it. Taking *event* as the base, if we are to go on and build up a system of verb, adjective, and adverb, upon it—if we are to have the verb *eventuate*, the adjective *eventual*, and the adverb *eventually*—how can we consistently stop short of *eventuality*? *Eventual*, which is the French *éventuel*, means "happening as a consequence," and *eventuality*, the noun formed upon it, must mean "the coming or happening as a consequence." The technical phrenological use of the word is purely arbitrary, and if not cant, at least cantish. Its real etymological meaning, that which logically comes from the combination of its base, *event*, with the suffixes *al* and *ity*, is that which is given by Stormonth, "the coming or happening as a consequence"—just the sense in which it was used by Secretary Robeson.

Nevertheless it is a word which the Secretary might better not have used, and which every man who would write good English may well eschew. For after all our double suffixing we get only a pretentious word of five syllables, which means no more than *event* itself. Our journey brings us back just whence we started. *Event* is "that which happens or comes to pass, the conclusion, the consequence of anything"; the difference between which and the definition given above of *eventuality* is not quite equal to that between tweedledum and tweedledee.* And the same reasoning applies to *eventuate*, which

* So Edward Freeman, distinguished hardly less as a philologist than as a historian:

"We have heard in modern times of 'oppressed nationalities'—a form of words which, I suppose, means much the same as oppressed nations"—*Comparative Politics*, p. 84.

These *alities* are often poor stuff; and some of the *osities* are not much better.

means, to come out as a result—a meaning for the expression of which it is not at all necessary to use such a word. For the English way of expressing that meaning is to use the word *event* as a verb, as it has heretofore been used. We have made the word *event* from the Latin; and it is our English way to use words both as nouns and verbs. That is a marked trait of the English language, examples of which will crowd upon every reader, for they are countless; and should we abandon that usage, our language would lose not only one of its striking features, but one great element of its strength. It is the free use of words, without regard to the grammatical distinctions of verb, noun, adjective, and adverb, but with a clear apprehension of their inherent meaning, that gives to Elizabethan English that force, and pungency, and picturesqueness which, with all the later refinements and enrichments of our tongue, even our best writers find it difficult, nay, quite impossible to attain. We are more exact, more precise; but we are comparatively tame and weak. As to *eventuate* and *eventuality*, and their inevitable consequences, *eventualize* and *eventualization*, which, yet unknown, I believe, have equal claims with the others to recognition, we can do better without them all than with any one of them. The use of *event* as a verb—for example, “such a course of conduct would event unhappily”—is thoroughly in accordance with English analogy and precedent.

The other occasion of censure by the same critic is in the following sentence: “The westerly trend of the coast made the area that would have to be canalized broader in extent.” As to this it is said: “We hope the Secretary knows that there is no such word as *canalize* in the English language. He might as well speak of the removal of the rocks at Hell Gate as channelizing the harbor of New York.” The formation of the two words is certainly just alike, and so is their propriety. And it so happens that they are in fact the same word, *canal* and *channel* being merely different ways of spelling one word, as any one will see by pronouncing the *ch* of the latter word hard; and *kennel*, a gutter or watercourse in a street, is also the same word merely spelled in another way. But the fact that there is yet no such word in English as *canalize* is not a valid objection to its use. That sort of conservatism will never do in language. If we need new words, we must have them; and what is more, we will. This I have again and again impressed upon the readers of these articles, which are written from no conservative or purist point of view.* The real objection to *canalize* is two-fold: that it is both needless and unenglish. Here again it is english to use the same word as a noun and as a verb, and to write “made the area that would have to be canalled broader,” etc. The sentence thus written would have been understood at a glance by every English-speaking man who could read, and would have attracted no attention because of the words that entered into its structure; which, in sober business prose at least, is one of the most desirable of all qualities in a sentence. *Canal* and *channel* are both nouns, but with the use of the latter as a verb, *to channel*, and in the participial forms *channelling* and *channelled*, we are all well acquainted; and the former word should be used in the same manner. Indeed, this observation should not be necessary, and would not here be made, were it not for the tendency (of which the misuse in question is a sign) to set aside the simple and the english mode of word formation in favor of one which would give us in this case, for example, the following sequence: *canal*, noun; *to canalize*, verb; *canalist*, noun, one who makes or “runs”

* “Words and their Uses,” p. 406, and *passim*.

canals; *canalization*, noun, the making of canals; *canalal*, adjective, having reference to canals; and last, not least (on the system which gives us *experimentalize* instead of *experiment*, as a verb), *canalalize*, to make canals, and *canalalist*, one who makes canals, not by simply making them as best he can, but in the high and mighty style, according to a "complex of canons." The word *canal*, used as a verb or a noun, with perhaps the addition of *canaler* or *canalist*, answers all the needs of the English-speaking man, who does not affect the grand style, and desire finer bread than is made of wheat. These almost trite observations will be justified if they help to direct the attention of the general reader and the average writer to the characteristic English use of the same word as noun and verb, and the needlessness of adding the suffix *ize* in most cases to our nouns for the sake of verbal form or expression. In many cases necessity or convenience requires it, and then it must and will be used. But when not so required, it may much better be omitted from a language already overloaded with syllables that hiss as they are uttered.

The last consideration leads me to remark upon one word of late introduction, *physicist*, which might well have been coupled in a recent discussion of *scientist*. In its sound, *fizzisist*, it is unlovely, and in its formation it is irregular and ambiguous. From our lazy, makeshift habit of going to Greek and Latin, instead of combining or developing the elements of our own, when we need a name for a new thought or a new thing, we have two words, of which, although they mean very different things, one is a mere plural form of the other—*physic*, the art of healing, and any drug or medicinal substance, and *physics*, the science which treats of the properties of matter. Now to express by the use of the suffix *ist* a student or professor of the latter science, we should make the word *physics-ist*. But that being intolerable in sound, we have in its stead *physic-ist*, which, according to its formation, means a professor or student of the art of *physic*—quite a different meaning from that of which we are seeking the expression; and we pronounce it, instead of *fizzikist*, *fizzisist*, thus not really improving much on *fizziksist*, if indeed the latter by the interruption by a *k* of the continued hissing is not the pleasanter, or rather the less offensive word. We thus obtain only an incorrect formation, an etymologically ambiguous meaning, and a succession of hisses which our performance well deserves. I am not here pronouncing against the use of *physicist*, although a better word is much to be desired; but merely remarking upon one of the evils that come from our weak way of going to foreign languages to supply us with words for ideas which were already expressed in English words or which might have been expressed by English combinations. We did not gain much, to say the least, when we dropped *leech* and *leechcraft* for *physician* and *medicine*. We might learn in this respect much from the Germans, who within the last thirty or forty years have turned many Latin and Greek words out of their language, even in their scientific vocabulary, to replace them by Teutonic words, simple and compound; the gain whereby to their language in strength, significance, and symmetry has been great, and no less in nationality of character.

APOLOGY AND ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

The previous number of these papers had been in the printer's hands more than a week when Dr. Hall's "Modern English" was published, and the last proof of the former and a copy which I had ordered of the latter were laid upon my table on the same day. In his new book Dr. Hall appears to better

advantage than he did before as a verbal critic, although he shows, in my judgment, the same arid lack of feeling for language which is such a noticeable trait of his previous performance. Words seem to be in his apprehension mere visible and conventional signs of thought (for he seems to have no conception of it except as written), having as little relation to art or any æsthetic requirement as algebraic signs have, and being as colorless as the lines of a geometrical diagram. He continues his attack upon "Words and their Uses" and his purposely offensive personal remarks upon its author, to which, as might have been expected, he adds a like treatment of the adverse critics of "Recent Exemplifications," calling them a "clientry of clapper-clawers," "the sons of feebleness," and my "half-educated, ill-bred satellites," men of "frontless mendacity" and of no "pretensions to knowledge." Were I disposed to follow a bad model, and to assume a jaunty insolence of superiority, how might I exclaim, "Fie! fie! discomposed good sir," and thus give my readers the notion that, as it was said of an English Chief Justice, in his treatment of counsel, I felt "like God Almighty talking to a black beetle." As to his kindly performances in the latter way and his retorts upon me, much as they tempt the lash, I shall stand fast in my resolution of absolute silence; and even his criticisms I shall notice from time to time only when it seems desirable to counteract their possibly injurious effect, and when that may be done in a manner which I may reasonably hope will interest my readers. This I shall also try to do without other reference to the occasion of my remarks than is absolutely necessary.

At present I owe Dr. Hall an apology, and, as he thinks, an acknowledgment, both of which I hasten to make. Misled by incorrect information, which seemed to be supported by his own references to his personal affairs, I have styled his shuddering strictures of Americanisms those of a Vermont Yankee. I was in error. He is a New York Yankee. I regret the mistake, although I was not entirely responsible for it, and it does not in any way affect the significant relation of his birth and early training to his super-sensitive Anglism, and his queasy revulsion from the "vernacular delicacies" which he fancies he finds in the books of his countrymen, and unconsciously drops in his own writings of "serious import."

The acknowledgment is in relation to his finding the combination *is being* in the writings of Southey, Coleridge, Lamb, and Landor, I having mentioned their use of it (merely as a date) in the second edition of "Words and their Uses," without recording the fact that he was my authority for so doing. Wherefore, after the same rancorous and reckless manner in which he charged Max Müller with plagiarism and the Rev. Mr. Blackley with forgery, he accuses me again and again of "pillaging" him and of "pilfering" from him. Even had not Dr. Hall chosen to make himself the last man from whom I could take anything, I should sincerely regret that I seemed to rob him of any credit, or to take to myself what belonged to him. The case was merely that his paper, in which this early use was mentioned, having been read before the Philological Society in 1871, and commented upon all over the country, and having been afterward published in "Scribner's Magazine," and again commented upon, I regarded this bare fact as one so notoriously established as to be common property. And yet, although I care little or nothing about such credit myself (see my preface to Shakespeare, 1866, p. xxii.). I should have mentioned him, I am sure, were it not that I was obliged to bring my entire alteration and addition within five lines, or make a cut

into a second stereotype plate, as any one may see by reference to p. 348 of "Words and their Uses." For the same reason I was obliged to omit the name of De Quincey, the latest and therefore the least important of those mentioned by Dr. Hall. But he, inventing a motive for me directly at variance with the truth, asserts that I did so because "it would not have done for me to let it be known that a writer so highly esteemed in America differed from myself." On the contrary, it was but the lack of room before mentioned which prevented me not only from giving De Quincey's name among the earlier users of the phrase, but from adding to Dr. Hall's list, about which he appeared solicitous, those of Archbishop Whately, George Eliot, Arthur Helps, and Anthony Trollope among the later. I had not the least desire to conceal the growing prevalence of the usage among good writers, particularly in England. Apart from considerations of candor, that was not the question. But the attribution of unworthy motives to those who differ from him is a weapon which Dr. Hall does not hesitate to use. He attacks Archbishop Trench with it (p. 44). Be it known, then, that all the credit of this discovery is due to him and none to me.

I regret that this writer makes it necessary for me thus to expose his misrepresentation of facts and his imputation of bad motives, which he does again on p. 344 in a way for the particulars of which I must refer to his text. I having said that on reading his paper on "*Is being done*," I found that I had already in my own chapter on that phrase carefully considered every point made by him, he sets forth that I analysed this phrase into *is being + done* (or *built*), in which he is right; and that *he* "formally analysed the expression, and analogically, into *is + being built* ; and," he goes on to say, "it has not been shown that I was not original in this my formal analysis, at least as regards setting it forth in print." He then presents this conclusion as to me: I cannot take in his argument and so have no aptitude for philology, or else I am unable to expose any sophistry in his argument, or else I did not know of this analysis before I read his paper, and so wrote what was not true.

Now mark how plain a tale shall put him down. Passing over my own consideration of the analysis in question (unavoidable to any man of common sense who should turn this phrase over once or twice), let us look at what was done "in print" before the appearance of Dr. Hall. His paper was first printed in April, 1872. In the "Methodist Quarterly Review" of April, 1869, just three years before, this question was discussed adversely to me, and the phrase *is being struck* was analysed into *is + being struck*—"is affirms the *being struck*." This I replied to in detail in the "Galaxy" of May, 1869, three years, lacking one month, before the appearance in print of what Dr. Hall calls *his* analysis; and all that it seemed to me important to say upon that analysis was embodied in "Words and their Uses," pp 359, 360, in the very chapter which Dr. Hall professed to criticise. And now (as it "goes without saying" that the second participle in this phrase, be it *done*, *built*, *struck*, or what not, is nothing) which of us is it that stands before the dilemma of philological inaptitude or makeshift untruthfulness? So much in mere refutation of a clamorous charge of dishonesty and falsehood.

OF STRANGE WORDS AND OF OLD WORDS IN NEW SENSES.

From the subject of the foregoing remarks, let us turn, with pleasure I am sure on all sides, to an example of adverse criticism which is perfectly unex-

ceptionable, although it is from the pages of the same writer. It is in regard to the objections made in "Words and their Uses" (p. 127) to the use of *humanitarian* as if it meant something finer and bigger than *humane*, and is as follows:

Mr. White's argument is that since *humane* signifies "a, b, c," *humanitarian*, if used as its synonyme, signifies nothing more. This is not entirely convincing. *Humanitarian* is no more *humane* than *humane* is *human*. Is *utilitarian* only *utilis*? And does Archdeacon Hare by "an *expedient* policy" intend 'an *expedient* policy'? *Humane* and *humanitarian* differ as much as practice and theory. A *humane* action, if the result of principle, is the result of *humanitarian* principle. Conversely, this principle, if not barren, produces fruit in *humane* action. It is the source and power to which such action, when springing from a right motive, is to be referred.

To such criticism as that, although it is directly adverse, and meant to be entirely destructive, nay, even if it were as destructive as its writer evidently supposes that it is, no man of common sense would make the slightest objection. It accomplishes all the ends of adverse criticism, and from its writer's point of view it seems to entirely demolish his opponent. And yet there is not in it an insult, nor a personal sneer, nor a disparagement of his opponent's sense or of his breeding, nor a charge of plagiarism, or of forgery, or of pilfering, nor an imputation of bad motive or of literary charlatanism, nor a scoff at his pretensions, nor an expression of loathing or disgust, nor indeed anything indecent or unbecoming a scholar and a gentleman. It is unique in Dr. Hall's critical writing, so far as that is known to us; in which truly "only itself can be its parallel." It is with pleasure that I take it from its congenial surroundings and direct attention to it as an example of decorous adverse criticism. Had the rest of Dr. Hall's controversial performances been like that, much that has been written about them, by others no less than by myself, would have remained unwritten.

Moreover, seeking as I believe not victory but right, I admit without hesitation that this argument for *humanitarian*, if not entirely conclusive, has great weight. If we are to accept, and it seems that we have accepted, *utilitarian* in the sense "pertaining to the principle or doctrine of utility," it seems not unreasonable that we should also accept *humanitarian* in the sense "pertaining to the principle or doctrine of humanity." True, *humanitarian* is a theological word, and has been thus far used by good writers, as I believe, only to express the attribution of humanity to deity;* but upon that point Dr. Hall, although probably much better informed than I am, says nothing, resting his defence of the word upon reason, *i. e.*, the need of it, and its fitness. Nor is any other definition of it admitted by any lexicographer, even by Stormonth. But perhaps it would be well to transfer this word from that sense to the one advocated by Dr. Hall, and for the old sense to use the older word *humanitarian*. These two words, *humanitarian* and *utilitarian*, would then be twin landmarks in language, the appearance of a new element in social philosophy. The latter word was brought into use by Stuart Mill, to express the doctrine of Bentham, "the greatest good of the greatest number." But Mill did not invent it, as he tells us in his Autobiography. Finding it in Galt's "Annals of the Parish," in which a Scotch clergyman is represented as exhorting his parishioners "not to leave the Gospel and become utilitarians," Mill seized upon it, and called a little society of Benthamites, of which he was in 1822 the principal founder, the "Utilitarian Society"; and from that time the word gradually made its way into the language. And if we must have one word to

* See the passage quoted from Gladstone's "Juventus Mundi," in "Words and their Uses," p. 127.

express "the principle of utility," doubtless *utilitarianism* is the word. *Humanitarian* and *humanitarianism*, although slow-creeping with many feet, and with but a slight relish of English, have like claims to reception, if not to welcome.*

As to Archdeacon Stare's *expediential*, it is somewhat remarkable that the ablest of Dr. Hall's favorable critics (the writer of the reviews of "Recent Exemplifications" and "Modern English" in the New York "Times,") selects this very word and one other from many of their kind for which to censure Dr. Hall's own style for its affected and unenglish character. The whole passage is worth quotation:

Dr. Hall does nothing noteworthy toward systematizing the general subject, and facilitating a stricter application of principles; he rather applies himself to stigmatize faulty discussions, and to illustrate the need of a fuller command of the material of usage bearing upon any point. His own example in the choice of phraseology will not always be approved and followed; he will not very infrequently seem to the majority of his readers quaint or affected—as where he would have us "never deviate save *expedientially* from accepted usage" (where the word needs a comment to make us see what it means); or where, after giving Dr. Latham what that gentleman will probably think a pretty smart castigation, he excuses himself for having "*perstringed* but gently" so conspicuous an offender. Dr. Hall is not always sufficiently mindful that an author who, when writing on almost any other subject, may rely on having his idiosyncrasies of style passed leniently, as of no account, will be liable to be *perstringed* quite otherwise than gently when, in the course of lecturing the community on errors and infelicities of speech, he uses forms of expression that grate upon the general ear.

It would be difficult, I believe, to find any other meaning for "an *expediential* policy" than "a policy founded upon expediency," which is no other than an expedient policy; nor is it easy to see what "never deviate save *expedientially*" can mean, other than "never deviate save for expediency." This curious seeking out of words to which the meaning of good idiomatic phrases may be arbitrarily affixed, tends frequently, to say the least, to a quaint and affected style, and to produce forms of expression that grate upon the general ear without a sufficient compensation in either clearness or strength of expression.

* It may be of interest enough to give just in a foot-note the following specimen of that very different style of criticism which the author of "Modern English" finds most congenial to his taste. It is hardly characteristic; for it is a very mild example of the peculiar tone of courtesy, respect consideration in which that writer continually speaks of others, and also of that "dislike of personality" which he claims as one of his own peculiar traits; and certainly, as he exhibits it, it is very peculiar indeed.

"To return to Mr. White. Almost as often as this critic ventures an appeal to reason, his readers may be certain that something raw is imminent. In the new edition of 'Words and their Uses,' he takes exception to Lord Macaulay for writing: 'Skinner, it is well known, held the same political opinions *with* his illustrious friend.' On this and other passages the comment is: 'Does the eminence of the writers make such a use of language authoritative? Certainly not. Here reason comes in, and sets aside the weight of authority, however eminent. . . . *Same* expresses identity, and therefore cannot properly be used in correspondence to *with*, which means nearness, contact, and implies duality, severalness.'

"Now, the very mention of 'identity' should have suggested *identical*, which, a synonyme of *same*, takes *with*—the preposition after *one*, also, another synonyme of *same*. And 'equal with' was once as good as 'equal to.' The propriety of Mr. White's 'therefore,' in what he says about *same*, is one of the profound mysteries with which his book abounds. Sometimes 'the *same as*' is preferable to 'the *same with*'; but it is where a conjunction is indispensable; and it is not because of any particular relational import belonging to *as*. Mr. White is, to be sure, benevolently disposed toward Lord Macaulay, and would not excommunicate him for his 'occasional lapses,' of which he has exhibited what he accounts a specimen. His benevolence, in this instance, may unhesitatingly be resumed for future expenditure."

A word or two will brush this wasp away. It is not necessary that it should buzz on, seeking whom to worry or to sting, in order to teach the world that we may correctly say "identical with," and "one with," and even "equal with." That, even cisatlantic Yankees know, as well as they know, for instance, that *firing* (which this writer holds up as an English mystery

As to the other word, *perstringe*, which is very affected and really ambiguous, and which, I will venture to say, suggested to many readers the ludicrous slang phrase "laying on the string," there is authority enough for the mere word, if authority were necessary for any word really good in itself and unquestionably needed. *Perstringe* is merely the English form of the Latin *perstringere*, meaning "to graze, to touch lightly"; and the only definition given of the word in English dictionaries before Webster's is substantially that of Kersey (1721), "to touch lightly or to glance at a thing in discourse." Burton, Cudworth, and Henry More are cited as authorities for the use of the word in that sense. But Webster alone, even among the later English dictionary makers, setting down this sense as obsolete, gives the definition "to criticise severely," and marks this usage as rare. Authorities are quoted for its use in this sense—Evelyn and De Quincey. But there is one considerably earlier and of much greater weight, as early as that of the earliest cited in support of the "obsolete" sense—Ben Jonson. In his "Magnetick Lady" he has a satirical impersonation of the secretaries of his day in the person of Bias, "a vi-politic or sub-secretary"; and in a kind of chorus or dialogue of presenters this passage occurs:

But whom doth your poet mean by this Master Bias? What lord's secretary doth he propose to personate or *perstringe*? —*Act II., Sc. 1*

Here it is probable that Jonson used the word as Evelyn did not long afterward, "perstringing those of Geneva for their irreverence"; but it is also certainly possible that he meant "whom doth he propose to personate or touch lightly?" And this uncertainty illustrates the objection to the use of the word. It is not only not good in itself, and not needed, but it is ambiguous; and there is no apparent, or sufficiently apparent, connection between its primary and etymological sense "touching lightly" and its secondary sense "criticising severely." Moreover, in the phrase of the author of "Modern English," it is one of those words which have long "ceased to be English"; but, as I should rather say, it never was really English, but was and is an affected Latinism. The mere use of a word properly formed upon a foreign base by one or more eminent English writers does not make that word a part of the English language. There is, for instance, no higher "authority" for the use of a word than Ben Jonson. His eminence as a writer, his scholarship, and his long occupancy of a sort of literary throne in the Elizabethan and post-Elizabethan period of our literature, give him that position; and yet he uses *antiperista-*

known only to the dwellers within the narrow seas) is a word which in their mother tongue means "fuel." For not to speak of its being in the school dictionaries and spelling books, they remember a line in the very first pages of their Shakespeare:

"Nor bring in firing at requiring."

But "firing" is dropping out of use even in England; for the reason that, being applied, if I mistake not, chiefly to wood, fagots, peat, and the like, the disuse of those kinds of fuel is leaving coals in possession. To return: we do not need even to be instructed that Macaulay might have correctly written "Skinner, it is well known, held, with his illustrious friend, the same political opinions." But in all these cases the adjective has a very different relation to the preposition from that which it has in the sentence in question. But "Lord Macaulay disliked ellipses," Dr. Hall says, thus digging for another one more of those pits into which he himself goes headlong. For in this instance at least it was an elliptical sentence that Macaulay wrote; his meaning plainly being, not "Skinner held the same [*i. e.*, the before mentioned] opinions with his illustrious friend," but "Skinner held the same opinions as his illustrious friend held." Unless I am in error, we cannot any more correctly say "This is the same with that," than "This is different to that." In each case there is an incongruity between the adjective and the preposition. Which specimen of rawness is left for digestion by the author of "Modern English."

sis,¹ *arride*,² *automa*,³ *costs* (ribs),⁴ *discompanied*,⁵ *emphased*,⁶ *enthronized*,⁷ *ethnic*,⁸ *infanted*,⁹ *invitement*,¹⁰ *inceration*,¹¹ *migniardise*,¹² *parerga*,¹³ *prolate*,¹⁴ *redargue*,¹⁵ *splendidious*,¹⁶ *splendidous*,¹⁷ *vively*,¹⁸ and others quite as strange. These words have, most of them if not all, been also used by other writers of distinction, some of them even in our own day; but yet they cannot be properly regarded as having ever been a part of the English language; for they are not native words which have passed out of use, but mere foreign cuttings which, torn off and thrust into English soil by one hand or another, took no root. They are the property of the men who picked them out and clipped them, not of the English-speaking people. They hardly belong, except as dead exotics, to English literature. To use any of them would be mere pedantic affectation, which could not be justly held as to the revival of a really English word of the same period, for example *rathe* (of which *rather* is the comparative), brought back to us from Milton's time by Mr. Tennyson.

These remarks apply to all words which are made out of foreign materials, and for which there is no need, or none except that of science or art, in which case such words are strictly technical terms, forming really no part of the English language, and having no proper place in its dictionaries. They may be a part of the statistics of philology; for in statistics no fact comes amiss or is out of place. From a dictionary which professed to be a record of every word that had ever been used by an English writer, and to note the time of its appearance and its disappearance, they could of course not be omitted. But

1 — which with the cold of her chastity casteth such an *antiperistasis* about the place, etc.—“*Cynthia's Revels*,” v. 3.

2 — which cannot but *arride* her proud humor exceedingly.—“*Cynthia's Revels*,” iv., 3.

3 It is an *automa*, runs under water.—“*The Staple of News*,” ii., 1.

4 Betwixt the *costs* of a ship.—“*The Staple of News*,” iii., 1.

5 This is if she be alone now and *discompanied*.—“*Cynthia's Revels*,” iii., 3.

6 And I believe your “most” any pretty boy
Being so *emphased* by you.

—“*The New Inn*,” ii., 1.

7 — but themselves (?) to live *enthronized*.—“*Cynthia's Revels*,” v., 3.

8 That's half an *ethnic*, half a Christian.—“*The Staple of News*,” ii., 1.

9 Have I not invention before him? learning to better that invention above him, and *infanted* with pleasant travel?—“*Cynthia's Revels*,” iv., 1.

10 He never makes general *invitement* but against the publishing of a new suit.—“*Cynthia's Revels*,” ii., 1.

11 He's ripe for *inceration*; he stands warm.—“*The Alchemist*,” ii., 1.

12 With all the *migniardise* and quaint caresses.—“*The Staple of News*,” iii., 1.

13 The wearing the callob, the politic hood
And twenty other *parerga*.

—“*The Magnetick Lady*,” l., 1.

14 I wish he may be foundred.

Fly.

Found-der-ed.

Prolate it right.

—“*The New Inn*,” iii., 1.

15 — Sir, I'll *redargue* you
By disputation.

“*The Magnetick Lady*,” iii., 4.

16 — a right exquisite and *splendidious* lady.—“*Cynthia's Revels*,” v., 3.

17 — who, ever since my arrival, have detained me to their uses by their *splendidous* liberalities.—“*Volpone*,” ii., 1.

18 If I see a thing *vively* presented on the stage.—“*The Magnetick Lady*,” ii., 1.

the mere fact that a word is correctly formed from a foreign root and has been used by an English writer of respectable position, or even by half a dozen such, does not make it English. That position it can obtain, it would seem, only by native growth on the one hand or general acceptance on the other. For example, in James Augustus St. John's "Anatomy of Society" there are these words: *chrysopoietic*,* *physiologists*,† *acedia*,‡ and *crural*.§ Mr. St. John was a writer of more than respectable position, both for the quality of what he wrote and for his style, which is uncommonly correct and clear.¶ But the maker of a dictionary, a word-book of the English language, is not therefore to take in such a word, for instance, as *chrysopoietic*. It is correctly formed, and it has an unmistakable meaning; but an apprehension of that meaning is confined to those (and it makes no difference how many they are) who know that χρυσός means "gold" and ποιέω, "I make." To all English-speaking men who do not know a little Greek, it is as meaningless as if it were Coptic. And an English author has no more right to assume a knowledge of the one language on the part of his readers than of the other. Mr. St. John should have been content with "money-making," which *chrysopoietic* means—neither more nor less. What need, what propriety, is there in an English writer's using a compound of two Greek words of five syllables instead of one of two English words of four, which have exactly the same meaning? Words of the kind quoted above from St. John, and from Jonson, are affectations, confessions of weakness, obtrusions of scholarship, and so pedantic and offensive. They may be used sometimes for burlesque effect, and even with a milder jocose purpose;¶ but the unpretending writer will shun them in an earnest address to the general reader, as a man of good taste will shrink from anything outlandish in his dress; and the maker of an English dictionary will do well to pass them by as the personal freaks and private property of the writer or the little knot of writers by whom they are flaunted.

It is appropriate that I should here remark upon the following proposition made by the able Vienna correspondent of the New York "Times":

I must take this occasion to ask some of our linguists, Mr. Richard Grant White for instance, if he cannot adopt the word *politique*. "Political reasons" is not the equivalent of the concise and comprehensive French term; and especially in America, where the word "politics" has been degraded until it conveys something of a reproach, "a political reason" is not *une raison politique*. There is a certain amount of opprobrium conveyed when we speak of a man as a "politician." We have adopted a few very expressive French words—"solidarity," to give an example—and I do not see why we should not appropriate such large and useful words as *politique*, *esprit*, *morale*, and about a half dozen more of the sort.

It is first to be said that the writer to whom this question is referred makes

* We have *chrysopoietic* doctors, some with long beards and some without.—Vol. II., p. 32.

† — the cant, if you will allow me to coin a word, of the *physiologists* of the day.—II., 32.

‡ Casaban, from his own experience, describes the *acedia* or listlessness of mind and body to which a monk was exposed.—II., 81.

§ — will ply his pickaxe in a burying ground, and toss about our skulls and *crural* bones.—I., 182.

¶ If "crural bones" for "leg bones," why not "calvar cavities" for "skulls"? Observe here too, in this very English author, "burying ground," stamped by some queasy critics as an Americanism, with remark that the English say churchyard.

¶ To save a certain sort of critics some trouble, I will say that I have memorandums of several passages in which Mr. St. John is incorrect in his use of words or in the structure of his sentence. Such may be found in the best writers.

¶ So, for instance, I ventured to use the Johnsonian *impecuniosity* ("Words and their Uses," Revised Edition, p. 392), and in last October's "Galaxy" (p. 634) to write a sentence of such lumbering stuff, beginning, "This complex dijudication," etc., and did not fail to be misapprehended, by dulness or misrepresented by perversity.

no pretensions to being a linguist; and at the very outset informed his readers that he undertook upon this subject only what he could do "without venturing beyond the limits of his own yet imperfect knowledge of his mother tongue."* Nor does he presume to "adopt" a word, except for his own use, or to express more than an individual opinion as to the propriety of its adoption by others. As to the word proposed, however, there does indeed seem to him no necessity for transplanting it from the French language into the English. Such transfers are sometimes necessary, although much more rarely than is supposed; but they are always to be avoided, unless they enable us to express a thought which is not within the compass of our own vocabulary. It is difficult to discover what the French *politique* expresses, which is not better expressed by our own *politic*, *politics*, *political*, and *politician*. Indeed, here we have much the advantage; for *politique* is already overloaded in French, in which it means "politic," "political," "a politic person," "a politician," "politics," and "state policy." Only a somewhat whimsical fancy, it seems to me, can find in *une raison politique* any meaning other or better than in "a political reason," "a politic reason," or "a reason of state policy." And as to the degradation of politics by politicians with us, it would hardly be wise to confess that it had become so thorough and absolute that we must "putrify" it in our language. The *Crédit Mobilier* has brought disgrace, not honor, upon those who were engaged in it; and William Tweed is in the penitentiary on Blackwell's Island. As to the other words brought forward as examples of happy transplantation, it is not so certain that some of them might not well be spared. Without being too narrowly proud to learn or to borrow from others, may we not say with George Herbert,

Let forrain nations of their language boast.

What fine variety each tongue affords ;

I like our language, as our men and coast.

Who cannot dresse it well *want wit, not woras.*

—"The Church," p. 133.

"CONSISTENCY'S A JEWEL."

Probably few bookish men have escaped an inquiry as to the origin of this saying. Those addressed to me may be literally numbered by the score. Upon no one subject have I received so many letters. This would have surprised me, were it not for two reasons—the fondness which people in general have for some compact phrase that seems wise and saves them the trouble of thinking for themselves, and the general thoughtless over-valuation of consistency. For the saying is entirely unworthy both of the value which is set upon it and of the frequent use which is made of it. Without epigrammatic point, or wit of any kind, without the suggestiveness of a proverb, or even a fanciful illustration of the thought presented, it is merely a bare and a poor comparison of consistency to a jewel. And even that kind of consistency which has a high value—consistency of principle, of character, and of purpose—is a quality which from its largeness, and its colorless sobriety of character, is very ill suited to be likened to a jewel; and although it is to be highly prized, it cannot be prized with that fondness and sense of personal pleasure which is awakened by a jewel. For in jewel there still lingers, or rather dwells, the sense of personal joy which is in its origin, *joyau*. Iago may well say of reputation, "good name," that it is the immediate jewel of the soul; and Othello may compare his Desdemona to "one entire and perfect

* "Words and their Uses," Preface, p. 4.

chrysolite "; but the calling consistency a jewel is lacking in that suggestive likeness of relation which gives to comparison its force and its claim to admiration.

Be this as it may, of the origin of the phrase I have been able to discover nothing. It has been ascribed indeed to the author of a ballad entitled "Jolly Robin Roughhead, or the Plowman Philosopher," which is said to be found in Murtagh's "Collection of English and Scotch Ballads," published in Edinburgh, A.D. 1754. The ballad begins:

Come, Joan, my lasse, fill up the glass,

and the third stanza is as follows:

Tush, tush, my lasse, such thoughts resigne,
Comparisons are cruell;
Fine pictures suit in frames as fine,
Consistency's a jewell.

But if there be any such collection, of which I have been able to discover no record, and if this be a genuine old ballad, of which I am not sure, the fourth line of this stanza is quite as surely a mere adoption of a well-known saying, as the second is. "Comparisons are hateful," or odious, or cruel, or what not, is a saying much older than Shakespeare, to whom it is commonly attributed. The two were probably worked into his verse by the author, ancient or modern, of this ballad.

AN UNFAMILIAR QUOTATION.

CAMP BROWN, W. T., August 8, 1873.

DEAR SIR: I see by the last number of "The Galaxy" that you have kindly answered one or two correspondents with regard to quotations.

"Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one,"

is probably the most familiar quotation in the English language, and yet it is not to be found either in Bartlett's or any other book of quotations to which I have been able to have access. Can you furnish authority as to its origin?

Trusting that it will not inconvenience you, and that the answer may legitimately appear in one of your future contributions to "The Galaxy," and that furthermore you will pardon the presumption of an entire stranger in addressing you, I have the honor to remain

Your most obedient servant,

L. S. T.

Partly that it may be seen how wide is the field covered by this correspondence, this letter from an army officer on the extreme northwestern verge of our country—in fact from the Pacific shore—is published. But it is given also as an example of the degree to which one may be misled by taking the one set or circle of society as a representative of all. My correspondent regards the lines as to which he asks information as probably the most familiar quotation in our language, and is surprised that it is not in Mr. Bartlett's copious selections. But I do not remember having ever heard it quoted, and for that reason I asked many persons if they had heard it, without receiving one affirmative answer. It is never safe to take our own horizon for the circumference of the world. This others have found, no less than my gallant correspondent. The lines in question are from a song in Münch-Bellinghausen's drama, known to the English stage as "Ingomar the Barbarian." Parthenia repeats the song to the savage chieftain, and in listening to her his love for her begins to soften and humanize his soul. Neither their merit nor their originality justifies such a general remembrance of them as my correspondent seems to have remarked. It is worthy of notice that the wide difference between the result of his observation and that of others as to the common quotation of these lines

exemplifies the difficulty of the task which Mr. Bartlett has performed with such good taste and such wide research.

PRONUNCIATION OF E AND I.

An interesting point in the history of the pronunciation of *e* and *i*, chiefly before *r*, is brought up by the following letter of inquiry:

HARVARD COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS., March 15, 1873.

DEAR SIR: The pronunciation of the word *clerk* is a point which the best American dictionaries do not decide, and I venture to appeal to you concerning the best pronunciation. I do not think that you decide the matter in your book. Both Webster and Worcester apparently sanction the English pronunciation *clark*. I have never heard the word thus pronounced outside of England, and as the word is in its present significance purely English, it seems to me that it should have the English pronunciation.

Will you be kind enough to decide this point for me? Trusting that you will pardon, etc.,
I am, sir, very respectfully yours,

W. B.

Pronunciation more than any other element of language must be decided by usage—the usage of those speakers who are of the highest social rather than intellectual culture. We may insist that analogy should be considered, that the sounds of letters, or at least of certain combinations of letters, should be fixed; but nevertheless in pronunciation the usage, often merely capricious, of the most cultivated society is the standard to which all who are not willing to seem eccentric or uneducated will seek to conform. And by the by, to ask what is pronunciation is simply to ask, *quoad hoc*, what is language? For language is essentially, absolutely, mere speech, of which the outward and visible sign may be what we, strangely enough, call orthographic, or it may be phonographic, or even stenographic, according to the arbitrary convention of the writers. As to the pronunciation of *clerk*: In the days of our grandfathers it was universally pronounced to rhyme with *ark*, and was also very often written *clark*; and *clergy* was pronounced *clargy*. Indeed, the sound of *e* before *r* was in many, if not most words that of broad *a* (*ah*). The most cultivated people two generations ago said *sartain* and *sarvant*. The old *parlous* was a mere contraction of *perilous*; and in our word *parson* we have only a phonographic petrification of the old way of pronouncing *person*; a *parson* being *the* person of a church or parish. In the following lines, from the ballad of the “Wonders of England,” printed about 1559, we find what was then a mere phonographic spelling of *martial*:

Fearing again God's light should spring,
Brought *marshial* law forthwith in hand
Against all such as would withstand
Their wicked raygne and cruell band,
And God's part take.

“*Ancient Ballads and Broadsides*,” p. 96.

And Ben Jonson in “The case is Altered” spells the noble Italian name Farnese always *Fernese*. The pronunciation *clark* has held its ground, and is still that of the best speakers in England, where indeed it may be regarded as universal. The same sound is almost as generally given there, as it was until within a generation here, to the *e* in *Derby*. But of late years there has been a tendency to give this *e* the short obscure sound of *u* as in *fur*, this tendency being much more general in “America” than in England. In the latter country, to call the Earl of Derby anything but the Earl of *Darby* is to be at least eccentric. I remember hearing an English gentleman of the Earl's own social circle reply to a remark that the name was pronounced by some Englishmen *Durby*—“Possibly; but I am sure by none of the Earl's acquaintances.”

Nevertheless this obscure *u* pronunciation of *e*, *ea*, and *i* before *r* has been steadily although slowly advancing for many years. *Earth*, now pronounced *urth*, was formerly pronounced *arth*, and it is not long since the pronunciation entirely disappeared, even among cultivated speakers of extreme conservatism and high fashion. It seems strange to us of the present generation; but we have the same sound of *e-a-r* in *hearth* and *heart*. The pronunciation of the former as *hurth* is slowly creeping in, and will probably prevail; but it will be a long while before we call our *hearts* our *hurts*. There is a tendency to give not only *e* but *i* and even *o* before *r* the sound of broad *a*. We have all heard old people, not uneducated, say *vartue*; although that pronunciation of *virtue* now marks the extreme of rusticity. I have heard Englishmen, although not those of the best culture, pronounce *corn*, *carn*. The giving of the obscure sound of *u* to *i* before *r*, as in *virtue*, is a comparatively late fashion. In the middle of the last century, and even later, to pronounce *virtue*, *vurtue*, was perhaps even more inelegant than to pronounce it *vartue*. I give here a transcript of a manuscript note which I found laid in a book I once owned, which was published in the latter part of the last century. The handwriting is elegant and of the period; the paper such old wove-linen fabric as has not been made for a hundred years.

EPIGRAM BY THE CELEBRATED DAVID GARRICK.

In 1759 Dr. Hill wrote a Pamphlet intitled "To David Garrick, Esqre—the Petition of I in behalf of herself and Slater." The purport of it was to charge Mr. Garrick with mispronouncing some words, including the letter I, as *furm* for *firm*, *vurtue* for *virtue*, and others.

The Pamphlet is now sunk in oblivion; but the following Epigram, which Mr. Garrick wrote on the occasion, deserves to be preserved as one of the best in the English language:

TO DR. HILL, UPON HIS PETITION OF THE LETTER I TO DAVID GARRICK, ESQRE.

If 'tis true, as you say, that I've injured a letter,
I'll change my note soon, and I hope for the better;
May the just right of letters, as well as of men,
Hereafter be fixed by the tongue and the pen.
Most devoutly I wish that they both have their due,
That I may be never mistaken for U.

The pronunciation for which Dr. Hill contended with Garrick was one which I remember having heard from some old people in my boyhood—a sound of the *i* in *virtue*, *firm*, *birth*, etc., like that which we now give to *e* in *ferry*, *berry*, *err*, etc.; these people thought it very "ungenteel" to say *vurtue*, *furm*, *burth*, and as bad to pronounce *inter*, *intur*, or *err*, *ur*. They pronounced all those words with the vowel sound of *e* in *error*. But nowadays we hear some slovenly speakers even pronouncing the first syllable of the last word as *ur*, making the whole word a guttural *ur-r-r*. The course of the pronunciation of the *i* in *virtue* and the like seems to have been first *veertue* (with the continental sound of *i*), next *verrtue*, then *vurtue*; that of *e* in *clerk* and the like, first *clayrk* (with the continental sound of *e*), then *clark*, and finally, as in *clergyman*, *clurk*; our sound of *a* and *e* before *r* thus showing a tendency to run confusedly into the obscure sound of *u* in *fur*; which is certainly not to be admired, but which can be with difficulty restrained.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

VIEWS ABROAD.

THE RAGPICKERS OF PARIS.

THERE is a branch of the French Government for relieving the necessities of the suffering poor, which is under the control of the Minister of the Interior, and is called the Assistance Publique. Under the law creating this bureau assistance was obligatory, that is, the poor man had the right to demand charity of the State; but as this was followed by abuses and frauds, the law has been so modified as to allow the Government discretionary power in dispensing charity, except in the cases of foundlings (*enfants trouvés*) and the insane poor. Under the present system, prudence is combined with humanity. With the administrative centralization which exists in France, the Minister of the Interior directs public charities over all points of the country. He also exercises immediate control over certain establishments, such as the asylum for the insane of Charenton, the institutions of the deaf and dumb, and the blind children, and the hospice of the Quinze-Vingts. He also aids a great number of other private establishments of charity with subsidies from the State, and in certain cases is allowed to grant personal relief.

To reach the sensitive poor who have not the temerity to demand public assistance, the Government has an organization for the distribution of alms in the domiciles of the needy. It is considered in the interests of society and the poor themselves to encourage this feeling, for it is found that when there is no hesitation in claiming public aid it is accompanied with a certain demoralization which is difficult to cure. Hence, when the authorities give alms they do so as privately as they can. There is a small bureau in each *arrondissement* of Paris, controlled by each mayor, who acts under the instructions of the Prefect of the Seine, who in turn is under the orders of the Minister of the Interior. The Prefect of the Seine is the president of a Council of Public Assistance, which is occupied with the practical working and carrying out of all public plans of charity. The ramifications of this branch of administration are extensive, and reach all cases of misfortune and destitution from the cradle to the grave, and the servants of this bureau always perform their duties with a due regard to the dignity of the poor. One of the small organizations within the grand one is that for the resuscitation of the drowned, and a case came under my own observation which attested its efficiency.

It occurred one morning as I was crossing over to the Latin Quarter by the Pont Neuf, and had reached that part of the bridge where the equestrian statue of Henri IV. stands. I observed a group of men pulling a man out of the water, apparently drowned. I knew that the authorities had a special service of soldiers for the rescue of the drowned, and I was curious to see the means employed for resuscitation, and drew near to the scene. It was easy to see that the group of men in uniform were trained to the work, for they proceeded with order and activity, but without precipitation. As soon as the man was drawn out of the water, he was laid on his right side, the face turned toward the ground, and the jaws gently opened to facilitate the escape of water, of which there is much less than is popularly believed in such cases. Several

times the head was placed a little lower than the body, for the same purpose, but only allowed to remain in this position a few seconds. This process was alternated with another—the manipulation to induce breathing, which consisted in pressing the abdomen, stomach, and sides of the chest, but softly. These efforts were without effect; the man looked as if he had seen the last of earth. Only a few moments were taken up with these preliminary trials; then the prostrate figure was carried quickly to the nearest station on the banks of the Seine for the rescue of the drowned, called the bureau of the “Secours aux Noyés,” whither I followed. The carrying and handling were done without jolting or roughness, the head being held higher than the body. On arriving at the station the man was stripped and wiped dry, a flannel cap was placed on his head, and he was laid between two blankets on a straw mattress. The process of laying on the side was here resumed, and the mouth was cleansed with the fingers of one of the operators. The manipulation to induce respiration was also resumed, with intervals of about a quarter of a minute between each pressure, which was repeated fifteen or twenty times; this was followed by a suspension of ten minutes.

While the operation was going on, remarks were made in the group such as, “Pauvre diable! il a cassé sa pipe;” “Il n’aura plus mal aux dents!” showing that they were not hopeful of the result. Perhaps twenty minutes had elapsed after the arrival at the station when the physician employed on this service made his appearance and took direction of the case. A piece of soft wood was introduced between the teeth to keep the mouth open. A warming-pan filled with hot water was passed over the body on the outside of the blanket—down the spinal column as well as along the front of the body. The pit of the stomach and the sides of the chest just under the arms were especially subjected to this treatment. This was alternated with a gentle friction of hot woollen mittens and the naked hands, when the soles of the feet and palms of the hands were much rubbed in addition to other portions of the body. An operator breathed into the mouth of the man by means of a tube. Once or twice, while this was going on, the physician consulted a thermometer, to see that the temperature of the chamber was at the requisite degree. The efforts so far proving in vain, the doctor had recourse to the fumigating process, which consists in the introduction of tobacco smoke into the intestines. When this had proceeded about ten minutes the man gave a feeble sign of life, at which there were ejaculations of satisfaction. When the occupant of the mattress made an effort to breathe, all manipulation was discontinued, lest it should interfere with the natural movement. Almost imperceptibly the chest rose and fell, and in the effort there were indications of a desire to vomit, which was encouraged by introducing a feather into the throat. After the vomiting the breathing came slowly, the bed and blankets were warmed with the warming-pan, and the patient was left in repose, when he went to sleep.

The physician, on learning the name of him who had discovered the drowning man and hauled him ashore, said to him, “Well, Jacques, you have earned your twenty-five francs”—this being the sum given by the authorities when the person is resuscitated.

From a scrap of paper in the pocket, the identity of the person was discovered, as well as the motive of the attempt at self-destruction. He was a *chiffonnier* of the name of Pierre, and he wanted to drown himself because Justine had jilted him for Jean.

A few days after, I went into the street which was the scene of Pierre's unfortunate love experience. It was a narrow, twisting, sombre lane behind the Pantheon, beyond the Latin Quarter—the heart of the quarter of the chiffonniers. This thoroughfare is about nine feet wide, with narrow pavements on each side not exceeding two feet in width. There is a general odor of the kitchen, in which the onion predominates. All along people are lounging and gossiping, in the middle of the lane or leaning against the houses. Through the windows of the drinking shops are seen groups playing cards or dominoes on dark little wooden tables, and stout women serving behind zinc-covered counters, and joking with the consumers. The houses are tall and gloomy, the lights being confined to the ground floors. An unusual number of policemen are observed, which is a pretty sure indication of the turbulence of the population. Near the lower end of the lane, the groups are more numerous under a great lamp on which is painted in red letters the word *Bal*. At the end of a long passage, a man is seated behind a rack, who receives the entrance money for the ball—five sous. Sticks and umbrellas must be deposited with him—a precautionary measure—at an extra charge of two sous, for which he gives a dirty pasteboard check. A few steps further on is a large, low, long room, on one side of which, on an elevated place, their heads close to the ceiling, are six or eight very ordinary musicians, who play with much vigor. A low railing surrounds the space allotted for dancing, and on the outside of the railing are small tables and wooden benches, most of which are occupied by men in blouse and cap, women, and children. Most of the men are smoking clay pipes, and here and there a woman is smoking a cigarette. The tables are garnished with wine-bottles and glasses, and great zinc bowls in which is made wine-punch, the favorite beverage of the establishment.

A half dozen policemen are stationed in different parts of the room, and their uniform in this place is a pleasant thing for the eye of the visitor to dwell upon. Within the railing the dancing proceeds with energy, the charge being two sous for each dance for each couple, the man naturally defraying the expense. There are instances, however, where the woman, tired of her rôle as a wall-flower, furnishes the money to some needy cavalier. The person who receives the two sous is a man of authority who stands near the centre of the ball-room floor, inviting all in a loud voice to come forward and participate in the Terpsichorean entertainment. At this, an irreverent thought enters my mind of the revivalist preacher calling upon the 'brethren and sisters to come forward to the mourners' bench. "Avancez, avancez, messieurs et mesdames, on va commencer," cries this man. "Ca va être *rigolo*—une musique *ébouffante*; avancez!" When the dancing is under way, whether waltz or quadrille, the music stops and the dance-stimulator collects the two sous from each couple, which rather indicates a want of confidence in the solvency of the dancers.

There is no exhibition of grotesque gesture, eccentric step, nor lofty leg-lifting. There are no "artists" here, but people whose limbs have lost their liveness through labor. There is rather more activity among the women than the men, the former jumping about with considerable energy, but little grace. It can hardly be expected that he who bends for several hours under a basket of rags in his nightly rounds should display much grace. He shuffles and jumps to the measure, and this suffices. In the waltz, he clasps his partner closely with both arms, and whirls away to the very last strain.

Naturally there is much slang in the vocabulary of these poor votaries of pleasure, and some of it is grotesque. I overheard a man inviting a woman to dance with the words: "Madame, voulez-vous *gigotter* avec moi?" Another: "Madame, voulez-vous vous *asticoter* les jambes un peu?" And this with indescribable gesture.

In the intervals of music, there is the buzz of gossip and laugh along the tables, where the people look at the dancers and make comments on them. Then follows the squeaking and sawing music, and then the "Avancez, messieurs et mesdames," etc.; and so on to the end.

The face of one of the gayest and most vigorous dancers seems familiar to me. He clasps a young woman in his arms and is whirling around to one of Hervé's waltzes as I examine him and try to fix him in my memory. It is Pierre, the man who a few days previously wanted to die. I learn from the policeman near me that it is Justine with whom he is waltzing; that the proof of his affection in throwing himself into the Seine for her brought her back to him, with which the dramatic feature of the act and the consequent notoriety had something to do.

A little old man in blouse and felt hat, at one of the tables, is pointed out to me by the policeman as one who, in addition to rag-picking, deals in questionable rabbits. He is known as the Père Jacques, and is regarded as a person of some importance in the rag fraternity. I approach Père Jacques and engage him in conversation. He has become expansive over his wine, and makes indiscreet revelations touching the rabbit business. Twenty years ago he skinned and dressed his rabbits, and people bought them without asking any questions. That was the *bon temps*, and if it had continued he would be to-day a man of independent fortune. But the journals and inquisitive people got to talking so much about cats in connection with rabbits that a long season of dulness followed as a consequence. The newspapers went so far as to figure up how many rabbits were brought into Paris each year, and how many were consumed, and they made it out that twice as many were consumed as were brought in. He felt for a time as if the business was ruined, for thereafter the rabbit purchasers demanded the head of the rabbit as a guarantee of the genuineness of the animal. But he was equal to the emergency. He gave an extension to his commerce by making an arrangement with all the cooks on his rag beat to buy their rabbit skins on condition that the heads should be delivered with them. Thereafter he was enabled to furnish to skeptical buyers the rabbit head with the dressed cat, and everybody was satisfied. He sold the animals to the small out-of-the-way restaurants, as a rule, where they were made into *gibelottes*. The cat entire yielded him one franc, and they to whom he sold the flesh usually got about two and a half francs out of the animal when turned into *gibelottes*. The business was fair, but there was more competition—especially since the Commune, under which some people had learned to eat the cat with pleasure, knowing him to be cat.

It is hardly necessary to add that the Père Jacques was obliged to conduct his business with mystery in view of provisions contained in the municipal regulations against the sale of certain kinds of meat, especially those employed in the manufacture of sausages, Italian cheese, and pot-pies, all of which are comprised in the general word *charcuterie*. Considering the vigilance exercised by the authorities over the preparation of such aliments, one can infer that the Père Jacques was obliged to observe much discretion in the disposal of his feline flesh. It was to the interest of buyer and

seller to keep the commerce secret, and so far the père had escaped detection. M. Jacques thought it was an injustice that under the republic a man could not eat cat meat if he wanted to, and he solemnly protested against such tyranny.

He is in a loquacious mood, and among other things he informs me that he has a friend who has a specialty in the way of *crêtes de coq*—cocks' combs. There are a number of amateurs of a dish composed of this head-gear, and his friend met the increasing demand by making an artificial article out of beeves' tongues, which was so skilfully done that experienced cooks could not tell the difference. His friend even insisted that he improved upon nature—that there were irregularities and faults in most of the combs of cocks, which he ameliorated through art. His friend is also of the fraternity of ragpickers, as indeed are almost all who are present. As I quit the place, Père Jacques calls for another punch. Pierre is at one of the tables with his arm around the waist of Justine, the music saws away, and the man in the centre of the floor continues to cry out, "Avancez, messieurs et mesdames," etc.

The ragpicker is attached to his calling from the liberty which he fancies it gives him. Under his rags this Diogenes has his pride, and considers himself superior to a domestic. He sleeps, eats, and drinks in freedom; if he gets sick, the hospital is ready to receive him. Thus he lives in ignorance, dirt, and laziness until gathered to his fathers. The chiffonniers are divided into two classes—the diurnal and nocturnal. The latter begin their peregrinations as soon as the public sweepers have left the streets. The most desirable quarters are those of the rich, such as the Faubourg Saint-Germain, Saint-Honoré, and the streets in the neighborhood of the Triumphal Arch. They usually become known to the cooks of their respective rounds, and often receive from them sufficient remains of food for their sustenance; when this is the case there is an understanding, tacit or expressed, that the chiffonnier will restore any object of value which he may find in the *débris*. Besides the pleasures of the ball and the wine shop, the chiffonnier sometimes allows himself the amusement furnished in one of the small theatres of the Barrier, where the play is usually a melodrama of sanguinary character, in which the villain is invariably punished in the last act. In regard to this last feature, the ragpicker is an exacting critic.

As a rule, the ragpicker does not possess any furniture of his own, but lives in hired lodgings, and for the time being. He pays four sous—in advance—for a bed of loose straw, on which he throws himself without doffing his sorry garments. There are long, gloomy chambers where the lodgers sleep in common, for two sous, and where the Amphytrion in case of nocturnal disturbance appears with a club and restores peace. The ragpicker speaks the *argot* known to thieves and social outcasts, but this is not the same *argot* which is employed on the Boulevards, as some people are inclined to believe: one is not without certain pretensions to elegance and wit; the other is vulgar and often brutal. In the *argot* of the chiffonnier the tongue is called *menteuse*, love *dardant*, and a book *babillard*. Everything which he considers beautiful, or which excites his admiration, is *rupin* or *chenu*. His phrase for punishment—*l'abbaye de Mont-à-Regret*—is not without humor.

To work as little as possible, and drink much, is the chiffonnier's idea of happiness. To lie at length on the ground and bask in the sun, is also one of the most desirable features in his programme. In his disputes epithets are

bandied about with alacrity, accompanied with energetic gesture. If they warm to the fighting point, according to an old tradition still observed, they pull off their shirts, point to their naked shoulders, and cry out to each other as they do so, "Look at that—it has never been marked. Can you say as much?" This insult is usually followed by an act; they clinch and have it out. They like disorder, and possess a lively inclination for a *rize*, hence are always ready for a revolution. This principally arises from their having nothing to lose in the fall of governments or the reign of anarchy, and perhaps something to gain. During the Commune some of them played prominent rôles.

The chiffonnier conveys the contents of his basket to a merchant who buys and assorts what is brought to him. The assorting of this *débris* is another trade, which is called *trillage*, in which men and women are employed, who are named *trilleurs*. They pass twelve hours a day at this kind of work, in the midst of the most unhealthy exhalations.

It may not be an uninteresting fact to those who eat *croûte au pot* soup in Paris, to know that in some of the restaurants the little roasted pieces of bread which they affection in their soup often come from the basket of the chiffonnier. This is more especially the case with the small roasted crumbs which are put into soups known as *purées aux croûtons*. The only thing that can be said in extenuation is, that these scraps of bread have been roasted, and it is an axiom of the kitchen that the fire purifies everything.

There is a certain kind of organization among the chiffonniers by which each one has his separate quarter in the pursuit of his calling. Those who have good quarters derive a reasonable compensation for their labor; but those who are condemned to poor ones obtain but a miserable pittance, and with them the material life is reduced to its minimum proportions. The following is a list of the expenses of one of the poorest per diem:

An <i>arlequin</i> (mixture of meat, vegetables, and other ingredients—" crumbs from the rich man's table ")	2 sous.
A glass of violet-colored liquid called wine	2 "
A pound of bread—odd pieces	2 "
Comprising the breakfast	6 "
Dinner the same	6 "
A bed of straw in company with others	2 "
Total	14 sous.

The word ragpicker does not cover the range of operations, for the rag-pickers take up bones, pieces of glass, skins of animals, rags of linen, wool, and cotton, bits of food, shreds and scraps of luxury, and, in short, all the *débris* of civilization. In their *argot* the woman calls the great willow basket which she bears on her back her *willow cashmere*, and the man calls it his *cabriolet*. With the pendent lamp on the end of a piece of straight wire reaching almost to the ground in one hand, and the iron rod hooked at the end in the other, and the basket on his back, the chiffonnier is equipped. In this harness he silently follows the gutters of the streets, near which are thrown the little piles of refuse, turns them up quickly with the hook, and conveys whatever there is of any value, with a dexterous movement, into his basket. In these nocturnal peregrinations he is wholly intent on his business, looking neither to the right nor the left.

According to the last census returns there are one hundred and fourteen *café-concerts* in Paris, in which the "artists" receive from three to five francs

an evening. A number of these establishments are situated in the poor quarters, and furnish almost the only amusement within the reach of the blouse people. One of the strangest and least known of these is the Concert des Oiseaux in the Ménilmontant quarter, near the cemetery of Père Lachaise. It is not thus named, as one might suppose, because birds sing there, but because it is situated in the street of the Concert des Oiseaux, which is a narrow, tortuous way, entangled in a network of like ways or alleys, rather difficult to find. Sad, sombre, old-fashioned houses, or dilapidated walls, are its principal characteristics. The concert takes place in an old brick house, over the entrance of which is the sign: "Concert varié trois fois par semaine." The concert room is attached to a wine shop, which has the sign over its door of "Souvenir de Béranger." Close to the sign is a portrait of the national songster—or rather a caricature. There is another sign in large letters, namely: "Ici on fait sa cuisine soi-même." In the inside there is a large furnace which is fired twice a day, where the poor, men, women, and children, come and cook their provisions. Much of what they bring is the refuse of the rich man's table, or of an inferior quality, whether of meat or vegetables. The master of the place furnishes the gridiron, the stew-pan, and the fire, and charges only one sou on each dish. His profit is rather on the wine, which they buy from him from eight to ten sous the litre, and which they drink with their repasts. It is against the rules for the client to bring his own wine. In the evening, after the repast, the diners may pass from the eating room—which is also the kitchen—into the concert room.

There are other concerts of this kind in the Grenelle and Charonne quarters, and in Mouffetard street, the latter being much frequented by the chiffonniers. In one of these the beer costs only five sous and the coffee three, the purchase of either entitling the consumer to all the privileges of the establishment.

In this quarter I saw one of the perambulating cooks that of late years have become so rare in Paris. The cook was a woman in white apron, pushing a two-wheeled wagon before her, which bore a stove and a pile of uncooked sausages, and something known as *boudin*, flanked with a supply of bread. As she went along she looked as vigilantly for customers as the driver of a Broadway stage, and cried "Sausages, fresh, and cooked to order, all hot," with a peculiar intonation, for every perambulating merchant has each his or her peculiar cry. To a hungry man there was a savory smell from her viands, which produced its natural effect on several men in blouse near by, and induced an immediate outlay.

The perambulating cook of this kind of late years has become stationary, taken a shop, and extended the business, the poorer class of workmen being the chief clients. The hours of the working people—especially the women—have become longer, and there is less time to prepare more wholesome food. After a long day's work the *ouvrière* often makes her repast of this seasoned meat, both from want of time and money. Fortunately, in this case, the Government has a hand in these pork preparations, in compelling, as far as it can, the purchase of sound meat; and this mitigates the evils which might otherwise arise from the large consumption.

Among the poorest and most untidy of the poor women of Paris, is the *marchande des quatre saisons*, thus called because she sells the products of the four seasons, in the way of fruit and vegetables. Their traffic is not carried on in the poor quarters, but they lodge in them. One of them was wending her

way home along the narrow street, endeavoring to dispose of the remnant of her wilted vegetables, as I passed. In a shrill tone and a familiar manner she addressed people at doors and windows, with her *cri de commerce*, and a running accompaniment as to the quality and cheapness of her products, which reminded me of Désaugiers's description:

J'entends Javotte,
Portant sa hotte,
Crier : Carotte,
Panais et chou-fleur.
Perçant et grêle,
Son cri se mêle
A la frêle
Du noir ramoneur.

She *auctioneered* diligently, but with indifferent results, for she was in a quarter where money was scarce. She appealed to possible customers in such familiar terms as "mon vieux," "ma biche," and "la petite mère," which was not taken amiss, for she was in a quarter, too, where people do not stand on ceremony.

In the neighborhood was the establishment of Mother Maillard, who sells the kind of nourishment called *arlequins*, already referred to. The Mother Maillard, it appears, has business relations with the scullions of several restaurants, from whom she buys the remains gathered from plates—not from the central, but those from which people eat. These bits of food are called *rogatons*, and are sold by the quantity, at so much a *seau*. With these the mother composes and cooks her *arlequins*. The usual price of this *olla podrida* is four francs a *seau*. A portion of the *arlequins* is sold as food for domestic animals, and the remainder to the poor, she arranging each according to the required taste of man or animal. Many a Lazarus is fed from the *débris* of the rich man's table in this way.

When her attention is called to the food hanging in her window, with the remark that that at least looks eatable, she replies that those things are only there for show. On being further questioned she explains that the quarters of beef and mutton usually seen in the windows of cheap soup-houses, are hired for the occasion to attract customers, and are returned to the butcher on demand.

Nothing is lost in the way of food in Paris, and the bones pass through several hands. First, the butcher sells them to the superior restaurant-keepers, who use them to make *bouillon*, and in their primitive state the butcher calls them collectively *réjouissance*. From the superior restaurants they pass to those of low grade at a considerable reduction, where they are again used to make soup. After this, the bones are handed over to the *gargotiers*, the lowest kind of eating-house keepers, where they again serve to make soup, with a miscellaneous mixture of carrots, onions, and odds and ends of different kinds. A spoonful of fish oil thrown into the pot produces those little bubbles affectioned by the client, and gives the name to this liquid: *aux yeux de bouillon*. The mother admits that this has not an agreeable taste to the palate not accustomed to it, but thinks the taste must be acquired, like that for oysters, tomatoes, and tobacco.

In an old civilization every cranny and corner of public wants is filled. A crowd of poor men are always ready to take advantage of any opening of this kind to make a livelihood. One of the curious professions is that of a canary-

bird teacher, where the bird is taught to sing. Most of his time is occupied in training birds to sing, in his lodgings, but he also gives lessons in the town if required. The ordinary bird costs three francs, but when it has received its education its value is quadrupled. Should it turn out to be a *rara avis*—say the Patti of canary birds—the price becomes difficult to fix. Owners of birds often send them for a time to school to this professor to finish their education. For developing the musical faculties of the feathery pupil, a charge of five francs is made. There are probably more amateurs of these songsters here than elsewhere; hence the existence of such a singular calling. Most of us have been made familiar with the canary bird as the natural complement of the *grisette* in the works of Sue and Béranger. The little warbler furnishes one of the consolations of life to many a solitary inhabitant of the mansard. In Mouffetard street an ancient ragpicker had turned bird-teacher, finding it more profitable than carrying the basket.

The pastimes of the poor run in little grooves. The cat is looked after, the canary bird is fed with care, and if there is a child in this abode in miniature, it is cozened and kissed a dozen times a day. A pot or two of flowers at the one window are attended with daily solicitude, and these flowers often stimulate the little bourgeois to aspirations for the country, and he passes a good portion of his time in dreaming of green fields, running brooks, and village innocence. Then, if after twenty years of work and economy he gets money enough together, he buys one of those little white cottages with green Venetian shutters, so common in the villages around Paris. Here he devotes himself to his garden, in straw hat and blouse. The dreams of twenty years are realized, and two to one he is not happy; he finds himself regretting his narrow street and his dingy little shop, his dominoes, his café, and the habits of his quarter, and the chances are that he returns to them. He only finds repose in the noise of his old haunts. Here, in short, is a case where habit conquers nature.

In an open space of the Ménilmontant quarter an animated scene presents itself every Sunday, which would make the hair of many of our sombre Puritans curl were they to see it. Revolving swings carry men and their sweethearts briskly up and down. Wooden horses on great wheels bear women and children whose faces gleam with pleasure. On platforms, in front of rude little theatres, the whole company of each disports itself to attract visitors; the woman in short skirts of faded silk, with nude shoulders, at intervals beats the bass drum; the heavy man or *matamore* shows his brawny limbs in his most attractive poses; the Turlupin of the hour—the buffoon in old finery and rusty spangles—struts, twists, and turns, to the delight of the blouse-folk, as he cries out, "Walk in, ladies and gentlemen, there was never anything like it for the money—the drama of 'The Bloody Fiend'—real sword fighting and killing on the stage—the Fat Woman weighing four hundred and fifty pounds—a mountain of flesh, *quoi!*—in extraordinary contrast with the Living Skeleton who will stand alongside of her—the Dancing Dog, who has danced before all the crowned heads of Europe, to say nothing of the President of the libre Amérique—walk in," etc., each harangue being followed by a few notes from a wheezy clarinet and the boom boom of the bass drum.

A lemonade pedler with machine of shining brass strapped on his back, goblets attached to his shoulders, and bell in hand, circulates here and there,

making his presence known with the cry of his craft, which is something like this:



Here too is the woman called the *marchande de plaisir*, peddling the hollow, fragile, cylindrical cakes known as *plaisirs*, dear to the mouth of women and children, with a cry after this fashion:



There is also the gingerbread woman jocularly termed by blouse people "*maman Pain-d'épice*," her name indicating the staple of her trade. Her line of operations, however, is not confined to this, for on her round turning lottery table are displayed macarons and croquets. The game of chance is an additional bait to her business, and she cries out at intervals: "D'excellents cr-r-r-oquets—à ton coup l'on gagne—approchez, approchez."

The majority of the crowd is composed of ragpickers, but here and there are people something higher in the social scale. Of these, a mother and her boy approach the table near which I am standing. It is covered with cakes, and I overhear the conversation as they draw near. "Well, my little man, what will you have—the macaroni cat or a gingerbread horse?" The boy devours the table with his eyes, but is mute. "Come, Paul," says the mother, "what will you have?" Paul's eyes take in the contents of the table, and he answers that he will take them all. Being, however, of an accommodating nature, he runs his chances, turns, and is obliged to choose between a mint-stick and a gingerbread sword. At length his warrior instincts, joined to a natural inclination toward gingerbread, prevail, and he draws the sword. The vender pronounces those amiable words, which are never wanting in the mouths of those who sell in France: "Madame, your son has the taste of a soldier; it is a good omen; he will one day be decorated." This flattery bears fruit, and the mother allows Paul to turn again, when he becomes the owner of a gingerbread heart, at which his eyes shine with a radiance that belongs only to childhood. It is another omen, and the mother is pleased. The heart and the sword! This is an epitome of a complete life in France—love and glory.

The ragpickers may be regarded as the poorest poor of Paris. There is no other class of men whose lives are so narrow and so destitute as theirs. Several efforts were made in former times to break up their organization and do away with their occupation, but without success. They held to their rags as if they were purple and fine linen, and to their sorry food as if it were the nourishment of the Café Anglais. They will probably continue to cling to their misery with the tenacity of the past, until they receive, if they ever do, some sort of instruction from the State.

ALBERT RHODES.

JOHN WESLEY.

MACAULAY sneers at historians who have undertaken to give an account of the reign of George II. without mentioning the preaching of Whitefield. If instead of Whitefield he had written Wesley, the sneer would have been more just; for, after the establishment of the American republic, the institution of Methodism is the greatest event of the eighteenth century, and of all the men who lived in that century there is no one whose influence upon after ages equals that of John Wesley. Of the seventy-five millions who speak the English tongue, about three and a half millions are members of the Methodist churches; four millions more are pupils in their Sunday-schools, and the regular attendants upon Methodist worship cannot be less than as many more—fifteen millions in all. Thus one-fifth of all who speak our language are directly moulded, for this life and the life to come, by Methodism. We doubt if any other Protestant communion really numbers as many. The established churches of England and Germany indeed nominally include more; but in counting their numbers all who do not formally belong to other communions are put down as Episcopalians or Lutherans. Fully two-thirds of the Methodists are in the United States. To Methodism more than to any other one thing it is owing that our Western States grew up into civilization without passing through a period of semi-barbarism. Southey expressed no more than the bare truth when he said, "I consider Wesley as the most influential mind of the last century—the man who will have produced the greatest effects centuries or perhaps millenniums hence, if the present race of men shall continue so long." This judgment is coming to be acknowledged. Within a few months past a site has been appropriated in Westminster Abbey for a monument to John Wesley. Of all the great Englishmen there commemorated there is no one more worthy of a place. The world does move after all; and who shall

say that among the portraits of British sovereigns in the Houses of Parliament, that of Oliver, the great Lord Protector, will not yet find place?

Wesley has not been fortunate in his biographers. Of lives and biographies of him, such as they are, there have been enough, and more than enough. The one which has had most repute is that by Robert Southey. This, at best, is inadequate, for the author of the "Vision of Judgment" was not just the man to understand the founder of Methodism; and those who have taken in hand to edit Southey's work have failed to improve it. Coleridge made it a favorite book in his later years, and wrote memoranda upon many of its pages; Southey's feeble son appended these notes to an edition. Richard Watson wrote a volume of "Observations," and Alexander Knox a pamphlet of "Remarks" upon Southey's work; and an "American editor" has added all these, with "Notes" of his own, most of which had better never have been written. This piebald edition is the one most easily accessible. We much prefer the work as Southey wrote it. Daubing with untempered mortar is not a very useful trade.

Yet there is no man for whose life there exist more abundant materials. Wesley's journals, letters, and other writings tell us just what he was, what he did, and when and why he did it. For fully half a century there is hardly a week of which there is not an ample record. Mr. Tyerman, his latest biographer, deserves credit for a laborious and careful collection of these abundant materials. Although higher praise than this can hardly be awarded to him, his work must be accepted as a valuable contribution to history. We propose to present the man John Wesley as he appears to us in the light of this work.

John Wesley was born June 17, 1703, old style, or June 28, as we now reckon the calendar. The family name was originally written Westley, the father of our

Wesley having apparently been the first to adopt the present spelling. A branch of the family who settled in Ireland wrote the name Wellesley, in which form it has become historical. Samuel, the father of John Wesley, was for many years vicar of Epworth and Wroote, among the fens of Lincolnshire. The living was a tolerable one for the day, the income being two hundred pounds a year, which, making due allowance for the change of values, would now be about equal to two thousand dollars. The present value of the living is one thousand pounds. The elder Wesley was a pious and learned man, who in his younger days had gained some note as a writer, and was introduced by Pope into the "Dunciad," though the name was suppressed in later editions. He was a laborious writer all his days, and some of his works are still extant in libraries, notably his "Dissertations on the Book of Job," a ponderous folio, written in very tolerable Latin. He was a simple, genial man, who spent more than his income in repairing his vicarage and in publishing books which would not sell. He was consequently often in pecuniary straits, and was several times imprisoned for debt. His wife, Susannah Annesley, was a woman of marked character, whose ideas of life ill comported with those of her easy-going husband. "It is an unhappiness," she wrote to her son, "that your father and I seldom think alike." There were born to them five sons and seven daughters. Each of the daughters had a sad history. Of the sons two died in childhood. Samuel, the eldest of all, became the master of a grammar school. The next who survived childhood was christened John Benjamin, in memory of the two who had died; he was the founder of Methodism. Charles, four years younger than John, became the hymnist of the Methodists.

Samuel Wesley had been chaplain to the Duke of Buckingham, and through his influence John was at the age of eleven admitted to the Charterhouse School in London, and at sixteen he was chosen to a scholarship in Christchurch College, Oxford. Of the first five years of his undergraduate life he says, "I said my prayers and read the Scriptures, but had no notion of inward holiness; nay, went on very contentedly in some or other known sin." We take this with many

grains of allowance, for very good men have often a very bad fancy for speaking ill of themselves. The only special sins of which we find any mention are that he translated a silly poem about a flea crawling upon the neck of a lovely woman, and now and then ran a little into debt; but as the income of his scholarship was only forty pounds, and as his debts appear not to have amounted to more than ten pounds a year, the offence is not a very heinous one, though the discharge of them bore heavily upon the poor vicar of Epworth.

Wesley had gone to Oxford with no purpose of entering holy orders. But the perusal of Thomas à Kempis and Bishop Taylor induced him to dedicate his life to the service of God. At twenty-two he was ordained deacon; two months afterward he was chosen fellow of Lincoln College, and within another six months lecturer in Greek and moderator of the classes. At twenty-three John Wesley was the rising man of his college. He laid down for himself a strict course of study. Mondays and Tuesdays were devoted to the Greek and Latin classics, Wednesdays to logic and ethics, Thursdays to Hebrew and Arabic, Fridays to metaphysics and natural philosophy, Saturdays to oratory and poetry, Sundays to divinity; at odd hours he studied French and amused himself with mathematics and optics. His vocation seemed to be that of a scholar and orator; and it seemed that there was also in him the material for the making of a bishop.

But the vicar of Epworth had a stroke of palsy, and at twenty-four John Wesley left college, much against his inclination, and became his father's curate at Wroote, a wretched place, surrounded with bogs, the people of which were "unpolished wights, dull as asses, with heads as impervious as stones." Here he remained more than two years. "I preached much," he says, "but saw no fruit of my labor." From Wroote he was recalled to Oxford, for every fellow of the college was bound to perform certain duties, either personally or by substitute. Wesley could find no substitute, and must perform these duties in person. These collegiate duties were to give private instruction to students and to preside over the daily debates held in the college hall. Here he remained six years.

A year before John Wesley went to

Wroote, his brother Charles had come to Oxford. Not long before, while he was at school, where his maintenance pressed hard upon his father's scanty means, the vicar of Epworth received a letter from Garrett Wellesley, a wealthy Irishman and distant kinsman, asking if he had not a son named Charles; if so, he would pay for his education, and probably adopt him as his heir. When Charles Wesley went to Oxford he was a lively lad of eighteen, who had no intention of "becoming a saint all at once." While John was at Wroote Garrett Wellesley came to Oxford and proposed that Charles should accompany him to Ireland. The offer was declined, for in the mean time a great change had come over the mind of the young man. He and some other students had formed themselves into a kind of religious association. Garrett thereupon adopted as his heir another kinsman, Richard Colley or Cowley, who took the name of Wellesley. He in time was created Earl of Mornington, and became the father of the Marquis of Wellesley, one of the greatest of the British governors-general of India, and of that Arthur Wellesley whom we best know as the Duke of Wellington. Southey writes: "Had Charles Wesley made a different choice, there might have been no Methodists; the British empire in India might still have been menaced from Seringapatam, and Napoleon might at this time have insulted and menaced us from our own shores." Had Charles Wesley become an Irish landlord, the church catholic would doubtless have lost its greatest hymnist; for he has written more good hymns and spiritual songs than any other man; and if one were to name the three best in any language, he must include at least one by Charles Wesley.

John Wesley, upon his return to Oxford, became a member, and in a sort the leader, of the religious band of students. They met daily for prayer and consultation, talked with their fellow students, taught the ignorant, preached to prisoners, aided the poor, and each gave away all his income beyond what he absolutely needed. But their most striking characteristic was that they sought to regulate their lives by strict rule and method. Some college wit nicknamed them Methodists; the name took, and they never cared to disown it. But saving the one

point of endeavoring for a holy life for themselves and urging it upon others, the Oxford Methodism of 1728 had few features in common with that great institution which we know by that name. In all respects the members adhered to the doctrines and ritual of the established church. They acknowledged the Apostolic, the Nicene, and the Athanasian creeds; they held to the thirty-nine articles and the homilies; they fasted rigorously in Lent, and gave to the eucharist a reverence hardly less than that inculcated by the Church of Rome. They all were, says Wesley, "in the strongest sense high-church men;" they would have been styled Ritualists in the phrase of our day.

But John Wesley at twenty-seven, and indeed for all his life, was far from an ascetic. He was eminently handsome, well-bred, and of genial manners. Among his acquaintances was Mrs. Pendarres, a widow of thirty, belonging to one of the noblest families of the kingdom, and usually called by her maiden name of Mary Granville. She had a sister whose pet name was Selina. Wesley corresponded with these ladies. In accordance with a common custom of the time they assumed fictitious names. Wesley was Cyrus, Charles was Araspes, the widow was Aspasia. Cyrus had sent one of his sermons to Aspasia. She returns it with expressions of gratitude for the "elegant entertainment" she had received, not only from the sermon, but from "the conversation which you and your brother made so agreeable," and hopes they may soon meet again. Selina adds in a postscript that Aspasia is about to visit Bath, and if Cyrus desired to wait upon her he had better write and ascertain her movements. The correspondence went on swimmingly, and certainly assumed a rather amatory form. Cyrus writes: "Oh that our friendship (since you give me leave to use so dear a word) may be built upon a firm foundation! If it be a fault to have too harmonious a soul, too exquisite a sense of elegant, generous transport, then indeed I must own there is an obvious fault both in Selina and Aspasia. If not, I fancy one may easily reconcile whatever they think or act to the strictest reason, unless it be their entertaining so favorable an opinion of their most obliged and most faithful

Cyrus." Again: "Is it a fault to desire to recommend myself to those who so strongly recommend virtue to me? Tell me, Aspasia, tell me, Selina, if it be a fault that my heart burns within me when I reflect upon the many marks of regard you have already shown." Aspasia inquires whether it is proper for her to attend a Sunday evening concert. Cyrus does not think that "any circumstance in life shall ever give the enemy an advantage over Aspasia." Cyrus has been charged with being too strict in matters of religion, and wishes Aspasia to give him her opinion and advice. Her reply is fairly gushing: "The imputation thrown upon you is a most extraordinary one. Oh, Cyrus, how noble a defence you make, and how you are adorned with the beauty of holiness!"

Nothing came of this love passage, if it really were one. Wesley appears about this time to have come to the opinion that it was better that clergymen should not marry. Indeed, that was always his speculative opinion; though in his own case, as we shall see, he three times made an exception, and thereby came to great grief. Mary Granville remained a widow for a dozen years, and then married Patrick Delany, an Irish dean who had become rich by having married a wealthy widow. Long after this she published a couple of clever autobiographical volumes.

Good old Samuel Wesley died in 1735, his palsied hand having just written the last pages of his "*Dissertationes in Librum Jobi*." His widow and daughters were left destitute, and application was made in behalf of John Wesley for the vacant living of Epworth. This was in the gift of the crown, but the Bishop of London was usually consulted in such matters. He had been heard to say something unfavorable about Wesley in connection with Methodism, and the matter fell through. The Methodist band at Oxford broke up, most of the members going to their several avocations in life. While on a visit to London the two Wesleys fell in with Dr. John Burton, who was looking out for some one to go as missionary to the infant colony of Georgia. He urged the work upon John Wesley. "Plausible and popular doctors of divinity," he wrote, "are not the ones wanted; but men inured to contempt of

the ornaments and conveniences of life, to bodily austerities and serious thoughts." Wesley took brief time for consideration. He asked the consent of his newly widowed mother. She replied, "Had I twenty sons I should rejoice if they were all so employed." In sixteen days after the offer was made the two Wesleys, accompanied by two of the Oxford band, Benjamin Ingham and Charles Delamotte, embarked for Georgia. Before they sailed they had drawn up a solemn compact that neither of them should undertake anything of importance without first consulting the others; if there was a difference of opinion, any one should yield to the other three; if they stood two and two, the matter should be decided by lot, after begging God's direction. On board the vessel were also James Oglethorpe, the founder of the colony, and thirty Moravian emigrants, headed by David Nitschmann, their bishop. They embarked at Gravesend, October 14, 1735, but were detained at the Downs until December 10, and cast anchor in Savannah river February 5, 1736.

Wesley himself gives the reasons which induced him to undertake the mission to Georgia. "My chief motive is the hope of saving my own soul. I hope to learn the true sense of the gospel of Christ by preaching it to the heathen. They have no party, no interest to save, and are therefore fit to receive the gospel in its simplicity. They are as little children, humble, willing to learn and eager to do the will of God. A right faith will, I trust, open the way for a right practice, especially when most of the temptations are removed which so easily beset me here. It will be no small thing to be able without giving offence to live on water and the fruits of the earth. An Indian hut affords no food for curiosity, no gratification of the desire of grand or new or pretty things. The pomp and show of the world have no place in the wilds of America. I have been a grievous sinner from my youth up, and am yet laden with foolish and hurtful desires. I cannot hope to attain the same degree of holiness here which I may there. I shall lose nothing I desire to keep. I shall have food to eat and raiment to put on, and if any man have a desire of other things, let him know that the greatest blessing that can possibly befall him is to

be cut off from all occasions of gratifying those desires which, unless speedily rooted out, will drown his soul in everlasting perdition."

Wesley was not long in discovering that his purpose of preaching to the Indians was futile. They were scattered through the wide forests and could hardly be found, and when found showed no disposition to listen to him. He became in effect merely the chaplain to the colonists, even learning Spanish that he might preach to a handful of Jews who were among them. He was still an extreme ritualist, and gave no little offence by his strictness. One virago whom he had reproved flung him down and cropped close the flowing locks from one side of his head. The next Sunday he preached with his hair long on one side and short on the other. Charles Wesley and Ingham returned to England in a few months. John remained in Georgia about two years. His departure was directly occasioned by a matter hardly to his credit.

Sophia Hopkey, a niece of the principal magistrate, was young, pretty, and intelligent. Wesley was pleased with her and she with him. She dressed in white because he liked it, and regulated her habits by his advice; he fell sick, and she nursed him. He made up his mind to marry her. Delamotte opposed the idea of a marriage; Wesley submitted the question to the Moravian elders, who advised him to proceed no further in the matter. "The Lord's will be done," replied Wesley; but he was in a sore strait. Sophia was naturally piqued, and hastily engaged herself to one William Williamson, and the marriage took place March 12, in four days, Wesley in the mean time having vainly urged her to break the engagement and marry him. Wesley made this curious entry in his journal:

"*February 5.*—One of the most remarkable dispensations of Providence toward me began to show itself this day. For many days after I could not at all judge which way the scale would turn; nor was it fully determined till March 4, on which day God commanded me to pull out my right eye; and by his grace I determined to do so; but being slack in the execution, on Monday, March 12, God being very merciful to me, my friend per-

formed what I could not." And again: "March 8, Miss Sophy engaged herself to Mr. Williamson, a person not remarkable for handsomeness, neither for greatness, neither for wit or knowledge or sense, and least of all for religion; and on Saturday, March 12, they were married, this being the day which completed the year from my first speaking to her. What thou doest, O God, I know not now, but I shall know hereafter."

About this time, and doubtless in reference to this transaction, Wesley wrote the well-known hymn beginning:

"Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share;
Oh, tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there."

Forty-nine years later Wesley, then more than fourscore; and having gone through another similar experience, wrote: "I remember when I read these words in the church at Savannah, 'Son of man, I take from thee the desire of thine eyes with a stroke,' I was pierced through as with a sword, and could not utter a word more."

Williamson grew jealous of Wesley, and forbade his wife to speak to him or attend his services; she absented herself from church for a time, and Wesley refused to admit her to the sacrament, whereupon her husband brought an action against him, laying his damages at a thousand pounds. The general conduct of Wesley was brought before the grand jury, who found a bill of indictment containing ten specifications. Nine of these related to purely ecclesiastical matters; but the tenth charged Wesley with misconduct which "occasioned much uneasiness between Sophia Williamson and her husband." He refused to plead to any except this specification, upon which he demanded an immediate trial. This was put off for more than three months, and Wesley announced his determination to return at once to England. He was summoned to give bail to answer the suit of Williamson; this he refused, and the sentinels were ordered to prevent him from leaving Savannah. One December evening, after public prayers, Wesley slipped away in a boat rowed by four fellows whom he had hired to assist him, and who were anxious to get away from their creditors. Then they took to the swamp, where they came near perishing

of hunger and cold, but after ten days succeeded in reaching Charleston, whence Wesley set sail for England. The voyage lasted nearly seven weeks.

Wesley's mission to Georgia had turned out a failure in every way. He had failed in preaching to the Indians; he had failed as chaplain to the colonists; and worst of all, he had in his own deliberate judgment failed in the effort to save his own soul. In a carefully penned document he says: "By the most infallible of proofs, inward feeling, I am convinced of unbelief; of pride throughout my life past; of gross irrecollection; of levity and luxuriancy of spirit. I went to America to convert the Indians; but oh, who shall convert me? Alienated as I am from the life of God, I am a child of wrath, an heir of hell." Years after, indeed, he had, as we think, very good reason to conclude that he was wrong in this estimate of his spiritual state at that time. But for many years he believed that his conversion did not take place until four months after his return to England.

He thought that being without faith he ought to leave off preaching, and asked the advice of the Moravian, Peter Bohler. The reply was, "Preach faith until you have it, and then because you have it you will preach it." And so Wesley went on preaching, still believing himself to be unconverted. We do not venture to attempt a definition of the sense in which he understood the term.

He fixes the date of his conversion as May 24, 1738. Several of his friends had "embraced the doctrine of salvation by faith only. Charles Wesley also, on Whitsunday, May 21, was made a partaker of the same great blessing, and was filled with love and joy. Wesley himself was still a mourner. Three more days of anguish were thus passed; and then, on May 24, at five in the morning, he opened his Testament on these words: 'There are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises, that by these ye might be made partakers of the divine nature.' On leaving home he opened on the text, 'Thou art not far from the kingdom of God.' In the afternoon he went to St. Paul's cathedral, where the anthem was full of comfort. At night he went to a society meeting in Aldersgate street, where a person read Luther's

preface to the Epistle to the Romans, in which Luther teaches what faith is, and also that faith alone justifies." While this was being read Wesley experienced an amazing change. He writes: "I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ alone for salvation; and an assurance was given me that he had taken away my sins, even mine, and saved me from the law of sin and death; and I then testified openly to all there what I now first felt in my heart." Toward ten o'clock a troop of friends took him to his brother; they sang a hymn with joy, and then parted with prayer. But that same night he "was much buffeted with temptations;" the day after the "enemy injected a fear that his faith was not real;" the next day "his soul continued in peace, but yet in heaviness, because of manifold temptations." On the 31st he "grieved the Spirit of God not only by not watching unto prayer, but likewise by speaking with sharpness, instead of tender love, of one who was not sound in the faith." Eight months later he writes of himself: "My friends affirm I am mad because I said I was not a Christian a year ago. I affirm I am not a Christian now. That I am not a Christian at this day, I as assuredly know as that Jesus is the Christ. For a Christian is one who has the fruits of the Spirit of Christ, which (to mention no more) are love, peace, joy. But these I have not. I have not any love of God. I do not love either the Father or the Son. From hence I conclude, though I have given and do give all my goods to feed the poor, I am not a Christian. Though I have constantly used all the means of grace for twenty years, I am not a Christian." To all which, and much more to the same purport, we can only say what one of his friends said to him: "If you have not been a Christian ever since I have known you, you have been a great hypocrite; for you made us all believe you were one."

On his voyage to America, during his residence there, and after his return to England, Wesley had been thrown much into the society of the Moravians, and three weeks after his conversion he set out for Herrnhut in Germany, to study their doctrines at the fountain head. He remained three months, and was much delighted, though not a little puzzled, at some things. On his return he connected

himself with a little Moravian society in London, for whose use he compiled a small hymn-book, containing seventy hymns. About half of these were by Watts, Wesley furnishing six translations. There was not a line from Charles Wesley. This little book is notable as having been the first of forty hymn-books prepared during the next half century by one or both of the brothers.

Wesley was still, and indeed professed all his life to be, a member of the Church of England. He preached whenever a church was opened to him. These grew fewer and fewer, and before the close of 1739 there were only three in London, and three more in all England, to which he was admitted. Whitefield, who had returned from a flying visit to America, was at first more fortunate. In the first five weeks of the year he preached thirty-nine times in London. His wonderful eloquence (or rather, we might say, elocution) produced a great effect. He then set off for the west of England. In a few weeks all the churches but two were closed to him. The Chancellor of the diocese of Bristol warned him that if he preached any more in the diocese without a license, he should be suspended or expelled. He took fire at this, and on the 17th of February he went to Kingswood, where he preached in the open air to two hundred colliers. The services were continued to largely increased audiences. At the fifth there were ten thousand hearers. If from all years, and all days of the year, we were to choose the one which should be the Methodist anniversary, it should be this 17th of February, 1739, for on that day for the first time a clergyman of the established church preached, in defiance of episcopal prohibition, outside the walls of a consecrated building. Wesley followed Whitefield to Bristol, and on the 3d of April preached his first open-air sermon. "I could," he wrote, "scarce reconcile myself at first to this strange way of preaching in the fields; having been all my life till very lately so tenacious of every point relating to decency and order, that I should have thought the saving of souls almost a sin if it had not been done in a church."

He soon found means to justify himself to himself. He was an ordained priest, and as such, he writes, "God, in Scrip-

ture, commands me, according to my power, to instruct the ignorant, reform the wicked, confirm the virtuous. Man forbids me to do this in another's parish; that is, in effect, not to do it at all, seeing I have now no parish of my own, nor probably ever shall. Whom, then, shall I hear—God, or man?" Then follows the famous sentence, "I look upon all the world as my parish; thus far, I mean, that in whatever part of it I am, I judge it right, meet, and my bounden duty to declare unto all that are willing to hear the glad tidings of salvation."

We do not propose to attempt the large work of describing the rise of the Methodist institution; to show how from a feeble root it came to its present stately growth. To it may be fitly applied the magnificent words of Coleridge respecting the upgrowing of civil liberty and law: "Whence did this organization come? Was it a tree transplanted from Paradise with all its branches in full fruitage? Was it sowed in the sunshine? Was it in vernal breezes and gentle rains that it fixed its roots and grew and strengthened? With blood was it planted; it was rocked in the tempests; the goat, the ass, and the stag gnawed it; the wild boar has whetted its tusks on its bark. The deep scars are still extant on its trunk, and the path of the lightning may be traced on its higher branches. And even after its full growth, in the season of its strength, when its height reached to the heavens and the breadth thereof to all the earth, the whirlwind has more than once forced its stately top to touch the ground. It has bent like the bow and sprung back like the shaft. Mightier powers were at work than mere expediency has ever called up; yea, mightier than the mere understanding can comprehend." Of all these mighty powers the mightiest, saving only that of the Infinite, was John Wesley.

Moorfields, the scene of Wesley's early labors, was then a kind of open park laid out in grass plots with broad gravel walks. Here, and on Kennington Common and Blackheath, Whitefield began to preach immediately on his return from Bristol. His audiences were soon numbered by thousands and scores of thousands. Once on Kennington he computed there were fifty thousand, and once in Moorfields sixty thousand. In a few weeks he set off on his second voyage to

America, and Wesley took up his work in earnest.

The Moravian society formed the nucleus around which the elements of the new organization began to crystallize. Scattered also here and there throughout England were small bands of obscure men and women who met for prayer and exhortation. Wesley soon began his course of journeys and preachings, and each of these little bands became a new centre. Bristol was one of the earliest of these. The bishop took Wesley to task. "I hear that you administer the sacrament in your societies," said the prelate. "I never did yet, and I believe I never shall," replied Wesley. "I hear that many people fall into fits in your societies, and that you pray over them?" "I do so when any show by strong cries and tears that their souls are in deep anguish; and our prayer is often heard." "Very extraordinary indeed; and now, since you ask my advice, I will give it freely. You have no business here; you are not commissioned to preach in this diocese. Therefore I advise you to go hence." "My lord," rejoined Wesley, "my business on earth is to do what good I can. Wherever I think I can do most good, there I must stay so long as I think so. At present I think I can do most good here; therefore here I stay. Being ordained a priest, by the commission I then received I am a priest of the church universal; and being ordained as a fellow of a college, I was not limited to any particular cure, but have an indeterminate commission to preach the word of God in any part of the Church of England. I conceive not, therefore, that in preaching here by this commission I break any human law. When I am convinced that I do, then it will be time to ask, shall I obey God or man? But if I should be convinced in the mean while that I could advance the glory of God and the salvation of souls in any other place more than in Bristol, in that hour, by God's help, I will go hence; which till then I may not do." He remained in and near Bristol for about nine months, every night preaching and expounding to the societies which were springing up. Kingswood, not far from Bristol, where Whitefield had preached his first outdoor sermon, had formerly been a royal chase of three or four thousand acres; but it had been gradually ap-

propriated by several nobles whose estates encircled it. The deer had disappeared, and most of the forests had been cut down. Coal had been discovered, and the region occupied by colliers, who formed a peculiar people, ignorant and brutal, whose very language was hardly intelligible to their neighbors. Six weeks from the time when he preached his first sermon there, Wesley had collected twenty pounds toward the erection of a school, and four days after the foundation stone was laid. Soon after he began the erection of a room in Bristol large enough to accommodate two of the little societies. Toward the close of the year he returned to London, purchased a ruinous old building which had been used as a cannon foundry, and proceeded to fit it up as a place of worship. The whole cost was eight hundred pounds, of which in about three years four hundred and eighty pounds had been raised by subscription; Wesley, whose only income was his Oxford fellowship, running in debt for the remainder. When completed, it was a plain structure with two doors, one leading to the chapel, which would hold fifteen hundred persons, the other to the preachers' house, school, and band-room. Over the band-room were plain apartments for the use of Wesley. In the chapel the males and females sat apart. There was also before long a book-room for the sale of Wesley's publications. This was the first Methodist meeting-house in London; and here, in June, 1744, was held the first conference, which gave formal shape to the new institution. It was composed of the two Wesleys, four other clergymen of the Church of England, and four lay preachers.

It was resolved at this conference to defend the doctrine of the Church of England by preaching and example; to obey the bishops in all things indifferent; to observe the canons as far as they could with a safe conscience; and to exert themselves to the utmost not to entail a schism in the church by forming themselves into a distinct sect. They held themselves, and Wesley to the day of his death held himself, members of the national church. Lay assistants were allowable only in cases of necessity. Their duties were to expound morning and evening; to keep a general watch over the bands and societies; and above all to

submit themselves wholly to Wesley's orders. They must not marry, receive money, nor contract debts without his knowledge; must go where he sent them, and employ their time as he directed. This supremacy of Wesley was the corner stone upon which Methodism rested. No pope, no superior of the order of Jesuits, ever claimed or exercised more absolute control than did the founder of Methodism. In the last year of his life he wrote: "In the great revival at London my first difficulty was to bring into temper those who opposed the work; and my next to check and regulate the extravagance of those that promoted it. And this was far the hardest part of my work; for many of them would bear no check at all. But I followed one rule, 'You must either bend or break.'"

The early records of Methodism are full of mention of members of the society who, from one cause or another, refused to obey Wesley's directions, and went away or were expelled from the bands. But from first to last Wesley never hesitated or faltered. He was quiet and gentle, but immovable. He grew up to the greatness of his work. The heavier was the load, the more it steadied him; and when the care of all the Methodist churches in England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, and America rested on his shoulders, he did not seem to feel the weight of the burden.

The history of the early years of Methodism reads like a new volume of the Acts of the Apostles. Its preachers were insulted and mobbed, fined and imprisoned. They were lampooned in pamphlets, and vilified from pulpits. The societies grew slowly. In 1770, thirty years after their first organization, there were 29,911 Methodists in Great Britain and Ireland, and perhaps a score in America. In 1780 there were in the United Kingdom 43,830, in America 8,504. In 1790, the year before Wesley's death, there were in Great Britain and Ireland, 71,568; in America, 57,631. In 1870 the members of the Methodist societies in Great Britain were about 950,000; in America about 2,300,000. Had Wesley been succeeded in England by such a man as Francis Asbury, one can scarcely doubt that the growth of Methodism in England would have kept pace with its growth in America. That day in 1771 when Francis Asbury, the son of a peasant, was sent with Rich-

ard Wright "as a reinforcement to America," should be marked with a white stone in the Methodist calendar. No adequate life of Asbury has ever been written; perhaps none ever can be, for he solemnly enjoined that none should be published. It is doubtful indeed whether any faithful portrait of him is extant. His best monument is the Methodist Episcopal Church in America; and there can be no nobler one.

In the Methodist Church there have been rents and divisions enough, the scars of which still remain on the trunk and branches of the stately tree. The first, and perhaps most notable, was when a part of the society went off with Whitefield, and a part remained with Wesley. Wesley had from the first rejected what by way of distinction may be called the Calvinistic theory of redemption. Whitefield maintained it. As early as 1739 Wesley had preached a sermon on "Free Grace," which he had in mind to print. Whitefield endeavored to dissuade him from doing this. Wesley put the question to lot, and the answer was, "Preach and print." In this sermon Wesley defines the Calvinistic doctrine, by what name soever called, to be that, "By virtue of an eternal, unchangeable, irresistible decree of God, one part of mankind are infallibly saved, and the rest infallibly damned; it being impossible that any of the former should be damned, or that any of the latter should be saved." He sums up his objections to this doctrine under eight heads, the last of which is: "It is full of blasphemy; for it represents our blessed Lord as a hypocrite and dissembler, in saying one thing and meaning another; in pretending to a love which he had not. It also represents the most holy God as more false, more cruel, and more unjust than the devil; for, in point of fact, it says that God has condemned millions of souls to everlasting fire for continuing in sin, which, for want of the grace he gives them not, they are unable to avoid. This is the blasphemy clearly contained in the horrible decree of predestination. And here I fix my foot: you represent God as worse than the devil."

Hard words these. It would be hard to find harder by which to designate the rites of Moloch, or of Kali, or of Jugger-naut. Yet these, and much more to the

same purport, are the words by which Wesley designates a doctrine held by a great majority of the Christian world as one of the vital doctrines of Christianity. The dispute thus opened lasted for years. The immediate result was, as described by Wesley: "Those who held universal redemption had no desire to separate; but those who held particular redemption would not hear of any accommodation, being determined to have no fellowship with men that were in such 'dangerous errors.' So there were now two sorts of Methodists: those for particular, and those for general redemption." If theologians are to be held, like other men, to the plain meaning of their deliberate words, it is not easy to see how Wesley and his followers could hold any fellowship with those, one of whose vital tenets they considered thus blasphemous, and having also, as he says in the same sermon, "a manifest tendency to overthrow the whole Christian revelation."

In 1749 occurred an odd episode in Wesley's life. On one of his missionary journeys he had been taken sick at Newcastle, where he was nursed by Grace Murray, one of his female "helpers," a handsome clever widow of four-and-thirty, Wesley himself being twelve years older. He asked her to marry him. She seemed amazed, and replied, "This is too great a blessing. I can't tell how to believe it. This is all I could have wished under heaven." Wesley, quite naturally, took this as a formal betrothal. But Grace had not long before nursed John Bennett, a Methodist preacher, of about her own age; and Wesley was soon astounded by a joint letter from Grace and John, asking his consent to their marriage. Then ensued a comedy lasting for months, the like of which no playwright has ventured to put upon the stage. Grace would have been quite content with either of her lovers, were it not for the other. But, contrary to all example, it was the absent one whom she wanted. When Wesley was with her she longed for Bennett; when Bennett was present she longed for Wesley. How many times she broke and renewed her engagement with each it would be hard to tell. "I love you," she said to Wesley, "a thousand times better than I ever loved John Bennett; but I am afraid if I don't marry him he'll run mad." That very evening she promised

herself again to Bennett. A week after she told Wesley she was determined to live and die with him. She indeed wanted to be married at once; but Wesley wished for some delay. Grace said she would not wait more than a year. A fortnight later she met Bennett, fell at his feet, and acknowledged that she had used him ill. They were married a week after. This strange marriage seems to have turned out a happy one. Bennett died in the triumphs of faith ten years later. Grace survived until 1803, dying at the age of eighty-seven. For years she was a bright light in the Methodist society. Wesley saw her three days after her marriage, and but once more on earth. Thirty-nine years after, she came to London on a visit to her son, and expressed a wish to see Wesley. He was eighty-five years old, she past seventy. What could they now have to say, except "Hail and farewell?"

Wesley comforted himself much as he had done in the case of Sophia Hopkey. He wrote to his brother: "Since I was six years old I never met with such a severe trial. I thought I had made all sure beyond a danger of disappointment. But we were soon after torn asunder as by a whirlwind. I fasted and prayed. Then was the word fulfilled, 'Son of man, behold I take from thee the desire of thine eyes at a stroke.' But why should a living man complain? a man for the punishment of his sins?" He also wrote a hymn on the occasion. His sorrow must have been profound if it was measured by the length of this hymn, for it consisted of nearly two hundred lines.

A little more than a year after this Wesley made a third, and unfortunately a successful attempt at matrimony. The beginning of this affair reads like a farce, but it ended in a domestic tragedy of thirty years' duration. On the 4th of February he met the "single men" of his London society, and "showed them on how many accounts it was good for those who had received that gift from God to remain single for the kingdom of heaven's sake, unless where a particular case might be an exception to the general rule." He had already determined that his own case formed one of these exceptions; for four days before he had astounded his brother Charles by the announcement that he was about to marry. "For

many years," he said, "I remained single because I believed I could be more useful in a single state; and I praise God who enabled me to do so. I now as fully believe that in my present circumstances I might be more useful in a married state." The person on whom he had fixed was Mrs. Vazeille, a widow of forty, who had been a servant, and had married a merchant who had left her a widow with four children and a fortune of ten thousand pounds. The fortune was clearly no part of Wesley's inducement, for he insisted that it should be settled upon her children. It seems that when he announced his purpose to his brother he had not consulted the widow, and probably had no immediate intention of doing so, for he was to set out in four days upon a long journey to the north. But in crossing London bridge he slipped, sprained his ankle, and was carried to the house of Mrs. Vazeille, where, as he says, he spent seven days, "partly in prayer, reading, and conversation, and partly in writing a Hebrew Grammar and Lessons for Children." The accident took place February 10, and the March number of the "Gentleman's Magazine" contained this announcement: "Married, February 18, Rev. Mr. John Wesley, Methodist preacher, to a merchant's widow with a fortune of three hundred pounds per annum." Wesley was still unable to set his foot on the ground, but on the evening following his wedding, and on the next morning, he preached kneeling.

For a few months Mrs. Wesley accompanied her husband on his journeys; but before the year was over fierce difficulties arose. Perronet, whose good opinion of Mrs. Vazeille had much to do with Wesley's choice, writes to Charles Wesley: "I am truly concerned that matters are in so melancholy a situation. I think the unhappy lady is most to be pitied, though the gentleman's case is mournful enough. Their sufferings proceed from widely different causes. His are the visible chastisements of a loving Father; hers the immediate effects of an angry, bitter spirit."

For twenty years things went on from bad to worse. The wife grew intolerably jealous. She spied into Wesley's every action; opened his letters; made public everything which would bear an unfavorable construction, and it is alleged caused

forged ones to be inserted in the newspapers. She declared that the noble wife of Charles Wesley had been for years the mistress of his brother. She would often ride a hundred miles to some town where her husband's arrival was expected, that she might see who accompanied him. More than once she laid violent hands upon him. One of his friends once came to their room and found Wesley on the floor, where she had been dragging him about by the hair. In one hand was a handful of his long locks which she had plucked out by the roots. Time and again she left him, and returned. At length, in 1771, she started off to her daughter in Newcastle, purposing never to come back. Wesley wrote down: *Non eam reliqui; non dimissi; non revocabo* ("I haven't abandoned her; haven't sent her off; won't call her back"). After eighteen months they were rejoined for a short time, and then they parted forever. Eight years after, Wesley came back to London from one of his long preaching tours, and made this entry in his journal: "October 12, 1781. I was informed my wife died on Monday, the 8th. This evening she was buried, though I was not informed of it till a day or two after."

While there can be no reason to doubt that Wesley was free from all actual wrong, it must be admitted that his wife was not without apparent cause for jealousy, especially in the matter of his relations with Sarah Ryan. This woman, originally a servant, had married a mechanic, who had another wife. He ran away, and she became engaged to an Italian sailor; but happening to nurse an Irish sailor named Ryan, she married him. He went on a voyage, whereupon she married the Italian. Ryan came back, and for a while she lived with him until he went to sea again. Then the Italian again turned up, and wished her to live with him. She refused, apparently considering herself the wife of Ryan, whose name she ever after bore. He wrote to her from America, wishing her to come over to him. She declined, and, though she had three husbands living, resolved to live with neither, but to go out to service. At the age of thirty she was converted under the preaching of Wesley, and three years after was appointed by him housekeeper in the religious establishment at Kingswood. Wesley evi-

dently held her in high esteem, for he wrote frequently to her, and made her the confidante of his domestic troubles. Some of these letters fell into the hands of his wife and fired her jealousy. Once when Wesley was at Kingswood, sitting at dinner with a company of his preachers, Sarah presiding at the table, the angry wife burst into the room, and designating the housekeeper by the coarsest word in the language, told the guests that she had three husbands living. Not an altogether edifying scene at a meeting of ministers. Sarah Ryan's conduct during the sixteen years which she lived after her conversion has not been impeached. She was noted for her piety, and after her death Wesley published an account of her religious experience. Still, it may be doubted whether a woman of three-and-thirty, who might at any moment have been imprisoned for bigamy, was just the one to be made matron of a theological school. At all events she was hardly a safe correspondent for a man who had a jealous wife who was in the habit of opening his letters.

Wesley endeavored to draw some consolation even from his ill-starred marriage. Moore, his earliest biographer, writes: "He often told me that he believed the Lord overruled this painful business for his good; and that if Mrs. Wesley had been a better wife he might have been unfaithful in the great work to which God had called him, and might have too much sought to please her according to her own views." It is not easy to say what afflictions may not become a means of grace; but of all unlikely ones, the most unlikely would seem to be a jealous termagant wife.

We gladly turn from the consideration of Wesley's weakness to that of his strength. Of this we must speak with less detail. No space less than a volume would be sufficient to do it justice. The open secret lay in his indomitable will, unflinching courage, untiring industry, and absolute devotion to his work. To save souls was not merely the great object, it was the sole object of his life. For a half century the sole care of all the Methodist churches lay upon his shoulders. Never had a great leader so few able associates. Charles Wesley, saving as a hymnist, was quite as much a burden as a help. Indeed, for the last thirty years

of his life he can hardly be styled a Methodist, for he abandoned itinerant preaching. Whitefield left him at an early date. Fletcher, whom he had designed to be his successor, but who died before him, is the only one who can rank with any one of a score who surrounded Luther and Calvin. Saving Coke, who, with considerable talent, much learning, and abundant zeal, lacked the sound judgment requisite for a great leader, of all the hundreds of early Methodists commemorated by Mr. Tyerman, it would be hard to name another who either in capacity or acquirements exceeded mediocrity. Not a few of them were most unpromising materials, and the kind of supervision which Wesley had to exercise over them is often amusing. To one of his Irish preachers he gives a long list of instructions, called forth by what he had himself seen in the north of Ireland. He writes: "Be cleanly. Avoid all nastiness, dirt, slovenliness. Do not stink above ground; this is a bad fruit of laziness. Use all diligence to be clean. Whatever clothes you wear, let them be whole; no rents, no tatters, no rags. Mend your clothes, or I shall never expect to see you mend your lives. Clean yourselves of lice; these are a proof both of uncleanness and laziness. Take pains in this. Do not cut off your hair, but clean it, and keep it clean. Cure yourself and your family of the itch. A spoonful of brimstone will cure you. To let this run on from year to year proves both sloth and uncleanness. Away with it at once." All this, and much more to the same general purpose, is sound admonition; but one would hardly suppose that there would have been any necessity to administer it to a band of preachers.

Wesley's activity was something marvellous. We doubt if a more laborious man ever lived. Year in and year out for half a century he travelled not less than five thousand miles a year. Up to the age of seventy his journeys were mostly made on horseback; at that time he met with an injury which involved a severe surgical operation, and disabled him from riding, and a carriage was purchased for him by subscription. These long journeys were usually made in the winter, over the terrible roads of the time. Not unfrequently he preached four times a day, not merely on Sundays, but through-

out the entire week. It is computed that he preached in all more than forty thousand sermons. When not travelling he was busily engaged in meeting the members of his bands, and in overseeing the minute details of his scattered societies. When one looks at his travelling, he may well wonder how Wesley found time to write; when one looks at his writings, the marvel is how he found time to do anything else.

We have counted up the titles of about two hundred and fifty separate works by Wesley. Many of these were short tracts or single sermons; others may be styled pamphlets; and a very large number are volumes and series of volumes. The subjects are of the most multifarious character. His earliest work, published at the age of thirty, was a "Collection of Prayers for Every Day in the Week." There are about forty collections of hymns by himself and his brother Charles; there are short grammars of the Greek, Latin, Hebrew, and French languages, a miniature English dictionary, annotated editions of several classic authors, a work on "Primitive Physic," "Directions for Pronunciation and Gesture," a treatise on electricity, "Notes on the New Testament," and so forth. In 1773 he completed a collected edition of the works he had then published, which made thirty-two volumes. This, however, does not include his various text-books or the four volumes of sermons, which were published separately, or the four volumes of "Moral Poems" selected from various authors, or the three quarto volumes of "Notes on the Old Testament," which are mainly an abridgment of Matthew Henry and Poole; nor the "Christian Library," a series of abridgments and translations, which extended to fifty volumes, and occupied him six years. Besides these, he prepared a "History of England," in four volumes; an "Ecclesiastical History," in three volumes; and a "Compendium of Natural Philosophy," in five volumes. In 1778 he began the publication of the "Arminian Magazine," in monthly numbers of eighty pages, which he continued to edit for thirteen years, almost to the day of his death. A very considerable part of each number was written by him; in particular, every alternate number contained an elaborate sermon. His entire works would fill more than one hundred

duodecimo volumes. The four volumes of sermons, and the "Notes on the New Testament" are permanent additions to theological literature, and are to this day text-books in the Methodist church.

From the very outset Wesley's publications were a source of some profit, and in course of time became a source of considerable income. In 1780 he wrote: "Two-and-forty years ago, having a desire to furnish poor people with cheaper, shorter, and plainer books than any I had seen, I wrote many small tracts, generally a penny apiece; and afterward several larger. Some of these had such a sale as I never thought of; and by this means I unawares became rich. But I never desired or endeavored after it. And now that it is come upon me unawares, I lay up no treasures upon earth; I lay up nothing at all. I cannot help leaving my books behind me whenever God calls me hence; but in every other respect my own hands will be my executors." Thirty-seven years before he had written: "As to gold and silver, I desire it not. I will take care (God being my helper) that none of the accursed thing shall be found in my tents when the Lord calleth me hence. Hear ye this, all you who have discovered the treasures which I am to leave behind me: If I leave behind me ten pounds above my debts and my books, or what may happen to be due on account of them, you and all mankind bear witness against me, that I lived and died a thief and a robber."

Wesley kept this pledge in the spirit, and almost to the letter. During the first year of his fellowship at Oxford his income was £30; he lived on £28, and gave away £2. The next year he received £60; he lived on £28, and gave away £32. The third year he received £90, and the fourth £120; he still lived on £28, and gave the rest away. After his societies were fairly established his salary was £30, and sometimes his travelling expenses. In course of time his books brought him a profit of from £500 to £1,000 a year. Up to the last year of his life he kept an accurate account of his receipts and disbursements. The last of these account books closes with these words, written by a hand tremulous with age: "For upward of 86 [probably it should be 68] years I have kept my accounts exactly. I will not at-

tempt it any longer, being satisfied with the continual conviction that I save all I can and give all I can—that is, all I have.” In 1782 he gave away £593, reserving £5 18s. for clothes; in 1783 he gave £832; in 1784, £534; in 1785, £851; in 1787, £961; in 1788, £738; in 1789, the last year but two of his life, £822. In all, it is estimated that he gave away between £30,000 and £40,000; an amount about equal to half a million of dollars in our day. By his last will, made in his eighty-seventh year, whatever coins should be found in his bureau or pockets were to be divided between six persons: it could not have been more than a few pounds, probably only a few shillings; and six poor men were to have twenty shillings each for carrying his body to the grave. His gowns, cassocks, sashes, and bands were left for the use of the clergymen of the City Road chapel; another clergyman was to have his pelisse. His jewelry consisted of a watch, gold seal, and four silver teaspoons. His chaise and horses were to be sold and the proceeds given to several members of his society. Out of the first money arising from the sale of his books, legacies amounting in all to £140 were to be paid to his sister and two other persons. His books and the book business (subject to a rent charge of £85 a year to the widow and children of Charles Wesley) were left to the Methodist Conference, “in trust for carrying on the work of God by itinerant preachers.” The amount of this bequest can only be estimated. Fifteen years before, the stock of books on hand was inventoried, above debts due to printers and binders, at about £10,500. At his death it was probably not less. The book business was yielding a net profit of about £1,000 a year, equivalent to a capital of perhaps £20,000. If this be added to the £30,000 or £40,000 already given in personal benefactions, the whole amount actually given by Wesley cannot be less, expressed in the values of our day, than three quarters of a million of dollars.

Wesley was rather below the middle stature, with a fine form and remarkably beautiful features. In his dress he was always extremely neat. His manners were those of an accomplished gentleman and scholar. There are four portraits of him of undoubted authenticity. Three of these are reproduced by Tyerman. The

first, taken at the age of forty, represents a singularly handsome man, with long, dark locks flowing to the shoulders. One would hardly guess his age at more than thirty. The second, at the age of sixty-three, when his domestic troubles were just culminating, bears a singular likeness to the portraits of Milton, but has a pained and wearied look. The long hair is still dark; but in a few years it turned to white. Until past middle age his health was rather delicate, and mention is several times made of serious illness. After he had passed seventy-five he appears to have taken a new lease of life, and became more robust than ever before. The portrait at the age of eighty-five, taken by Romney, one of the best painters of the day, should be accepted as the standard likeness. The hair, still long and abundant, is white, but the face is full, the forehead unwrinkled, the complexion fair and delicately colored. The form, as far as can be judged in the furred pelisse, is rather full. One would suppose the picture to represent a vigorous man of sixty. The fourth picture is said to have been sketched three years later, while Wesley was preaching. The figure is bowed, the face emaciated, and bearing the marks of extreme age.

For many years Wesley was in the habit of noting in his journal or letters the condition of his health. In 1783 he wrote: “I have this day lived fourscore years; and, by the mercy of God, mine eyes are not waxed dim, and what little strength of body or mind I had thirty years since, just the same I have now.” In 1784 he wrote: “When I was young I had weak eyes, trembling hands, and an abundance of infirmities; but, by the blessing of God, I have outlived them all. I have no infirmities now but what I judge inseparable from flesh and blood.” In 1785: “Once or twice I have been a little out of order this autumn; but it was only for a day or two at a time. In general, my health for these last ten years has been better than it ever was for ten years together since I was born.” In this year occurs the first intimation of failing power: “I find by an increase of years less activity; I walk slower, particularly up hill; my memory is not so quick; I cannot read so well by candlelight. But I bless God all my other powers of body and mind remain just what they were.”

In 1789, on his eighty-seventh birthday: "I now find I grow old. My sight is decayed, so that I cannot read small print unless in a strong light. My strength is decayed, so that I walk much slower than I did some years since. My memory of names, whether of persons or places, is decayed, till I stop a little to recollect them." In 1790, January 1: "I am now an old man, decayed from head to foot. My eyes are dim; my right hand shakes very much; my mouth is dry and hot; I have a lingering fever almost every day; my motion is weak and slow. However, blessed be God, I do not slack my labor. I can preach and write still." And on his birthday, six months later: "This day I enter my eighty-eighth year. For above eighty-six years I found none of the infirmities of old age. My eyes did not wax dim, neither was my natural strength abated, but last August I found a sudden change. My eyes were so dim that no glasses would help me. My strength likewise quite forsook me, and probably will not return in this world. But I feel no pain from head to foot; only it seems the springs of nature are exhausted, and, humanly speaking, will sink more and more till the weary springs of life stand still at last."

On October 17 of this year he rode sixty miles to Rye, and preached in the evening. The next day he preached his last outdoor sermon. It was under an ash-tree in the churchyard at Winchelsea. The tree was for a long time protected by the vicar, and was known far and wide as Wesley's tree, though mutilated by pilgrim Methodists, who chopped and lopped it to secure mementoes of their spiritual father. He preached after this many times indoors. At Colchester, among his auditors was Henry Crabb Robinson, then a lad of fifteen, whose clever "Diary and Reminiscences" was published four or five years ago. He writes: "I heard John Wesley in the great round meeting-house. He stood in a wide pulpit, and on each side of him stood a minister, and the two held him up by the arm-pits. His feeble voice was barely audible, but his reverend countenance, especially his long white locks, formed a picture never to be forgotten. At the end of every head or division of his discourse he finished by a kind of prayer, a momentary wish, as it were, not consisting of more than three or four

words, which was always followed by a universal buzz. His discourse was short. After the last prayer he rose up and addressed the people on liberality of sentiment, and spoke much against refusing to join with any congregation on account of difference of opinion." In the following eight days he preached eleven times in six different towns, and so must have travelled many miles. In this year also, besides editing the "Arminian Magazine," writing his regular six sermons, and many other articles, he published a revised edition of his translation of the New Testament, with an analysis of the several books and chapters.

On Thursday, February 24, 1791, he rose at four o'clock in the morning, and rode eighteen miles to visit a magistrate, in whose dining-room he preached. This was his last sermon. The same day he wrote his last letter. It was addressed to Wilberforce, and contains this remarkable passage: "Unless the Divine Providence has raised you up to be as Athanasius, *contra mundum*, I see not how you can go through your glorious enterprise in opposing that execrable villainy which is the scandal of religion, of England, and of human nature. Unless God has raised you up for this very thing, you will be worn out by the opposition of men and devils; but if God be with you, who can be against you? Are all of them together stronger than God? Oh! be not weary of well-doing. Go on, in the name of God, and in the power of his might, till even American slavery, the vilest that ever saw the sun, shall vanish before it."

He returned to London on the 25th, and on reaching home seemed quite unwell. The 26th was passed mostly in half-slumber. On the 27th he seemed somewhat better. On the 28th his weakness increased, and his physician wished for further assistance. "No," said Wesley; "I am quite satisfied, and will have no one else." Most of the day was spent in sleep. He awoke after a restless night, but sang the hymn "All glory be to God on high," and after awhile said, "I'll get up." While his friends were arranging his clothes, he broke out into the hymn, "I'll praise my Maker while I've breath." Soon, utterly exhausted, but full of happiness, he was again laid upon his bed. After awhile he asked about the key and contents of his bureau, remarking, "I would have all things ready for my ex-

ecutors. Let me be buried in nothing but what is woollen, and let my corpse be carried in my coffin into the chapel." During the night he grew momentarily weaker; his sight failed, and he could not recognize the features of those who stood around. "Who are these?" he asked. "Sir," replied one of them, "we are come to rejoice with you; you are going to receive your crown." He replied, "It is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes." During the night he repeated scores of times the words "I'll praise, I'll praise," but could go no further. When the gray morning dawned eleven persons stood around his bed. As the supreme moment approached, Wesley said, clearly and audibly, "Farewell!" his last word on earth. Joseph Bradford,

for fifteen years his constant travelling companion, became mouth-piece for all, bursting into the triumphal words of the Psalmist, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and this heir of glory shall come in." Before the last words had passed his lips, Wesley gathered up his feet, and without a sigh or a groan passed from the here to the hereafter. All then raised the hymn, "Waiting to receive thy spirit," and then they knelt down and prayed that the mantle of the ascended Elijah might rest upon his followers.

John Wesley died at about ten o'clock on the morning of March 2, 1791, wanting about four months of having completed his eighty-eighth year.

ALFRED H. GUERNSEY.

A QUESTION.

WHAT if your life had been a barren thing—
Barren of all that made it good and wise,
But rich in all that fetters the free soul,
And calm before the world's close scrutinies?

Think if one day upon that desert waste
A great light fell, and, dazzled and struck blind,
You wrapped it like a mantle round your heart,
Nor asked of fate what follow'd close behind.

Suppose sometimes it glowed clear, warm, and bright,
And lifted you above all common need;
Sometimes it faded pale, and wan, and weak,
And of your toilsome track took little heed;

Whereat you gathered, trembling and afraid,
The treasures of your life—all that was good—
The sacred trusts kept clean from alien hands
By years of melancholy solitude,

And cast them down—a costly gift—to stay
But for a little time the lessening light,
Dreading so much the purposeless, dark way,
The solemn, dread eternity of night.

Think if the bribe were powerless, and you lay
Voiceless, dethroned—no refuge—none to save:
Would you not doubt the love and help of Heaven.
And ask of Earth one boon—naught else—a grave?

MARY B. RITTER.

MME. DE MAUVES.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART FIRST.

THE view from the terrace at Saint-Germain-en-Laye is immense and famous. Paris lies spread before you in dusky vastness, domed and fortified, glittering here and there through her light vapors, and girdled with her silver Seine. Behind you is a park of stately symmetry, and behind that a forest, where you may lounge through turfy avenues and light-checked glades, and quite forget that you are within half an hour of the boulevards. One afternoon, however, in mid-spring, some five years ago, a young man seated on the terrace had chosen not to forget it. His eyes were fixed in idle wistfulness on the mighty human hive before him. He was fond of rural things, and he had come to Saint-Germain a week before to meet the spring half-way; but though he could boast of a six months' acquaintance with the great city, he never looked at it from his present standpoint without a feeling of painfully unsatisfied curiosity. There were moments when it seemed to him that not to be there just then was to miss some thrilling chapter of experience. And yet his winter's experience had been rather fruitless, and he had closed the book almost with a yawn. Though not in the least a cynic, he was what one may call a disappointed observer; and he never chose the right-hand road without beginning to suspect after an hour's wayfaring that the left would have been the interesting one. He now had a dozen minds to go to Paris for the evening, to dine at the Café Brébant, and to repair afterwards to the Gymnase and listen to the latest exposition of the duties of the injured husband. He would probably have risen to execute this project, if he had not observed a little girl who, wandering along the terrace, had suddenly stopped short and begun to gaze at him with round-eyed frankness. For a moment he was simply amused, for the child's face denoted helpless wonderment; the next he was agreeably surprised. "Why, this is my friend Maggie," he said; "I see you have not forgotten me."

Maggie, after a short parley, was induced to seal her remembrance with a kiss. Invited then to explain her appearance at Saint-Germain, she embarked on a recital in which the general, according to the infantine method, was so fatally sacrificed to the particular, that Longmore looked about him for a superior source of information. He found it in Maggie's mamma, who was seated with another lady at the opposite end of the terrace; so, taking the child by the hand, he led her back to her companions.

Maggie's mamma was a young American lady, as you would immediately have perceived, with a pretty and friendly face and an expensive spring toilet. She greeted Longmore with surprised cordiality, mentioned his name to her friend, and bade him bring a chair and sit with them. The other lady, who, though equally young and perhaps even prettier, was dressed more soberly, remained silent, stroking the hair of the little girl, whom she had drawn against her knee. She had never heard of Longmore, but she now perceived that her companion had crossed the ocean with him, had met him afterwards in travelling, and (having left her husband in Wall street) was indebted to him for various small services.

Maggie's mamma turned from time to time and smiled at her friend with an air of invitation; the latter smiled back, and continued gracefully to say nothing.

For ten minutes Longmore felt a revival of interest in his interlocutress; then, (as riddles are more amusing than commonplaces) it gave way to curiosity about her friend. His eyes wandered; her volubility was less suggestive than the latter's silence.

The stranger was perhaps not obviously a beauty nor obviously an American, but essentially both, on a closer scrutiny. She was slight and fair, and, though naturally pale, delicately flushed, apparently with recent excitement. What chiefly struck Longmore in her face was the union of a pair of beautifully gentle, almost heavy gray eyes, with a mouth

peculiarly expressive and firm. Her forehead was a trifle more expansive than belongs to classic types, and her thick brown hair was dressed out of the fashion, which was just then very ugly. Her throat and bust were slender, but all the more in harmony with certain rapid, charming movements of the head, which she had a way of throwing back every now and then, with an air of attention and a sidelong glance from her dove-like eyes. She seemed at once alert and indifferent, contemplative and restless; and Longmore very soon discovered that if she was not a brilliant beauty, she was at least an extremely interesting one. This very impression made him magnanimous. He perceived that he had interrupted a confidential conversation, and he judged it discreet to withdraw, having first learned from Maggie's mamma—Mrs. Draper—that she was to take the six o'clock train back to Paris. He promised to meet her at the station.

He kept his appointment, and Mrs. Draper arrived betimes, accompanied by her friend. The latter, however, made her farewells at the door and drove away again, giving Longmore time only to raise his hat. "Who is she?" he asked with visible ardor, as he brought Mrs. Draper her tickets.

"Come and see me to-morrow at the Hôtel de l'Empire," she answered, "and I will tell you all about her." The force of this offer in making him punctual at the Hôtel de l'Empire Longmore doubtless never exactly measured; and it was perhaps well that he did not, for he found his friend, who was on the point of leaving Paris, so distracted by procrastinating milliners and perjured *lingères* that she had no wits left for disinterested narrative. "You must find Saint-Germain dreadfully dull," she said, as he was going. "Why won't you come with me to London?"

"Introduce me to Mme. de Mauves," he answered, "and Saint-Germain will satisfy me." All he had learned was the lady's name and residence.

"Ah! she, poor woman! will not make Saint-Germain cheerful for you. She's very unhappy."

Longmore's further inquiries were arrested by the arrival of a young lady with a handbox; but he went away with the promise of a note of introduction, to

be immediately despatched to him at Saint-Germain.

He waited a week, but the note never came; and he declared that it was not for Mrs. Draper to complain of her milliner's treachery. He lounged on the terrace and walked in the forest, studied suburban street life, and made a languid attempt to investigate the records of the court of the exiled Stuarts; but he spent most of his time in wondering where Mme. de Mauves lived, and whether she never walked on the terrace; sometimes, he finally discovered, for one afternoon toward dusk he perceived her leaning against the parapet, alone. In his momentary hesitation to approach her, it seemed to him that there was almost a shade of trepidation. But his curiosity was not diminished by the consciousness of this result of a quarter of an hour's acquaintance. She immediately recognized him on his drawing near, with the manner of a person unaccustomed to encounter a confusing variety of faces. Her dress, her expression, were the same as before; her charm was there, like that of sweet music on a second hearing. She soon made conversation easy by asking him for news of Mrs. Draper. Longmore told her that he was daily expecting news, and, after a pause, mentioned the promised note of introduction.

"It seems less necessary now," he said—"for me, at least. But for you—I should have liked you to know the flattering things Mrs. Draper would probably have said about me."

"If it arrives at last," she answered, "you must come and see me and bring it. If it doesn't, you must come without it."

Then as she continued to linger, in spite of the thickening twilight, she explained that she was waiting for her husband, who was to arrive in the train from Paris, and who often passed along the terrace on his way home. Longmore well remembered that Mrs. Draper had pronounced her unhappy, and he found it convenient to suppose that this same husband made her so. Edified by his six months in Paris—"What else is possible," he asked himself, "for a neat American girl who marries an unclean Frenchman?"

But this tender expectancy of her lord's return undermined his hypothesis, and

it received a further check from the gentle eagerness with which she turned and greeted an approaching figure. Longmore beheld in the fading light a stoutish gentleman, on the fair side of forty, in a high light hat, whose countenance, indistinct against the sky, was adorned by a fantastically pointed moustache. M. de Mauves saluted his wife with punctilious gallantry, and, having bowed to Longmore, asked her several questions in French. Before taking his proffered arm to walk to their carriage, which was in waiting at the terrace gate, she introduced our hero as a friend of Mrs. Draper, and a fellow countryman, whom she hoped to see at home. M. de Mauves responded briefly, but civilly, in very fair English, and led his wife away.

Longmore watched him as he went, twisting his picturesque moustache, with a feeling of irritation which he certainly would have been at a loss to account for. The only conceivable cause was the light which M. de Mauves's good English cast upon his own bad French. For reasons involved apparently in the very structure of his being, Longmore found himself unable to speak the language tolerably. He admired and enjoyed it, but the very genius of awkwardness controlled his phraseology. But he reflected with satisfaction that Mme. de Mauves and he had a common idiom, and his vexation was effectually dispelled by his finding on his table that evening a letter from Mrs. Draper. It enclosed a short, formal missive to Mme. de Mauves, but the epistle itself was copious and confidential. She had deferred writing till she reached London, where for a week, of course, she had found other amusements.

"I think it is these distracting English women," she wrote, "with their green barege gowns and their white stitched boots, who have reminded me in self-defence of my graceful friend at Saint-Germain and my promise to introduce you to her. I believe I told you that she was unhappy, and I wondered afterwards whether I had not been guilty of a breach of confidence. But you would have found it out for yourself, and besides, she told me no secrets. She declared she was the happiest creature in the world, and then, poor thing, she burst into tears, and I prayed to be delivered from such happiness. It's the

miserable story of an American girl, born to be neither a slave nor a toy, marrying a profligate Frenchman, who believes that a woman *must* be one or the other. The silliest American woman is too good for the best foreigner, and the poorest of us have moral needs a Frenchman can't appreciate. She was romantic and wilful, and thought Americans were vulgar. Matrimonial felicity perhaps is vulgar; but I think nowadays she wishes she were a little less elegant. M. de Mauves cared, of course, for nothing but her money, which he's spending royally on his *menus plaisirs*. I hope you appreciate the compliment I pay you when I recommend you to go and 'console an unhappy wife.' I have never given a man such a proof of esteem, and if you were to disappoint me I should renounce the world. Prove to Mme. de Mauves that an American friend may mingle admiration and respect better than a French husband. She avoids society and lives quite alone, seeing no one but a horrible French sister-in-law. Do let me hear that you have drawn some of the sadness from that desperate smile of hers. Make her smile with a good conscience."

These zealous admonitions left Longmore slightly disturbed. He found himself on the edge of a domestic tragedy, from which he instinctively recoiled. To call upon Mme. de Mauves, with his present knowledge, seemed a sort of fishing in troubled waters. He was a modest man, and yet he asked himself whether the effect of his attentions might not be to add to her burden. A flattering sense of unwonted opportunity, however, made him, with the lapse of time, more confident—possibly more reckless. It seemed a very inspiring idea to draw the sadness from his fair countrywoman's smile, and at least he hoped to persuade her that there was such a thing as an agreeable American. He immediately called upon her.

II.

SHE had been placed for her education, twelve years before, in a Parisian convent, by a widowed mamma, fonder of Homburg and Nice than of letting out tucks in the frocks of a vigorously growing daughter. Here, besides various elegant accomplishments—the art of wear-

ing a train, of composing a bouquet, of presenting a cup of tea—she acquired a certain turn of the imagination which might have passed for a sign of precocious worldliness. She dreamed of marrying a title—not for the pleasure of hearing herself called Mme. la Vicomtesse (for which it seemed to her that she should never greatly care), but because she had a romantic belief that the best birth is the guarantee of an ideal delicacy of feeling. Romances are rarely shaped in such perfect good faith, and Euphemia's excuse was in the radical purity of her imagination. She was utterly incorruptible, and she cherished this pernicious conceit as if it had been a dogma revealed by a white-winged angel. Even after experience had given her a hundred rude hints, she found it easier to believe in fables, when they had a certain nobleness of meaning, than in well-attested but sordid facts. She believed that a gentleman with a long pedigree must be of necessity a very fine fellow, and that the consciousness of a picturesque family tradition imparts an exquisite tone to the character. *Noblesse oblige*, she thought, as regards yourself, and insures, as regards your wife. She had never spoken to a nobleman in her life, and these convictions were but a matter of transcendent theory. They were the fruit, in part, of the perusal of various ultramontane works of fiction—the only ones admitted to the convent library—in which the hero was always a legitimist vicomte who fought duels by the dozen, but went twice a month to confession; and in part of the perfumed gossip of her companions, many of them *filles de haut lieu*, who in the convent gardens, after Sundays at home, depicted their brothers and cousins as Prince Charmings and young Paladins. Euphemia listened and said nothing; she shrouded her visions of matrimony under a coronet in religious mystery. She was not of that type of young lady who is easily induced to declare that her husband must be six feet high and a little near-sighted, part his hair in the middle, and have amber lights in his beard. To her companions she seemed to have a very pallid fancy; and even the fact that she was a sprig of the transatlantic democracy never sufficiently explained her apathy on social questions. She had a mental image of that son of the Crusaders who

was to suffer her to adore him, but like many an artist who has produced a masterpiece of idealization, she shrank from exposing it to public criticism. It was the portrait of a gentleman rather ugly than handsome, and rather poor than rich. But his ugliness was to be nobly expressive, and his poverty delicately proud. Euphemia had a fortune of her own, which, at the proper time, after fixing on her in eloquent silence those fine eyes which were to soften the feudal severity of his visage, he was to accept with a world of stifled protestations. One condition alone she was to make—that his blood should be of the very finest strain. On this she would stake her happiness.

It so chanced that circumstances were to give convincing color to this primitive logic.

Though little of a talker, Euphemia was an ardent listener, and there were moments when she fairly hung upon the lips of Mlle. Marie de Mauves. Her intimacy with this chosen schoolmate was, like most intimacies, based on their points of difference. Mlle. de Mauves was very positive, very shrewd, very ironical, very French—everything that Euphemia felt herself unpardonable in not being. During her Sundays *en ville* she had examined the world and judged it, and she imparted her impressions to our attentive heroine with an agreeable mixture of enthusiasm and skepticism. She was moreover a handsome and well-grown person, on whom Euphemia's ribbons and trinkets had a trick of looking better than on their slender proprietress. She had, finally, the supreme merit of being a rigorous example of the virtue of exalted birth, having as she did ancestors honorably mentioned by Joinville and Commynes, and a stately grandmother with a hooked nose, who came up with her after the holidays from a veritable *castel* in Auvergne. It seemed to Euphemia that these attributes made her friend more at home in the world than if she had been the daughter of even the most prosperous grocer. A certain aristocratic impudence Mlle. de Mauves abundantly possessed, and her raids among her friend's finery were quite in the spirit of her baronial ancestors in the twelfth century—a spirit which Euphemia considered but a large way of understanding friendship—a freedom

from small deference to the world's opinions which would sooner or later justify itself in acts of surprising magnanimity. Mlle. de Mauves perhaps enjoyed but slightly that easy attitude toward society which Euphemia envied her. She proved herself later in life such an accomplished schemer that her sense of having further heights to scale must have awakened early. Our heroine's ribbons and trinkets had much to do with the other's sisterly patronage, and her appealing pliancy of character even more; but the concluding motive of Marie's writing to her grandamma to invite Euphemia for a three weeks' holiday to the *castel* in Auvergne, involved altogether superior considerations. Mlle. de Mauves was indeed at this time seventeen years of age, and presumably capable of general views; and Euphemia, who was hardly less, was a very well-grown subject for experiment, besides being pretty enough almost to pre-assure success. It is a proof of the sincerity of Euphemia's aspirations that the *castel* was not a shock to her faith. It was neither a cheerful nor a luxurious abode, but the young girl found it as delightful as a play. It had battered towers and an empty moat, a rusty drawbridge and a court paved with crooked, grass-grown slabs, over which the antique coach-wheels of the old lady with the hooked nose seemed to awaken the echoes of the seventeenth century. Euphemia was not frightened out of her dream; she had the pleasure of seeing it assume the consistency of a flattering presentiment. She had a taste for old servants, old anecdotes, old furniture, faded household colors, and sweetly stale odors—musty treasures in which the Château de Mauves abounded. She made a dozen sketches in water-colors, after her conventual pattern; but sentimentally, as one may say, she was forever sketching with a freer hand.

Old Mme. de Mauves had nothing severe but her nose, and she seemed to Euphemia, as indeed she was, a graciously venerable relic of a historic order of things. She took a great fancy to the young American, who was ready to sit all day at her feet and listen to anecdotes of the *bon temps* and quotations from the family chronicles. Mme. de Mauves was a very honest old woman, and uttered

her thoughts with antique plainness. One day, after pushing back Euphemia's shining locks and blinking at her with some tenderness from under her spectacles, she declared, with an energetic shake of the head, that she didn't know what to make of her. And in answer to the young girl's startled blush—"I should like to advise you," she said, "but you seem to me so all of a piece that I am afraid that if I advise you, I shall spoil you. It's easy to see that you're not one of us. I don't know whether you're better, but you seem to me to listen to the murmur of your own young spirit, rather than to the voice from behind the confessional or to the whisper of opportunity. Young girls, in my day, when they were stupid, were very docile, but when they were clever, were very sly. You're clever enough, I imagine, and yet if I guessed all your secrets at this moment, is there one I should have to frown at? I can tell you a wickedder one than any you have discovered for yourself. If you expect to live in France, and you want to be happy, don't listen too hard to that little voice I just spoke of—the voice that is neither the curé's nor the world's. You'll fancy it saying things that it won't help your case to hear. They'll make you sad, and when you're sad you'll grow plain, and when you're plain you'll grow bitter, and when you're bitter you'll be very disagreeable. I was brought up to think that a woman's first duty was to please, and the happiest women I've known have been the ones who performed this duty faithfully. As you're not a Catholic, I suppose you can't be a *dévoté*; and if you don't take life as a fifty years' mass, the only way to take it is as a game of skill. Listen: not to lose, you must—I don't say cheat, but don't be too sure your neighbor won't, and don't be shocked out of your self-possession if he does. Don't lose, my dear; I beseech you, don't lose. Be neither suspicious nor credulous; but if you find your neighbor peeping, don't cry out, but very politely wait your own chance. I've had my *revanche* more than once in my day, but I'm not sure that the sweetest I could take against life as a whole would be to have your blessed innocence profit by my experience."

This was rather awful advice, but Euphemia understood it too little to be either

edified or frightened. She sat listening to it very much as she would have listened to the speeches of an old lady in a comedy, whose diction should picturesquely correspond to the pattern of her mantilla and the fashion of her headdress. Her indifference was doubly dangerous, for Mme. de Mauves spoke at the prompting of coming events, and her words were the result of a somewhat troubled conscience—a conscience which told her at once that Euphemia was too tender a victim to be sacrificed to an ambition, and that the prosperity of her house was too precious a heritage to be sacrificed to a scruple. The prosperity in question had suffered repeated and grievous breaches; and the house De Mauves had been pervaded by the cold comfort of an establishment in which people were obliged to balance dinner-table allusions to feudal masters against the absence of side dishes; a state of things the more regrettable as the family was now mainly represented by a gentleman whose appetite was large, and who justly maintained that its historic glories were not established by underfed heroes.

Three days after Euphemia's arrival, Richard de Mauves came down from Paris to pay his respects to his grandmother, and treated our heroine to her first encounter with a vicomte in the flesh. On coming in he kissed his grandmother's hand, with a smile which caused her to draw it away with dignity, and set Euphemia, who was standing by, wondering what had happened between them. Her unanswered wonder was but the beginning of a life of bitter perplexity, but the reader is free to know that the smile of M. de Mauves was a reply to a certain postscript affixed by the old lady to a letter promptly addressed to him by her granddaughter, after Euphemia had been admitted to justify the latter's promises. Mlle. de Mauves brought her letter to her grandmother for approval, but obtained no more than was expressed in a frigid nod. The old lady watched her with a sombre glance as she proceeded to seal the letter, and suddenly bade her open it again and bring her a pen.

"Your sister's flatteries are all nonsense," she wrote; "the young lady is far too good for you, *mauvais sujet*. If you have a conscience you'll not come and take possession of an angel of innocence."

The young girl, who had read these lines, made up a little face as she redirected the letter; but she laid down her pen with a confident nod, which might have seemed to mean that, to the best of her belief, her brother had not a conscience.

"If you meant what you said," the young man whispered to his grandmother on the first opportunity, "it would have been simpler not to let her send the letter."

It was perhaps because she was wounded by this cynical insinuation, that Mme. de Mauves remained in her own apartment during a greater part of Euphemia's stay, so that the latter's angelic innocence was left entirely to the vicomte's mercy. It suffered no worse mischance, however, than to be prompted to intenser communion with itself. M. de Mauves was the hero of the young girl's romance made real, and so completely accordant with this creature of her imagination, that she felt afraid of him, very much as she would have been of a supernatural apparition. He was thirty-five years old—young enough to suggest possibilities of ardent activity, and old enough to have formed opinions which a simple woman might deem it an intellectual privilege to listen to. He was perhaps a trifle handsomer than Euphemia's rather grim, Quixotic ideal, but a very few days reconciled her to his good looks, as they would have reconciled her to his ugliness. He was quiet, grave, and eminently distinguished. He spoke little, but his speeches, without being sententious, had a certain nobleness of tone which caused them to reëcho in the young girl's ears at the end of the day. He paid her very little direct attention, but his chance words—if he only asked her if she objected to his cigarette—were accompanied by a smile of extraordinary kindness.

It happened that shortly after his arrival, riding an unruly horse, which Euphemia with shy admiration had watched him mount in the cattle yard, he was thrown with a violence which, without disparaging his skill, made him for a fortnight an interesting invalid, lounging in the library with a bandaged knee. To beguile his confinement, Euphemia was repeatedly induced to sing to him, which she did with a little natural tremor in her voice, which might have passed for an ex-

quisite refinement of art. He never overwhelmed her with compliments, but he listened with unwandering attention, remembered all her melodies, and sat humming them to himself. While his imprisonment lasted, indeed, he passed hours in her company, and made her feel not unlike some unfriended artist who has suddenly gained the opportunity to devote a fortnight to the study of a great model. Euphemia studied with noiseless diligence what she supposed to be the "character" of M. de Mauves, and the more she looked the more fine lights and shades she seemed to behold in this masterpiece of nature. M. de Mauves's character indeed, whether from a sense of being generously scrutinized, or for reasons which bid graceful defiance to analysis, had never been so amiable; it seemed really to reflect the purity of Euphemia's interpretation of it. There had been nothing especially to admire in the state of mind in which he left Paris—a hard determination to marry a young girl whose charms might or might not justify his sister's account of them, but who was mistress, at the worst, of a couple of hundred thousand francs a year. He had not counted out sentiment; if she pleased him, so much the better; but he had left a meagre margin for it, and he would hardly have admitted that so excellent a match could be improved by it. He was a placid skeptic, and it was a singular fate for a man who believed in nothing to be so tenderly believed in. What his original faith had been he could hardly have told you; for as he came back to his childhood's home to mend his fortunes by pretending to fall in love, he was a thoroughly perverted creature, and overlaid with more corruptions than a summer day's questioning of his conscience would have released him from. Ten years' pursuit of pleasure, which a bureau full of unpaid bills was all he had to show for, had pretty well stifled the natural lad, whose violent will and generous temper might have been shaped by other circumstances to a result which a romantic imagination might fairly accept as a late-blooming flower of hereditary honor. The Baron's violence had been subdued, and he had learned to be irreproachably polite; but he had lost the edge of his generosity, and his politeness, which in the long run society paid for, was hardly

more than a form of luxurious egotism, like his fondness for cambric handkerchiefs, lavender gloves, and other fopperies by which shopkeepers remained out of pocket. In after years he was terribly polite to his wife. He had formed himself, as the phrase was, and the form prescribed to him by the society into which his birth and his tastes introduced him was marked by some peculiar features. That which mainly concerns us is its classification of the fairer half of humanity as objects not essentially different—say from the light gloves one soils in an evening and throws away. To do M. de Mauves justice, he had in the course of time encountered such plentiful evidence of this pliant, glove-like quality in the feminine character, that idealism naturally seemed to him a losing game.

Euphemia, as he lay on his sofa, seemed by no means a refutation; she simply reminded him that very young women are generally innocent, and that this, on the whole, was the most charming stage of their development. Her innocence inspired him with profound respect, and it seemed to him that if he shortly became her husband it would be exposed to a danger the less. Old Mme. de Mauves, who flattered herself that in this whole matter she was being laudably rigid, might have learned a lesson from his gallant consideration. For a fortnight the Baron was almost a blushing boy again. He watched from behind the "Figaro," and admired, and held his tongue. He was not in the least disposed toward a flirtation; he had no desire to trouble the waters he proposed to transfuse into the golden cup of matrimony. Sometimes a word, a look, a movement of Euphemia's, gave him the oddest sense of being, or of seeming at least, almost bashful; for she had a way of not dropping her eyes, according to the mysterious virginal mechanism, of not fluttering out of the room when she found him there alone, of treating him rather as a benignant than as a pernicious influence—a radiant frankness of demeanor, in fine, in spite of an evident natural reserve, which it seemed equally graceless not to make the subject of a compliment and indelicate not to take for granted. In this way there was wrought in the Baron's mind a vague, unwonted resonance of soft impressions, as we may call it, which indicated the transformation of

"sentiment" from a contingency into a fact. His imagination enjoyed it; he was very fond of music, and this reminded him of some of the best he had ever heard. In spite of the bore of being laid up with a lame knee, he was in a better humor than he had known for months; he lay smoking cigarettes and listening to the nightingales, with the comfortable smile of one of his country neighbors whose big ox should have taken the prize at a fair. Every now and then, with an impatient suspicion of the resemblance, he declared that he was pitifully *lête*; but he was under a charm which braved even the supreme penalty of seeming ridiculous. One morning he had half an hour's *tête-à-tête* with his grandmother's confessor, a soft-voiced old abbé, whom for reasons of her own Mme. de Mauves had suddenly summoned, and had left waiting in the drawing-room while she rearranged her curls. His reverence, going up to the old lady, assured her that M. le Baron was in a most edifying state of mind, and a promising subject for the operation of grace. This was a pious interpretation of the Baron's momentary good-humor. He had always lazily wondered what priests were good for, and he now remembered, with a sense of especial obligation to the abbé, that they were excellent for marrying people.

A day or two after this he left off his bandages, and tried to walk. He made his way into the garden and hobbled successfully along one of the alleys; but in the midst of his progress he was seized with a spasm of pain which forced him to stop and call for help. In an instant Euphemia came tripping along the path and offered him her arm with the frankest solicitude.

"Not to the house," he said, taking it; "further on, to the *bosquet*." This choice was prompted by her having immediately confessed that she had seen him leave the house, had feared an accident, and had followed him on tiptoe.

"Why didn't you join me?" he had asked, giving her a look in which admiration was no longer disguised; and yet felt itself half at the mercy of her replying that a *jeune fille* should not be seen following a gentleman. But it drew a breath which filled its lungs for a long time afterward, when she replied simply that if she had overtaken him he might

have accepted her arm out of politeness, whereas she wished to have the pleasure of seeing him walk alone.

The *bosquet* was covered with an odorous tangle of blossoming vines, and a nightingale overhead was shaking out love notes with a profuseness which made the Baron consider his own conduct the perfection of propriety.

"In America," he said, "I have always heard that when a man wishes to marry a young girl, he offers himself simply, face to face, without any ceremony—without parents, and uncles, and cousins sitting round in a circle."

"Why, I believe so," said Euphemia staring, and too surprised to be alarmed.

"Very well, then," said the Baron, "suppose our *bosquet* here to be America. I offer you my hand, à l'Américaine. It will make me intensely happy to have you accept it."

Whether Euphemia's acceptance was in the American manner is more than I can say; I incline to think that for fluttering, grateful, trustful, softly-amazed young hearts, there is only one manner all over the world.

That evening, in the little turret chamber which it was her happiness to inhabit, she wrote a dutiful letter to her mamma, and had just sealed it when she was sent for by Mme. de Mauves. She found this ancient lady seated in her boudoir, in a lavender satin gown, with all her candles lighted, as if to celebrate her grandson's betrothal. "Are you very happy?" Mme. de Mauves demanded, making Euphemia sit down before her.

"I'm almost afraid to say so," said the young girl, "lest I should wake myself up."

"May you never wake up, *belle enfant*," said the old lady solemnly. "This is the first marriage ever made in our family in this way—by a Baron de Mauves proposing to a young girl in an arbor, like Jeannot and Jeannette. It has not been our way of doing things, and people may say it wants frankness. My grandson tells me he considers it the perfection of frankness. Very good. I'm a very old woman, and if your differences should ever be as frank as your agreement, I shouldn't like to see them. But I should be sorry to die and think you were going to be unhappy. You can't be, beyond a certain point; because, though in this

world the Lord sometimes makes light of our expectations, he never altogether ignores our deserts. But you're very young and innocent, and easy to deceive. There never was a man in the world—among the saints themselves—as good as you believe the Baron. But he's a *galant homme* and a gentleman, and I've been talking to him to-night. To you I want to say this—that you're to forget the worldly rubbish I talked the other day about frivolous women being happy. It's not the kind of happiness that would suit you. Whatever befalls you, promise me this: to be yourself. The Baronne de Mauves will be none the worse for it. Yourself, understand, in spite of everything—bad precepts and bad examples, bad usage even. Be persistently and patiently yourself, and a De Mauves will do you justice."

Euphemia remembered this speech in after years, and more than once, wearily closing her eyes, she seemed to see the old woman, sitting upright in her faded finery and smiling grimly, like one of the fates who sees the wheel of fortune turning up her favorite event. But at the moment it seemed to her simply to have the proper gravity of the occasion; this was the way, she supposed, in which lucky young girls were addressed on their engagement by wise old countesses.

At her convent, to which she immediately returned, she found a letter from her mother, which shocked her far more than the remarks of M^{lle}. de Mauves. Who were these people, Mrs. Clive demanded, who had presumed to talk to her daughter of marriage without asking her leave? Questionable gentlefolk, plainly; the best French people never did such things. Euphemia would return straightway to her convent, shut herself up, and await her own arrival.

It took Mrs. Clive three weeks to travel from Nice to Paris, and during this time the young girl had no communication with her lover beyond accepting a bouquet of violets, marked with his initials and left by a female friend. "I've not brought you up with such devoted care," she declared to her daughter at their first interview, "to marry a penniless Frenchman. I will take you straight home, and you will please to forget M. de Mauves."

Mrs. Clive received that evening at her hotel a visit from the Baron which mit-

igated her wrath, but failed to modify her decision. He had very good manners, but she was sure he had horrible morals; and Mrs. Clive, who had been a very good-natured censor on her own account, felt a genuine spiritual need to sacrifice her daughter to propriety. She belonged to that large class of Americans who treat America as a kind of impossible allegiance, but are startled back into a sense of moral responsibility when they find Europeans taking them at their word. "I know the type, my dear," she said to her daughter with a sagacious nod. "He'll not beat you; sometimes you'll wish he would."

Euphemia remained solemnly silent; for the only answer she felt capable of making her mother was that her mind was too small a measure of things, and that the Baron's "type" was one which it took some mystical illumination to appreciate. A person who confounded him with the common throng of her watering-place acquaintance was not a person to argue with. It seemed to Euphemia that she had no cause to plead; her cause was in the Lord's hands and her lover's.

M. de Mauves had been irritated and mortified by Mrs. Clive's opposition, and hardly knew how to handle an adversary who failed to perceive that a De Mauves of necessity gave more than he received. But he had obtained information on his return to Paris which exalted the uses of humility. Euphemia's fortune, wonderful to say, was greater than its fame, and in view of such a prize even a De Mauves could afford to take a snubbing.

The young man's tact, his deference, his urbane insistence, won a concession from Mrs. Clive. The engagement was to be suspended and her daughter was to return home, be brought out and receive the homage she was entitled to, and which would but too surely take a form dangerous to the Baron's suit. They were to exchange neither letters, nor mementoes, nor messages; but if at the end of two years Euphemia had refused offers enough to attest the permanence of her attachment, he should receive an invitation to address her again.

This decision was promulgated in the presence of the parties interested. The Baron bore himself gallantly, and looked at the young girl, expecting some tender protestation. But she only looked at

him silently in return, neither weeping, nor smiling, nor putting out her hand. On this they separated; but as the Baron walked away, he declared to himself that, in spite of the confounded two years, he was a very happy fellow—to have a *fiancée* who to several millions of francs added such strangely beautiful eyes.

How many offers Euphemia refused but scantily concerns us—and how the Baron wore his two years away. He found that he needed pastimes, and, as pastimes were expensive, he added heavily to the list of debts to be cancelled by Euphemia's millions. Sometimes, in the thick of what he had once called pleasure with a keener conviction than now, he put to himself the case of their failing him after all; and then he remembered that last mute assurance of her eyes, and drew a long breath of such confidence as he felt in nothing else in the world save his own punctuality in an affair of honor.

At last, one morning, he took the express to Havre with a letter of Mrs. Clive's in his pocket, and ten days later made his bow to mother and daughter in New York. His stay was brief, and he was apparently unable to bring himself to view what Euphemia's uncle, Mr. Batterworth, who gave her away at the altar, called our great experiment in democratic self-government in a serious light. He smiled at everything, and seemed to regard the New World as a colored *plaisanterie*. It is true that a perpetual smile was the most natural expression of countenance for a man about to marry Euphemia Clive.

III.

LONGMORE's first visit seemed to open to him so large an opportunity for tranquil enjoyment that he very soon paid a second, and, at the end of a fortnight, had spent a great many hours in the little drawing-room, which Mme. de Mauves, rarely quitted except to drive or walk in the forest. She lived in an old-fashioned pavilion, between a high-walled court and an excessively artificial garden, beyond whose enclosure you saw a long line of tree-tops. Longmore liked the garden, and in the mild afternoons used to move his chair through the open window to the little terrace which overlooked it, while his hosts sat just within. After

a while she came out and wandered through the narrow alleys and beside the thin-spouting fountain, and at last introduced him to a little gate in the garden wall, opening upon a lane which led into the forest. Hitherward, more than once, she wandered with him, bareheaded and meaning to go but twenty rods, but always strolling good-naturedly further, and often taking a generous walk. They found a vast deal to talk about, and to the pleasure of finding the hours tread inaudibly away, Longmore was able to add the satisfaction of suspecting that he was a "resource" for Mme. de Mauves. He had made her acquaintance with the sense, not altogether comfortable, that she was a woman with a painful secret, and that seeking her acquaintance would be like visiting at a house where there was an invalid who could bear no noise. But he very soon perceived that her sorrow, since sorrow it was, was not an aggressive one; that it was not fond of attitudes and ceremonies, and that her earnest wish was to forget it. He felt that even if Mrs. Draper had not told him she was unhappy, he would have guessed it; and yet he could hardly have pointed to his evidence. It was chiefly negative—she never alluded to her husband. Beyond this it seemed to him simply that her whole being was pitched on a lower key than harmonious Nature meant; she was like a powerful singer who had lost her high notes. She never drooped nor sighed nor looked unutterable things; she indulged in no dusky sarcasms against fate; she had, in short, none of the coquetry of unhappiness. But Longmore was sure that her gentle gayety was the result of strenuous effort, and that she was trying to interest herself in his thoughts to escape from her own. If she had wished to irritate his curiosity and lead him to take her confidence by storm, nothing could have served her purpose better than this ingenuous reserve. He declared to himself that there was a rare magnanimity in such ardent self-effacement, and that but one woman in ten thousand was capable of merging an intensely personal grief in thankless outward contemplation. Mme. de Mauves, he instinctively felt, was not sweeping the horizon for a compensation or a consoler; she had suffered a personal deception which had disgusted her with persons.

She was not striving to balance her sorrow with some strongly-flavored joy; for the present, she was trying to live with it, peaceably, reputably, and without scandal—turning the key on it occasionally, as you would on a companion liable to attacks of insanity. Longmore was a man of fine senses and of an active imagination, whose leading-strings had never been slipped. He began to see his hostess as a figure haunted by a shadow, which was somehow her intenser, more authentic self. This hovering mystery came to have for him an extraordinary charm. Her delicate beauty acquired to his eye the serious cast of certain blank-browed Greek statues, and sometimes, when his imagination more than his ear detected a vague tremor in the tone in which she attempted to make a friendly question seem to have behind it none of the hollow resonance of absent-mindedness, his marvelling eyes gave her an answer more eloquent, though much less to the point, than the one she demanded.

She gave him indeed much to wonder about, and, in his ignorance, he formed a dozen experimental theories upon the history of her marriage. She had married for love and staked her whole soul on it; of that he was convinced. She had not married a Frenchman to be near Paris and her base of supplies of millinery; he was sure she had seen conjugal happiness in a light of which her present life, with its conveniences for shopping and its moral aridity, was the absolute negation. But by what extraordinary process of the heart—through what mysterious intermission of that moral instinct which may keep pace with the heart, even when that organ is making unprecedented time—had she fixed her affections on an arrogantly frivolous Frenchman? Longmore needed no telling; he knew M. de Mauves was frivolous; it was stamped on his eyes, his nose, his mouth, his carriage. For French women Longmore had but a scanty kindness, or at least (what with him was very much the same thing) but a scanty gallantry; they all seemed to belong to the type of a certain fine lady to whom he had ventured to present a letter of introduction, and whom, directly after his first visit to her, he had set down in his note-book as “metallic.” Why should Mme. de Mauves have chosen a French woman’s

lot—she whose character had a perfume which doesn’t belong to even the brightest metals? He asked her one day frankly if it had cost her nothing to transplant herself—if she was not oppressed with a sense of irreconcilable difference from “all these people.” She was silent awhile, and he fancied that she was hesitating as to whether she should resent so unceremonious an allusion to her husband. He almost wished she would; it would seem a proof that her deep reserve of sorrow had a limit.

“I almost grew up here,” she said at last, “and it was here for me that those dreams of the future took shape that we all have when we cease to be very young. As matters stand, one may be very American and yet arrange it with one’s conscience to live in Europe. My imagination perhaps—I had a little when I was younger—helped me to think I should find happiness here. And after all, for a woman, what does it signify? This is not America, perhaps, about me, but it’s quite as little France. France is out there, beyond the garden, in the town, in the forest; but here, close about me, in my room and”—she paused a moment—“in my mind, it’s a nameless country of my own. It’s not her country,” she added, “that makes a woman happy or unhappy.”

Mme. Clairin, Euphemia’s sister-in-law, might have been supposed to have undertaken the graceful task of making Longmore ashamed of his uncivil jottings about her sex and nation. Mlle. de Mauves, bringing example to the confirmation of precept, had made a remunerative match and sacrificed her name to the millions of a prosperous and aspiring wholesale druggist—a gentleman liberal enough to consider his fortune a moderate price for being taken into circles unpermeated by pharmaceutical odors. His system, possibly, was sound, but his own application of it was unfortunate. M. Clairin’s head was turned by his good luck. Having secured a fashionable wife, he adopted a fashionable vice and began to gamble at the Bourse. In an evil hour he lost heavily and staked heavily to recover himself. But he overtook his loss only by a greater one. Then he let everything go—his wits, his courage, his probity—everything that had made him what his ridiculous marriage had so

promptly unmade. He walked up the rue Vivienne one day with his hands in his empty pockets, and stood for half an hour staring confusedly up and down the glittering boulevard. People brushed against him, and half a dozen carriages almost ran over him, until at last a policeman, who had been watching him for some time, took him by the arm and led him gently away. He looked at the man's cocked hat and sword with tears in his eyes; he hoped he was going to interpret to him the wrath of heaven—to execute the penalty of his dead weight of self-abhorrence. But the *sergent de ville* only stationed him in the embrasure of a door, out of harm's way, and walked away to supervise a financial contest between an old lady and a cabman. Poor M. Clairin had only been married a year, but he had had time to measure the lofty spirit of a De Mauves. After he had lost everything, he repaired to the house of a friend and asked for a night's lodging; and as his friend, who was simply his old head bookkeeper and lived in a small way, was put to some trouble to accommodate him—"You must excuse me," Clairin said, "but I can't go home. I'm afraid of my wife." Toward morning he blew his brains out. His widow turned the remnants of his property to better account than could have been expected, and wore the very handsomest mourning. It was for this latter reason, perhaps, that she was obliged to retrench at other points and accept a temporary home under her brother's roof.

Fortune had played Mme. Clairin a terrible trick, but had found an adversary and not a victim. Though quite without beauty, she had always had what is called the grand air, and her air from this time forward was grander than ever. As she trailed about in her sable furbelows, tossing back her well-dressed head, and holding up her vigilant eyeglass, she seemed to be sweeping the whole field of society and asking herself where she should pluck her revenge. Suddenly she espied it, ready made to her hand, in poor Longmore's wealth and amiability. American dollars and American complaisance had made her brother's fortune; why shouldn't they make hers? She overestimated Longmore's wealth and misinterpreted his amiability; for she was sure that a man could not be so

contented without being rich, nor so unassuming without being weak. He encountered her advances with a formal politeness which caused a great deal of unflattering discomposure. She made him feel acutely uncomfortable, and though he was at a loss to conceive how he could be an object of interest to a shrewd Parisienne, he had an indefinable sense of being enclosed in a magnetic circle, like the victim of an incantation. If Mme. Clairin could have fathomed his Puritanic soul, she would have laid by her wand and her hook and admitted that he was an impossible subject. She gave him a kind of moral chill, and he never mentally alluded to her save as that dreadful woman—that terrible woman. He did justice to her grand air, but for his pleasure he preferred the small air of Mme. de Mauves; and he never made her his bow, after standing frigidly passive for five minutes to one of her gracious overtures to intimacy, without feeling a peculiar desire to ramble away into the forest, fling himself down on the warm grass, and, staring up at the blue sky, forget that there were any women in nature who didn't please like the swaying tree-tops. One day, on his arrival, she met him in the court and told him that her sister-in-law was shut up with a headache, and that his visit must be for her. He followed her into the drawing-room with the best grace at his command, and sat twirling his hat for half an hour. Suddenly he understood her; the caressing cadence of her voice was a distinct invitation to solicit the incomparable honor of her hand. He blushed to the roots of his hair and jumped up with uncontrollable alacrity; then, dropping a glance at Mme. Clairin, who sat watching him with hard eyes over the edge of her smile, as it were, perceived on her brow a flash of unforgiving wrath. It was not becoming, but his eyes lingered a moment, for it seemed to illuminate her character. What he saw there frightened him, and he felt himself murmuring, "Poor Mme. de Mauves!" His departure was abrupt, and this time he really went into the forest and lay down on the grass.

After this he admired Mme. de Mauves more than ever; she seemed a brighter figure, dogged by a darker shadow. At the end of a month he received a letter from a friend with whom he had arranged

a tour through the Low Countries, reminding him of his promise to meet him promptly at Brussels. It was only after his answer was posted that he fully measured the zeal with which he had declared that the journey must either be deferred or abandoned—that he could not possibly leave Saint-Germain. He took a walk in the forest, and asked himself if this was irrevocably true. If it was, surely his duty was to march straight home and pack his trunk. Poor Webster, who, he knew, had counted ardently on this excursion, was an excellent fellow; six weeks ago he would have gone through fire and water to join Webster. It had never been in his books to throw overboard a friend whom he had loved for ten years for a married woman whom for six weeks he had—admired. It was certainly beyond question that he was lingering at Saint-Germain because this admirable married woman was there; but in the midst of all this admiration what had become of prudence? This was the conduct of a man prepared to fall utterly in love. If she was as unhappy as he believed, the love of such a man would help her very little more than his indifference; if she was less so, she needed no help and could dispense with his friendly offices. He was sure, moreover, that if she knew he was staying on her account, she would be extremely annoyed. But this very feeling had much to do with making it hard to go; her displeasure would only enhance the gentle stoicism which touched him to the heart. At moments, indeed, he assured himself that to linger was simply impertinent; it was indelicate to make a daily study of such a shrinking grief. But inclination answered that some day her self-support would fail, and he had a vision of this admirable creature calling vainly for help. He would be her friend, to any length; it was unworthy of both of them to think about “consequences.” But he was a friend who carried about with him a muttering resentment that he had not known her five years earlier, and a brooding hostility to those who had anticipated him. It seemed one of fortune’s most mocking strokes, that she should be surrounded by persons whose only merit was that they threw the charm of her character into radiant relief.

Longmore’s growing irritation made it

more and more difficult for him to see any other merit than this in the Baron de Mauves. And yet disinterestedly, it would have been hard to give a name to the portentous vices which such an estimate implied, and there were times when our hero was almost persuaded against his finer judgment that he was really the most considerate of husbands, and that his wife liked melancholy for melancholy’s sake. His manners were perfect, his urbanity was unbounded, and he seemed never to address her but, sentimentally speaking, hat in hand. His tone to Longmore (as the latter was perfectly aware) was that of a man of the world to a man not quite of the world; but what it lacked in deference it made up in easy friendliness. “I can’t thank you enough for having overcome my wife’s shyness,” he more than once declared. “If we left her to do as she pleased, she would bury herself alive. Come often, and bring some one else. She’ll have nothing to do with my friends, but perhaps she’ll accept yours.”

The Baron made these speeches with a remorseless placidity very amazing to our hero, who had an innocent belief that a man’s head may point out to him the shortcomings of his heart and make him ashamed of them. He couldn’t fancy him capable both of neglecting his wife and taking an almost humorous view of her suffering. Longmore had, at any rate, an exasperating sense that the Baron thought rather less of his wife than more, for that very same fine difference of nature which so deeply stirred his own sympathies. He was rarely present during Longmore’s visits, and made a daily journey to Paris, where he had “business,” as he once mentioned—not in the least with a tone of apology. When he appeared, it was late in the evening, and with an imperturbable air of being on the best of terms with every one and everything, which was peculiarly amazing if you happened to have a tacit quarrel with him. If he was a good fellow, he was surely a good fellow spoiled. Something he had, however, which Longmore vaguely envied—a kind of superb positiveness—a manner rounded and polished by the traditions of centuries—amenity exercised for his own sake and not his neighbors’—which seemed the result of something better than a good conscience

—of a vigorous and unscrupulous temperament. The Baron was plainly not a moral man, and poor Longmore, who was, would have been glad to learn the secret of his luxurious serenity. What was it that enabled him, without being a monster with visibly cloven feet, exhaling brimstone, to misprize so cruelly a lovely wife, and to walk about the world with a smile under his moustache? It was the essential grossness of his imagination, which had nevertheless helped him to turn so many neat compliments. He could be very polite, and he could doubtless be supremely impertinent; but he was as unable to draw a moral inference of the finer strain, as a schoolboy who has been playing truant for a week to solve a problem in algebra. It was ten to one he didn't know his wife was unhappy; he and his brilliant sister had doubtless agreed to consider their companion a puritanical little person, of meagre aspirations and slender accomplishments, contented with looking at Paris from the terrace, and, as an especial treat, having a countryman very much like herself to supply her with homely transatlantic gossip. M. de Mauves was tired of his companion: he relished a higher flavor in female society. She was too modest, too simple, too delicate; she had too few arts, too little coquetry, too much charity. M. de Mauves, some day, lighting a cigar, had probably decided she was stupid. It was the same sort of taste, Longmore moralized, as the taste for Gérôme in painting, and for M. Gustave Flaubert in literature. The Baron was a pagan and his wife was a Christian, and between them, accordingly, was a gulf. He was by race and instinct a *grand seigneur*. Longmore had often heard of this distinguished social type, and was properly grateful for an opportunity to examine it closely. It had certainly a picturesque boldness of outline, but it was fed from spiritual sources so remote from those of which he felt the living gush in his own soul, that he found himself gazing at it, in irreconcilable antipathy, across a dim historic mist. "I'm a modern *bourgeois*," he said, "and not perhaps so good a judge of how far a pretty woman's tongue may go at supper without prejudice to her reputation. But I've not met one of the smartest of women without recognizing her and discovering that

a certain sort of character offers better entertainment than Thérèse's songs, sung by a dissipated duchess. Wit for wit, I think mine carries me further." It was easy indeed to perceive that, as became a *grand seigneur*, M. de Mauves had a stock of rigid notions. He would not especially have desired, perhaps, that his wife should compete in amateur operettas with the duchesses in question, chiefly of recent origin; but he held that a gentleman may take his amusement where he finds it, that he is quite at liberty not to find it at home; and that the wife of a De Mauves who should hang her head and have red eyes, and allow herself to make any other response to officious condolence than that her husband's amusements were his own affair, would have forfeited every claim to having her fingertips bowed over and kissed. And yet in spite of these sound principles, Longmore fancied that the Baron was more irritated than gratified by his wife's irreproachable reserve. Did it dimly occur to him that it was self-control and not self-effacement? She was a model to all the inferior matrons of his line, past and to come, and an occasional "scene" from her at a convenient moment would have something reassuring—would attest her stupidity a trifle more forcibly than her excessive reasonableness.

Longmore would have given much to know the principle of her submissiveness, and he tried more than once, but with rather awkward timidity, to sound the mystery. She seemed to him to have been long resisting the force of cruel evidence, and, though she had succumbed to it at last, to have denied herself the right to complain, because if faith was gone her heroic generosity remained. He believed even that she was capable of reproaching herself with having expected too much, and of trying to persuade herself out of her bitterness by saying that her hopes had been illusions and that this was simply—life. "I hate tragedy," she once said to him; "I have a really pusillanimous dread of moral suffering. I believe that—without base concessions—there is always some way of escaping from it. I had almost rather never smile all my life than have a single violent explosion of grief." She lived evidently in nervous apprehension of being fatally convinced—of seeing to the end of her

deception. Longmore, when he thought of this, felt an immense longing to offer her something of which she could be as sure as of the sun in heaven.

IV.

His friend Webster lost no time in accusing him of the basest infidelity, and asking him what he found at Saint-Germain to prefer to Van Eyck and Hemling, Rubens and Rembrandt. A day or two after the receipt of Webster's letter, he took a walk with Mme. de Mauves in the forest. They sat down on a fallen log, and she began to arrange into a bouquet the anemones and violets she had gathered. "I have a letter," he said at last, "from a friend whom I some time ago promised to join at Brussels. The time has come—it has passed. It finds me terribly unwilling to leave Saint-Germain."

She looked up with the candid interest which she always displayed in his affairs, but with no disposition, apparently, to make a personal application of his words. "Saint-Germain is pleasant enough," she said; "but are you doing yourself justice? Won't you regret in future days that instead of travelling and seeing cities and monuments and museums and improving your mind, you sat here—for instance—on a log, pulling my flowers to pieces?"

"What I shall regret in future days," he answered after some hesitation, "is that I should have sat here and not spoken the truth on the matter. I am fond of museums and monuments and of improving my mind, and I'm particularly fond of my friend Webster. But I can't bring myself to leave Saint-Germain without asking you a question. You must forgive me if it's unfortunate, and be assured that curiosity was never more respectful. Are you really as unhappy as I imagine you to be?"

She had evidently not expected his question, and she greeted it with a startled blush. "If I strike you as unhappy," she said, "I have been a poorer friend to you than I wished to be."

"I, perhaps, have been a better friend of yours than you have supposed. I've admired your reserve, your courage, your studied gayety. But I have felt the existence of something beneath them that

was more *you*—more you as I wished to know you—than they were; something that I have believed to be an intense grief."

She listened with great gravity, but without an air of offence, and he felt that while he had been timorously calculating the last consequences of friendship, she had placidly accepted them. "You surprise me," she said slowly, and her blush still lingered. "But to refuse to answer you would confirm an impression which is evidently already too strong. An unhappiness that one can sit comfortably talking about, is an unhappiness with distinct limitations. If I were examined before a board of commissioners for investigating the felicity of mankind, I'm sure I should be pronounced a very fortunate woman."

There was something delightfully gentle to him in her tone, and its softness seemed to deepen as she continued: "But let me add, with all gratitude for your sympathy, that it's my own affair altogether. It needn't disturb you, Mr. Longmore, for I have often found myself in your company a very contented person."

"You're a wonderful woman," he said, "and I admire you as I never have admired any one. You're wiser than anything I, for one, can say to you; and what I ask of you is not to let me advise or console you, but simply thank you for letting me know you." He had intended no such outburst as this, but his voice rang loud, and he felt a kind of unfamiliar joy as he uttered it.

She shook her head with some impatience. "Let us be friends—as I supposed we were going to be—without protestations and fine words. To have you making bows to my wisdom—that would be real wretchedness. I can dispense with your admiration better than the Flemish painters can—better than Van Eyck and Rubens, in spite of all their worshippers. Go join your friend—see everything, enjoy everything, learn everything, and write me an excellent letter, brimming over with your impressions. I'm extremely fond of the Dutch painters," she added with a slight faltering of the voice, which Longmore had noticed once before, and which he had interpreted as the sudden weariness of a spirit self-condemned to play a part.

"I don't believe you care about the Dutch painters at all," he said with a laugh. "But I shall certainly write you a letter."

Sherose and turned homeward, thoughtfully rearranging her flowers as she walked. Little was said; Longmore was asking himself, with a tremor in the unspoken words, whether all this meant simply that he was in love. He looked at the rooks wheeling against the golden-hued sky, between the tree-tops, but not at his companion, whose personal presence seemed lost in the felicity she had created. Mme. de Mauves was silent and grave, because she was painfully disappointed. A sentimental friendship she had not desired; her scheme had been to pass with Longmore as a placid creature with a good deal of leisure, which she was disposed to devote to profitable conversation of an impersonal sort. She liked him extremely, and felt that there was something in him to which, when she made up her girlish mind that a needy French baron was the ripest fruit of time, she had done very scanty justice. They went through the little gate in the garden wall and approached the house. On the terrace Mme. Clairin was entertaining a friend—a little elderly gentleman with a white moustache, and an order in his button-hole. Mme. de Mauves chose to pass round the house into the court; whereupon her sister-in-law, greeting Longmore with a commanding nod, lifted her eyeglass and stared at them as they went by. Longmore heard the little old gentleman uttering some old-fashioned epigram about "*la vieille galanterie Française*," and then, by a sudden impulse, he looked at Mme. de Mauves and wondered what she was doing in such a world. She stopped before the house, without asking him to come in. "I hope," she said, "you'll consider my advice, and waste no more time at Saint-Germain."

For an instant there rose to his lips some faded compliment about his time not being wasted, but it expired before the simple sincerity of her look. She stood there as gently serious as the angel of disinterestedness, and Longmore felt as if he should insult her by treating her words as a bait for flattery. "I shall start in a day or two," he answered, "but I won't promise you not to come back."

"I hope not," she said simply. "I expect to be here a long time."

"I shall come and say good-by," he rejoined; on which she nodded with a smile, and went in.

He turned away, and walked slowly homeward by the terrace. It seemed to him that to leave her thus, for a gain on which she herself insisted, was to know her better and admire her more. But he was in a vague ferment of feeling which her evasion of his question half an hour before had done more to deepen than to allay. Suddenly, on the terrace, he encountered M. de Mauves, who was leaning against the parapet finishing a cigar. The Baron, who, he fancied, had an air of peculiar affability, offered him his light-gloved hand. Longmore stopped; he felt a sudden angry desire to cry out to him that he had the loveliest wife in the world; that he ought to be ashamed of himself not to know it; and that for all his shrewdness he had never looked into the depths of her eyes. The Baron, we know, considered that he had; but there was something in Euphemia's eyes now that was not there five years before. They talked for a while about various things, and M. de Mauves gave a humorous account of his visit to America. His tone was not soothing to Longmore's excited sensibilities. He seemed to consider the country a gigantic joke, and his urbanity only went so far as to admit that it was not a bad one. Longmore was not, by habit, an aggressive apologist for our institutions; but the Baron's narrative confirmed his worst impressions of French superficiality. He had understood nothing, he had felt nothing, he had learned nothing; and our hero, glancing askance at his aristocratic profile, declared that if the chief merit of a long pedigree was to leave one so vaingloriously stupid, he thanked his stars that the Longmores had emerged from obscurity in the present century, in the person of an enterprising lumber merchant. M. de Mauves dwelt of course on that prime oddity of ours—the liberty allowed to young girls; and related the history of his researches into the "opportunities" it presented to French noblemen—researches in which, during a fortnight's stay, he seemed to have spent many agreeable hours. "I am bound to admit," he said, "that in every case I was disarmed by the extreme candor of the young lady, and that they took care of themselves to better purpose than I have seen some *mammas* in France take

care of them." Longmore greeted this handsome concession with the grimmest of smiles, and damned his impertinent patronage.

Mentioning at last that he was about to leave Saint-Germain, he was surprised, without exactly being flattered, by the Baron's quickened attention. "I'm very sorry," the latter cried. "I hoped we had you for the summer." Longmore murmured something civil, and wondered why M. de Mauves should care whether he stayed or went. "You were a diversion to Mme. de Mauves," the Baron added. "I assure you I mentally blessed your visits."

"They were a great pleasure to me," Longmore said gravely. "Some day I expect to come back."

"Pray do," and the Baron laid his hand urgently on his arm. "You see I have confidence in you?" Longmore was silent for a moment, and the Baron puffed his cigar for a while and watched the smoke. "Mme. de Mauves," he said at last, "is a rather peculiar person."

Longmore shifted his position, and wondered whether he was going to "explain" Mme. de Mauves.

"Being as you are her fellow-countryman," the Baron went on, "I don't mind speaking frankly. She's just a little marked—the most charming woman in the world, as you see, but a little fanciful—a little *exaltée*. Now you see she has taken this extraordinary fancy for solitude. I can't get her to go anywhere—to see any one. When my friends present themselves she's polite, but she's freezing. She doesn't do herself justice, and I expect every day to hear two or three of them say to me, 'Your wife's *jolie à croquer*: what a pity she hasn't a little *esprit*.' You must have found out that she has really a great deal. But to tell the whole truth, what she needs is to forget herself. She sits alone for hours poring over her English books and looking at life through that terrible gray veil which they always seem to me to fling over the world. I doubt if your English authors," the Baron continued, with a serenity which Longmore afterwards characterized as sublime, "are very sound reading for young married women. I don't pretend to know much about them; but I remember that not long after our marriage Mme. de Mauves un-

dertook to read me one day a certain Wordsworth—a poet highly esteemed, it appears, *chez vous*. It seemed to me that she took me by the nape of the neck and forced my head for half an hour over a basin of *soupe aux choux*, and that one ought to ventilate the drawing-room before any one called. But I suppose you know him—*ce génie là*. I think my wife never forgave me, and that it was a real shock to her to find she had married a man who had very much the same taste in literature as in cookery. But you're a man of general culture," said the Baron, turning to Longmore and fixing his eyes on the seal on his watch-guard. "You can talk about everything, and I'm sure you like Alfred de Musset as well as Wordsworth. Talk to her about everything, Alfred de Musset included. Bah! I forgot you're going. Come back then as soon as possible and talk about your travels. If Mme. de Mauves too would travel for a couple of months, it would do her good. It would enlarge her horizon"—and M. de Mauves made a series of short nervous jerks with his stick in the air—"it would wake up her imagination. She's too rigid, you know—it would show her that one may bend a trifle without breaking." He paused a moment and gave two or three vigorous puffs. Then turning to his companion again, with a little nod and a confidential smile: "I hope you admire my candor. I wouldn't say all this to one of us."

Evening was coming on, and the lingering light seemed to float in the air in faintly golden motes. Longmore stood gazing at these luminous particles; he could almost have fancied them a swarm of humming insects, murmuring as a refrain, "She has a great deal of *esprit*—she has a great deal of *esprit*." "Yes, she has a great deal," he said mechanically, turning to the Baron. M. de Mauves glanced at him sharply, as if to ask what the deuce he was talking about. "She has a great deal of intelligence," said Longmore deliberately, "a great deal of beauty, a great many virtues."

M. de Mauves busied himself for a moment in lighting another cigar, and when he had finished, with a return of his confidential smile, "I suspect you of thinking," he said, "that I don't do my wife justice. Take care—take care, young man; that's a dangerous assumption. In

general, a man always does his wife justice. More than justice," cried the Baron with a laugh—"that we keep for the wives of other men!"

Longmore afterwards remembered it in favor of the Baron's grace of address that he had not measured at this moment the dusky abyss over which it hovered. But a sort of deepening subterranean echo lingered on his spiritual ear. For the present his keenest sensation was a desire to get away and cry aloud that M. de Mauves was an arrogant fool. He bade him an abrupt good-night, which must serve also, he said, as good-by.

"Decidedly then you go?" said M. de Mauves, almost peremptorily.

"Decidedly."

"Of course you'll come and say good-by to Mme. de Mauves." His tone implied that the omission would be most uncivil; but there seemed to Longmore something so ludicrous in his taking a lesson in consideration from M. de Mauves, that he burst into a laugh. The Baron frowned, like a man for whom it was a new and most unpleasant sensation to be perplexed. "You're a queer fellow," he murmured, as Longmore turned away, not foreseeing that he would think him a very queer fellow indeed before he had done with him.

Longmore sat down to dinner at his hotel with his usual good intentions; but as he was lifting his first glass of wine to his lips, he suddenly fell to musing and set down his wine untasted. His reverie lasted long, and when he emerged from it, his fish was cold; but this mattered little, for his appetite was gone. That evening he packed his trunk with a kind of indignant energy. This was so effective that the operation was accomplished before bed-time, and as he was not in the least sleepy, he devoted the interval to writing two letters; one was a short note to Mme. de Mauves, which he intrusted to a servant, to be delivered the next morning. He had found it best, he said, to leave Saint-Germain immediately, but he expected to be back in Paris in the early autumn. The other letter was the result of his having remembered a day or two before that he had not yet complied with Mrs. Draper's injunction to give her an account of his impressions of her friend. The present occasion seemed

propitious, and he wrote half a dozen pages. His tone, however, was grave, and Mrs. Draper, on receiving them, was slightly disappointed—she would have preferred a stronger flavor of rhapsody. But what chiefly concerns us is the concluding sentences.

"The only time she ever spoke to me of her marriage," he wrote, "she intimated that it had been a perfect love-match. With all abatements, I suppose most marriages are; but in her case this would mean more, I think, than in that of most women; for her love was an absolute idealization. She believed her husband was a hero of rose-colored romance, and he turns out to be not even a hero of very sad-colored reality. For some time now she has been sounding her mistake, but I don't believe she has touched the bottom of it yet. She strikes me as a person who is begging off from full knowledge—who has struck a truce with painful truth, and is trying awhile the experiment of living with closed eyes. In the dark she tries to see again the gilding on her idol. Illusion of course is illusion, and one must always pay for it; but there is something truly tragical in seeing an earthly penalty levied on such divine folly as this. As for M. de Mauves, he's a Frenchman to his fingers' ends; and I confess I should dislike him for this if he were a much better man. He can't forgive his wife for having married him too sentimentally and loved him too well; for in some uncorrupted corner of his being he feels, I suppose, that as she saw him, so he ought to have been. It's a perpetual vexation to him that a little American *bourgeoise* should have fancied him a finer fellow than he is, or than he at all wants to be. He hasn't a glimmering of real acquaintance with his wife; he can't understand the stream of passion flowing so clear and still. To tell the truth, I hardly can myself, but when I see the spectacle I can admire it restlessly. M. de Mauves, at any rate, would like to have the comfort of feeling that his wife was as corruptible as himself; and you'll hardly believe me when I tell you that he goes about intimating to gentlemen whom he deems worthy of the knowledge, that it would be a convenience to him to have them make love to her."

HENRY JAMES, JR.

WOMEN AS FRIENDS.

OUR best friends are the friends we never find. As most of our blessings fail to descend from the imagination, their sole creator, our perfect friendships seldom emerge from the ideal that enshrines them. Friendship is so little understood that the name is constantly mistaken for the thing; and, what is more remarkable, the error rests unperceived. We are wont to speak of our friends as if they challenged reckoning; and yet, to be truly such, they must of necessity be few. He who thinks he has many is likely to have none; for friendship is rarer than rubies, and beyond the power of purchase. The richest and strongest nature may not attract many friends; it does not want, nor would it have them; since number would reduce their value, and profane their sacredness.

To possess friends is a noble privilege, and a right withal, but a right of superior souls alone. Capacity to get or to be a friend implies virtue of some kind, strength of character, fixedness of purpose, loyalty, inward illumination, freedom from selfishness. These qualities may not belong—they seldom do—to each friend; but they are commonly, if unequally, shared between the two. If one appreciate what the other has, it is, by reflection, as though both were possessors. In the associations and intimacies of life, to give back is almost equivalent to owning, and, as respects accord, far more to be desired.

In ordinary apprehension, friendship is limited to men. Women, it is common to say, never feel it. They fancy they do; they hold a spurious friendship, which may last through girlhood, which consists in sentimentally silly confidences, in encircled waists, exclamatory walks, labial truces to petty quarrels, but ends with school days, and is rarely to be revived. Mayhap in maturity, after marriage itself, they concoct an emotional relationship, in which they may be anything or everything but friends. So the opinion goes, and has gone until feminine friendship has come to be regarded popularly as something too transparent

for illusion. The same wise judgment declares that man and woman cannot be friends; that sexual feeling renders friendship impossible by introducing an element—passion—which destroys it. There is a modicum of truth here, as there usually is in popular opinion, which, considering things in the gross, neglects exceptions, and becomes incapable of fine discrimination.

We hear to weariness of David and Jonathan, Achilles and Patroclus, Alexander and Hephestion, Nisus and Euryalus, Damon and Pythias; history and fiction are so plundered for examples of heroes bound in amity, surrendering everything to and for each other, that we are inclined to believe friendship exclusively masculine. There are shining instances, however, of women who have been mutually attached as deeply and disinterestedly as the illustrious Hebrews, Greeks, or Latins. Women, to-day, are fast and faithful friends—so sure of, so restful in their relation, that they seldom parade it, as their brothers delight to do. Their reticence robs them of their desert; they are not thought to feel what they fail to advertise. Substantial friendship exists between them when life has lost its opaline hues, and gathered sober, though not sombre tints. The illusions of youth, as well as its frivolities, have gone; they can see each other with clear eyes and settled confidence. All reason for distrust has passed; they do not regard each other as possible rivals each time a pleasant stranger comes. Their tie is finer, fonder, tenderer than that commonly binding man to man. Their mutual inward interest springs from lack of outward interest. They are allies of Nature's making, developed children of the season's progress, the result of order undisturbed. Their virtues draw them together, as men's vices oft draw men. In so much are they purer and better for their connection; while their appointed protectors may be rendered worse by borrowing defects and reproducing taints.

It is very rare to find, in close, continuous companionship, women who are not,

in the main, both good and strong. When they have soiled their souls, have sunk in self-esteem, they are prone to avoid each other; to seek the society of the less sensitive and fastidious sex, in order to fortify the bad with something worse. Women discover one another's faults more quickly—perhaps more willingly—than one another's virtues. They have an instinct for the wrong in their sisters, proportioned to their unsuspicion of wrong, especially the same wrong, in themselves. Conscious of this, they keep apart—less because they have erred than because they hate to be found out. But be the cause what it may, sins conventional or spiritual divide them, undo friendship, shatter its potentiality. Their association shows them armed without in that they are innocent within. They cohere for the reason that they are alike, and have no dread of comment or criticism. Friendship is their badge of mutual faith and security, and these are the calm contagions of their giving out.

Vices, oftener weaknesses, may serve as bonds of union between us; the greater the vice or weakness, the closer the bond. The young soldiers and the hoary veterans of Rome, who died together against outnumbering Gauls, have been preserved, for their personal devotion, in the amber of ages. But the secret of their attachment paralyzes poetry, revolts the wholesome sense, represses utterance. The love of Hadrian for Antinous has become immortal; the statues of the Bithynian youth stand in every gallery; admiration of the favorite is on the lips of millions. Rhapsody hides the forbidding fact that would taint the temple the emperor reared in the name of affection; turns to gibe the tender myth of the celestial transmutation. Our apparent friendships, beautiful at distance, may not bear inspection, lest their roots be found imbedded in impurity. We prefer to shut the windows of the soul when the blue eye of Heaven is looking down. We do not care much for Heaven; but our psychal chambers are generally too disordered to invite examination.

Feelwell and Stronglungs have been friends for years; their example is quoted for its disinterestedness. Nothing they would not do for each other, say the people. Themselves are reticent. But they are aware their connection is selfish

wholly, sordid even. Privately, they dislike, despise one another; and the consciousness of this, with the fear of each that the other may tell what both know, keeps them together. They more successfully oppress their fellows by combining than they could singly; their firm is Mine and Thine in opposition to humanity. Good-hearted they are called, for they understand the policy of presenting smooth surfaces; though it is hard to perceive how the goodness of a thing can depend on its absence.

Hardcheek and Careless are considered excellent friends; but as neither is agreeable or generous, the wherefore is not obvious. They may like each other because no one else likes them. Even their defects are too small to exercise attraction. If you knew their habits, you would unravel the mystery. They are associate tipplers at unseemly hours; over their cups they confess their meanness by other titles, and through slander reduce their entire acquaintance to a dishonorable democracy.

Absurdenough and Queerbrain are grave in deportment as grandees. They are the laughing-stock of their ever-narrowing circle, though they never dream of the fact. When friendship is fool, they are Damon and Pythias. Their principal weakness is belief, born of their own ceaseless asseveration, in their irresistibility to women. For a long while they rehearsed their conquests to all who would listen, regardless of time, temper, or occasion. But gaining at last the reputation of ancient augurs, their beholders afar off fled with precipitation. Constrained to a dual audience, and that audience themselves, they pass hours in relating falsehoods to one another, all based on unreal gallantries—each despising his companion for so shallow lying, but confident his own vamping is credited.

Such may not be the representative or general friendships of men. Still, they go by the fair christening, and are given as illustrations—let us hope truly—of something non-existent among women. It is our insistence of cheap satire on our sisters that renders the spirit of inquiry healthful for ourselves. We are told that we live in an unheroic age. It is less true of this than of any other. The ancients were once modern, and their demigods were behind them. To-day can

never be so bright as yesterday. The real heroes are never heroic to themselves.

Women as friends suggests women as enemies. No one of either sex may be a fast friend who cannot be a firm foe. Fitness for one is qualification for the other. Sympathies and antipathies are so entangled that those must be excited before these can be disengaged. They may be identical, relying for quality on the mode of their treatment—akin to the hair of a cat; sympathies if smoothed, antipathies when ruffled. Can woman be an enemy? The question is carried in the affirmative without an audibly dissenting voice. She who owns, confessedly, such power to cherish prejudice, who can afford such luxury of hate, must have, in her vast spiritual affluence, a fair endowment of friendship. Between dislike and delectation there is only difference of degree. Between love in a passionate sense and love that is amicable there is difference in kind; and the latter is of the higher sort.

If you quarrel with a woman over night, you invite the devil to breakfast. Having made a woman your foe, you have poisoned the air you breathe in common. Nature, who has deprived her of physical power to strike, has bestowed mental power to hate; and hate is more formidable than the heaviest blows. These must be exhausted ere long; that nourishes itself from within, and grows by self-indulgence. An angry woman, if she be comely, is picturesque and alluring. But the aroused and fixed aversion which sometimes succeeds thereto is not pleasant to contemplate. Feminine hatred is a great force in the universe; it has created epochs and destroyed empires; changed destinies and retarded ages. Civilization has modified its expression, but not lessened its intensity. In the wars of to-day the enemies in the field may be conquered, but the enemies at home never can be. Technically, these do not bear arms; and yet the arms they have they lay not down until they are victorious over the victors.

The earliest Romans were cunning. Seizing the fair Sabines, and gaining love in spite of violence, their defenders, burning to avenge them, were melted by entreaty (according to Ovid) into allies of the ruffians they should have slain. Cun-

ning Romans, indeed!—cunning past finding out! The shrewdness was not in the brutality—for this, only the need of the race has been offered as excuse—but in the conception of the idea of winning the women before contending with the men. Caresses before blows, and the blows were needless. Romulus's compatriots set an example so excellent that, naturally, it never has been imitated. The tale is so strange, has furnished so many quivers with satire against the sex, that it must have been partially told, as is likely, since a poet was the recounter. No history will be complete until women shall be heard in their own behalf. The version of the violated Sabines would be very interesting; would doubtless show truth suppressed; would reveal the feminine instinct, the same to-day as when the walls of Rome were built, or before the rearing of the Pyramids. We know already that the wrong so foully done to the Sabine women was repaired as fully as was possible; that the Romans had nobleness of character despite their savage assaillment. Otherwise, depend upon it, they would not have been forgiven, even though forgiveness had saved the shedding of blood, and the blood that of their brothers and fathers, their lovers and husbands.

Women, when they are such by maturity of years and character, seldom seriously disagree after they have fairly become friends; or, having gone apart, they rarely coalesce again. At least less commonly than men, who quarrel over trifles, separate, and reunite without good reason. Masculine anger, as a rule, flames and flashes—burns out; feminine anger kindles, moulders, burns in—the effect of repression so early and continuously taught. Nothing so good for wrath, if it will come, as to let it blow itself out like a rising storm. Temper and gunpowder are less dangerous in the open air. Shut up in woman's breast, like the former, it is apt to explode; like the latter, at unexpected times, and with fatal effect. If woman be a slow adversary, she is a long one.

"After ten years of hostility," said the Italian duchess, "I find my hatred just beginning to blossom. What may not my enemies expect from the fruit?"

She who may not violently resent can all the more violently detest. It may be

woman's narrowness that makes her so cordial a hater. If narrow, she resembles water in being deep also, and quiet in her depth. In both, smooth surface hides perilous profundity. The face of ivory often masks the hyena's heart.

Entire reconciliation is difficult with a woman. She invariably keeps certain reserves. When she has once parted from you in spirit, she will hardly return. Though she seem to, she does not. She gives her hand again—perhaps her lips; but the heart is no longer in one nor the soul in the other. Kiss her you have once roundly quarrelled with—if it be not a mere lovers' quarrel—and you will find the statue under the crimson curve, the chill of the marble through the bounding blood. A keen observer may determine in society whether you have had discord with a woman you meet. However perfect the breeding, however disciplined the manners, the past discord leaves a shadow that will not be lifted. The old wound may be closed; it is not healed, nor can it be by the highest skill in spiritual surgery. Frequently men like one another better after fighting; women never, be the foe of either sex. With these the bloom of favor is taken off, not to be restored. They feel, though they may not say or even think it, that slight or injury admits of no atonement. Woman reads the proverb: To err is feminine, to forgive impossible.

The permanence of her enmity arises often from its irrationality. To declare there is no reason for her dislike is to give the best reason for her disliking. She is not logical in her love, why should she be in her hate? She is not a creature of syllogisms but of sensations. Reason cancels reason; but a downright, deep-rooted prejudice, or a spontaneous darling detestation, may be stormed in vain with premises and conclusions. She loathes logic; she feels that her intuitions are beyond it. Logic is for man, though he does not use it, and in her hands is always an inferior weapon. "It is enough that I hate him," was the answer of Paradina; "no power on earth can extinguish the fiery fact!" If a firm foe make a fast friend, who shall deny, in the cause of friendship, woman's magnificent equipment?

Notwithstanding endless citation and general opinion, the highest and truest

friendship must be sought for—can exist only—not between members of the same, but of different sex. It may be conceded that more and stronger friendships have been and are held by men than women, though the sincerest and most disinterested—the ideal friendship—will be found between men and women.

Nobody believes that? It might be true, nevertheless. General belief and general error are closely connected. Doubt has always been the beginning of wisdom. Terms usually misunderstood compose the airy and irremovable despotism of the world. When they are accurately defined, the definition startles; and ideas—from their unfamiliarity—are considered heresies.

One reason of the disbelief in friendship between the sexes is, that its consistence is miscomprehended. Friendship is ordinarily thought to be the strongest attachment between men, as love is between men and women. If the feeling be of two genders, it is called love, because it has been so called, which is supposed to be a finality. The popular mode of arriving at truth is to give a thing a name, and stick to it in the face of refutation. Persistence, with the multitude, has every advantage of philosophy. Men love each other; so do women; and men and women are the best of friends. Thus it has been from the first, and will be to the last. Sex is not determined altogether by physiology; temperament more nearly settles it. Many men are masculine and feminine to each other; many women likewise. If love were possible between the sexes alone, they might be, and often are, represented by the same sex; so that regarding love as the only natural affection of men for women, or of women for men, it might be rechristened friendship, and the acceptance of the postulate thus enforced. But style them what you may, and notwithstanding their indistinction, love and friendship are very different, albeit not obedient to gender. Sex, as we know, enters into material as well as animated nature, and is, as we hold, independent of corporality. In friendship, not less than in love, sex has its part. Whether two men or two women be friends, one is masculine and the other feminine one to the other, as much as when man and woman are friends. Therefore friendship between the sexes is more

natural, because physically conformable, than between members of the same sex. Then the relation is more clearly defined, better established, less exposed to external influences. Disguises are not needed; assumptions are superfluous; the harmonies are preserved; the form answers to the spirit.

In all genuine friendships the positive and negative are combined—so subtly, often, as to be barely perceptible, but acting fully and freely nevertheless. The positive portrays the masculine, the negative the feminine, in the chief concerns of life, though they may shift under different influences. There never were two friends, even when they were strong men, who were not positive and negative to one another; in altered words, masculine and feminine. Patroclus plainly symbolized the woman to Achilles; as Hephestion did to Alexander, Jonathan to David, Alva to Philip II. Shelley was feminine to Byron; Louis XIV. to Maintenon; Charles VII. to Jeanne Darc; Leicester to Elizabeth; Petrarch to Laura; Antony to Cæsar. Cæsar himself was masculine to everybody except to Cleopatra at times; Napoleon Bonaparte was masculine to all his marshals—to the entire French nation, indeed. A man may be masculine to one man and feminine to another. A woman may be masculine to her husband and feminine to her lover. Sex varies with the nature it is brought in contact with. Feminine souls are constantly getting into masculine bodies, and feminine bodies growing about masculine souls.

In every close relation where one and one, in defiance of arithmetic, make one, there must be a controlling mind—frequently controlling so gently, perchance so involuntarily, as to render control insensible. The controlling mind is positive. Whenever two positive natures, be the sex the same or different, come in contact, they rebound, and in any attempt to cohere jar so perpetually that rest is secured solely by separation. Hence many men—positiveness should be man's prerogative—admirably adapted to friendship, cannot be friends to each other. They demand too much and grant too little, by the impulse of their being, for the required complement of a condition so exacting. Friends they can gain in abundance, but friends blessed with a meas-

urable quantity of negation. Such as they cherish mutual esteem—an oblique way of expressing self-respect—and like one another beyond a clashing range. They are the centres of circles, not to be pressed by social revulsion into any part of the periphery. On them may be built ideals which the dawn of verity will not topple down.

The positive and negative, the masculine and feminine elements, being essential to sterling and lasting friendship, its simplest and fittest form is between man and woman. Between the sexes there is no direct rivalry; their fields of activity lie asunder, and rivalry is the sapper of man's concord with man. We hear much of generous rivalry; but on examination the generosity lessens and the rivalry increases. Rivalry long continued between men must end in success for one and comparative failure for the other. He who succeeds may be magnanimous; but to him who has not succeeded magnanimity looks like patronage. No proud individual spirit can quite forgive itself for failure, from whatever cause; and inability to forgive ourselves seeks vent in condemning others. Such spirit, to be broad, must be among the first; must govern the opportunity for mastership.

As friends, man and woman have few occasions to come into competition—none, in sooth, if they be wholly in concert with their gender. His leading trait, egotism, and hers, desire to please, in no wise interfere; rather they administer reciprocally. His egotism is gratified by her desire to please, and her desire to please is stimulated by his egotism. Their tendency to converge augments with years; instead of outgrowing each other, as men are prone to, they grow into each other by steady assimilation. They have no emotional astonishments, no instinctive revelations, which in erotic intimacies change the outlook in a twinkling. The time is assured; there is stability from within.

In the friendship of the sexes there is no jealousy—the canker in the sweetest rose of love. Friendship is secure of itself. Growing slowly, it has time to take deep root, is in no peril of eradication. Jealousy from the loving is not unpleasant at first, since it is translated by the loved into evidence of sincerity and ardor, but repeated appearance renders it hate-

ful—rationally, withal, for it so rapidly enlarges its sphere of suspicion and torment that to dwell in it is like breathing an atmosphere of powdered nettles. The man who has suffered from the jealousy of the most charming and loving woman will gladly surrender the transports of passion for the delightful calm and unexact satisfaction of pure feminine friendship. One is the relaxing air and the heavy fragrance of the hothouse; the other the fresh oxygen of the open heavens. The deepest love is inwardly armed against itself. The highest joys are subject to reaction. All written romances end before satiety begins. The prosaic sequels are left to real life.

Love is a fine name for many ordinary things that do not deserve it. So labelled, every feeling and assumption, whether worthy or unworthy, is sure of sympathy through the idealization the very term produces. There are loves, and loves, and loves, no two alike. The pure and impure, the sacred and profane, are mingled, and to the mass they are undistinguishable. Love is called divine, though it is, as we know it, essentially human—all the better therefor, and proclaimed poetic when it is often steeped in prose. It is the one intelligible yet mystic word—the open secret—that comes down from the dimmest ages as the motor of the universe, the creator of creation. Everything big and little, mighty and insignificant, world and worm, it is not strange we misapprehend it: that, clutching at the stars, we fall into the kennel. Speaking for itself, we interpret love with our private key, and wonder at its riddles, made such by our inadequate misunderstanding. It can be granted to but few, in its fulness and purity, which largely rest on the receiver. Fire will not burn without oxygen. Meteors do not blaze to illuminate bogs. If there were avatars, clowns would pelt the deities with dirt.

Love, as usually found, is lower than friendship, less enduring, less satisfying. Friendship between the sexes comes nearer to what love should be, without love's deficiencies. It is uncommon because it is misconceived, and because everybody seems resolved it shall be. Nature favors, but society, most of whose laws are against her, opposes it strenuously. Nature is grandly indifferent to all the conventionalities, which are both

the laws and superstructure of society. "You are my friend," says one in her large serene way. "You are nothing of the kind," screams the other in her querulous treble; "and you shall not be either!" Nature does not answer; but time answers for her. That which is sure may omit words. When the small dog barks at the swelling ocean, he does not deter the tide from rolling grandly in.

Society recognizes marriage alone as the safe and only proper union between man and woman. She rejects friendship for the reason, as has been said, that she always suspects sexual affinity as its actual base. She is sometimes right, though generally wrong. May it not be wisely left to the persons most interested to decide how they are affected? If they don't know, how can any one else? If they do know, won't they regulate their own lives, in due season, as befits them best? It is all with Nature in the end, and even her scandals prove her sagacities. Throwing a cloak over her does not extinguish her. Declaring you do not see her fails to prevent her from seeing you. To attempt to shut her up is the same as barring the gates of the morning, or resolving in solemn council that the seasons shall be dismissed. It cannot be too often repeated that persons cannot be wedded whom Nature has not wedded beforehand. Nor can they be held together, except outwardly, and with mutual degradation, whom Nature has pronounced divorced. The man and woman adapted to friendship only should not be married. They might be excellent friends, and yet make miserable husband and wife. Thousands of men and women have been doomed to woe, because society would not allow them any room to stand except before the altar—symbol of sacrifice to-day more than in the time of ancient superstition. We exchange our old superstitions for new ones under other names, and imagine we are no longer fanatical.

"Do you like this woman?" "Very much." "Then marry her; you are a villain else!" quoth Mrs. Grundy. "Do you admire these velvets?" asks a shopkeeper. If you reply in the affirmative, does he order you to eat them at peril of your reputation? Should he do so, you might intimate that fruits are to be eaten, and velvets to be worn. Were he like the representative of society, he

would not admit your distinction, but would pronounce you a sophist, a disorganizer, an infidel. The Turk was not a fool because he could not comprehend why Christians demanded that a man of their creed should marry one woman, but be sent to prison if he married two. "How," inquired the puzzled Ottoman, "can a pretending heir of Paradise have too much of a benefaction? Are single blessings virtues, and double blessings sins?"

Very different, frequently opposite qualities may be needed for wedlock and friendship. The former, dressed and festooned though it be in frippery and flowers, is an entirely practical state, and will not prosper save by practical treatment. The latter is more ideal because less familiar; is capable of expansion, variety—tentative. Wedlock admits not of experiments. The course is onward, if not upward; counsels not looking back. The steps taken cannot well be retraced; the done may not be undone save through mortification, sufferings, depression of spirit. Though friendship is not love, nor love friendship, as they are generally accepted, they are germane, and not infrequently glide one into the other. Passional love—the only kind the world considers—is alien to friendship, while spiritual love is closely allied to it. Love may be a preparation for friendship, though friendship is rather a preparation for itself than for love, commonly on a lower plane, and born of youth and ardor instead of maturity and reason. They who have been wrecked on the gulf of love may sail calmly and happily on the sea of friendship. One is as the tumultuous Atlantic; the other as the peaceful Pacific. Friendship is not for children nor for the undeveloped, but for men and women, ripe in mind and character, who have grown up to the fruit hanging on the highest boughs of the tree of life and knowledge. Though more ideal than love in one sense, it is more real in that it answers expectation; may be grasped, held, fed on without satiety. Love of the lofty grade always frustrates. While you hold it in your arms, it is singing overhead; when you catch it in the turret, it slips off to the sky. Of the lower order, it is a cheat; makes promises it will not redeem; kisses close, and repels. Friendship in ascending does not leave behind;

its responsibilities are borne equally; its illumination is the same.

Young women often decline proposals, saying to the proposer: "I regard you as a friend; I cannot become your wife." Either they do not mean it, or they do not understand—this the more probable—the significance of friendship. She who knows what friendship is would be rash to reject as husband him she had accepted as friend. It is far easier to convert a friend into a lover, as the words are properly used, than a lover into a friend. A woman of self-understanding, range, and insight would prefer a true friend to a sighing lover as her life-long partner. Lovers are gathered in abundance with every ripening of the senses. Friends belong to peculiar soil; require careful culture; are hard to rear. Those spring from the blood; these grow from the soul. How many wedded women to-day hunger for friendship from their lords; would joyfully exchange every rapture they can imagine—and their imaginings are beyond poets' dreams—for its pervading comfort, its sweet buoyancy, its penetrating sense of absolute protection! Their lords were delightful as lovers; were charming as husbands for a season—for a year perhaps (statisticians say man's matrimonial ecstasies seldom outlive a twelvemonth); but then a change appeared; slight at first, scarcely perceptible except to woman's watchful eye, though spreading and deepening until the present became a mockery of the past; until tenderness broke her heart at the death-bed of gallantry. Could the wives have had friendship from the beginning, they would have missed the sentimental raving, the extravagance of manner, the absurd jealousy that pertain to all wooings; but they would have had the delicate attention, the vigilant care, the genuine sympathy that flow in steady and wholesome streams.

Friendship survives many loves. Men change their loves—women change them, too—and yet remain loyal to friendship of early years. The more abiding affection does not hang on vanity, prejudice, or mood; is not exposed to every gale that blows from passion's varying sky. Once established, it is on the rock of mutual understanding and mutual forbearance. Its color is from the mind; its form is the reflex of the spirit.

Althea and Rupert knew each other in

their youth; were much in company; were romantic; had radiant dreams of love; believed in their realization. Their agreement was complete: they had a tincture of philosophy; felt an interest in the problems of life. Marriage they discussed; had slender faith in it as usually entered into; declared it should be vastly more—a thorough harmony—well-nigh a consecration. Fortune drew them apart. Ere that, they might have married, had they not thought the high condition demanded something they could not yield. They knew themselves to be friends, asserted they were nothing more to the many who wanted them to be something less. Years passed, taking the romance out of their minds, reducing their theories of life, enforcing the lesson of practicality. Love did not seem so wondrous as it had; and yet it shone supremely fair. They were severe upon marriage—not as it might be, but as it was. While they jested at it, they found, as they fancied, the other soul they had been waiting for, and fell with rhapsody into Hymen's ranks. There were weeks of intoxication, and months of painful return to sobriety. They were well-bred and did not quarrel. What they kept shut up burned hotter for suppression. Her husband died; his wife followed not long after, and they were fortunate in having no product of their loveless bond. Were they the wiser for their sad experience? What man or woman is? They thought they would be luckier in another venture; that lightning strikes not twice in the same place—which connubial lightning often insists on doing—and so they challenged fate once more. The second union exceeded the first in disappointment, and in the regret it caused. Nature sometimes respects mistakes, but revenges herself on those experience will not teach. They had children they could not understand—who had no love for them, but adoration of themselves.

They live once more in the same city; they visit each other; they exchange confidences; their comfort is in the sympathy they know to be sincere. They do not believe less in love, but more. The love of their faith is calmer and less variable than was the love of their imagination. It is what they feel for each other, and they call it friendship. The ideal love they have not felt; the actual love, beautiful

though passionless, they feel more than ever. They do not regret they did not marry one another; they regret they have married at all. Their instincts were correct in their youth. They required too much, and their disappointment was inevitable. The offered cup of destiny is not filled at the fountain of the ideal. They frequently discuss the past; some of the problems of life are made plain. They talk of friendship and love. Rupert smiles as he remarks: "We have no more dreams of love in these practical days." Althea replies: "We do not need them now. We have friendship—that is enough. Why should we pursue phantoms while precious substance is in our grasp?"

Lelia and Myron were favored by circumstances; were conspicuous in society, and considered odd because they had ideas. Myron, to employ the approved phrase, fell in love with Lelia; offered her his hand, and asked her pardon for having his heart in it. She declined the honor with extreme delicacy, and, as befits such occasions, with many tears. She told Myron she cherished him as her dearest friend, but that she loved some one else. He was resigned, as men usually are, to a fact so mitigatedly unpleasant, though he felt annoyed that he had so misconceived Lelia. The truth was, he did not really love her; he was fond of her, as our sex generally is of any pretty, elegant, and clever girl, too tactful to wound our vanity; had imagined she had loved him, and thought it to be the province of generosity to give her an opportunity to be matrimonially happy. He dried her tears after the sentimental fashion—she did not in the least object—and while so engaged began to fancy he did love her, and she to repent her hasty negation. What is said cannot be gracefully unsaid. An hour later Myron and Lelia exchanged *au revoir* better friends than ever. He was glad she had not accepted him; she was glad he had not urged her, fearing she might have yielded, though engaged to another.

In a few months she was married, but her marriage did not interrupt her pleasant relation with Myron. They remained friends for several years; would have been thought man and wife, had they not been so much together. Lelia met with domestic bereavement. She was free at

last to reconsider, and she intimated that she would not say nay a second time. Myron could not refrain from acting on this cue, though he politely protested in the words:

"But we have been very happy as friends."

"Yes, dearest, but we shall be blessed as lovers, made one by the sacredest of ties—one before the world and in the eyes of heaven."

From that there was no appeal. When an interesting woman talks of marriage to a man who is in any way fond of her, his last hope of celibacy is blasted. It was so with Myron. Lelia became his wife.

The honeymoon was succeeded by moonshine. The bond between them steadily loosened. She grew indifferent; he weary, as the months crept on. They no longer walked and talked and rode together. Moody and restrained in each other's company, they needed the stimulus of separation to be at their radiant level. The change was observed. They appeared like married folks, to be sure; but so different from their past. They had been so well and so long acquainted they could not have made a mistake, it was said; and yet there was a serious mistake somewhere.

At last the light dawned on their inharmonious minds; they perceived the fault was less in them than in their condition. Lelia was frank enough to admit the error had been hers. "But for me, Myron, this would not have been. I had thought that to be nearer was to be dearer. I find our nearness lessens our dearer—destroys the sweet unknown we were wont to banquet our imagination on. Before, we always had friendship. Alas, we cannot return to it now! What is left us?"

"The memory of the past, Lelia, the endurance of the present. We may have been remiss in courtesy, sometimes, to one another. We will amend that. Let us be invariably polite. The wife and husband who are so have fulfilled more than half the duties of marriage. Politeness is not happiness, but it goes far toward mitigating the woes of wedlock. When inclined to quarrel, we will remember we have been friends."

It is harder for a woman to be a man's friend than it is for a man to be hers, because her excess of romance, sensibility,

and sentiment is likely to crave a less temperate and settled affection. But having become a friend, she abides in friendship, and is content therewith. If she can have a certain amount of his society, she asks no more. Communion of the mind is her deepest need. Given that, she is at rest. Man rarely wants to be woman's friend at first; he aims at what he fancies to be something higher—something more spontaneous. Still, he quickly composes himself to friendship, though he is apt, on imaginary provocation, to attempt its disturbance. He is inclined to believe that it is woman's duty to love him; that it is his right to be loved; that anything less than a grand passion derogates from his dignity and importance. A calm but amiable ignoring of his preposterous claim affects him favorably by qualifying him for the condition which his egotism has repelled.

Both man and woman enjoy each other's friendship exceedingly when they have reached it, and frequently marvel that they should have thought of anything else. The reason it is not oftener attained comes from the doubt of its realization by the sexes. They whose blood does not leap at surface contact are supposed to be discordant of spirit, albeit the tumult in the veins not seldom represses such discord for the time—just long enough to insure the perpetration of a blunder well-nigh irremediable.

Who can ask, who can have, more than friendship? It is none the less worthy and precious because misunderstood. It may not glitter like some false jewels, but it holds the light, and will endure the test. The successor of love not infrequently, it proves its superiority by its evenness, steadiness, and strength. Where love dispenses with it, love is prone to dispense with itself, and have nothing left. Though friendship, in sooth, has nothing to do with marriage directly—is in no wise dependent on, or desirous of it—the true marriage flows into it almost necessarily. It is the smooth, pure, deep lake that catches the streams so full of sparkle, murmur, and music, and hushes them in the repose of Nature.

Husband and wife must be friends, after a few years, if they be fine and correspondent. They cannot keep up the delirium they set out with; they cannot distil sentiment forever. They must live in an atmosphere of common sense, be

brought into daily contact with the sober realities of life. Friendship has a clear vision, sound judgment, strong hands. No glamour is on its eyes; no mirage in its distance. It has the force of union minus its elements of dissolution; it is the rich wine after the lees have settled.

Friendship of the sexes has the gift of seeing clearly—it is not blind like love—and the still rarer gift of candor. It does not, in the manner of passion, color, prejudice, exaggerate. By its moderation, self-containment, and penetration, it is of mutual benefit. It gives and receives, influences and is influenced, shapes and is shaped; rendering the man less masculine, the woman less feminine; bestowing upon each the qualities borrowed from and needed by the other. Thus is the race ultimately advantaged by the development of the individual; thus are the sexes coördinated by the laws of sympathy and the impulsive action of the spirit. Love, as the term is loosely employed, is responsible for a deal of spoiling of those who claim to be under its domination. It is a constant adulation, worship, substitution of the agreeable for the veracious, until the object of all this becomes ridiculously conceited and incapable of self-comprehension. Married persons generally tell each other too little truth before their union, and too little after it. They revenge themselves for early duplicity and flattery by a later excess of candor and criticism, which is irritating, perhaps exasperating, from a vivid consciousness of contrast and a conviction of better deserving. Friendship undoes the possible evil of courtship, when the friends are wedded, by a calm tone of comment and a genuine spirit of appreciation. It may be free from splendor of hue, from dazzling nimbi; but serene gray or plain brown often conceals more of the desirable than crimson, violet, or orange. Nature exemplifies this again and again. Flowers of the richest dye and birds of the brightest plumage are without fragrance or song.

Between man's friendship for man and women's friendship for him there is no just parallel, and the latter holds the avail. Could or would any two men, however fond and intimate, retain their friendship, if they knew what each thought, and sometimes said, of the other? They are, to a certain extent, hypocrites; they withhold something for the sake of peace;

their relation is one of compromise and forbearance. They are, for the most part, confederates in bias and interest, who simply cannot afford to quarrel.

Woman's friendship is usually independent of any and all advantage. It is a free-will offering, seldom withdrawn without adequate cause, devoid of pretense, concealment, or indirection. She has no disposition to say severe or bitter things of her spiritual colleague; she does not have them in her mind; intimated by others, she resents them from the soul of her generosity. When she satirizes or depreciates the man she has cleaved to, she is in a mood of passion—he must have been her lover; he cannot be her friend; for as such he is sacred in her eyes from the slightest aspersion.

Examples of friendship between the sexes have been many and illustrious. None nobler or more beautiful than the friendship of Vittoria Colonna for Michel Angelo. She had passed through the phase of love—had been devoted to, and lost her lord, and found in spiritual intimacy with the great artist comfort and consolation which second marriage could not yield. She refused the hand of the proudest princes, she declined the homage of bravest warriors. Her soul was fixed on friendship; it was aspiration, exaltation, religion. Angelo himself was lifted in thought and feeling above domestic ties. His happiness was in his creations; his children were his statues, frescoes, temples; he worshipped the ideal only. Still, to this lofty dreamer, this wondrous worker, the presence and influence of that glorious woman came as balm and blessing. She answered to the call of his imagination; she blossomed on the vine of his genius; she spoke to the depths of his inward craving. What she got from him she put into her poetry; what he gained from her grew into his colors and his marbles. Dwelling apart, they were married; breathing the same atmosphere, they were friends. They were all they sought to be to one another. Had they been more, in the worldly sense, they must have been less.

Marie Guyon, who had for years lived half in a heaven of her own fancy, was not so absorbed by her visions as to be insensible to the friendship of such a man as Fénelon. His excessive, almost morbid piety, did not prevent him from seeing that her criticism was prompted by a

divine love too vital to take root in the dry soil of formal theology. He and she were cognate spirits; he was one of the few who could understand her, who were unwilling to persecute her in the name of a bigoted and intolerant church. Rather than do so, he broke with Bossuet; surrendered a powerful and vindictive friend of his own, for a forlorn and suffering friend of the other sex. She valued him as he deserved; he prized her at her worth. They were both gentle and loving—Christians above creed. No life has been purer and sweeter than theirs. They made God after their own image, and his wisdom and mercy were equal. The memory of her beauty and excellence never left him; in her last hours her prayers for him preceded those for herself.

Julie Récamier, courted and flattered beauty, never swerved in loyal amity from Châteaubriand, who, when the world had wearied him, when he had turned from the emptiness of its honors, sat in the charmed circle of the Abbaye aux Bois, and revived his youth in the sunshine of her smiles. Loveliness and genius, amiability and learning, joined in their friendship, which was the friendship of society tempered with tenderness, hallowed by sentiment.

The sexes to-day are nearer and dearer friends than ever before, for only within the last fifty years has chivalry grown to be more than a glittering deceit. Love, so called, has been the impulse of centuries; friendship, justly named, is the form and favor of the time. Love matches too often prove Lucifer matches. Love, when exhausted, finds, not seldom, recuperation, regeneration even, in sexual friendship. At its greatest and purest it is more like friendship than the passion common to creation. A lover is but a lover, born of the air; a breath unmakes him. A friend is all a brother, father, lover, husband may be—each blending in entire harmony with the other. Love is an episode; friendship is the body of the poem. That subsists upon evanescent passion; this upon sentiment lasting as life. The whole is expressed in the accepted phrases: To fall in love, To grow to friendship. Woman, to be man's friend, must enjoy freedom, social, mental, and spiritual. She would be wiser often to accept her friend than to wed her lover; for love, more frequently than we think, is the shining gate, wreathed with passion flowers, that leads to the garden of friendship.

JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

A LOVER'S WELCOME.

SPRING! Spring cometh, my darling!
Lift thy brown eyes, and greet her with me.
Down from the hill-sides the brooklets are flowing:
So flows my love with fresh impulse to thee.

Spring! Spring cometh, my dearest!
Come to the woods, and greet her with me.
Fast, 'neath their thick leaves, the May flowers are growing:
So grows my passionate love, Sweet, for thee.

Spring! Spring cometh, beloved!
In the bright morning greet her with me.
Birds to their mates in the tree-tops are calling:
So calls my longing heart, ever, for thee.

Spring! Spring cometh, my darling!
In the cool evening greet her with me.
On the coy violets, dew-drops are falling:
So may God's blessings fall sweetly on thee.

MARGARET BAMFORD.

DAUDIN'S DOUBLE.

IT was in the Paris Morgue we met. Entering the place in obedience to the promptings of a tourist's curiosity, I had been strolling from body to body, finding a strange fascination in the occupation, and involuntarily associating with each face, as I scanned it, some bit of romance; for nearly all the poor wretches whose remains were deposited there had been plucked from the bosom of that pitiless mother of secrets, the Seine. This one, a girl who must have been yet in the glow of youth and health when she took the fatal plunge, I set down as some grisette whose student friend had abandoned Bohemia and her for a life of social virtue. The next, whose premature old age and pinched, haggard features would have touched a heart much stonier than mine, was doubtless some hard-working woman whom fate had driven to choose between starvation and a worse alternative. Yonder lay a man in middle life, whose person bore evidences of foul dealing—the victim of a midnight fray, perhaps, or one who, in a thoughtless moment, had boasted of a well-filled purse. Beside this corpse lay that of a younger man, with a countenance so singularly prepossessing that even its mortal pallor and rigidity marred its attractiveness but little. At the same time I fancied I could discern in it an indefinable something indicative of weakness—a certain lack of deep feeling and strong purpose. It was the face of one who in life would be accounted among his companions a good fellow, though incapable of steadfast personal attachments, and whose popularity, like his friendship, would be general in its nature rather than proceeding from or directed toward particular individuals. Viewed from a phrenological standpoint, receptivity was a prominent characteristic, but application very deficient; acquisitiveness was full, prodigality inordinate.

At the foot of the slab on which the body rested stood a gentleman in simple citizen's dress. In his hand was an object I at first took to be a book, but which a second glance showed to be a pocket

mirror, placed in such a position as to reflect the holder's image. Struck by this circumstance, my glance naturally wandered upward, and what was my amazement to behold in the living an exact counterpart of the dead face that had so attracted me! The stranger stood there, perfectly motionless, his eyes so lowered to look into the glass that they seemed half closed, like those of the unfortunate before him. There, too, was the same hair, the same smooth-shaven, rounded chin, the same nose, mouth, and ears—the resemblance was simply perfect; even the pallor was as nearly alike in the two cases as their opposite conditions would allow. The only difference I could detect between the living and the dead was one that would doubtless have escaped any but a practised eye: a force of character, a degree of moral power in the former, which in the latter was utterly wanting, or stamped upon him with a minus sign.

"Marvellous! marvellous!" I thought, and was unconscious of having given voice to the sentiment till the stranger slowly turned, and, fixing his eyes upon me with a surprised stare, ejaculated:

"So you are English?"

"I *speak* English," I replied reservedly; experience had taught me to be cautious in the society of chance acquaintances. A moment afterward, however, I regretted the unnecessary iciness of my manner, for a grieved expression stole over the face of my interlocutor, and I heard him heave a little sigh as he turned back to resume the study of his own reflection. "After all," I reasoned with myself, "what possible harm could it have done to answer his question frankly? A kind tone would have cost nothing." And I acknowledge having been seized with a morbid curiosity to know something more of this singular being, who seemed endowed by nature with a double personality, and to be standing face to face—strange paradox!—with himself.

"No, I am not English," I said finally, my manner greatly altered, but paused as I observed that his attention was other-

wise absorbed. His lips were moving, and I could hear him murmur absently:

"Yes, it is marvellous—marvellous indeed!"

Suddenly he bent toward me with his brows raised inquiringly, as if my remark had just reached his ear, but its meaning had not yet penetrated his understanding.

"I am not English," I repeated; "I am an American."

For a moment he cast on me a weird, abstracted look, then slowly stretched out his right hand.

"Will you shake hands?" he asked.

"Thank you. I, too, am from America. I—I sometimes wish I had staid there."

He had kept his eyes fastened on mine while speaking; but they wandered back almost immediately, and renewed their movement from the face of the corpse to that in the mirror, and *vice versa*.

"As you said, sir, it is marvellous," he remarked at length. "You referred to the resemblance between us?"

I nodded.

"Are you an expert in physiognomy?"

"Hardly an expert," I answered, "though I profess to have given the subject some attention."

"Then tell me: should you think it possible that intimate—very intimate—acquaintances of either party would mistake us for each other?"

"I should think it not only possible, but highly probable."

"And the delusion might be lasting?"

"That depends on circumstances."

"Such as——?"

"Such as voice, manner, gait, and a host of others. I have never seen this person to my knowledge during his lifetime, so that I am not qualified to judge of your resemblance in anything but form and feature."

"True."

He took a long look into the glass, then closed it with a thoughtful air and put it away in the pocket of his coat. Drawing my arm through his, he turned toward the door.

"Will you come to my room?" he inquired. "I want to talk to you."

I was little prepared for this, and probably exhibited some surprise in my manner.

"Come, come," he added, with just a little impatience. "I am not a police spy, nor a kidnapper, nor a liar-in-wait

for the unwary. Pardon me, though; I forgot that you do not even know my name." And he handed me a card, on which was inscribed, "Alvin Ware, Rue Garnier, No. 16."

I felt for a card, but could find none about me except those containing my professional title and address at home. One of these I offered him.

"A lawyer, eh? So much the better," he said smiling, as he glanced it over. "They say, however, that you gentlemen never accept confidences without a fee; is it so?"

"Generally, I believe," I answered, "but that is to a great degree dependent on the nature of the communication. If we are to have a consultation, why not adjourn to my hotel at once?"

"Cautious to the last!" exclaimed my companion in a tone of playful banter. "You are not afraid of me?"

"Not at all."

"I should not have wondered had you answered yes; I suspect I am a little beside myself. It must seem odd to you, who are evidently a traveller, to be accosted in this dismal vault and invited to accept the confidence of and tender advice to a man you never saw or heard of before in the whole course of your life. The fact is, I am so delighted to meet a fellow countryman that it is but natural I should appear somewhat demented. You will excuse it?"

I assured him I would.

"I've a particular reason for inviting you to my lodgings. After living in such a strange, uncanny atmosphere as I have of late, I am really curious to get back to the old place and see it. I fancy that the sun will shine in at the window rather brighter, and the flowers will smell sweeter, and the canary sing more freely—yes, I can imagine the very air to taste purer in the little den, now that I've learned what has become of—of HIM." He did not look round, but merely gestured with his thumb over his shoulder at the dead man, as we passed out of his ghastly presence.

On gaining the street my companion drew a long breath, as though relieved of some onerous responsibility, and seemed to shake off the last vestiges of it with a shiver. Then, looking at me with a rather quizzical expression:

"You are mystified, I doubt not; you

don't know what to make of all this?" he said. "Well, well, it is a long story, but you shall have it if you care to listen; and it may be as well to inform you that I shall ask your counsel, not as a lawyer, but as a man. Still, I expect to derive certain advantages from your professional experience, which has probably developed within you some power of judging persons and grasping situations readily; am I right?"

"I fear you flatter me," I answered. "However, I will do my best to aid you, if, on hearing your story, I conclude that such advice as I have to offer will be of any avail."

Although my acquaintance with the French metropolis was limited to a sojourn of less than a week, I was nevertheless familiar enough with the general surface of the city to notice, as we passed along, that the route to the rue Garnier lay through a very modest, old-fashioned quarter. There was, nevertheless, an air of comfort and homely respectability about the venerable houses on either side of the way which one rarely finds in similar neighborhoods, the world over, in such perfection as in Paris. To attempt a description of these old streets for the benefit of most American readers would be the veriest surplusage; and, to be candid, although I afterwards learned to know them as intimately as the highways of my native town, I cast at them that day but a hasty glance. My whole thought was bent on the adventure that had just begun, and I was so full of conjecture as to its termination that I proved but an indifferent listener as my new acquaintance talked, first on one subject and then on another, to enliven the walk, and really roused myself only when he would revert for a moment to the topic uppermost in my mind.

We wheeled at length into the rue Garnier, and stopped before No. 16, a neat, substantial old house, decidedly the best on the street, the ground floor of which was occupied as a small restaurant. He led the way up two flights of stairs, opened a door at the front end of the hall, and ushered me into a good-sized apartment, nicely though not handsomely furnished. The ceiling was low and somewhat discolored with smoke, and the paper on the walls was of common quality; but bright, pretty curtains and Venetian

blinds, admitting between them just enough sunlight to illumine the scene, a well-fed canary in one window, and a hanging basket with flowering plants and an ambitious ivy vine in the other, lent to the general effect an element of homelikeness and good cheer that refreshed me the moment I entered.

"Well, Mr. Ware," I exclaimed, settling myself in the easy-chair proffered me, "I am sure you have no reason to complain of the sunlight, the flowers, the canary, or the air; each is perfect in its way."

At the mention of his name, I observed a slight start on the part of my host. He looked at me, apparently to discover whether I had noticed the movement.

"Humph!" he remarked, when I had finished speaking. "That name gave me a peculiar sensation. It is the first time I have heard it for several weeks."

"Have you, then, no friends in Paris?" I asked. "Or perhaps you have kept yourself aloof from the outside world?"

"Aloof!" he exclaimed. "On the contrary, I have been all along in relations of the most intimate nature with at least two of my fellow beings. There, you are puzzled again. A mysterious creature, am I not? Sue and Dumas may be said to have lost fortunes without the honor of my acquaintance."

During this speech he had opened a little cupboard in the wall, and now proceeded to set upon the centre-table a bottle of Bordeaux, some glasses, and a plate of French jumbles.

"I am sorry I have nothing better to offer you," he said, in a tone of merry mock apology. "I presume, by this time, suspense has whetted your appetite. Well, you have not long to wait. If you will have the goodness to fill your glass, we will drink to your success as auditor and mine as story-teller; and lest I should become so engrossed in my tale as to ignore the demands of hospitality, I will add that the box on your right contains some cigars, such as they are, which you will please light and smoke as inclination prompts."

We drained our glasses and filled them again; then, throwing himself back in his chair, my companion began his narrative, as nearly as I can remember, in the following words:

"First and foremost, I suppose I ought to tell you who I am; at least, that is the way most stories begin. It will be easier, however, to tell you who I once was, come down by degrees to my present undefined status, and, finally, ask your assistance in determining the vexed question of my future identity. My father was a well-to-do merchant in Illinois, and bestowed on me the name you saw on my card. I received a collegiate education in America, and at graduation accepted an appointment in the civil service. My parents both dying a few months ago, I found myself possessed of a decent competency, and was seized with a desire to travel. Accordingly, after resigning my position and settling my affairs, I sailed from New York for Queenstown, 'did' the United Kingdom with tolerable thoroughness, and crossed the channel for a change of scene. Thus far, nothing had transpired worthy of mention. Arrived here, I put up at the Grande, and soon began my explorations about the city.

"And at this point I may remark that, unless you are better versed in the language of the country than I, you will find the business of sight-seeing rather slow."

He paused, took a sip or two of wine, lit a cigar, and proceeded.

"Straying one morning into the Morgue, as you did to-day, to gratify my sense of the horrible, I noticed an old gentleman who seemed to be making the rounds of the bodies, and peering into every face as if he expected to find some friend stretched out there. I dare say I watched him pretty closely; and, either from the consciousness of a pair of eyes fixed steadily upon him, or for some other cause, he suddenly wheeled about and looked at me. I never saw such an expression cross the face of mortal man! He stared, turned first white and then red, and finally approached and addressed me in a few hurried French sentences. Having not the remotest idea what he meant, I signified as much in pantomime, but he still kept up a rattling fire of words. In despair, I pulled out the little phrase-book I always carry in my pocket and handed it toward him; but he only shook his head and pushed the book impatiently aside. Of course, the impression forced itself upon me that he was

either a well-dressed beggar or a lunatic, and not caring to waste any further time on him, I moved away. He followed me, however, tugged at my coat, and at last seized me by the buttonhole and attacked me in broken English.

"'Mon Dieu, Davenport,' he cried excitedly, 'vat for dost zou zus comport zyself?'"

"I attempted to shake him off, but he persisted in chasing after me, talking all the while with the most violent gestures. I saw we were attracting attention, and concluded that the only way to get rid of my aged tormentor was to draw him to one side and let him have his say. I therefore sought a retired corner.

"'Now, old man,' said I, 'please inform me, in the best English at your command, what the deuce you want with me.'"

"'Vat I vant wiz zee, Davenport? Ah, Dieu! Is it zen come to zis?'"

"'I expect it is,' I answered petulantly. 'In the first place, my name is not Davenport. Now, what next?'"

"'Zy name is not Davenport?' The old fellow drew himself up and gazed at me, the perfect picture of amazement. 'Zy name is not Davenport Granger?'"

"'About as much as yours is John Smith,' said I. 'Come, if this is all you have to say, we may as well part company forthwith.'"

"The Frenchman's wonder had meanwhile apparently given way to anger. The blood mounted to his face, the purple veins in his forehead swelled, and he clenched both fists tightly as he continued to glare at me.

"'Diable!' he hissed. 'Zou takest me for one grand imbecile, n'est-ce pas? Beware, sare! I am kind to zee one—two—zree mon's—long whiles; maintenant, zou makest fool of me. Be gar! I speak to ze police—to ze magistrate; I say, 'I vant mon argent—my silver.' Alors, vere dost zou go zen? Eh? To ze prison—zat is vere zou goest!'"

"It was now my turn to stare. The bold impudence of the fellow, as it then appeared to me, was too much for good humor. He evidently considered that his words had made their impression, for his excitement died partially away, and with an air of virtuous triumph he exclaimed:

"'He bien! Vat sayest zou now? Zou art mon Davenport, n'est-ce pas?'"

"I saw there was no use of arguing with the man. He had mistaken me for another—some one, doubtless, who was owing him a debt. All I could say to the contrary would be of no avail; I must use some stronger argument than words. Luckily, my passport happened to be in my breast pocket. I pulled it out, displayed it, corroborated this proof by a dozen others, such as the name in my phrase-book, on my cards, and on my linen. Even with this mass of cumulative evidence before him he could hardly be brought to believe the truth. It seemed as if his reason was convinced, while instinct still rebelled. At length, however, when my identity was established beyond a peradventure, the old man burst into tears, and wept as though his heart would break. My sympathies were aroused. 'This Davenport,' I thought, 'must be some prodigal son of his.' That seemed scarcely likely, either, for the surname Granger was not French; it was one with which I was familiar in America. While I was still turning this over in my mind, the stranger ceased weeping, and I endeavored to assure him of my sincere pity; but he waved me away, firmly but courteously, and addressed me in a tone of unfeigned humility:

"'No, no,' said he, bowing, with his hand on his breast, 'I deserve nozing. I have made m'sieur ze grand insult. I abase myself. I am inconsolable. Bien! Will m'sieur take ze satisfaction of ze gentlemen?'"

"And he actually fished out of his waistcoat pocket a card, and presented it as ceremoniously as if inviting me to a dinner party instead of suggesting pistols for two. His name was Dr. Mablôt."

"A physician?" I asked, interrupting.

"A physician; and, as I have since learned, an excellent one, though not celebrated. But I fear I am wearying you?"

"Far from it," I replied. "My interest increases as the plot thickens. Go on, please. You did not fight him?"

"Certainly not. On the contrary, I laughed the matter off, and invited him to join me at dinner that evening. He came, punctually to appointment."

Here my friend paused again and tossed off another glass of wine.

"Well, as I was saying, the doctor

came, and spent most of the evening in my room. He was all aflame with a project, which, to be intelligible to you, requires a repetition of a story he told me.

"It seems that an American named Davenport Granger came to Paris to study, and took rooms in the Latin Quarter. Like many of our countrymen on their first visit to this city, he was carried away with its frivolities, and ran through his pecuniary supplies in short order. Again and again he obtained remittances from home, till at length his father, an austere, puritanical old curmudgeon, notified him that he had drawn his last cent from the paternal exchequer, and that, if he saw fit to continue his reckless course of life, he must shift for himself. This threw poor Granger into a fit of the blues, from which he never recovered. During his wanderings he had made the acquaintance of a sweet, innocent little woman named Elise Houriet, and doubtless, in his own peculiar way, the fellow loved her. He was a man of no great depth, however, and was himself aware of his weakness. He feared that time would cure this mere surface passion, and the thought served only to increase his despondency. His intentions were strictly honorable, and he hoped, by conciliating his parents, to be able to marry Elise, thus not only doing justice to her, who loved him dearly, but also paving the way to a better life himself. He therefore wrote home, laid the case before his father, and asked his approval of this plan. The letter was returned to him with no answer but a black line drawn diagonally across each page. He knew what that meant."

"Pardon another interruption," said I, "but I am interested to know what the doctor had to do with all this."

"Possess your soul in patience," answered Ware. "I was just coming to his share in the transaction. It appears that Elise was poor, and an orphan—supported herself by fine needlework, and had been for some time a sort of *protégée* of the doctor's, who, by-the-by, is one of the noblest little fellows alive. He never looked with favor on the proposed match, reading Granger's character better, doubtless, than the young girl; but as both parties seemed so thoroughly in earnest, he adopted the wisest course—

withdrew his opposition, and even loaned the boy money from time to time for his rent and tuition fees. Well, Granger carried the condemned letter to the doctor, and laid it before him without speaking.

"What are you going to do about it?" asked Mablôt.

"God only knows!" was the reply. The doctor had never seen him in just such a state of mind before, and tried to soothe him by pointing out a path of honest labor that would bring him in due time to an income on which he could safely marry; but that path would be strewn with the thorns of self-denial and privation, and he would water it with the sweat of his brow. The young man was in no humor to listen to such proposals; he was impatient of slow-coached counsels, and finally whisked out of his mentor's presence in a state of high dudgeon. The doctor was first angry and then sorrowful: angry at what seemed to him a want of common gratitude and respect, after all the favors he had extended for months past; sorrowful at the sad fate he saw in store for poor little, faithful Elise, whether she married her lover or not.

"He had seen Davenport for the last time; next morning's post brought him a note announcing—but stay, I have a copy of the material portion, which you shall read for yourself."

He turned over the papers in his portfolio, and presently pushed across the table a sheet written on one side.

"Tell Elise," it ran, "not to waste a tear on me. I am unworthy of her, and would have made a sorry husband for the poor girl. My fits of depression have frightened her terribly at times; had I staid with her, they would have grown more frequent and more violent as years rolled on. And when her beauty faded and spirits flagged under the pressure of her toilsome life, and I could look forward to no future but one of poverty and obscurity, I should have learned to loathe her as a convict does the chain and ball that fetters his every step.

"Pleasure is my only god, I fear, and selfishness the best worship of which my nature is capable. With money and friends, I might have become something; without them, I am worse than nothing.

"The few effects left in my room are

yours; I can only hope that their sale will repay a few sous of the sum I have so long owed you. My debt of gratitude must await its liquidation in another world."

"Was this all the contents of the note?" I inquired, when I had finished reading.

"All that bears upon the matter in hand," answered Ware. "Granger left no clue behind, and the doctor knew not whether he was alive or dead. He was nearly frantic for a time. He dared not tell Elise, fearing the news would kill her in her then delicate health, but put her off with one excuse and another. He notified the police, but their efforts to find the missing man were fruitless. As a forlorn hope, he visited the Morgue morning after morning—for certainty, however sad, is better than suspense—and it was during one of these visits that he met me, as I have detailed."

"Ha!" I cried, as one strand of my own adventure unravelled itself in my mind. "It was Davenport Granger, then, whose body I saw to-day."

"Exactly; but we have not yet brought the story down so far. You as a lawyer ought to have too profound a respect for the natural sequence of facts to skip over weary intervals in that manner."

"I stand corrected," I responded. "Please forgive my ill-breeding, and finish the story to suit yourself."

"Well, Granger's sudden and unexplained disappearance wore upon Elise, and aggravated what might otherwise have passed off as a trifling ailment. She watched for her lover evening after evening, and questioned the doctor so closely whenever he appeared that the old man dreaded to go near her room. At last the strain upon her system became too great; body and mind gave way together; and when Mablôt found me, Elise had been down with brain fever more than a week.

"Incessantly, night and day, during her waking moments, she called upon the absent one. His Christian name being long and unwieldy, she had given him since their engagement a pet sobriquet, 'Daudin.' Those two syllables were ever on her lips. In her delirium she fancied that the good doctor and her faithful nurse had conspired together to keep her lover from her; and the tears rose to

Mablôt's eyes as he dwelt upon this fact, and lamented that even in her madness she could suspect him of an action so unlike himself.

"And now for the doctor's project; I see by your face you have guessed it already. Yes, it was to have me assume the character of the recreant lover.

"It was a desperate measure, but, in the old man's opinion, the only means left him for effecting Elise's recovery. When he first proposed it, I strenuously demurred, having no desire to mix myself up in an affair of that sort. It was a sad case, I admitted, but my intervention would only make matters worse. Even if his patient were soothed for a time, in her convalescence the terrible discovery would burst upon her, and probably cause a relapse. Mablôt pleaded hard, however, and before he left me that evening extorted a half promise and allowed me the night to think it over. The next day he called, found me still undecided, and renewed his entreaties. At last I gave him my hand on it, and entered into a covenant to aid him in what he termed a righteous fraud.

"I accompanied him to his house, whither he had caused Elise to be conveyed during the early stages of her disease. The sick-chamber was a cosy little apartment, dark of course, but very pleasant for all that—exactly the room you would imagine the doctor to have fitted up for such a purpose, did you know him. Beside the bed on which the sufferer lay sat an amiable-looking French woman, who acted as nurse. Elise was seized with a delirious paroxysm as we entered.

"'Daudin! Daudin!' she called out. (I understood enough of the language to interpret her cries.) 'Why do you not come to me? I have called you again and again! Oh, Daudin, do not leave me to die alone!'

"Mablôt wiped away a tear, and signalled me to approach the bedside. I did so, but the girl seemed to have become exhausted by her ravings, and gave me only a languid glance as her head fell back upon the pillow. For some minutes she remained unconscious, and we watched her with bated breath. At last a slight movement of the body indicated that she was about awaking.

"She opened her eyes slowly this time,

and cast them about her with an air of uncertainty, as though seeking for some object she had seen in a dream. When they rested on me her expression underwent a wonderful change, and a faint but perfectly rational smile overspread her features.

"'She is conscious! mon Dieu, she is conscious!' whispered the little doctor, almost wild with excitement.

"Elise gazed intently at me a moment.

"'Oui, oui, c'est mon Daudin!' she exclaimed joyfully. 'Hélas! where are you gone, mon ami, zis long time I am ill?'

"I confess that in my inexperience I was taken quite aback by this sudden interrogation. The doctor had given me to understand that a person afflicted as was Elise would be apt to remember nothing that had transpired since her illness began, but she evidently was aware that she had suffered for a long time.

"Mablôt came to my relief.

"'Daudin, he play not ze truant for nozing, n'est-ce pas?' he said, addressing us in turn. 'He have de grandes affaires—ze much business, ma pauvre enfant; he have——'

"'Yes,' I interrupted, falling back on my powers of invention. 'I have been called away on business; I had some affairs of importance to attend to. But when I heard you were sick, Elise, I turned back immediately.'

"I stopped, for I noticed that while I was speaking the smile had partly faded from her face, and given place to a slight shadow of uncertainty.

"'Ze voice—ah, it is not ze voice of my Daudin,' she said sadly. 'Ze tones—what for have you change zem, mon chéri?'

"I exchanged glances with the doctor. We were both unprepared for this discovery; and, in fact, I have since been told that the difference between my voice and Granger's was so very slight that no one but a woman, and she with ears of the keenest sensibility, could have detected it. Again the little Frenchman proved equal to the emergency.

"'Bah!' he said, with a light laugh. 'Ze medicine is gone to ze senses of my Elise. It is not zat Daudin speak not as always, mais zat Elise hear not wiz ze same ears.'

"Elise brightened up again instantly, and cast at the doctor a smile full of childlike confidence and trust, as if he were her father indeed, and not merely a self-constituted guardian, whose only claim to her filial devotion was the great tender heart in his quaint little bosom.

"Well, to be brief, we succeeded in quieting her misgivings and left her, lest the excitement of her lover's supposed return should prove disastrous.

"Once outside the door, Mablot grasped my hand with enthusiasm, and pressed it till I could hear my fingers snap.

" 'M'sieur will come again demain—to-morrow,' he said as he escorted me to the street. 'At what hour?'

"I set the time, and we parted. I called next day, as agreed, and was delighted to hear that Elise had passed an easy night. The nurse had been as completely blinded as her patient, and assisted us involuntarily in our work of deception.

"Morning after morning I came at the appointed hour, and each day I could see a favorable change in the appearance of the invalid. Her wasted form began to resume its fulness; her cheeks regained a part of their wonted color; and with these changes in her my heart kept pace. If I was simply surprised at first, I found myself fascinated now. Her attractions grew upon me with each succeeding hour; and I believe that if the doctor had ordered me out of the house as persistently as he had originally begged me to enter it, I should have declined to go with corresponding distinctness."

"Enough!" I exclaimed, suspense making me impatient. "You fell in love?"

"Thou hast said it! No, not *fell*, either; I *found myself* there before I was aware, but it was the work of time. The doctor suggested that I should change my quarters in order to be nearer Elise, and through him I procured this room."

"And has the fair one entirely recovered?"

"Her malady may be said to have been subdued, although she is still delicate. And now I have but a few words more; those few, however, will bring us to the great question at issue, on which I want your advice. Before I go on, allow me to offer you a fresh cigar."

"Thank you, I have smoked enough."

My companion raised his glass to his

lips, sipped a little, and sat for some moments immersed in thought. Then he proceeded.

"Not a word could we learn of Granger. I think the doctor was about setting him down as having left the country, when this morning he dropped me a note to the effect that the fellow had been picked up in the Seine and sent to the Morgue. He probably committed suicide last night, as there were no marks about the person to indicate either that he had died by the hand of an assassin, or that he had been long in the water. Impelled by the most eager curiosity, I hurried down to view the remains. It was there I met you. Br-r-r-r! the thought of that place has given me a chill."

He stopped to taste his wine again.

"Until to-day, neither Mablot nor I had quite despaired of finding him alive and bringing him back to Elise, if only to make him take leave of her like a man. Then, whatever my own regret might have been, I should have bidden the little girl good-by and quitted Paris forever. This morning's discovery has explained the mystery, and left the field open for me; but, great Heaven! in what a position am I placed! Elise loves me in my disguise; she will hate me when I cast it off. Nothing but a nice sense of honor deters me from the practice of a lifelong deception. By such a course I can buy happiness; but in a confession I shall frame the death-warrant of my hopes. Do you wonder, situated as I am, that I grasped eagerly at the straw your kindly voice and manner held out to me?"

I looked up at him in surprise. He had risen from his chair, and stood confronting me, with both arms thrown out behind him, his face and attitude betokening great agitation, and his whole appearance presenting a striking contrast with that of a few moments before. Was this the careless, jolly fellow who had told me his history in the freest, most unconcerned manner; who had touched upon the story of his love in a spirit almost of flippancy; and yet whose whole soul was now stirred and wrestling with itself on a question of mere abstract right? There was, indeed, even more to the man than I had suspected from my first study of his face. The strong, healthy character, the quiet force I had detected at that time was now, as it were,

cropping out in a vein infinitely richer and purer than I had believed to exist within him.

I made no reply to his question; for before I could open my lips there came a knock at the door. Ware drew it cautiously ajar, and admitted a third person, whom I recognized, as if by instinct, as Dr. Mablot. He was a little, dried-up Gaul, dressed in a suit of rusty black, and one of those singular contrivances in the way of a necktie, the mystery of whose diurnal putting together has always remained unsolved in my mind. His gold-headed cane and fine eyeglasses were the only items of luxury about him, if we except the slender watch-chain passing round his neck, which had been mended so often as to have almost merged its identity in solder.

"Dites-moi, mon ami," began the little man excitedly, "zou hast seen——"

He stopped short on perceiving the presence of a stranger. Ware reassured him by presenting me in due form, and adding with a sly sidelong glance in my direction:

"This gentleman is also an American; he is my legal adviser."

"Vraiment!" exclaimed the doctor in surprise. "M'sieur, j'ai l'honneur—I have ze honor to make you my most respectful compliment!" accompanying the remark with a courteous, old-school bow.

"I have been giving him an account of my singular fortunes in Paris," continued Ware, "and was just on the point of asking his advice as you entered."

"Je comprends," replied Mablot. "And his counsel—did it agree wiz mine?"

"He has not yet given it."

"Nor has Mr. Ware stated to me the nature of yours, doctor," added I.

"I omitted to purposely," explained my friend, "lest it should in any way influence your decision; however, it may be as well that you should know it. Dr. Mablot advises me very strongly, under all the circumstances, to preserve my present name and position, marry Elise, and continue the deception as long as I live."

"Certainement!" said the doctor very decidedly. "I say to him: Vois-tu! Zou art independent; zou hast ze money; zere is no family to make zee trouble;

Elise loves zee, zou lovest Elise—Mon Dieu! Vat more dost zou vant?"

It did seem very plausible, I confess; and I fear I was more than half convinced. I looked at Ware, and could read in his face the struggle that was going on within him. Away down in the bottom of his heart lay a hope—I knew it—that my decision would be cast into the scale with the doctor's, and outweigh his own. But reason and truth prevailed; and, much as the effort cost me, I obeyed the voice of conscience and turned the balance in their favor.

"I regret to say, doctor," I began slowly and very politely, "that my mind is of a different cast from yours. While the act in which all these complications originated may have been justified by the extreme urgency of the case, yet we should not let that consideration blind us to the demands of honesty, now that the pressure of necessity is withdrawn."

Mablot's sensibilities, however, were untutored in the stern Anglo-Saxon habit of obedience, and rebelled at the threatened usurpation of his better judgment.

"Mais, mais, m'sieur," he protested. "it is not ze name for which my Elise have ze affection; she have set her heart upon ze personne. Her Daudin may be M'sieur Ware or M'sieur Granger—cela ne fait rien; and if she loves ce m'sieur ci aussi bien que ce m'sieur là—vere is ze difference? Diable! I see it not."

Despite the solemnity of the occasion, I could scarcely forbear a smile at the little man's subtle reasoning, and his perfect sincerity withal. I resolved to maintain my position, and trust to quiet resistance to repulse his impetuous attacks.

"There is a difference, nevertheless, and a great one," said I. "Mlle. Houriet gives her heart to Davenport Granger; he treats it lightly, and Alvin Ware, by a secret substitution, possesses himself of the treasure his predecessor would have thrown away. Our sympathies, naturally, are all with him; from our standpoint his action seems to conflict with no known law of right; but if we shift positions, and imagine ourselves in her place, what then?"

I paused, hoping that the doctor would see the drift of my argument, and save me the trouble of proceeding. I was disappointed, however; he only continued to

shake his head negatively, and opened not his lips.

"Suppose the case your own," I went on. "You love Elise Houriet as a daughter, do you not? Yes. I trust it is not her *name* alone you love? No. It is not her form? Nor the outline of her face? Nor the length of her hair? Nor the shape of her hand? Nor the sound of her voice? All these you love because they are hers; but no one of them, nor all of them joined together, give you Elise Houriet. Am I right? Very well. We will say you are struck with blindness, and some designing woman—or, to make the thought less odious, some woman yearning for a fatherly love like yours—imposes herself upon you in the character of your *protégée*. She answers to her name. You lay your hand on her shoulder, on her arm, in her lap—it is another Elise. She draws near to kiss you, and you feel the contour of her features—you run your fingers through her loose tresses—you hold her hand—she talks, or reads, or sings to you—there is not a shadow to mar the completeness of the fraud—and yet she is not Elise Houriet, and you are the victim of a lie!"

I had not anticipated so immediate or so violent an effect upon my auditor from this little harangue. He sprang to his feet, and nearly overturned the chair in which he had been sitting, in his sudden rush for the entry. As the door slammed after him, Ware started up in consternation to follow his guest, but I beckoned him to return.

"Keep quiet, and let him alone," said I coolly. "He has stepped outside to air himself and regain his composure, and will be back as soon as the effervescence subsides. His feelings are a good deal worked up over this affair, and I am used to the habits of Frenchmen in my professional experience."

Agreeably to my prediction, hardly two minutes had elapsed when the doctor returned in a much more equable frame of mind, apologized for having given way to his impulses, and admitted himself a convert to my views. The young American was still agitated, but conscience seemed to have gained the upper hand, and he professed a willingness to do whatever was best under the circumstances.

We held a long and solemn conclave, in which every plan presenting itself to

either of the three minds was carefully discussed on its merits, and either abandoned entirely or laid aside for use in case no better offered. The result of our deliberations was the adoption of my first proposal, namely, that the doctor should have a private interview with Elise that evening, show her the letter her former lover had left behind him, inform her of his death, and, if it seemed advisable, throw in a plea for poor Ware. The next morning he was to call at an early hour, and announce the verdict that must decide the future of our friend.

When the doctor had departed I took up my hat and cane and moved toward the door; but Ware stopped me.

"I know it is a great favor to ask of a partial stranger," he said sadly, "but I am emboldened by all that has passed between us. I shall not touch my bed to-night, and it will be very, very dreary for me here; won't you stay a few hours longer? I am hardly myself, as you see, and there is no telling what whim may seize me if left all alone."

"Far from a partial stranger," I replied, expressing the sincerity of my sympathy in every tone, "I already regard myself your friend. I was afraid my presence might be irksome; but I assure you I feel highly gratified at your expression of confidence."

"Thank you!" cried my companion, grasping my hand and shaking it warmly. "You *are* my friend—the best friend an unfortunate man ever had. I shall always look back on this encounter as a turning point in my life; for, but for you, I fear my self-respect, my honor, my sense of right, and truth, and justice, would have utterly given way. God bless you!"

There was no mistaking the earnestness of this benediction; but with an American's instinctive dread of yielding to the pathetic, Ware turned away the next moment and busied himself with objects about the room.

We did not recur to the topic nearest our hearts in all the subsequent conversation. As the evening wore on I induced my friend to go out and sup with me at a neighboring café. It was a mere pretence on his part, however; food seemed repugnant to him, and the only thing that brought with it any comfort was strong coffee, of which he drank several

cups. Afterward we went out for a walk, and strolled about the streets, looking into windows at first, and later discussing our fellow pedestrians, till past midnight; then we returned to the room.

Conversation flagged, and reading was out of the question, so we resorted to chess. I was just congratulating myself on having drawn some signs of interest from Alvin, when we were startled by a loud ringing of the street bell. We both ran to the window and peered out. On the doorstep stood a small male figure, and, as the lamp shone upon the upturned face, we recognized Mablôt. Quick as thought my companion had dashed out of the room and down the stairs. I followed, and overtook him as he stood in the open door. The doctor had clasped him in his arms. "Mon enfant! my boy!" he cried—and I could tell by his voice that he was weeping—"be joyous! console yourself! make yourself tranquil!"

"For God's sake, speak!" gasped Ware. "Is it yes or no?"

"Ah, Dieu! quelle joie! quelle félicité!" sobbed the doctor. "She listen not at me! She believe me not! She say it is I who deceive; *zou art her Daudin—she will have no ozer!*"

Alvin stood for a moment stupefied; then he seemed to recover the use of his faculties. Again I read his thoughts in his face, and smiled my approval.

"I will see her," he exclaimed, shaking himself free from the doctor's embrace. "She does not believe *you*? She *must* believe *me*! Will you go with me or stay here?"

The Frenchman looked aghast; his handkerchief was arrested on its way to his eyes; he stared first at Alvin and then at me, as if he had strayed by mistake into a madhouse. At last his horror found words.

"Bon ciel!" he shrieked. "Art *zou démenté*, or am I? Vat dost you make zere? Vere dost *zou* go?"

"To your house," answered the other firmly. "I am going to tell the story in my own words. Perhaps Elise may be induced to listen if I turn self-accuser. If you will not go with me, you may stay."

And, bareheaded as he was, he darted into the street. The doctor watched him a short distance without speaking, then noiselessly glided after. As I returned to the deserted room I met on the stairs a

sleepy servant who had been awakened by the bell, and, with a praiseworthy regard for his own dignity and comfort, had taken his time for answering it. Stepping into a dark recess I allowed him to pass on without observing me. He opened the door, shut it again, and went muttering back to bed.

Dropping into an arm-chair, I resigned myself to thought; but though the continuous excitement of day and evening had set my brain in something of a whirl, the tired body courted sleep, and I fell into a doze.

It was after daylight when I awoke, and looking around me as I rubbed my eyes, I beheld on the lounge beside me Alvin Ware.

Oh, how changed he was! The fagged, weary, haggard look of a few hours before had entirely disappeared, and his brow was as clear as a summer sky.

"Sleep on," he said; "only you'll find the bed more comfortable. Take it. I do not need to lie down; I feel as wide awake as if I'd slept a fortnight."

My first impression was that I had been dreaming. It seemed as if my host had been sitting there telling a story, parts of which were still vivid in my memory, and some fantastic genius of the night, catching up the thread where he had dropped it, had carried it to some sort of completion. Little by little, however, the mists cleared away, and I asked the first question that rose to my lips:

"Well, how is it?"

"I am a happy man," he replied, with a sort of calm joy. "I have done my duty to the very letter, but Elise refuses to believe even me. She says if I am not her Daudin, I am his other self. I never saw such childlike simplicity in any woman in my life; I never saw in any woman such perfect, unalloyed confidence in those she loves. So firmly is she convinced of Mablôt's integrity and mine, that even our united efforts cannot shake her faith in us. It seems a paradox, and I see you smile; but it is true, every word. By Heaven! the man who could betray such a trust as hers deserves a punishment worse than death!" and he scowled fiercely and clenched his fist as the bare idea of such a wretch arose in his mind.

I did not press him as to the details of his interview, but shortly after prepared to take my leave. I knew that he must

be worn out, and my presence would only keep alive an unnatural excitement which, if left to itself, might be induced to give place to slumber.

"I will not urge you to stay," he said at parting. "I suppose I am not a very jolly companion in my present frame of mind. I am really too happy to talk rationally. You have been imposed upon long enough. One thing, however, my good friend, you must promise me—that you will devote to-morrow evening to my service. I want you to meet Elise. I should name to-night, but I must have the first hours of my new existence alone with her."

I was nothing loath to promise, and we agreed upon the time.

The next evening I called punctually at eight, and found Alvin dressed for the street and waiting. On our way to the doctor's he could talk of nothing but his perfect beatitude.

"Mablot is a funny little fellow, but a trump," he remarked. "He does not understand me at all, and evidently fears some new escapade on my part; so to prevent my doing anything rash, he has insisted on setting the wedding down for this day month. Dear old man! he has nothing to fear from me."

Our destination was only a few rods distant, and Elise's reception room was on the second floor. As we entered she arose to receive us, and the light, falling full upon her, showed me the sweetest picture in the world. She was somewhat below the average female height, and dressed in a simple gown cut so as to display her figure to perfection. Slight in build, and graceful as a fawn, her very motion as she advanced toward the door bespoke that gentle, guileless, affectionate character my friend's accounts had led me to expect. Her features were faultless in their mould, and yet there was none of that waxy, doll-like look, too often the concomitant of such regularity. In complexion she could be called neither brunette nor blonde, but, of the two, inclined rather toward the former; and soft brown hair and dark gray eyes filled in a *tout ensemble* no words of mine could ever paint. I am no artist; but I felt that I beheld for once an embodiment of what I had always regarded as a purely abstract idea—the truly beautiful.

Although I must have betrayed my

admiration in some outward sign, Elise evinced not the slightest consciousness of having awakened any such emotion within me. Her greeting was cordial, yet modest and unaffected.

"M'sieur is welcome—vera welcome," she said, extending her hand. "Ze friend of my fiancé is aussi ze friend of myself."

"If my good will toward both is any fair criterion of yours toward me," I replied, bowing, "we shall be on the best of terms from this moment."

She was ready with an answer, and a well-turned compliment:

"As I have not ze félicité to read les pensées of m'sieur, il faut que je—it must be zat I judge of his sincérité by ze caractère one sees in his countenance."

When the first stiffness and formality had worn away, and the conversation became more animated, my presence was, by common consent, almost ignored. Mlle. Houriet took this course, perhaps, from intuitive politeness; for, finding me an indifferent talker but an excellent listener, she sought to indulge me in that capacity where I was best calculated to shine. Alvin, on his part, merely yielded to the instincts of his nature, which all combined in one huge aggregate and impelled him toward the monopoly of Elise; while I, last and decidedly least of the trio, was only too glad to be allowed the quiet luxury of drinking in the scene without feeling obliged to participate largely in it. There was nothing remarkable in what was said; it was the veriest every-day bill and coo, and yet there was an irresistible fascination about it to me. In fact, now that I think of it, the most enjoyable conversations I have ever shared or listened to, my whole life long, would not, if taken down, be worth the paper they were written on. There is as much to me in the manner, the expression, and the tone of the conversationist as in his ideas, provided they be not vapid beyond endurance; and in a woman, who adds to a winning, interesting face a soft, sweet, truly feminine voice, even lovers' nonsense finds an unwonted charm.

But I am not writing an essay; only the most unpretending account of an interview between two supremely happy persons within a month of their wedding-day, and a mutual friend of a few hours' standing; that friend, I may remark,

occupying an anomalous position—a compound of the gentleman duenna and the old classic chorus.

Naturally, after a time, the conversation turned upon our great republic, of which Alvin had given his future wife some very enthusiastic and highly colored accounts.

"I do hear so much of la belle Amérique, your patrie," exclaimed that lady. "We shall go zere some time, Daudin, n'est-ce pas? You shall take me to see ze grande maison, ze house of your père."

"Oh, certainly," responded Ware "that is, provided our shanty is not pulled down by that time."

"Your 'shantee'? Qu'est-ce que c'est 'shantee'? Is zat ze name of your château?"

"Ya-as. Or, rather, it's not exactly a château, you know, but a house with grounds about it."

"Grounds?"

"A garden—a 'jardin,' as you French would call it; a jardin with plants, and trees, and such things. Understand?"

"Ah, oui, oui. Un jardin des plantes. Voilà une charmante résidence! Ah, mon ami, I am enchant! I am ravish! And in zis jardin zere is ze—h'm—what you call him? ze buffalo, eh? And ze wild Indian?"

"Well, no, not precisely that, but——"

"No? Alors, you have les animaux plus petits, eh? Ze little oiseau, par exemple, and ze—ze—h'm!—ze écureuil?"

"The what?"

"L'écureuil—ze little zing what goes round and round in a wheel—you know him?"

"Let me see! You don't mean a hub——"

"No, no."

"Or spokes, or tire?"

"Fi!"

"Well, that's all I know of that goes round in a wheel. What on earth does she mean?" appealing to me.

"I'm sure I can't tell," said I, as mystified as he. "What color is it, mademoiselle?"

"Cela dépend: sometimes red, sometimes black."

"Goes round in a wheel—sometimes red and sometimes black," repeated Ware musingly. "Egad! I have it! She means roulette or rouge-et-noir."

"Oui, certainement, quelquefois rouge,

quelquefois noir," cried Elise, nodding acquiescence.

Her lover looked shocked. It was the last symptom of continental depravity he had expected to find in this lily-like little maiden. For further assurance, he propounded another question.

"Is it a *game*, then, you mean?"

"'Game'? 'game'? Qu'est-ce que c'est cela en Français?"

"What the deuce is 'game' in French, do you know?" said Ware, turning to me for the second time.

"Look it up in your phrase-book," I suggested.

"True; why didn't I think of that myself?"

He pulled out his book, turned to the vocabulary at the end, and ran his finger down the line of "G's."

"Ah! here it is. Game: 'le gibier.' Now, then, Elise, is this what-you-call it of yours a 'gibier'?"

"Mais oui—you have right. It is some game."

"She *does* mean rouge-et-noir," exclaimed Ware, half aside, convinced against his will. "By Jove! she'll be for running a faro-bank on the premises next."

Elise discerned the slight cloud on the brow of her betrothed, and misinterpreted its cause.

"Bien!" she said in a soothing tone, "Trouble not yourself, mon Daudin. It makes nozing. Ils ne sont que de petits animaux très méchants, ces écureuils. Zey make—ah, so much of ze mischief!"

"I see it now," I ejaculated. "You refer to an *animal* called l'écureuil, mademoiselle?"

"Si, si donc," was the reply.

"To be sure," cried Ware delighted, and drawing a deep breath of relief. "What an ass I am! It's probably down in my book. How do you spell it, Elise?"

"E, accent aigaigu—c-u-r-e-u-i-l."

"E acute, c-u-r—— I've found it: Ecureuil—'a squirrel.' Goes round in a wheel—red or black—of course. Well, there! Do you know, my pet, I thought you meant a *gambling* game?"

"Gambol! Oh, yes, ze little game it gambol about in ze trees. Certainement."

And thus they went on, finding, as only true lovers can, a keen enjoyment in this

harmless prattle. I have often suspected, and in fact my friend once acknowledged to me, that fully half their time was spent in misunderstanding each other's expressions, and making interpretations. Whenever I spent an evening with them, I was a witness to one or more of these linguistic entanglements, and their subsequent untwistings. It was Pyramus and Thisbe over again, but the breach in the wall grew wider and wider as each became more familiar with the other's mother tongue; and I doubt not that this employment of cutting away the barrier Nature had built between them preserved the happy pair from many of those foolish quarrels so common among persons in their position—the clashing of minds that grow restive in idleness, for lack of some such labor of love.

But lawyers' stories are proverbially endless, and I shall only weary my readers if I prolong this strain. On the appointed day the young couple were married, and the doctor and I accompanied them to Havre and on board the steamer that was to convey them to the States for an extended wedding tour. Great, shining tears stood in the old man's eyes as he bade them farewell. To him, whose whole fund of foreign travel was summed up in a six months' sojourn at London, this trusting one's self on the broad, broad ocean seemed a foolhardy undertaking—a deliberate tempting of Providence. For fear either of making an exhibition of himself at the last moment, or of being carried off by mistake, he withdrew in good season and returned to the railway station.

A question had been for some time revolving in my mind, and I embraced my first opportunity to see Alvin alone and settle it.

"Pray don't think me inquisitive, my dear fellow," said I, "but has that subject of your identity ever arisen between you and Elise, in conversation or otherwise, since the night we met?"

"Never, in the way of a discussion," he answered. "Whenever occasion has

required, I have always taken pains to reiterate the truth. She shall never have it to record against me, that since that dreadful night I have deceived her in deed, in word, or even in thought."

"Good!" said I, approvingly. "But tell me, how does she take your asseverations now?"

"Laughs them off invariably, and makes some playful response. The whole thing is evidently, to her mind, a very stupid joke between the doctor and myself, and she treats it with praiseworthy forbearance and condescension for our sakes. Here she comes. Draw her out, and I will show you what I mean."

I cast about me for some appropriate remark with which to begin this rather difficult task, and fortune favored me beyond all expectation.

"Mrs. Ware," I observed in a bantering tone, "as it is now time to take my leave and get back on shore, allow me to express the hope that you are not afraid to travel in care of so poor a protector as your husband."

"Afraid?" she echoed, in mock defiance. "Fi! fi donc, m'sieur! Zat is a word one often sees en Anglais, mais ze French woman—she know not what it means. Moi? I would travel wiz my mari to ze nord, to ze sud, to ze east, to ze west—wherever he go, I go wiz him. Is it zat zere is quelqu'un who shall take me safer zan my Daudin?"

"How often must I remind you, Elise," interrupted her husband seriously, "that I am *not* your Daudin?"

Elise looked up at him with the tiniest bit of a pout; but, perceiving his arch expression, burst into a merry ringing laugh, drew his arm about her neck, and nestled close beside him.

"Hélas, mon ami, toujours si drôle!" she cried. "What for do you poke ze fun at me? You are not my Daudin, eh? N'importe! I am content. If you are not lui-même, you are his—his (what does one call him en Anglais?)—h'm!—his 'double,' n'est-ce pas?"

FRANCIS ELLINGTON LOOP.

WHAT ARE OUR ARISTOCRATIC INSTITUTIONS?

IT is related that an English lord, on an adventurous journey in the East, was received by the chief of a large tribe which trade had brought in contact with Great Britain. The barbaric potentate was unsparing in attentions to his distinguished guest. The lord was quite unable to understand why so much pains had been taken to honor him. His entertainer finally threw light on the subject by remarking (I reduce the Oriental hyperbole to our plain vernacular) that the English custom for keeping the aristocracy strong and powerful was similar to their own. "With us," he continued, "we put to death all the younger brothers; you degrade them and leave them to starve. It amounts to the same thing—concentrating power in one at the expense of the rest of the family. But you perceive our practice is far superior to yours, and I have no doubt your king will adopt it on your recommendation."

The inequalities of human life—how do they happen? How comes it that with the uncivilized hordes of a tawny-colored despot and the enlightened and finely cultivated subjects of Queen Victoria, a parallel could be drawn so striking that it sets everybody thinking? Waiving this for the moment, let us transfer the subject to our own country. It is the just assertion of the citizens of the United States that we have no aristocracy by right of birth. Further, we hold that such an aristocracy is simply impossible in a republic. And in this connection we quote with pride and no little complacency the forcible sentences from the famous Declaration of our Independence.

Nevertheless, here in America, power is constantly "stealing from the many to the few;" complaints are perpetually heard of the tyranny of the rich, and curses are rife everywhere against those who have secured control—no matter of what. The question comes back again: the inequalities of life—how do they happen? For here certainly we had a very fair and equal start—taking possession almost in common, only a few years back, of an uncultivated wild region, where everybody was as nearly as might be on a par with everybody, where very soon we repudiated

all laws which created a caste, and all machinery of legislation devised to uphold it. Here, after a number of years, seventy or eighty it may be—we find enormous private fortunes—fortunes which dwarf the magnificent incomes of European princes; we find colossal schemes and enterprises which require ten thousand fold more than a "king's ransom" to compass; and also a general expenditure at which the Old World holds up its hands in amazement. But we find with all this—poverty. Poverty not sunken so low, not so absolutely and so desperately degraded as in the "old countries"; but still a poverty which has ceased to be a negative principle, which is active, resolute, and menacing—menacing, that is, in times of exceptional distress, times such as we have lately passed through, and in the course of events shall pass through again periodically. And we must bear in mind, poverty is naturally humble; poverty will not break bounds except from dire necessity. Still, much more is to be feared (I know this will be questioned) from an educated poverty, if the bounds be broken, than from poverty debased by ignorance. A series of Sunday-school lessons by the pious agents of a complacent upper class in England has successfully enforced submission, subordination, and entire subserviency; but these will not serve for the better educated artisans and skilled workmen of Paris, the heroes of the barricades; hence that "terrible Commune" of which Bismarck observed, "These fellows would not hold power a week but that they really represent a principle!"

What are we going to do about it? Nobody by divine right, or any inherited right, can legally be a ruler or a titled individual in our country. But we have laws of inheritance as well as of testamentary control. An immense accumulated fortune can, even in this favored republic, be devised to an elder son, and in the city of New York we have a well-known example of just that case. There is nothing legally to prevent its continuance for generations. The chances perhaps are against it, but they are merely chances, and it is extremely difficult to say how

these immense overgrown fortunes are to be prevented. Everybody admits the evil; no one yet has proved sagacious enough to frame a remedy. The case cited is one of inheritance, where in the first instance there was extraordinary genius for affairs, and tact and industrial capacity. To preserve and increase this accumulated store of wealth requires simply prudent, methodical, clerklike routine, which, properly continued, the vast estate becomes an institution—an aristocratic institution in the midst of our republican equality. Again, we have another example, which is of success in trade—literally trade; no more, no less—where a young man, undertaking to supply the commodity called dry goods, has come to tower like a giant above all his neighbors, and to-day may regard as insignificant the income of Argyll, and can positively surpass that of the Duke of Richmond, something about whom we were told in the last number of "The Galaxy." And another man—cormorant he may seem—has taken such a solid grasp of certain railway interests, that he rivals in monetary power the two men I have just mentioned. These are prominent examples, but they may be increased almost indefinitely. For the other extreme we have the story of the beloved and lamented Agassiz, who, when a business man sought to turn his wonderful scientific knowledge to account, quietly replied that "he had no time to make money." The reader is not to suppose, because I place this anecdote in contrast with what precedes, I undervalue the men of money. On the contrary, I think there is a great deal of senseless twaddle about them, and a great deal of uncalled-for vituperation. In the distribution of qualities and mental force and capacity among men, each does and acts and fulfils after his kind. We do not expect from the tiger the patient labor of the ox, nor can we claim of the vulture the peculiarities of the barnyard fowl. Place a colony on a desert island with nothing but their hands to commence with, and in twenty-four hours you would have signs of wealth and poverty among them. What would you demand of these industrial, business, and financial giants? "A proper application and distribution of their immense wealth," you respond. But that is a moral question. Preach as much as you like to these people, lecture

them soundly about their duty to the poor and unfortunate, and the wickedness of overgrown accumulations, talk to them of the difficulty of a rich man's entering the kingdom of heaven, and all that sort of thing, but what will you do if they don't listen to you? In fact they won't listen; they will run their course, and will be succeeded by others who will run theirs, as surely and as regularly, though not in hereditary line, as Argyll succeeds Argyll, and Richmond Richmond.

I confess I am not prepared to answer the question, "What to do." There must always be concentration in power, and this demands exclusiveness. One man intellectually towers above all who surround him, and controls accordingly; another by the subtle effort of inventive skill opens up new and wonderful paths for the world to tread in; another uncovers the very arcana of science and bids us profit by his work; and still another gives his life to the amelioration of the condition of the suffering and those who in despair are ready to perish.

Each after his kind.

So the man of business tact and skill concentrates these on a certain course and becomes powerful in his way (only his way involves the sacrifice of antagonist interests), and there is no preventing it. Who knows if it is best to prevent it? The rank and file of the indolent and inefficient and vicious all decry the bloated man of wealth, who as is claimed absorbs the substance of every human being who comes in contact with him. The unfortunate are apt to join in the cry; so do a large crowd of envious and detracting people generally. Yet after all we cannot get along very well without these rich fellows. We soon discover, if we come a little closer to them, that they are not altogether bad—in fact, not as black as they are painted. Man is not only a complex but a mixed animal. Washington Irving describes the devotions of a bandit chief before the shrine of the Virgin, wherein tears, sobs, and groans were mingled with prayers and pious ejaculations. These at an end, and bestowing liberal contributions and alms in abundance, the miscreant sped away to the mountains to resume his career of robbery and violence. The bandit called forth grateful recollections from the poor, and there are thousands of persons among us ready doubtless to bless the name of many a

New Yorker for erecting a church, founding an asylum, or endowing a college or a school or some deserving charity, when that same name is sufficiently potent to strike terror in Wall street by an unlooked-for move, and to call down the anathemas of a crowd of small speculators as they learn their doom. In fact, under the most favoring circumstances this cannot well be helped. To control in any line of business requires a sharp looking after your own special interests, and by no means a speedy recognition of those of your rivals. Two of the most benevolent and charitable men in the city of New York, who give immensely and without parade or ostentation, and who are in a sense devoted to helping others, each in his way, by business talent and the adroit employment of capital, controls the market for an article absolutely essential in human industry—controls it in a manner to make bitter enemies of competitors and small rival producers, who cry out against them as grasping and unscrupulous hypocrites. I confess I see little to come from the mere denouncing of our rich men, and I believe that a large proportion of those who indulge in these vituperations are in the same category with Philip Faulconbridge when he exclaims :

And why rail I on this commodity,
But for because he hath not woo'd me yet?
Well, whiles I am a beggar I will rail,
And say there is no sin but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be
To say there is no vice but beggary.

We must acquiesce in the constitution of things, content to do what we can for the true and the right, and by personal influence and example see that the world is better for our living in it. That is the only moral solution.

But to return to the anecdote at the beginning of this article. When I pointed it at the hereditary aristocracy of England, it was my design, since no danger could threaten our institutions in that direction, to inquire from what our republic has most to fear. I do not believe we have to apprehend any special danger from the vice of large personal accumulations, any more than from the vice of drunkenness or other intemperance. These doubtless impair the health of the State, but it is almost impossible to legislate about them.

Nevertheless, in this "most favored of

all favored lands," we have erected and are doing our best to strengthen an aristocracy more powerful than were the feudal lords of old, and more dangerous to the republic. I mean the business corporations. Our country is so enormous in extent from east to west and from north to south, the resources are so rich and so abundant, and so varied, while the means of development are in comparison so scanty and the necessity of developing is so strong, it is not to be wondered at that companies and associations formed to bring out the dormant wealth of the nation, and to supply its instant pressing demands of whatever sort, should be granted extraordinary powers and facilities, accompanied it may be with extraordinary grants and privileges. An iron course to the Pacific was the immediate need of the nation, and it is readily explained why a company which undertook to lay it received all the substantial encouragement the Government could bestow. On a smaller scale, sometimes on a very petty scale; this same thing occurs over and over, for local lines, by the action of every State, of almost every county and town in the State. The result is, that while a network of iron is laid over the country, in advance sometimes of its requirements, a series of corporations have been created which, by combination, consolidation, and absorption (the larger roads swallowing the smaller), even now control the special legislation in a majority of the States, and exercise an irresistible influence in the national councils. I am not speaking of corrupt influence, so called—that is, of the direct employment of appliances such as those whose exposure so lately disgraced the session of Congress. I refer to the influence of power—that sort of power which our railroad corporations possess in an alarming degree, for it compasses society; it has to do with every small and large town and village; its connections are unbroken; in fact they cannot be disturbed, for it is a power which in its every-day working is accommodating, not to say beneficent, and whose machinery we cannot dispense with. I say in its every-day working; but beyond this its plans for obtaining control of whatever comes in its way, its audacity in demand, its impudence of resistance, its tenacity and unyielding perseverance in consummating what it decides on,

stamp a great railroad corporation of to-day as the behemoth of industrial associations. The Indian who, as the fable runs, expressed his three wishes by demanding, first, all the rum in the world; second, all the tobacco in the world; third, more rum, faintly shadowed forth the coming railroad monster. It is idle to say that a company consists of a large number of stockholders, many of them of the highest and most intelligent morality, and that great and good names adorn the list of directors; we all know it is the one-man power which really conducts its affairs. Besides, even if the good people who are in its board take some share in what is done, it is not as individuals but as members of a great impersonal concern; they are mere spokes of the wheel in a corporate machine. They will vote to take measures to secure certain legislation, to get possession of property in their path, or to circumvent a rival, such as probably not one of the members in his individual capacity would think of entertaining. The history of the past few years is filled with unhappy illustrations of this character, and the evil is already so glaring it seems incredible that the country does not take the alarm.

Next to the railroad companies in importance and influence are the chartered express companies—great lines which, like arteries and veins, course the entire surface of the United States, penetrating other countries. The express company is purely an American invention. To this day there exist but faint imitations of it in Europe. To undertake to deliver a parcel to a friend who lives a thousand miles away at a small charge, and as speedily as a letter would go by mail, was the object of the original express. How the company has grown and its purposes multiplied! These companies not only deliver parcels but merchandise in bulk. They not only do this, but they have perfected a system of "express banking." They will collect money for you and pay money for you at any point over their multiplied lines, and to a certain extent they will purchase and sell for you, as well as forward for you. On every steamboat line, on every railroad line, on every large stage line, across Texas, through Mexico, into Central and South America, you will see the express agent, sturdy, resolute, quick-witted, armed to the teeth, executing the orders of the "com-

pany." The express companies have this advantage over the railroads, that they have a better understanding with each other; they are, as it were, interlaced; they own each other's stock, and are under a kind of central control. These companies, as I have said, exercise an influence second only to the power of the railroad corporations, and when they unite interests it is irresistible.

The telegraph association is the third I shall allude to in this article. Not so conspicuously active as the railroad and express companies, its influence is more subtle and insinuating as its machinery is more rapid and penetrating, because it can be concentrated and brought to bear instantly on its object. The small expense comparatively in constructing a line of telegraph, the large compensation, the enormous quota of secret intelligence it must perforce acquire, place in its hands a responsibility as well as a power so difficult to measure that it is not strange we should earnestly discuss the propriety of making the telegraph lines, like the post office, a part of our government machinery.

Thus much in brief about three institutions which have every essential element of aristocracy—to wit, exclusive powers, rights, and privileges in perpetuity. The companies, however, have this advantage over the foreign aristocrat: There must always be a strong moral responsibility attending the action and the doings of an English nobleman. He cannot afford to defile his descent of hundreds of years. Besides, he can form no particular combination beyond the link which a common sympathy may forge with those of his class, and which is social only. He has also, it may be, an honest pride of birth and a proper ambition to come up to its standard personally.

The American corporation is troubled with none of these embarrassing circumstances. Power, the lust for which is ranked deadliest of human qualities—power is the all-attractive, all-absorbing pursuit. I do not mean to say the ordinary work for which they were created is lost sight of; on the contrary, it is usually performed with energetic efficiency; but surely, imperceptibly, and with no step backward, these corporations intrench themselves in and around the vital points of our general, State, county, and municipal governments, one and all;

and once intrenched, dislodgment is well-nigh impracticable.

I have said there was no remedy beyond the usual remedy for the vices which afflict society. Touching our corporations the case is different. As they are creatures of the statute, laws should be employed to hold them securely in check. This can be done by circumscribing their powers, by curtailing their profits, and by such careful oversight and supervision that they will be shorn of extraordinary rights and facilities and privileges,

and brought strictly and severely within the scope and sphere of the duties for which they were created. This will prove a difficult matter. We are already so much committed that the tables are nearly turned on us, and we are almost within the grasp of these corporators. Nevertheless it is not too late. If even now we can reach and alarm an enlightened public opinion, legislators large and small will pay respect to it, and the proper remedy will be applied.

RICHARD B. KIMBALL

AT THE WOOD'S EDGE.

I.

TWO walked out of a wood by pleasant ways,
 A wood wherein each breath did wake delight.
 There charmed trees, that stirred not through the days,
 Shook delicate spray-drops off at touch of night,
 That in the morn were blossoms to the sight,
 And sprang in honeyed clusters 'neath the tread.
 Never was any wood so filled with praise
 Of singing creatures in the air o'erhead.
 Now at the very verge of this sweet maze
 There grew a rose tree, half in shade, half light;
 And all its blossoms that outward leaned were white,
 And all that drank the dusky shadows, red.
 And as the twain passed out beneath its bower,
 Each put forth careless hand and plucked a flower.

II.

Then cheerly fared they onward, till one turned
 Downward her timid eyes, and saw—alas!—
 In her fair hand the rose was red, and burned
 Like a soft flame; pure white the other was!
 Then crimson grew her forehead. “Nay,” said she,
 “Were they not gathered from the self-same tree?
 I will straightway go change.” So swift she sped,
 No smallest flower had time to hide its head.
 Her lustrous eyes, dark with sweet wood shadows,
 Did seem to change the hue of any rose
 Whereon they fell. Turning her face, she broke
 A fair, milk-throated blossom from its tree,
 Yet thrust the other, when no eye did see,
 Into her bosom. Resting 'neath an oak,
 Her way-mate soon she joined, and neither spoke;
 Nor any knew that still, on ways made bright
 With wholesome suns, she holds—close hid from sight—
 The faded red rose dearer than the white!

HELEN BARRON BOSTWICK.

DRIFT-WOOD.

PUBLIC OPINION IN POLITICS.

WE are justified in thanking God and taking courage over some late improvements in American politics. There is a class of observers who forever cry, like the prophet Isaiah, "Ah, sinful nation, a people laden with iniquity, a seed of evil-doers, children that are corrupters! Ye will revolt more and more. The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint. From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it." It is nearly always safe to take a depressing view of American politics; but of late the force of public opinion in purifying them has been too manifest to escape remark and praise. We have just seen Tweed lodged in the penitentiary, and others of his gang following him thither. We are reminded that within a few years the Cerberus of New York corruption, with its triple heads, Erie, Tammany, and Barnardism, its snaky mane of a venal press, and its serpent's tail trailing in the slums of primary elections, has been throttled by the Hercules of public opinion. If we detect reactions after progress, yet, taking half a dozen years together, let us not fail to cast the balance fairly in favor of reform. In last autumn's canvass, several notorious demagogues and strutting pretenders were conspicuously rebuked by the people in various States. Public opinion has abolished the franking privilege and repealed the Congressional salary bill of last spring. In the State of Pennsylvania the most extraordinary reform in legislation known to that Commonwealth in a hundred years has just been achieved. Nobody can over-estimate the utter rottenness of Pennsylvania politics. Ring rule in Philadelphia has been as potent as in New York, and corruption at Harrisburg more shameless even than at Albany. The body politic appeared to be bound hand and foot, and delivered over gagged and helpless to corporations, corruptions, and cormorants. When reform parties had closed up their shops in despair, and when out of this slough of despond help there seemed none, a convention called to revise the State constitution was assem-

bled. The instrument that this body framed was perhaps the most revolutionary piece of law-making recorded in the annals of the State, containing over thirty important reforms—among other things forbidding "special legislation," that bane of our political system; providing for the purity and security of popular elections; wholly remodelling the legislature; adopting in some instances minority representation; sweeping away the corrupt fee system in offices by substituting fixed salaries; prohibiting the gift of public money to sectarian uses; and pruning and walling about the monstrously growing abuses of corporations. Although it publicly threw down the gauntlet to rings and railroads, and although several pettinesses and some faults in the instrument drove many upright patriots to join the ringsters in opposing it, this new constitution was ratified in a popular election by a vote of 253,560 yeas against only 109,198 nays; whereas the old constitution had been adopted in 1838 by but 113,971 yeas against 112,759 nays, or about 1,200 majority in a total poll of 226,730. Though this election was special, held at an inclement season, bad for the country roads, and with none of those ten thousand personal and local incentives that in ordinary elections to public offices combine to swell the total vote; though the canvass was but three weeks long, void of excitement, and almost void of public meetings; though the foreshadowing of the result might well have led to apathy, yet the vote, exceeding 362,000, was more than three-fourths of the total cast at the regular State election of the October previous, with its multifarious contests for offices. This reform vote was thrown on the third Tuesday of last December, in Pennsylvania—a State hitherto in the gall of ring bitterness, and in the bond of political iniquity, so that its redemption by anything short of a miracle seemed hopeless.

The reader will recall for himself several great reforms effected of late in the constitutional conventions of other States, especially at the West; or, generalizing, we may say that when legislators have

proved corrupt, the bench venal, the press choked with greenbacks, political parties blind with fury, and corporations impregnable, the people have, through such conventions, frequently achieved at a stroke a body of fundamental laws that a legislature, could an honest one be scraped together, would not compass in a generation.

Carlyle, and such as he, forever see America pitching headlong over Niagara; but not all foreign observers are in a place to discern between the body of the nation and that scum of officeholders which is thrown to the surface of the political sea. The American people are too careless about the minor details of political management; and since in the routine of politics everything turns on details, under our system of caucuses and primary elections, the people, though bewildered at how it all happens, are meekly led by the nose. Nevertheless, they can be relied on in any pitched battle between honesty and corruption. A philosopher whose theory of government is based on the necessity of the rule of heroes, and to whom "duke" fully means leader, will go astray in judging the American people by their officeholders. If such a rabble be the chief men, he may say, what, in heaven's name, are the rank and file? But in America a political reform usually consists in sweeping down and clearing out a mass of "leaders," as a housekeeper clears out vermin. And even on a larger scale, it does really seem as if our great deeds as a nation had been done not by means of our "great men," but in spite of our great men. For example, look at the historic articles written in the magazine by Mr. Welles, Mr. Black, and other prominent actors of Lincoln's time—what an undermining of great fames by these and the articles to which they reply! And if we find many things going at haphazard or by good luck in Lincoln's day, surely the reconstruction effected under Johnson was done in his teeth, in spite of him and of Mr. Seward.

I know that in politics, as well as in poetry, the Horatian maxim is sound: *Nec deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nobis inciderit.* But though none of the leading actors must escape the praise or blame of their acts through a plea of "the inevitable," yet it does sometimes seem as if, in the drama of our civil war, many a dubious if there lay concealed

a providence. We are wont to laud the conduct of statesmen and generals and presidents, when sometimes we might better say the country lived and throve in spite of them. The character in the German novel who declares that "statesmen let things go on till some mischief happens, and then, flying into a rage, lay about them," could find pat illustrations for his satire in our history at that juncture. But no imbecile statecraft before the war, no blundering generalship when it broke out, no confused legislation when it ended, availed to ruin a country that had youth and recuperative strength; even our errors seemed to lead, only by a more roundabout road, to triumphs, and the war for secession itself unified a beading of chafing States into a more compact nation.

It is true that routine politics are left to the interested; yet when a great reform is to be made, a dangerous plot checked, or a new constitution settled, the people can be trusted to do it at the polls. At any rate, in this present light of Tammany trials, we ought to admit that no political sin is plated so deep with gold that the lance of public indignation cannot reach it.

GIVING ALMS.

IN Zanzibar, according to the Right Reverend Bishop Tozer, begging is the most honorable of all callings; and "instead of a cowed being who crawls after one with a whine, a beggar is a rakish, daredevil fellow, who demands your money, staying under your window by the hour, yelling, 'Hi! hi! here's a poor 'un,' till he is satisfied." Island life, then, under the equator, in Mohammedanism, must breed a sturdier race of beggars than forty degrees of north latitude aided by Christianity. Still, Maxime du Camp tells us that Paris beggars, now as in the middle ages, carry the subdivision of labor in their guild to extreme refinements, and Victor Hugo's stories of their foxiness fall short of the facts. In many European cities these gentry greet the traveller as he arrives, mob him to his carriage, dog the wheels, reach the inn before him, swarm him as he alights, choke up the path to the door, wait patiently about, like Mary's lamb, till he doth reappear; and everywhere, outside galleries, palaces, churches, shops, myriads of maimed legs, docked arms, diseased bod-

ies, and all monstrosities, are thrust in his face, aiming to stir enough disgust to secure a coin. It is amusing to hear travelled Americans dispute the palm of impudent mendicity, which each one would award after his own experience. One gives it to Ireland, a second to Syria, a third to Italy; and the other day Augustus definitely wrote us that in no other city of its size could such a rabble of blind, halt, filthy, deformed beggars be got together as in Toledo: and with a sharpness, too, quite unequalled—genuine Toledo blades.

We in America are little harassed by street beggars, who, indeed, save in large cities, are almost unknown. In these hard times, therefore, it might seem merciless to decry random almsgiving, were it not so palpably a waste of the means that others sorely need. There was good sense in founding a "Bureau of Charity" this winter in New York—a bureau not of relief but of information, aiming to foil impostors and to point out to the generous the best uses for their alms. At the meeting held for this purpose, the Reverend Dr. Hall read a paper which said that in New York at least twenty thousand people receive charity without needing it, and that some draw aid from half a dozen societies at once. A record or directory of charities, making known to the benevolent, the scope and condition of each institution together with a catalogue of its regular dependants, would be of service. I remember that a former Drift-wood essay touched the question.

Some months ago Mr. Smythe, a Philadelphia philanthropist, wrote to the newspapers of that city regarding street beggars: "I have searched out the supposed homes of these walking impositions only to discover that my trouble was a farce and my money thrown away. Honest poverty seldom is a street-walker. One of our most noted beggars, a deformed young woman, owns a row of houses, and is a large dealer in real estate. Two thousand mendicants are vomited forth upon our streets, day and night, to harass, insult, and blaspheme our citizens. Allowing the low average of twenty cents to each, we have a total of four hundred dollars a day, or the enormous aggregate of one hundred and forty-six thousand dollars annually thrown away, as a vast premium upon vice and laziness, or seventy per cent. more than is required

to support the four largest institutions of charity in our city. We have in our city several institutions for the immediate relief of the needy. Now, let each merchant who is desirous of abating this nuisance of street-begging send to me this week, and I will supply him, gladly and gratuitously, with a package of tickets, each calling for two good meals and a night's lodging, with an investigation into the causes of the applicant's poverty." Whether the merchants took this offer, I do not know. Perhaps some old heads smelt a trap for catching subscriptions. Besides, there is a senseless but cogent reluctance in many of us to dispense lodging tickets. Yonder crawls a wretch in rags, creeping up to beg a few coppers to keep him from starving. He asks for bread: shall we give him a stone? He demands a penny: shall we tip him a bit of pasteboard? We feel for our wallets, and the dull eyes glisten a little. Have we the heart to dash that hope with "Here, my good man, take this ticket for a lodging and two square meals to boot"? That is no doubt just what we ought to do; but strangely enough, we do not feel this to be a charity. We must needs do something weaker, or more sympathetic. The man said bread, but meant gin. We leave Mr. Smythe's tickets in our pockets, and throw the wretch the means wherewith to forget his misery a while by making a brute of himself.

Robert Crowley, after soundly satirizing the professional beggars of his day (say, A. D. 1540), mercifully adds the advice:

Yet cease not to gyne to all,
wythoute anye regarde;
Thoughe the beggers be wicked,
thou shalte haue thy reward.

In the tricks of impostors and the impulses of almsgivers human nature has not much changed since the days of Edward the Sixth. Here is a copy of verses which a brisk and business-like mendicant distributed to us in the street car the other day:

I am nearly blind, and the only support of two sister who are also blind.

'Mld sorrow and gladness
I am destined to roam,
Forlorn and forsaken
I wander alone.

The works of art and nature,
Are hid from my view,
And pleasure of life
I must bid adieu.

While I group on my way
Some shelter to find
O, God, what an affliction
It is to be blind.

O, God, I beseech thee
For to bestow on me grace,
For to help to support me
In death's cold embrace.

I long to depart and
Set my captive soul free,
In that spirit land
Where the blind shall see.

☞ Please give me a Quarter or Dime as best
as you can.

The reader may have seen something of this kind in his own neighborhood, for blind men's appeals and other literary stock in trade seem to be sold by the wholesale, and adopted without special regard to fitness. And besides, how can a man who has two sisters to support aver himself in his very first stanza to be forlorn and forsaken and wandering alone? But when the blind man, or rather the "nearly blind" man, as he astutely puts it, comes among us, we do not chop logic and criticise the ballad. The ladies wipe away a tear as they open their purses. "Poor fellow!" we murmur, in handing him a few cents (for the "quarter or dime" is sheer Zanzibar impudence), "the lines are not beautiful nor quite grammatical, but perhaps the blind man is a compositor and has set them up himself." Possibly, as he whisks up the money with alacrity and leaps from the car, we feel that the wind has been tempered to the shorn lamb—that he might have been born more "nearly" blind; and we may even suspect that "the spirit land where the blind shall see" may be no further off than yonder whiskey-shop; but at least we have not withheld our mite from the suppliant.

I confess to drawing rather arbitrary lines in this matter, making it a rule, for example, not to encourage street beggars that misuse inclement weather to excite compassion. When a man, with the mercury ten degrees below zero, deliberately posts himself on the windy side of the bleakest square in the town, sitting on his coat (containing his mittens in its pocket), and begs in shirt-sleeves and unbuttoned waistcoat, while you admire his hardihood, you can hardly consider him an object of charity. A man with that stoical indifference to the thermometer would be happy in Greenland, and does

not mind the weather as much as you or I. So, in July, a professional mendicant, broiling, with hat off, in the sunniest place he can pick out, can hardly ask alms on the ground of his exposure to sunstroke, when yonder, on the opposite sidewalk, is a shady nook, having besides a greater stream of passers-by. Find the same man in the sun with coat fully buttoned in winter, or in the shade with hat off in summer, and he appeals to us on the ground of already doing what he can for his own comfort.

The extreme reluctance of professional street beggars to give any return for alms is curious. A string of doggerel worth nothing they appraise at "a quarter or dime as best as you can," but they will not peddle the afternoon newspaper. One feels a sympathy for a show of self-supporting labor, no matter how lazy. The walking advertisement, with his coat of many colors, or his front and rear sign-boards, is a highly respectable citizen, as is also the big man in front of the Maison Dorée, who could lift a barrel of flour, but contents himself with dancing up and down, by an india-rubber string, the toy that he has on sale. There is a tall woman who walks the streets, pronouncing or intoning scraps of the opera, in a dramatic way, with a fine and deep though hoarse voice. First she had only one child in her arms; then she took on two boys with tin cups, then three children; and by this time she probably has a large following. You must call her a minstrel rather than a beggar. The youngsters who bore you to buy black pins, and follow you a block with their wares, are merchants; and if, having already enough black pins for a lifetime, you buy more at their importunity, it is rather a pleasant and unobjectionable form of street charity. Last summer a little girl was seen, early one morning, sitting on a fence in front of a field, and again at night was observed by the same traveller in the same place. "What are you doing there?" "Working at my trade." "Your *trade*—what trade?" "I'm a scarecrow." Certainly the vain little lady was busy in a nobler and more useful calling than the Zanzibar beggars with that cry of "Hi! hi! here's a poor 'un!" which they yell till they are satisfied.

PHILIP QUILIBET.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

DEATH OF PROFESSOR AGASSIZ.

THE sudden death of Professor Agassiz is a loss to science and to the nation of his adoption. His eminence as a naturalist and his worth as a man were abundantly known, and the pulpit and the press have testified how widely and how deeply his loss is felt. He made his mark in science in the early portion of his career, his chosen field of labor being the natural history of fishes, their palæontology or the history of their fossil remains, and investigations of glacial action. He did much work in other divisions of natural history, but in the history of science his name will be chiefly associated with advance in the foregoing branches. He came to this country twenty-seven years ago, in middle life, and his work now took a new turn adapted to the new circumstances. His natural history inquiries were still pursued, but he threw himself with enthusiasm into the labor of promoting the interests of American science in other ways than by his own direct researches. He established the great Museum of Comparative Anatomy at Cambridge, and while organizing and extending its resources, he drew young men around him who became students of zoölogy, and, animated by the enthusiasm of their teacher, gave their lives to the cultivation of science. Professor Agassiz exerted a remarkable influence over men, not only by inciting many to give themselves to scientific study, but by awakening such an interest in the subject on the part of the wealthy and influential classes of the community as called forth the most liberal contributions for the promotion of scientific enterprises. He had admirable qualities as a popular lecturer, and often spoke in normal schools and conventions of education, and has given courses of lectures on natural history in nearly all the cities and large towns in the United States. For these numerous and beneficent labors the American public owes him a large debt of gratitude, and his memory is certain to be gratefully cherished by the American people.

Professor Agassiz's last literary effort

was an article on the vexed question of Evolution, which appeared after his death in the "Atlantic," and was to have been followed by a series of papers upon various aspects of the subject. He was an early and unrelenting opponent of what is called the development hypothesis, and in the first course of lectures which he gave in this city, shortly after coming to the country, he denounced the "Vestiges of Creation" and the doctrines it advocated as unworthy the attention of scientific men. When Mr. Darwin's works appeared he saw nothing different in the new presentation of the doctrine, and reprobated them as false and delusive science. His last argument on the subject, although opposed to Darwinian ideas, discloses a modified tone of antagonism. The opening passage is as follows: "In connection with modern views in science, we hear so much of evolution and evolutionists that it is worth our while to ask if there is any such process as evolution in nature. Unquestionably yes. But all that is actually known of this process we owe to the great embryologists of this century, Döllinger and his pupils, K. E. von Baer, Pander, and others—the men, in short, who have founded the science of embryology." Professor Agassiz then proceeds to criticise the special theories of Darwin, Haeckel, and others, and revives various objections to the doctrine of transmutation. Of Mr. Darwin's hypothesis he says: "I believe he has not even made the best conjecture possible in the present state of our knowledge." This paper will be read with the greatest interest, both from the prominence of the question discussed and Professor Agassiz's relation to it; but it will be perused with sadness as the last words of a great man suddenly cut down before his weighty utterances were completed.

GEOLOGY AND THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES.

PROFESSOR JOHN PHILLIPS, president of the Geological Section of the British Association, spoke hopefully in his address of the light to be thrown by geology and palæontology on the great question of the

origin of species. "Is it possible," he asks, "that in the course of long-enduring time, step by step and grain by grain, one form of life can be changed, and has been changed to another, and adapted to fulfil quite different functions? Is it thus that the innumerable forms of plants and animals have been 'developed' in the course of ages upon ages, from a few original types? This question of development might be safely left to the prudent researches of physiology and anatomy, were it not that palæontology furnishes a vast range of evidence on the real succession in time of organic structures, which, on the whole, indicate more and more variety and adaptation, and in certain aspects a growing advance in the energies of life. Thus, at first, only invertebrate animals appear in the catalogues of the inhabitants of the sea, then fishes are added, and reptiles, and the higher vertebrata succeed; man comes at last, to contemplate and in some degree to govern the whole.

"The various hypothetical threads by which many good naturalists hoped to unite the countless facts of biological change into a harmonious system, have culminated in Darwinism, which takes for its basis the facts already stated, and proposes to explain the analogies of organic structures by reference to a common origin, and their differences by reference to small, mostly congenital modifications, which are integrated in particular directions by external physical conditions, involving a 'struggle for existence.' Geology is concerned with the question of development, and in particular with Darwin's exposition of it, because it alone possesses the history of the development in time; and it is to inconceivably long periods of time, and to the accumulated effects of small but almost infinitely numerous changes in certain directions, that the full effect of the transformation is attributed.

"For us, therefore, at present, it is to collect with fidelity the evidence which our researches must certainly yield; to trace the relation of forms to time generally and physical conditions locally; to determine the life periods of species, genera, and families in different regions; to consider the cases of temporary interruption and occasional recurrence of races, and how far, by uniting the results ob-

tained in different regions, the alleged 'imperfection of the geological record' can be remedied. The one duty of geologists is to collect more and more accurate information; the one fault to be avoided is the supposition that the work is in any department complete."

PROFESSOR ABEL ON THE PROPERTIES OF GUN-COTTON.

WE are indebted to "Nature" for the following account of some very interesting results obtained by Professor Abel in the course of his experiments on gun-cotton at Woolwich Arsenal, England. These experiments have now extended over a period of ten years, and yet the results before us teach, before everything, how much more we have yet to learn of the properties of this powerful explosive. In the first place, it appears that gun-cotton is eminently "sympathetic," for according to the energy with which it is influenced so is its behavior. Thus, if gently ignited by a spark, the cotton, in the form of yarn, smouldered slowly away; but when set fire to by a flame, it burnt up rapidly. If in the form of a charge it was exploded in a mine or a firearm, it at once resisted the shock and replied with corresponding energy; while if fired with great violence, with a few grains of fulminate of mercury, it detonated with as much force and with the same terrible effect as its instigator. More recently, Professor Abel has succeeded in detonating, or, in other words, exploding to the best advantage, gun-cotton when in a damp condition. In this state the material is not only non-explosive, but positively non-inflammable. When placed in contact, however, with a fuse of fulminate and a cake of dry gun-cotton, to start the action, the wet material detonates as readily as though it were dry.

But what is most remarkable is the rapidity of action. Recent experiment has shown that the rapidity with which gun-cotton detonates is altogether unprecedented. Indeed, with the exception of light and electricity, the detonation of gun-cotton travels faster than anything else we are cognizant of. Twenty thousand feet or nearly three miles per second is its rate of movement, according to Noble's electric chronoscope. A bullet usually flies at the rate of thirteen hundred feet per second, though rifled

barrels have been known to project a shot with a velocity of fourteen hundred feet. Sound travels much more slowly—about eleven hundred feet per second. So it may be safely affirmed that the detonation of gun-cotton travels much more rapidly than any other known medium, with the exception of light and electricity.

It is curious to note that not every detonating or fulminating substance will induce the explosion of gun-cotton. It seems as if a certain rate of vibration requires to be set up, in order to secure the decomposition of the material. Thus it is found that fulminate of mercury detonates gun-cotton readily, while again it is also capable of being detonated by itself; so that if a line of compressed cakes is "touched off" at one end by a charge of fulminate of mercury, the detonation is communicated from one cake to another, until they are all consumed. This property of gun-cotton may obviously be put to valuable use both in industrial and military operations. For cutting down palisades or stout wooden walls, a line of gun-cotton disks exploded in this way would be most efficacious; and a more ready way of felling timber does not probably exist than that of placing around the stem of a tree a chain or necklace of the explosive in the form of compressed cakes, the detonation of these dividing the trunk as sharply as the keenest axe.

DOUBLE-GLAZED WINDOWS.

A RECENT writer on the warming and ventilation of houses recommends what he calls "double-grooved window glazing" in place of double windows, it being much less expensive and equally efficacious. The sash for this purpose is made to receive two panes of glass to each opening instead of one, thus leaving a space of air between, which serves as a barrier to the cooling effects of the external atmosphere. This method operates also as a protector in summer against the troublesome heat of the direct rays of the sun. For such a double-grooved window glazing good hard glass (poor in potash) must be selected, so that, especially in southern aspects, the rays of the sun may not decompose and render dull the facing sides of the panes, which of course cannot be cleaned. For this latter reason also care must be taken in inserting the

panes that the facing sides are clear and bright, and that only dry air is enclosed between them. "Ice flowers," the writer adds, "never appear on such windows."

SCIENTIFIC EXPLORATION OF WESTERN EGYPT.

It has been announced by the expedition for exploring the desert of Western Egypt, that a number of scientific men are to join in the enterprise under the direction of the distinguished traveller Gerhard Rohlfs, who is now organizing a party for the work. Professors Zittel, Jordan, and Achurson, of the University of Berlin, are attached to the expedition. A large supply of provisions has been sent to Trieste to meet the requirements of life in the wilderness. The outfit includes five hundred fifteen-gallon bottles with water, which will keep fresh during the march over the deserts. The expedition will in December take the Alexandria railway for the station of Minieh. It is expected that Kufia, the most important oasis of the Libyan Desert, or Western Sahara, will be reached by January. Some idea may be had of the enormous extent of this wilderness, from the fact that the territory claimed by the Khedive as a portion of his domain is almost as large as the whole German Empire.

GLASS-SPINNING.

THE spinning of glass threads is thus described by a visitor to the Vienna Exhibition: "A small boy turned the wheel, which had a broad rim of iron, while a girl sat with a few small glass rods before a jet of intense flame. Taking up one of the rods by one end and melting the other in the flame, with the other hand she thrust a point into it, and drew a thread of glass over the wheel, much as the silk of a cocoon is started upon a reel. This was not always accomplished at the first trial, but when once started the thread would spin off infinitely, as long as the glass rod was held in the flame. The silk upon the iron reel had the same appearance as that of a cocoon, though it was not so strong. The process after this to cloth-weaving is simple enough, and with proper machinery it may be made in any quantity. In the hall for glass manufactures was exhibited a case

filled with silky-looking articles, such as feathers, cuffs, collars, etc., all made of this glass silk."

BLOODLESS SURGERY.

A PROCESS for performing surgical operations without loss of blood is described as follows in the "Lancet": An elastic bandage, about two inches and a half in width, and from five to ten yards long, is bound round the limb, commencing at the toes or fingers, as the case may be, and is then continued upward so as to drive the blood before it out of the veins and arteries. When the desired point has been reached, a strong india-rubber band is tightly drawn two or three times round the limb just above the elastic bandage, and fastened by hooks. The bandage is then removed, leaving the tissues blanched and exsanguined. Not a particle of blood is lost during the operation, which is really more bloodless than when performed on the dead subject. No ill effects have hitherto been observed from the use of this contrivance, but it is one of the possible evils of the device that the prolonged pressure on the vessels and the complete stoppage of circulation may, under certain conditions, lead to the formation of a clot, which on the reestablishment of the circulation may be carried along the vessels, and arrested in some part of their course, giving rise to circumscribed inflammation, and even gangrene. There is also considerable danger in applying the bandage over parts which are inflamed and suppurating, especially if decomposition be going on, lest some of the clots which are found in the blood-vessels of the affected parts be detached and forced into the blood current.

INSECT FERTILIZATION OF FLOWERS.

MR. THOMAS MEEHAN, after attentively studying the plant *Pedicularis canadensis*, failed to discover the mode of its fertilization. In this plant the stamens are included in the closely compressed arch of the corolla, and with the anthers are turned backward from the pistil, which at an early stage, and long before the maturity of the pollen, is protruded beyond the corolla, rendering self-fertilization almost impossible in this flower. Yet the flowers of the *pedicularis* are always abundantly fertile, and though the arrangements of the organs are such as seemingly to af-

ford no chance even for insects to aid in the fertilization, it is probable that in some way it is accomplished by them. A species of *Bombus* (humblebee) visits the flowers in great numbers; but they bore through the corolla or the outside of the tube for the saccharine matter, and the anthers or pollen do not seem to be in the least disturbed by their visits.

Mr. Meehan having communicated these observations to the Philadelphia Academy of Sciences on June 3, Mr. Gentry at the meeting of the following week announced that he had found the solution of the problem. The flower of *Pedicularis canadensis* consists of an erect tube with a cleft on one side along nearly its entire length. The upper lip is compressed, arched, and beaked, presenting an aperture at the apex, through which passes a curved pistil; the lower lip is reflexed, consisting of three lobes, one median and two lateral. Enclosed within the upper lip are four stamens, two long and two short, with anthers turning backwards, and facing each other ventrally. Now, when the bee alights upon the tube, it opens by means of its trunk the natural cleft in the calyx, and, having thus gained partial entrance, its intention would be defeated did not the length of the flower's tube, as contrasted with that of the bee's trunk, necessitate the admission of the entire head also. In this operation the lips of the flower are forced apart, the margins of the upper lip are separated to receive the head, and the pollen grains, already ripe, become dislodged from their cells by the considerable motion to which they are subjected, and fall down in a dense shower on the bee's head and back. Thus the flowers are abundantly fertilized both with their own and with one another's pollen.

STEAM AS A FIRE EXTINGUISHER.

THE "American Exchange and Review," in an article under the above title, cites an instance where a burning building was saved from entire destruction by the employment of steam. After the fire had raged a considerable time, and the engineer of the fire department had ordered the demolition of the whole building, as the only means of preventing the spread of the conflagration, a carpenter ventured into the midst of the flames and with an axe broke one of the steam pipes.

He had previously started a fire under the boiler, situated in an adjoining building. The effect is stated to have been almost instantly perceptible. The whole space was rapidly filled with steam, which issued from the shattered pipe under strong pressure, and the raging fire was almost instantly checked, and soon entirely extinguished.

The recognition of the value of steam as a fire extinguisher, says the "Exchange," though not new, is still by no means general. Here and there only, in large establishments, where additional safeguards besides the aid relied upon from the fire department are deemed necessary, can you find a system of steam pipes ramifying through the various parts of a building. One of the largest establishments in Philadelphia is furnished with a complete system of this kind. Here a series of independent steam pipes lead from the boiler room to each of the many departments, while one of the most open and readily accessible positions upon the ground floor is chosen as the place from which their service may be commanded. Should a fire break out in any particular part of the establishment, steam can be turned into it instantaneously by the turning of a valve, with which each pipe leading to each department is here furnished. Such an elaborate arrangement as this is to be commended to all large establishments, since it affords, in the present state of our acquaintance with the means of extinguishing fires, the most perfect protective system ever devised.

Nor need this system be restricted to the protection of factories and workshops. For churches, theatres, and public buildings of all descriptions, such an arrangement might prove of incalculable value; and since in many large buildings of this class steam generators are used for heating or other purposes, the introduction of the system of safety pipes could be managed without objection. To extend its usefulness to the protection of private dwellings is a matter surrounded with serious practical objections; though in view of the possible protective service which it may perform, a prudent consideration of possibilities would in many cases justify, where it is practicable, the putting up of a steam generator and pipes even here; while the other uses to which steam could be put in the house-

hold might make it a highly desirable adjunct to domestic economy.

CAUSES OF THE AURORA.

M. FAYE, of the French Academy of Sciences, proposes a new explanation of auroral phenomena as follows: Throughout the interplanetary spaces the sun exerts not only an attractive but also a repulsive force, the effects of the latter being proportioned to the amount of surface on which it is exerted, and not to mass. Insensible in very dense bodies, these effects become enormous in matter of extreme tenuity, as seen in the tails of comets, which sometimes extend thirty, forty, or sixty millions of leagues in a direction away from the sun. These rarefied matters have a very high velocity, as though solicited by a force twelve or fifteen times greater than that of gravity.

The author does not think the feeble incandescence of cometary matter is caused by solar heat, else the same rays would produce the like effects with us. If a screen were placed across a comet's tail, the particles striking it would become suddenly incandescent. Now the nucleus is just such a screen, against which the anterior molecules of the nebulosity strike, producing heat and light; while on the other hand, molecules not thus arrested pass rapidly behind and from the tail.

On our globe only the extreme and very rare layers of atmosphere are analogous to these cosmic nebulosities, but they may give rise to some of the cometary phenomena. True, they will not be drawn out into tails, for the greater attraction of the globe holds in the matter around it. But they might produce some feeble light-effects similar to those of comets, if the repulsive force communicated to them in certain regions a considerable velocity, transferring them to other regions of our globe. The true outer limit of our atmosphere is where it is more rare than the vacuum in our best pneumatic apparatus. In outline the atmosphere is not spherical; its lower layers show by the barometer a well-marked minimum of pressure at the poles, and maxima which do not coincide with the equator. They probably experience on the side next the sun a repulsive force, appearing in a slight depression centrally, and movement at the edges. The superficial parts on the edges of the hemisphere which is turned to the

sun obey the repulsive force, and are driven tangentially, acquiring considerable velocity in an hour or two. As they approach the poles, where the atmosphere has least depth, they enter a vacuum and rush across it. The earth's attraction produces a strong curvature in their trajectories, and they meet the limiting surfaces of the atmosphere beyond the polar depression; if their velocity has reached several hundred metres per second, the incessant shock of these mobile particles against the fixed will give rise to light. The slight illumination which will be visible to us in a limited part of the heavens will have the character of gaseous incandescence.

This phenomenon will not occur equally all round the globe, but only near the poles, where there is a vast depression and vacuum to cross. The molecules cannot acquire the requisite velocity when moving through atmosphere. The author's purpose is not to assert this as the veritable cause of auroras, but to show that besides attraction there exists a real cosmic force, which must play some part in our meteorology, and which is very plainly connected with the sun itself, and especially with the variable state of its surface.

EROSIVE ACTION OF WIND-DRIVEN SAND.

A CORRESPONDENT communicates to the "Builder" an instance of the erosive action of wind-driven sand, which is interesting as showing the principle of Tilghman's sand-blast operating through natural causes. The writer appears never to have heard of General Tilghman's ingenious contrivance, although the entire press of Europe has spoken of it in terms of the highest praise. The occupier of a house in the fishing village of Boulmer, on the Northumbrian coast, called his attention to a window, as an evidence of the severity of the climate at that place. Some of the panes were completely obscured or "ground" by the action of the sand driven upon them by the wind. The obscuration is so complete, that when a pane was broken and a glazier came to replace it, he exclaimed, "I did not know you wanted ground glass; I have only brought it clear." But he was informed that the wind and sand would soon produce uniformity. The window has a

southeasterly aspect, and the house is placed on the edge of low cliffs, the basaltic rocky seashore being at their bases. The panes present various degrees of obscuration, according to the length of time they have stood in the window, some being new and clear, others partially ground, and others totally so, by the action of the wind and sand.

A PACIFIC OBSERVATORY.

At a recent meeting of the California Academy of Science—which, by the way, though one of the youngest, ranks among the most vigorous scientific associations in the United States—the president announced the foundation at no distant day of a great astronomical observatory on the Pacific slope. A member of the Academy, James Lick, intends to bear the entire expense of erecting at some point in the Sierra Nevada, ten thousand feet above the sea, a telescope of the largest size and of the most consummate workmanship that American skill can devise. The munificent founder provides on the most liberal scale for the maintenance of the observatory. There will be every variety of apparatus commensurate with the great telescope; and, as the president of the Academy remarks, with masters of observation and ingenuity in research, and ample funds reserved to devise other instruments and methods, "we may hope at no distant day to see solved the mighty problems of creation that are yet beyond our grasp."

INSECTS IN CLOUDS.

DR. B. A. GOULD, writing to the "American Journal of Science" from Cordoba, in the Argentine Republic, describes the passage of a swarm of locusts. His attention was first attracted by the myriads of large grasshoppers which filled the air, invaded the houses, and covered the ground, from which they rose like thick clouds of dust, when disturbed by the approach of man or beast. Looking to the eastward he saw what was apparently a long trail of dense black smoke, extending over one hundred and sixty degrees of the horizon, and reaching an altitude of about five degrees. How wide this swarm was there was no means of judging. The insects were evidently transported by the wind, which blew from the north with a velocity of about ten

miles an hour, and gave to the train of locusts all the wreathed and branched forms of drifting smoke. This was before ten A. M.: how long they had been passing, the author knew not, but the head of the column had passed far out of sight, and certainly twenty miles of its length were visible over the pampa. They continued to pass in apparently undiminished numbers until daylight failed.

The phenomenon was repeated on another occasion, the insects returning from the south borne on a wind which moved at five or six miles an hour. When first seen they were distant from the observer not less than a dozen miles, and moving directly toward him, but soon the wind hauled from south to southeast. The effect of the change of wind could be seen as it successively reached the different parts of the long procession. The author was able to fix the height of the swarm by sighting against the peaks of the Sierra and ascertaining the following day the distance at which they had passed. The height of the dense nucleus seems to have been no less than two thousand feet, its width being not more than from six to seven miles, the whole environed by a penumbra of stragglers. On the day when the author wrote his communication the wind had returned to the south, and "since I began this page," he says, "they have come upon us in full force, literally darkening the sun, and at this moment of writing there is probably not a square inch of our grounds unoccupied by them. The sunlight on the floors presents a singular aspect, the crowded little shadows streaming rapidly across it and interrupting the greater part of the light."

THE INTERNATIONAL METRE.

THE first international metre measure, recently cast in Paris, is composed of an alloy of platinum and iridium. The operation of casting took place in the laboratory of M. Sainte-Claire Deville, who has been able, with the assistance of M. Debray, to alloy these two metals in their pure chemical state. The casting was made in the following way: Nine kilogrammes of platinum and one kilogramme of iridium were melted by means of the oxyhydrogen gas blow-pipe. This process took three-quarters of an hour; the molten mass was then let off into a mould made like the crucible, from a block of

limestone, and whose inner surface was burnt to lime in consequence of the enormous heat. In applying this substance there is consequently no danger of a fracture in the mould. The metal did not lose its lustre in cooling. The casting, which was considered a perfect success by all present, will have to be submitted to all the processes necessary for converting it to its eventual use. The method has proved so entirely successful that it will be adopted in the production of all future original metres.

HAIRY MEN.

Two "hairy men," Russians, lately arrived in Berlin, have been made the subject of a lecture by Professor Virchow. They are specially remarkable in being almost without teeth. They are not hairy men in the common acceptation of the term, but more resemble some of the monkey tribe (the Diana monkey, Cuxio, etc.), while their toothless condition carries them yet lower in the animal scale. The eldest is a man aged over fifty-five, Andrian Jestichjew by name, said to be the son of a Russian soldier, but he bears no resemblance either to his reputed father, to his mother, or to his brother or sister. To escape from the insults of his fellow-villagers, Andrian fled to the woods, where he lived in a cave, and was much given to drunkenness. He married, and had two children, who died young; one of these was a girl resembling her father; but of the other, a boy, nothing can be ascertained.

The boy Fedor, who is exhibited with Andrian, is three years old, and comes from the same village. He is said to be Andrian's illegitimate son; and it is most probable that this is so, for it would be singular were two such creatures to originate independently in one small village. The peculiarity of these individuals is that they have an excessive growth of hair upon one particular part of the body, viz.: the face and neck. On the body and lower extremities there is also a rather strong growth of hair, and particularly on the back and arms of Fedor there are sundry patches of one-sixth to one-fourth of an inch in diameter, covered with soft yellowish-white hair, from an eighth to a quarter of an inch long. Andrian, too, has on his body isolated patches strewn,

but not thickly, with hair about two inches in length.

But all this is trifling and subordinate compared with the growth on the face. Every part of the face and neck is covered with long hairs, even to the eyelids, on which the hairs are densely packed, while flowing locks come out of both nostrils and also out of the ears.

Andrian has only the left eye-tooth in the upper jaw. Virchow does not state how many there are in the lower jaw, but from the context it is improbable that he has more than his son—four incisors. The son has no teeth in the upper jaw, hardly any alveolar process, and the upper lip is very narrow, so that the upper jaw appears depressed; the father presents the same appearance. A family with similar characteristics has long been known to exist at Ava, in Burmah, and was first described by Crawford in 1829. In Virchow's opinion these peculiarities depend on peculiarities of innervation, depending upon congenital abnormalities of the trigeminal nerve. Dissection alone can decide the question.

NEW METHOD FOR BURNING SMOKE.

From the "Exchange and Review" we learn of a new process for burning bituminous coal and other kinds of fuel, which renders the combustion so perfect as to prevent the giving off of smoke, thus effecting an economy in heating power of from thirty-five to forty per cent. The invention, which is said to be of American origin, has been introduced in England. The apparatus employed, and its principles of operation, are described as follows: A blast from a fan or a blower, introduced under the fire-grate into a tight-fitting ash box, passes through the fire, and is met at its upper surface by a back atmospheric pressure, created by one or more pipes, descending from that point of the furnace where the heat and smoke usually escape into the chimney. The air from the fan or blower meets this back pressure in the body of the fire, and produces a combustion like that from an ordinary blowpipe, so perfect as to prevent the generation of smoke.

All the combustible matter of the coal or other fuel being consumed, nothing escapes save the residual carbonic acid and nitrogen gases, which, if permitted to remain, would extinguish the fire. To

avoid that difficulty, the pressure of the fan is somewhat greater than the back atmospheric pressure, thus keeping up a slight circulation from the furnace into and through the down pipes, as above described, by which means the heat of the waste gases, usually passed out at the chimney, may be used to heat water in a tank, in which these pipes, or the succession of down pipes, are immersed.

PAPER CONSUMPTION OF THE WORLD.

DR. ALBINUS RUDAL, of Vienna, has made a curious calculation of the amount of paper consumed in all countries. According to him, the Russian consumes 1 pound of paper per year; the Spaniard, $1\frac{1}{2}$; the Mexican and Central American, 2; the Italian and Austrian, $3\frac{1}{2}$; the Canadian (including all British America), $5\frac{1}{2}$; the Frenchman, $7\frac{1}{2}$; the German, 8; the American, $8\frac{1}{2}$; the Englishman, $11\frac{1}{2}$. Dr. Rudal estimates the world's paper product of all kinds at 1,800,000,000 pounds per annum. Of this one-half is employed in printing, one-sixth for writing, and the remainder for various other purposes. He divides the total product as follows: for government uses (official documents), 200,000,000 pounds; educational uses, 180,000,000; trade, 240,000,000; manufacturing industry, 180,000,000; private correspondence, 100,000,000; printing, 900,000,000. To produce 1,800,000,000 books there are 3,960 factories, etc., employing 90,000 men and 180,000 women. Then there are 100,000 collectors of rags. The paper import of the United States is given at 3,000,000 pounds, the domestic manufacture at 374,000,000.

MAGNETO-ELECTRIC ILLUMINATION.

On Tuesday, May 8 (O. S.), says the Russian paper "Golos," a trial was made for the first time in public at the Admiralty House, St. Petersburg, of a new system of lighting by electricity, the invention of Mr. A. Ladiguin of that city. In the old mode of electrical illumination the electric spark was passed between two charcoal points, each attached to a copper wire connected with an electro-magnetic machine. The disadvantages attending this method consisted in this, that for each light a separate machine was required, and that the light so obtained, although very powerful, could not be regulated, besides being non-continuous, ow-

ing to the rapid consumption of the charcoal points from exposure to air.

All these difficulties Mr. A. Ladiguin has apparently succeeded in overcoming. By his newly invented method only one piece of charcoal or other bad conductor is required, which, being attached to a wire connected with an electro-magnetic machine, is placed in a glass tube, from which the air is exhausted, and replaced by a gas which will not at a high temperature combine chemically with the charcoal. This tube is then hermetically sealed, and the machine being set in motion by means of a small steam engine, the charcoal becomes gradually and equally heated, and emits a soft, steady, and continuous light, which by a simple contrivance can be strengthened or weakened at pleasure; its duration being dependent solely on the electric current, which of course will last as long as the machine is kept in motion.

Taking into consideration that one machine, worked by a small three-horse power engine, is capable of lighting many hundreds of lanterns, it is evident what an enormous advantage and profit could be gained by the illumination of streets, private houses, public buildings, and mines with the new electric light. In the latter it must prove invaluable, as no explosion need ever be feared from it, and these lanterns will burn equally well under water as in a room. Not to mention the many advantages this mode of illumination has over coal gas, which by its unpleasant odor and evaporation is slowly poisoning thousands of human beings, and from which explosions are frequent, it may be stated that this electric light can be produced at one-fifth of the cost of coal gas.

THE consumption of horse-flesh is rapidly increasing in Vienna. In the quarter ending October 1, six hundred and eight horses were slaughtered and converted into food.

ACCORDING to advices from Panama, extensive coal-fields have been found in the middle of the isthmus, between Panama and Aspinwall, and in communication with the Atlantic by the Rio Indio.

TOBACCO has been prescribed by the medical authorities of the English army for the use of the soldiers in the Ashantee

war. It is accordingly furnished by the government to be served out to the troops as a regular ration.

A DISCOVERY of considerable economic value has been made in Newfoundland in the shape of a hone-stone, which in texture and quality rivals the oil-stone of Turkey for sharpening the finer edge-tools. The deposit is of considerable extent.

THE Council of the Royal Society has resolved to join the English Geographical Society in urging upon the British Government the importance of an Arctic expedition in 1874. The British Association has appointed a committee for the same purpose.

IN England they are applying the law against the adulteration of tea so rigorously, that the dealers have been driven to the necessity of having samples analyzed before purchasing, in order to avoid being caught with the adulterated article on their hands.

A COMPANY has been formed in France whose object is to utilize the power of the ocean tides on the French coast by proper machinery. The first experiment is to be made at St. Malo, where the tide rises nearly eighty feet, overflowing many square miles of flats.

A LATE number of the "Pharmaceutical Journal" gives three cases of poisoning by a homœopathic preparation known as "concentrated solution of camphor." Though in each case the patient was made fearfully ill, no death occurred, but months afterward the effects of the drug were still apparent.

MR. JAMES McNAB, curator of the Edinburgh Botanical Garden, asserts that during the last fifty years the climate of Scotland has undergone a considerable lessening of the summer heat. Peaches and nectarines cannot be ripened to the same perfection as formerly in the open air, while asparagus, mushrooms, and tomatoes are gradually disappearing.

SINCE the bursting of the bog near Dunmore, Ireland, alluded to in a former number, it has continued to discharge vast quantities of thin mud and water; and at the same time a lake some six or eight

miles distant has been slowly but steadily falling, the water having gone down some four feet in all. The inference is that the two are connected by an underground passage, the bog being simply an outlet for the lake.

THE population of Japan amounts to nearly 33,000,000. The area covered by the capital city, Yedo, is 18,000 acres or about 28 square miles, and this city is therefore, in point of area, next to London, the largest city in the world. The population of Yedo is usually put down as from 1,500,000 to 3,000,000, but even the smaller figure is a gross exaggeration, the last census showing the number of its inhabitants to be only 780,321.

MR. BOYD DAWKINS's forthcoming work on "Cave Hunting" will comprise the physical history of caves as well as the history of their contents, and will treat of the men who have inhabited the caves of France, Spain, and Britain, from the remotest times. The work will furnish evidence to show that in the palæolithic age the Eskimos lived as far south as the Pyrenees, and that the Basque or Iberian population ranged as far north as the British Isles.

A DECOCTION of Osage orange wood is said to yield a beautiful and very permanent yellow dye, and this decoction, carefully evaporated, forms a bright yellow extract called aurantine, which may be used in imparting its color to fabrics. The wood of the Osage orange is also rich in tannin, and experiments made in Texas show that hides are tanned quicker with this wood than with oak bark. The seed yields a bland oil which may be substituted in many cases for olive oil.

ACCORDING to a correspondent of the "Scientific American," who writes from Fayette, Mississippi, thunder and lightning in that latitude accompany nearly every rain. But prior to outbreaks of yellow fever he has observed a remarkable absence of such phenomena, rain falling in abundance without any indication of electric disturbance; a state of things which continues during the prevalence of the epidemic, and which he thinks may have something to do with its origin and continuance.

THE enormous amount of heat usually wasted in burning lime is now made available in numerous localities in England, Ireland, and Scotland, for heating hot-houses. The plan is to so place a boiler that it will receive the escaping heat, and to this boiler is attached the requisite length of pipe through which hot water is made to circulate. From three to seven thousand feet of pipe, according to the size of the kiln, may be thus efficiently heated and made to warm a proportionate extent of green-house, without in any way lessening the production of lime.

A STRONG drink of American manufacture gets credit in Dublin newspapers for an alarming increase of lunacy and maniacal frenzy in that city. Almost every night raging maniacs are to be found in the police stations, and many of them are so dangerously affected that they have to be removed to the hospitals. The compound which produces these effects is sold at a low price. It gives rise to a fearful and rapid brain excitement, and not only intoxicates and maddens those who drink it, but also produces temporary paralysis of the limbs, and frequently utter unconsciousness.

LAST winter a party of eighteen Norwegian whalers perished at Cape Thorsden, Spitzbergen. The captain, Fritz Mack, kept a journal down to the time when he was himself attacked. It contains the following entries: "January 19, 1873. At 5.30 A. M. God called to himself Tonnes G. Peterson, who has been down with the scurvy since the 5th. Same day, at 12.30 P. M., died, of the same disorder, Hendrick Hertnas, who was first attacked December 19. February 2. The scurvy is now at its height; three men only remain unattacked. February 20. See for the first time the sun of 1873. February 21. To-day the Lord called to himself our comrade Christian Larsen Kjoto, who died after eighty-two days of sickness." On the 25th Captain Mack writes: "I am the only one that has not been visited by the scourge. God help us!" And on the 28th: "Another one of our comrades died to-day. April 6. Martin Hansen succumbed at 6 A. M." The journal closes with these words: "Who will be left to write my name?"

CURRENT LITERATURE.

"THE OLD FAITH AND THE NEW. A Confession by David Friedrich Strauss." Authorized translation from the sixth edition, by Mathilde Blind. American edition, two volumes in one. The translation revised and partly rewritten, and preceded by an American version of the author's "Prefatory Postscript." New York: Henry Holt & Company.

The publishers of this work have done well to furnish the American public with a translation of what was perhaps the most noticeable of the German books of last year. The position of Strauss is well known; but we may notice that his avowed object in writing these discussions is not to "disturb the contentment or the faith of any one," but "where these are already shaken" to "point out the direction in which he believes a firmer soil is to be found." Whether he succeeds in doing so is fairly open to doubt; for popular discussions of the basis of religion and the "rule of life" have not generally in this age led to increased religious faith. Nevertheless, there is a class of readers whose dogmatic beliefs are completely unsettled, and whose moral convictions are in a very loose and flexible state, who yet retain a great interest in religious questions, and a genuine religious feeling. This class of people are perhaps more numerous in America than in any other country in the world, and it is a reading and thinking class. It cannot be brought back—if it is to be brought back—to religion by dogmatic insistence on old-fashioned formulas, and it resents any appeals to authority as such. A great many members of this class of people do a great deal of harm every year to themselves and others by loud discussion of a popular sort; and it is they perhaps who will be benefited as much as anybody by reading Strauss, for they will find in this book how much easier it is to destroy a system than to build one up—particularly a system of religion, which must necessarily be founded quite as much on the feelings as on the mind. More than this, it may suggest a doubt whether any real religion can take root and spring up in minds which have by

long habit been trained to look upon every emotion towards supernatural things not merely with a cold, but with a hostile eye; and it may explain why Strauss is so anxious to disclaim the desire to disturb the contentment and faith of any one—a strange desire for a reformer to avow. It was not in this spirit that Strauss's predecessors wrote and preached, but it is from such avowals that we may infer a wise disinclination in the skeptical philosophers of the day—we may see the same thing in Matthew Arnold's book on "Literature and Dogma"—to push the work of criticism, destruction, and disintegration to its furthest limits. This work has been going on, indeed, for a hundred years or more, until most Christians are not merely puzzled to know why they are Christians, or how much they are Christians, but whether there are really any such things as right and wrong, a moral law, or anything but chance and appetite in the world. Some of us are inclined to feel at length that we have heard enough of this interesting subject; that we do not any longer so ardently desire knowledge as we once did; that a little ignorance even might not be an unprofitable possession now and then; and that in any case we should be sorry to have all our brethren too suddenly possessed of the wisdom which illumines our own paths—so that even a man like Strauss shrinks from a desire to make involuntary proselytes.

"MEMOIR AND LETTERS OF SARA COLERIDGE." Edited by her daughter. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The different kinds of letters which, when published posthumously, are of interest to the general public, are very numerous. There are the letters of distinguished persons about whose private lives the public has a curiosity; there are the letters of undistinguished persons whose collected letters tell some connected story of human interest; there are letters which express feelings in a natural and perfect way; there are letters of description, of adventure, of gossip, all of which may be

interesting if they are well done. But there is one sort of letter which is profoundly uninteresting: that devoted to such general subjects as the "Connection between the Senses and the Mind," the "Treasures of English Literature," the "Spirituality of Northern Nations, and Metaphysical Subtlety of the Greeks," "National Education," the "Blessing of Fraternal Affection," the "Second Part of Faust," the "Necessity of Patience and Hope in Education," the "Doctrine of the Millennium," or "Symbolism in the Bible." These are examples of the subjects dwelt upon by Sara Coleridge in her correspondence—subjects which we take at random from a dozen or two of letters as we turn over the pages of this book. What she has to say about them is in many cases very just, but not interesting, and we see no reason whatever for collecting the letters except that the writer of them was the daughter of a distinguished poet, and was herself an author of sufficient skill to write notes for her father's very unintelligible metaphysics. The book is a dry one.

"MEMOIRS OF MANY MEN AND OF SOME WOMEN, being personal recollections of Emperors, Kings, Queens, Princes, Presidents, Statesmen, Authors, and Artists, at home and abroad, during the last thirty years." By Maunsell B. Field. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Mr. Field may congratulate himself on having carried out his design of writing an amusing, gossiping book of anecdotes about noted people, in whose lives almost all the world takes an interest. In his preface he says that he makes no pretension of having written anything in this book "which rises to the dignity of even minor history," but he says it seems to him that "the random, haphazard recollections of men and things herein set down can hardly fail to entertain and amuse, although they may not instruct the curious reader." Having been in Europe a great deal, and having known or met accidentally a number of distinguished people, and having apparently a good memory and a real appetite for gossip, he has accumulated the materials for a good book, and he tells his stories in an unaffected, simple manner. The first chapter gives as good an idea of the book

as anything else in it. In 1843 Mr. Field went abroad and staid two years and a half. He saw Edward Everett, then minister at the court of St. James, but found his reception so cold that he did not venture to call upon him again; saw the Duke of Wellington on horseback, and heard him speak in the House of Lords, and found his speaking bad; his voice was pitched too low, and besides this he "hemmed and hawed after the English manner, and there were painfully long pauses between his sentences"; saw both M. Guizot and M. Thiers; heard the former speak, and in the course of his speech say one thing "which raised a terrific storm of indignation"—"*La France a besoin de se sentir gouvernée*" with a stress upon the word *sentir*; saw the Duc de Nemours, and not knowing who he was, noticed only that he wore very ill-fitting clothes, and had a very decided lisp; saw the Duc d'Aumale on his return from the war in Algiers, when he entered Paris at the head of his regiment in a triumph, on foot. "His uniform was very seedy and his boots covered with mud," and "it was said that the prince, before starting upon the march, had for effect bedabbled his boots in a gutter." In Turin he saw a "very singular personage," who, on coming into a crowded dining-room, overdressed in the most *outré* Paris fashion, sat down at a table, rolled up a napkin into a ball, and threw it at the head of a waiter in a distant part of the room, to attract his attention. Every few minutes he would spring from his seat, rush to one of the windows, shout to some passer-by at the top of his voice, and wave his napkin as if in salutation, all the time talking so loud as to drown all other conversation in the room. In the afternoon Mr. Field met the same person on top of an English drag, lying at full length on the roof, his legs dangling over on one side, and his head extended beyond the other. This young man was the hereditary Grand Duke of Lucca, afterward assassinated in his palace. On a visit to the Queen of Spain he is said to have invariably got down stairs by sliding on the baluster. Indeed, he seems to have travestied court life in his daily behavior much as Offenbach and his imitators have since done for the lyric stage. Some of Mr. Field's anecdotes do not sound wholly new, and there are some

things in the book which would lead one to distrust his judgment as a chronicler—as, for instance, when he says that General Scott told him that in the war of 1812 it was the invariable custom of the American and the English commanders to advance in front of their respective armies, and politely salute each other before the engagement began; and the value he seems to place upon the stories told by Mr. G. P. R. James. There is a great deal of real amusement to be got out of the book, however.

“THE EGYPTIAN SKETCH BOOK.” By Charles G. Leland. New York: Hurd & Houghton. The Riverside Press, Cambridge.

Mr. Leland is the possessor of varied and, we believe, accurate information, and the master of a varied and abominable style. The reader of the “Egyptian Sketch Book” is continually tormented by a conflict of emotions: on the one hand amazement, and we may almost say contempt for an author who can write so vilely; and on the other, the pleasure derived from the talk about a little-known country of an educated and extremely intelligent man. That we do not speak recklessly in applying the words “abominable and vile” to Mr. Leland’s style, may be shown by a reference to page 3, on which the author, wishing to hint to the reader the cause of the disillusioning effect which the actual Egypt had on his dreams about Egypt, he says: “Perhaps I went too deeply” (into the actual), “like the German who scraped away a monk-Latin chronicle, being of the faith that something classical and Roman was inscribed beneath, and only found that he had come to a deed of 1801, which had been written on the other side;” adding, “Like a real Deutscher he had gone clear through;” and explaining in a note: “Everybody who writes on antiquities or Egypt uses the palimpsest simile. This is the best I could do with it. It is almost played out now. I wonder how the next man will get it into shape, and glue it so as to stand up;” or by a reference to page 4, on which he goes out of his way to make an atrocious and obvious pun on the “Land of Misr;” or, indeed, by a reference to almost any page in the book, for flippant and impertinent jokes and absurd puns are scattered up and down Mr.

Leland’s pages with a liberal hand. On page 1 Mr. Leland announces to the public, in defence of his use of the phrase “the level of the bottom dollar,” that he intends when he pleases to write American; but if the lingo in which he describes his adventures in Egypt is “American,” most people would be inclined to thank God for the apparent decline in the popular belief in a future for what used to be known as “American literature.” The language of Hans Breitmann, we can assure Mr. Leland, is a much better, purer, and more human tongue than what he calls “American,” which seems to be merely another name for the worst English. It is a pity that the book should be spoiled in the writing, because it is full of shrewd and interesting observation. Mr. Leland depicts Egypt as it appears to a practical man and traveller, not as it appears to the sentimental tourist, as may be inferred from a casual glance at chapter XX., the contents of which are thus abridged:

On Fleas—The Plague of Fleas—Jacobus Masenius, his Defence of Fleas—“Legends of Distinguished Fleas,” published in 1667—Opizius Jocosorius, his Political Dissertation on Fleas—Great Legal Cases in which Fleas are concerned—Fleas of a Diabolical Nature—The Roman Catholic Exorcism of Fleas—The Great Poem on Fleas, by Gripholdius Knick-knackkins—Pedro de Victoria on the Dreadful Fleas in America—Blank Spaces.

“RECENT MUSIC AND MUSICIANS, as described in the Diaries and Correspondence of Ignatz Moscheles.” Edited by his wife, and adapted from the original German by A. D. Coleridge. New York: Henry Holt & Company.

Moscheles was born at Prague on the 30th of May, 1794, and died only so recently as the 10th of March, 1870. His life therefore covers a period of very great musical activity—a period which has produced some of the most famous musicians, as well as some of the most famous composers; and this book is of great value to all lovers of music, to say nothing of those who devote their lives to it, as being a comprehensive and good record of the musical era to which it relates. There is a general impression in the minds of the non-musical public that musical people are, not to put “too fine a point” upon the belief, such fools about everything outside of music that what they say is not worth listening to; and

that they are at the same time, as to music itself, filled with such professional or artistic venom that what they say about one another is not to be believed. Moscheles's life might do a good deal to cast a doubt over the universality of both these opinions, for not only was he very far from being a fool in general matters, but was equally far from being animated in his feelings or criticisms by jealousy, vanity, or hatred. His criticism of the composers who were his contemporaries is more than just; it is friendly, and often full of enthusiasm, as for instance with regard to Mendelssohn, to whom he at one time gave lessons, when between the two the only difficulty seems to have been that the master was unable to impress his pupil sufficiently with the idea that their real relations were the exact reverse of those which existed in appearance. Throughout his life he was successful in finding something good in every composer or musician who had any merit, and, so far as we are able to judge, his criticism was generally correct. Though his own success as a pianist was very great, he never seems to have been jealous of other great pianists. Indeed, this book gives a very agreeable impression of him in every respect.

His account of his childhood is as good as anything in the book. Of course his memory extended back as far as the beginning of this century—to the time when the horrors of the French Revolution were fresh in people's minds. Military thoughts were uppermost in Prague, even in the minds of children, and there "was no end to the playing at soldier." When the military band performed parade music in front of the guard-house, the young Moscheles was seldom absent.

The bandmen got little boys to hold their music for them, and I was always at hand to undertake the duty. Coming home all enthusiasm from these street concerts, I used to say, "I too will be a musician" (*Spielmann*). My mother was kindness, love, and affection itself; she was constantly attentive to the wants of her husband and her five children. The marriage was a happy one. My father, a cloth-merchant by trade, found leisure, with all his business, to keep up his music, which he loved devotedly. He played the guitar, and sang as well. I owe to him my first impulses toward a musical career, for he used constantly to say, "One of my children must become a thoroughbred musician"—words which made me desire that I might be that one child. My father, however, began with my eldest sister. During her

pianoforte lessons, I used to stand, mouth and ears wide open, by the upper C (the extreme limit of the little instrument), watching how my sister worked her way through the little pieces, which she never thoroughly mastered. When by myself I had tried to spell out these same pieces, it seemed to me anything but a difficult matter. My sister's clumsy playing was trying to my temper, and on one occasion I forgot myself so far as to call out, "Dear me, how stupid! I could do it better myself." Zadrakha, the old master, chuckled incredulously, but allowed me nevertheless to jump up on the music-stool and play instead of my sister. His report to my father must have been a favorable one, for a few days afterwards I was suddenly informed that a trial should be made with me instead of my sister.

He was now perfectly happy, and began his musical career by subscribing out of his pocket money to a circulating musical library, and plunging into Beethoven. At the early age of seven he attacked the "Sonate Pathétique," when his father put a check to his mad career by taking him to Dionys Weber, saying to him, "I come to you as our first musician, for sincere truth instead of empty flattery. I want to find out if my boy has such genuine talent that you can make a really good musician of him." Being called upon to play, he played his "best piece," the "Sonate Pathétique," and greatly to his astonishment he was "neither interrupted by bravos nor overwhelmed with praise," and he begs the reader to imagine his feelings when the great Weber delivered himself thus: "Candidly speaking, the boy is on the wrong road, for he makes a hash of great works, which he does not understand and to which he is utterly unequal. But he has talent, and I could make something of him if you would hand him over to me for three years, and follow out my plan to the letter. The first year he must play nothing but Mozart, the second Clementi, and the third Bach; but only that—not a note as yet of Beethoven; and if he persists in using the circulating libraries, I have done with him forever." With this sentence the youthful pianist was taken home, and he was now put into the hands of Weber. Glad as he would have been to give up everything else for the sake of Beethoven and the joys of the circulating library, he felt that he must obey his father's wishes, and began to toil in the sweat of his brow, being rewarded, on the occasion of good report from Weber, with a visit to the confectioner's. In order to

understand thoroughly Weber's system, it is necessary to know that he and his contemporary Tomaschek were terrible rivals, the former representing the German and the latter the Italian school, and their desperate emulation of each other was very likely enhanced by the fact that neither of them succeeded in getting the public to take a lively interest in the compositions by which they illustrated their theories. Nevertheless Weber proved, if we judge by the result, an excellent teacher, and at the age of fourteen his pupil had written his first concerto and given his first soirée, when he received a great deal of applause, except from an old uncle who declared that the boy was on the road to ruin, and predicted that he would end by becoming a "beer-fiddler" and playing at dancing parties. It was about this time that he went to Vienna and continued his studies, and was greatly surprised to find that certain Viennese ladies were in the habit of inviting the great Beethoven to come and hear them play his own compositions; and he was still more astonished to find that Beethoven was taking lessons of Hoff-Kapellmeister Salieri. This made him reflect how much more he stood in need of Salieri's teaching, and to Salieri he went and became his deputy-kapellmeister. The whole book is interesting, and well worth reading.

"VERSES." By H. H., author of "Bits of Talk" and "Bits of Travel." Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1874. (New and enlarged edition.)

"H. H.," in her very modest choice of titles for her prose and poetical writings, hardly falls into the current of the day. The "Red Flamingo and other Poems," by the author of "Heel Taps," is more like what we expect to find inscribed upon the title-page of a new volume of poems, than such a simple description as "Verses." Nevertheless, "H. H.'s" verses are well worth reading for their finish and delicacy of sentiment, though they are poems which are unlikely to be popular, for the very reason, not of their finish, but their out-of-the-way and delicate texture. To be popular, poetry must stir the blood, make the pulse beat quicker, and kindle some of those feelings which are common to ordinary humanity into a temporary conflagration. It is not this kind of poetry which "H. H." writes. It is not the love which

maddens the brain, or fires the blood, or makes the heart faint, which she likes to describe; it is the love which renounces its own happiness for something higher, or the love longing that life may be ended for the sake of love, as in the poem called "My Ship":

My brothers' ships sail out by night, by day;
My brother's feet run merry on the shore.
They need not weep, believing they no more
Shall find the loved ones who have sailed away;
So frequent go their ships, to-morrow may
See one return for them.

The ship that bore
My loved from me lies where she lay before;
My heart grows sick within me as I pray
The silent skipper, morn by morn, if he
Will sail before the night.

With patient tread
I bear him all my goods. I cannot see
What more is left that could be stripped from
me,
But still the silent skipper shakes his head.
Ah me! I think I never shall be dead!

Or some other sort of love, or feeling growing out of love, which would naturally be the emotions of the open, good, pure, unselfish, and refined, and not of the dark, morose, dreamy, determined, ambitious, and dangerous classes. The sentiment of her poems is almost always original, and the expression is, compared with the expression of most poets of the day, perfect. This perhaps is a small thing to say, and we may indeed go further and include the poets of a good many other days without exaggeration. They are poems which require a good deal of attention, but this is because of the remote and unfamiliar way in which the subjects are often handled, not because the English is slipshod, or matters of style and taste indifferent to the author. In speaking of the poems of love in the volume, we must not be understood as implying that there are no others; for "H. H." includes in her range most human emotions—always with the limitation, if it be a limitation, that they are the emotions of the educated, the refined, and of those who are born so, rather than of those who obtain or ought to obtain both education and refinement against their wiles, like most of us.

"THE POEMS OF CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN." Collected and edited by his nephew, Edward Fenno Hoffman. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.

The publication of this edition of the

verses of a poet who was at one time editor of the "Knickerbocker Magazine," carries us back, we were almost ready to say a century, in American literature. In a note to the editor, Mr. Bryant, who still survives to connect the writings of the Knickerbocker school with what has succeeded it, says of Mr. Hoffman's poems: "They are the thoughts of a man of eminent poetic sensibilities, who delights to sing of whatever moves the human heart—the domestic affections, patriotic reminiscences, the traditions of ancient loves and wars, and the ties of nature and friendship. These thoughts are expressed in musical versification with the embellishments of a ready fancy." There is really very little more to be said of Mr. Hoffman's muse than this; but we may add to it that his poetry, like most of the recognized poetry of his day, has one peculiarity which distinguishes it from much that passes under the same name nowadays, and that is the versifying skill displayed. In turning over Mr. Hoffman's pages, the reader is struck with the fact, not merely that he employs a good many different kinds of metre, but that he really understands how to make use of them naturally. There are many more modern and more read poets who are quite as ambitious metrically, yet who spoil all their work by their slovenly versification. The world-renowned Joaquin Miller, for example, can write, in any metre that is known to man, verses of a certain sort; but he has no control of the vehicle he uses to express his thoughts, and a syllable more or less in a verse is with him a mere matter of detail which it were base pedantry to call more than a happy accident. The old versifiers were right, however, in so far as they governed themselves by the laws of the metre they chose. The number of metres to which English will easily, or at least without serious difficulty, lend itself, is infinite; but there will never come a time when the perfection of the form of poetry will cease to be a matter of interest to those who are interested in poetry itself.

"NINA'S ATONEMENT, AND OTHER STORIES." By Christian Reid, author of "Morton House," "Valerie Aylmer," etc. With illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This volume contains seven short stories, and it gives the reader the impression of being a production of the sunny South—not of the sun-lands of the Amazons, nor yet of the southern seas, but of our own chivalrous, high-strung South, in which the cavaliers settled two centuries ago, and which their descendants and ourselves have so unsettled within the past few years. This impression, though not an unpleasant one on the whole, now and then gives an effect of unreality to what is called in Southern literature "the page." The "Painter's Dream" we have found as interesting as anything in the book. It is the story of an artist of the name of Vance Lorrimer, who paints a picture from a dream. The scene represented in this picture was a mountain gap, while the background was entirely occupied by scenery "of the boldest yet most luxuriant character." The grand outline of the towering hills was not rugged, for it had "royal drapery of almost tropical verdure," while on one side was a sunny valley, stretching away, and bounded by walls of living green, and "flecked by a hundred vicissitudes of light and shadow." This part of the picture was, it is hardly necessary to say, inexpressibly charming, and was painted with a fidelity, a reality of treatment, and a strict attention to detail, which not only made it almost impossible to believe that it was not from nature, but will make it impossible for the reader not to regret that it has never been exhibited in any of our leading picture stores. The foreground was brightened by a small river that dashed into sight round the base of a lordly mountain, and, widening out in the sunshine, lay smooth and clear as crystal, just where the bluffs that overlooked it made a break, and a narrow road led down between overhanging hills to the water's edge. One of the great merits of this picture must have been the quantity of natural objects introduced; but there is room for more; the real interest centred on a small skiff on the river which contained two figures. One was a woman—a girl whose hat had fallen into the water, and was floating slowly down stream, while she herself, with every mark of a heart-struggle in her disordered dress, her loosened hair, and flushed, resolute face, was springing forward, as if to gain the land. The other was a

man—we might infer, from his skill, an able seaman, though the inference would be, as it almost always is in such cases, wrong—who stood erect, and held the girl back with one arm, while with the other he was loosening the boat from its fastenings. The girl was amazingly beautiful, and her face was full of scorn; her companion was a gentleman, but evidently a very evil-minded one. It will hardly be believed, but it happens in the course of the story that Vance Lorrimer meets the young lady whose face he had unconsciously painted, and rescues her on the very river he painted too, from the very same gentlemanly scoundrel whom he dreamed about and painted.

“THE PEARL OF THE ANTILLES.” By A. Gallenga. London: Chapman & Hall. New York: Scribner, Welford & Armstrong.

This is a very valuable and interesting book. Mr. Gallenga is a gentleman who, though an Italian by birth, has so long been domiciled in England that he writes the language, if not perfect, at any rate with perfect ease and intelligibility. The Cuba which he describes is the Cuba of to-day, and it is a very curious state of society of which he gives a picture. The chief object with which he went to the island was the study of the emancipation question, and the conclusions to which he comes are far from encouraging to lovers of liberty. The rebellion, or insurrection, or revolution, which has been going on there for the past few years, he ascribes rather to the hatred of Creole for Spaniard, and of Spaniard for Creole, not to any matters of principle involved in the struggle; and the revolutionists' promise of freedom to the slaves he regards as nugatory, since among the Creole sympathizers themselves are to be found some of the largest slaveholders on the island; and he appears on the whole to believe the negro support of the Creole insurrection to be founded on the sympathy of race, just as the insurrection itself arises out of hostility of race; though the matter, even when thus explained, leaves perhaps the most important part unmentioned—the natural hostility between a rich colony and a distant and oppressive mother country. On this Mr. Gallenga elsewhere dwells. The Spanish immigrant is of the Spanish party—loves

Spain and despises Cuba and the Cubans, looking upon the island as merely a means of enriching himself. His sons, however, are very likely Creoles, and if so there is a division in the family; the sons shout for “Cuba Libre,” while their father subjugates all who shout for Cuba Libre in his casino. Meantime both parties promise the slaves freedom: the Creoles without much thought on the subject; the shrewder Spaniards well knowing that emancipation is an impossibility, from economical reasons. With slave labor the island is very wealthy; without it, no one knows what may happen—or rather every one knows that not only will the immediate expense of liberation be enormous, but the slaves will not work afterwards on such terms that sugar planting can be made profitable. The natural conclusion at which the Spanish party arrives is that they must all make haste and get as rich as they can before the deluge comes. The insurrection does not give them much trouble, for it is remote, and its operations are nothing more dignified than “bushwhacking” and murdering carried on in almost inaccessible parts of the island. The insurrection, however, is having one effect of a very bad kind: it is gradually reducing the border-land between itself and the Spaniards to waste. Plantations there are of course in danger; in some, guards are maintained; others are deserted, and the luxuriant vegetation of the tropics soon makes them a wilderness again. In the wilderness the negroes squat, and as life is easily supported in such a climate without work, they find no necessity of working, and relapse into complete barbarism. Under such circumstances, Mr. Gallenga is of opinion that emancipation would only hasten the barbarizing of the island.

“HANS BRINKER; OR, THE SILVER SKATES. A Story of Life in Holland.” By Mary Mapes Dodge, author of “The Irvington Stories,” etc. Illustrated by F. O. C. Darley, Thomas Nast, and others. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

“This little work,” the author says in her preface, “aims to combine the instructive features of a book of travels with the interest of a domestic tale. Throughout its pages the descriptions of

Dutch localities, customs, and general characteristics have been given with scrupulous care. Many of its incidents are drawn from life, and the story of Raff Brinker is founded strictly upon fact." The story of Raff Brinker is the story of a Dutch peasant, who, going out to work on the dikes to prevent an inundation, receives a severe injury which affects his brain, and in fact deprives him completely of his wits. For ten long years he is nursed by his faithful wife—with great difficulty, too, for at the time of the loss of the good man's brains also disappeared a sum of money which he had by hard work saved. At the same time a very strange thing happens, for not only does the money disappear, but a watch makes its appearance, in the possession of Raff Brinker, who, not having his mind any longer, cannot explain how he came by it. Nevertheless, though the Brinkers are so poor, they do not sell the watch, but keep it religiously, thinking that the owner may turn up some day. There are two children, the good Hans and the good and pretty Gretel, who during these ten years spend their time not only in growing up from babyhood into that charming age at which children become proper subjects for juvenile fiction, but also in helping their mother to take care of their father, and in picking up a little money when they can. Peasants, however, are not the only people in Holland—there are aristocrats as well; and in the "Silver Skates" we form the acquaintance of a great many of them, as well as of an English boy, who is on a visit to his Dutch cousins; and the skates themselves are a prize which is to be skated for, the race being open to all comers, aristocrats and plebeians alike. In preparation for the race, a great deal of skating is of course done by the aristocrats, who go pretty much all over Holland; and being in the company of the English boy, their skating leads to a great deal of conversation and description with regard to the history, antiquities, and present customs of Holland, which we have no doubt are, as the author says, strictly accurate, if they are at times a little tedious. Meanwhile Brinker's case gets worse, and he even becomes violent, treating his faithful vrow with what would be brutality if he had the possession of his senses. The excellent Hans

comes to a sudden resolution that he will consult the celebrated Dr. Bocckman, who has the reputation of being the most famous physician and surgeon and the crustiest man in Holland, and beg him to save his father's life. Strange to say, the doctor turns out to be a kind man at heart, and does actually save Raff Brinker's life, and restore his mind; and the lost money is found, and the strange watch turns out to be the property of no other than Dr. Bocckman's runaway son, who put it in the safe-keeping of Brinker just at the time he lost his wits, and who then absconded, thinking that his carelessness with a prescription of his father's had caused the death of a patient—of course an entire mistake, which is cleared up, and ends in the return of the long-lost and dearly-beloved son. When we add to this the fact that the silver skates are won by little Gretel, that Hans is made a famous physician by the worthy doctor who saved his father's life, and that everything else turns out happily, we see that there is, in the long run, little to regret in the possession of Holland by such a people as the Dutch. The story of the Brinkers is, nearly all of it, really remarkably well told, and is to our mind much the best part of the book. The conversation among the aristocratic children is not so natural to any kind of child-life that we know anything about, and reminds us disagreeably now and then of the premature old-age of the boys and girls who are unfortunate enough to be born and brought up in the new instead of the old Amsterdam. Notwithstanding these defects, the book is a very creditable one, and contains not a few pages over which persons even more crusty and cold than Dr. Bocckman himself was reputed to be might feel their sight becoming suspiciously dim—so much tenderness and devotion, and honesty and bravery and self-sacrifice, are there in the cottage of the good Raff Brinker and his jufvrow Meitje.

"A MAN OF HONOR." By George Cary Eggleston. Illustrated. New York: Orange Judd & Company.

Mr. Eggleston, in what he is pleased to call his "Preface," makes an amusing statement of his position with regard to that part of the public which is darkly referred to by authors as the critics. "I

have long," he says, "been curious to know whether or not I could write a pretty good story, and now that the publishers are about to send the usual press copies of this book to the critics, I am in a fair way to have my curiosity on that point satisfied." This is the entire preface, and it has one or two great advantages over most prefaces—that of being short and of exhibiting in the compass of a half-dozen lines many of the merits and almost the only fault of Mr. Eggleston's style. He writes good, clear, nervous, intelligible English; but he is inclined to indulge in a spirit of banter, which we do not in the least object to when the ordinary reading public or his own characters are the object of it, but which, when directed against critics, is a dangerous amusement. The critic, Mr. Eggleston ought to know as early in his career as possible, is a gentleman of very sanguinary disposition, and not born into the world at all for the purpose of inquiring into or explaining the merits and demerits of books, but simply that he may prey upon and destroy the race of authors. It was for a long time a matter of doubt whether, in the struggle for existence, the author or the critic would get the better; but of late years, owing to the offensive and defensive alliance entered into between the critic and the press—including in this term not merely the newspapers, but all periodical publications—the relations between the two are much in favor of the critics; and it begins to look as if the struggle would end in the establishment of the proper and normal relation of strict subordination. When the point is reached at which the predatory pursuit of the critic ends in the extermination of a certain fair proportion of the annual crop of new authors, a period will perhaps begin in which authors will be looked upon and treated as what they really ought to be—the natural game of the critic. The field of literary production will be to him a preserve, in which he will take his morning hunt openly and in the face of day, instead of being obliged, as he sometimes is now, to prowl about for his prey by night and in disguise. Meantime writers like Mr. Eggleston, if they hope to lead quiet and unmolested lives, had better not write such prefaces as that we have just quoted; for the critic has not a Christian and loving heart, but

is of decidedly wolfish nature, and longs to engage, preparatory to his morning meal, in that sort of dialectic recreation which is stimulated by such insinuations as that we have quoted.

Notwithstanding, however, a strong desire to harry and flay alive the author of "A Man of Honor," we are compelled to admit that Mr. Eggleston is able, as he puts it, to write a pretty good story, and has done so. It is not a very good story, or an extremely good story, but, as stories go, a pretty good story. The scene is laid in this country, principally on an old Virginian family homestead, and also in Philadelphia and New York. The tale narrates the adventures of a Mr. Robert Pagebrook, a gentleman who, among other things, loses and recovers a sum of money of great importance to him, through the suspension and resumption of a bank, and very nearly loses his character, through no fault of his own, at the same time. He is arrested for debt in New York; he takes part in a fox-hunt in Virginia; he is jilted by a designing Northern girl, and loves and marries a true-hearted Virginian, his far-away cousin, turns out a born journalist, obtains a position as assistant editor on a leading paper at forty dollars a week, and altogether gets himself into and out of difficulties in a very creditable manner. The description of life among a certain class of Virginians is, we take it, true. It is at least so far as we are able to judge, and seems to be the result of observation. We should by all means advise Mr. Eggleston to go on, for he has made a good beginning, and writes with a skill which is evidently the result of practice.

"MISS DOROTHY'S CHARGE. A Novel." By Frank Lee Benedict, author of "My Daughter Elinor," "Miss Van Kortland," "John Worthington's Name," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is a novel which belongs to that very large class of fictions over which the reader feels it no sin to fall asleep. It is not that they are bad books, for they may have much that is good in them, as "Miss Dorothy's Charge" has, but that they have not the peculiar quality which stimulates and keeps alive the interest of the reader. It can be read at one page as well as at another; it is equally pleasing whether you know how it is going to end or not; and it reads as if it might have

been written by any one of half a dozen persons, possessed of an easy style, a fondness for telling a story, and mild, good feelings.

"BUZZ-A-BUZZ ; OR, THE BEES." Translated from the German of Wilhelm Busch, by Hezekiah Watkins. With the original German illustrations and twenty-eight original designs by Park Benjamin. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

"Buzz-a-buzz" is a vulgar book, which we cannot conscientiously recommend for children. But neither can we conscientiously deny that many adults will find it extremely amusing, notwithstanding its vulgarity. Vulgarity is indeed the characteristic of much German humor that without this objectionable quality would hardly be humor at all. The poem is rather impaired by an infiltration of American vulgarity—a much lower and more degrading kind than any German sort of which we have any knowledge. For instance, it is safe to assume that the lines illustrating a scene from life among the bees—

The Damsel of the Period

Here stands—to guests dispensing to—

would not have in the original quite such a flavor of the "blonde drama," or that national institution, the American bar. There is in reality no harm in "Buzz-a-buzz," except for children, and there are many good things in it of a kind to amuse legitimately even grown-up people. We should therefore advise the public to procure the work, and to keep it from the public's children, reading it meanwhile for their own edification and gratification, allowing their characters and daily walk and conversation to be influenced by the humor only.

"SOUTH SEA IDYLS." By Charles Warren Stoddard. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

There are a few general principles with regard to literature to which, when put in an abstract form, most people would be willing to yield their assent. One of these is that there must be some relation between the author and the audience for which he writes. If the audience be cultivated and refined, the author must be cultivated and refined also; if the audience be totally devoid of a sense of humor, it will not be well for the author to be

a humorist; if, on the other hand, the audience be rough and boorish, there must be something a little rough and boorish in the author who pleases it. It is difficult to imagine a writer like Hood produced among the Scotch; it is not easy to think of Shakespeare as a Frenchman. Of course we do not mean to go as far as some of the enthusiasts of the school of M. Taine would have us go, and insist that once given the climatic influences, the food, the clothing, and the customs of a people, its literature can be logically derived from these data. All that we mean to say is that there is some relation between the two, and the inference which we should be inclined to draw is, that there is, in particular, some relation between the American reading public and the American writing public. So far indeed there is little room for dispute. It is only when we leave the world of generalities, and descend to that of facts, that doubt begins. In order, however, that we may get into the region of dispute as slowly as possible, let us make one more postulate, which we hope will not be quarrelled with—a postulate as to the special character of a special audience. What is the character of the American reading public? There is a notion abroad, no doubt, that the American reader is in some way radically different from the European or English reader; that his aims, views, opinions, and desires are in some way different from anything European; that he lives an American life, has American hopes, thinks American thoughts, cultivates possibly American political economy, geography, and astronomy. According to this conception, there is some remote connection between what is American and the Good, and, on the other hand, between what is European and the Bad. There may have been a time when there was some foundation for this philosophy. In the younger days of the country, when we had formed the resolution of leading a free, untrammelled life, the shackles of European prejudice and soul-enthraling custom being thrown off, there may have been a time when there was a reading public in this country very different from that in any other. The hope, however, that literature, science, and art were going to have a new birth on this side of the Atlantic, and that by a rigid pro-

cess of selection the poor old worn-out European stock might be regenerated, has in these later days been dwindling away, and seems now on the point of dying out altogether. Every now and then, to be sure, we hear of some great American poet, or some great American sculptor; but on the whole, the tendency of people is more and more to ask about new people, not whether they are great American lights, but whether they are really great lights; not whether they will be able to found a new American school of poetry, but whether they are able to write poetry at all; not whether they are going to startle Europe by their fresh young republican thoughts, but whether they have any thoughts worth expressing. In other words, the American reading public is becoming more and more like any other reading public, intent only on getting what really pleases or instructs it, and not on bolstering up new-fangled theories of life and manners. Instead of occupying itself with explorations after the "coming" American poet in the Oregon cañons or on Californian sierras, or the "coming" American thinker in the perambulatory lyceums of New England, or the coming American novelist in some Western cross-roads bar-room, it is simply anxious to know where it can find good novels and poems and true thoughts. Looking at the matter in this unprejudiced and open way, it has become pretty evident to most of the American reading public that in the search for what is good in literature, it will not do to overlook wholly the productions of Europeans; and it is therefore no very remarkable thing if it should turn out, as it is said to have turned out, that this country is a great market for good European books. If it be true, then, that there is some relation between author and public, and it be also true that the American public has been for years growing more rather than less cosmopolitan, and now is merely

a public of considerable refinement and cultivation, speaking the English language, and liking to read whatever is of most interest in that language, though happening to live in a country called America, which is subdivided into a number of communities called by various names, such as Massachusetts, New Jersey, Oregon, Illinois, and so on; and though the lines which separate them are in most cases merely imaginary, and there is little difference between a Massachusetts poet and a bard who strikes the lyre from New York, if indeed the Massachusetts poet himself did not come from Illinois, and "reside temporarily" in Hoboken—if all this be true, we may as well come at once to the point, and ask why any one should any longer look to California as the literary nursery of the future. It is indeed remarkable enough, considering what California is, that there should be any literature there at all above the level of the daily newspaper. There is nothing in California that we have ever heard of to produce a literature—neither an old civilization, nor old seats of learning, nor a cultivated people. Most people in California would laugh at the idea of being considered literary. The population is chiefly composed of two classes, speculators and adventurers from the East, who have gone there to make money by banking, mining, and railroad-ing, and Chinese immigrants. It is, no doubt, a "noble country," with a great future before it; but why any one should have supposed that the literature of the future was to be Californian, we do not know. Possibly it was because California was the most western State in the Union, and there was in people's minds who had been brought up in truly American theories a lurking feeling that since whatever was most western was most American, whatever was most western was most good. Besides this, there are others.

NEBULÆ.

— SOME attention seems to have been attracted this year to the fact that Christmas has passed away rather more quietly than it was formerly in the habit of passing away. We have been reminded less this year than formerly of our fraternal relations with the rest of mankind, of our unselfish devotion to one another's interests, and of the year's marking one more milestone passed in the millennial race. Not, indeed, that this indifference to the traditions of the season has reached the point of hostility, as might be inferred is the case in England, where we noticed a year or two ago an article on the approaching feast, beginning "Now is come the gloomiest season of all the year." It is not hostility to Christmas so much as indifference that we notice in this country; and without going into the matter very deeply, there are one or two superficial reasons for the fact, which certainly may explain it in some measure. In the first place, there is Thanksgiving, which has within the past few years become a national instead of a local holiday. It may be declared without fear of contradiction that if Thanksgiving day is to be, as heretofore, the last Thursday in November, and Christmas to come, as usual, on the 25th of December, one or other holiday will go to the wall; for both are days of religious festival, both are days of family reunion (it is for this reason that in the English review to which we just alluded, Christmas was called the gloomiest season of the year); besides this, they both occur in a country of magnificent distances. It is impossible to imagine that the American people will go on in *secula seculorum* keeping up two rather formal and half-solemn holidays, which each requires a great deal of traveling to be done, within a month of each other. One or the other must give way, and if, as we have been doing for the last few years, we continue to give more and more prominence to Thanksgiving, we shall continue to give also less and less prominence to Christmas. We have, of course, no desire to raise our voice against either. The great want of the American

people is not fewer, but more holidays; and if there could be a family reunion and Christmas dinner every month in the year, for every citizen of the United States, we should none of us be the worse for it. But there are natural limits to holidays of a certain kind. With regard to New Year's day there is no difficulty of any kind. The holiday is local; and the observances being merely social, there is none of that solemnity which makes the proximity of Christmas to Thanksgiving out of place. However, we may as well congratulate ourselves—those of us who live in New York—that the atmosphere of this part of the country is a hospitable one as regards foreign customs, and that all the holidays which can by possibility be made part of the life of the city will be adopted. It is not so very long since New Year's day was almost as important as any of the three we have mentioned; and we may almost say that not only Thanksgiving but Christmas itself is, in New York, an adopted rather than a natural holiday—if any one can distinguish in New York between what is natural and what is unnatural.

— Among the many observances which annually recur at the holiday season, is that of compiling the necrological record of the year that is gone—a task which we are glad to say is no part of the recognized duty of the editors of magazines. It must have struck many persons within the last few years that the number of distinguished persons who died in a year was increasing at an alarming rate, and we certainly do not remember any year which has been so prolific in this way as the year 1873. No one, we believe, has endeavored to trace this curious fact to its true cause, and yet it certainly is a fact which deserves serious attention. If it is true that with each succeeding year we are losing a larger and larger number of eminent savants, learned lawyers, upright judges, and distinguished physicians, divines, journalists, and statesmen, it would be well to consider the danger we are in of death so thinning the

ranks of the distinguished, that we shall have but a mediocre company left alive. But we are inclined to think that there is no real danger, and on the contrary that there are now living in the world a larger number of eminent lawyers, divines, politicians, artists, actors, authors, contractors, financiers, journalists, inventors, biblioplists, scientists, operators, speculators—to say nothing of kings, queens, emperors, ex-kings, ex-queens, and ex-emperors, or of pretending kings, queens, emperors—than it ever possessed before; and if the enterprising gentlemen who compile the necrology of the year were not only to give us the names of the eminent dead, but of the eminent and distinguished survivors, confining themselves even to those who may be shortly expected to de cease, we should have a list which in length at least would put the palmiest days of ancient times to the blush. In fact the number of distinguished and eminent men living and dying is perpetually on the increase, and we do not despair of seeing the time when the present annual record shall seem ridiculously diminutive. This startling and interesting tendency of our times is to be explained (to compare great things with small) in the same way that the feasibility of minority representation is explained by Mr. Hare in his work on electoral reform—by the great increase of intercommunication among the people of distant parts of the world, brought about by the railroad, the telegraph, and the press. It is very clear that if there was no communication between one country and another, the distinguished men who succeeded in getting their names—if we may express it so—inserted in the necrological record of each country, would be confined to the number of the natives. Besides this, even with the steam and the telegraph, necrology would be very local still if it were not for a growing familiarity of the natives of each country with the languages of others. But all these things together have made celebrity a common possession, to which it will not do to allow distant and small places to make exclusive claim. When Rachel died, for instance, it was difficult to say what civilized country considered the loss a foreign one. But necrology had hardly begun in Rachel's time, and the list of distinguish-

ed actors which will appear at the end of this year of grace 1874 will probably be one which would have made Rachel's contemporaries hide their heads in shame. The growth of necrology is one more illustration of the power of the press. Eminence and distinction, which formerly meant success in life of a rather public kind, now means continual mention in the newspapers; and as persons who are continually mentioned in the newspapers may receive notice for their crimes and failures as well as for their virtues or success, there is now and then a slight confusion in the necrological mind between what is notorious and what is distinguished. There is also the professional desire of the earnest necrologist to include all possible names, that his list may be larger than that of any of his rivals—a fact which leads him to include in it names which are known to be those of eminent and distinguished men only to himself and to a few of his personal friends. From all these causes, and many more besides, the list goes on increasing; and it is in no cavilling spirit that we call attention to this fact. There are many persons now living who believe themselves unjustly classed by a cold world among the mediocrities of the day, who will welcome any well-directed effort towards elevating from the rank of mediocrity into that of eminence and distinction an oppressed class.

— It is a pleasing proof of the universality of moral ideas that dramatic authors should resent, in general, no charge so much as that their plays have an immoral tendency or are indecent. Dramatic authors certainly have a much keener sensitiveness on the subject than the audiences they write for; a fact which is perhaps the result of a more general sensitiveness to blame of any kind, or perhaps of some deeper feeling that it would be difficult to analyze. Whatever may be the cause, there can be little doubt of the fact itself; and as an illustration of it we could hardly have a better instance than an action of libel brought against an English newspaper by the author of some well-known plays, which have been much acted both in London and New York. The newspaper in question had published a letter setting forth that in the opinion of the writer one of these plays, known

as the "Wicked World," was hardly decent, or using words to that effect, giving the public to understand that in his opinion the play was not fit to be represented. Mr. Gilbert, the author of the play, and also author, we believe, of the "Bab" ballads, a collection of verses which he gave the public to understand were humorous, and which were certainly ridiculous, immediately brought an action. The plaintiff undertook to prove two very serious things: first, that the charge of immorality was false; and second, that it was actuated by malice. In order to prove the first, a great part of the play was read to the jury; or, to be more accurate, a great part of the play was read to the jury in order to disprove the first; and as for the second, the plaintiff introduced evidence to show a systematic persecution of him on the part of the defendant, which went to such a length that in any criticisms of his plays which were of an unfavorable character the defendant was in the habit of mentioning him by name, while in the case of a favorable criticism his name had been always suppressed. The defendant of course gained the suit, and there was nothing in it of a very interesting nature, except, if we may say so, the suit itself. It is no doubt sound law and good morals, that a newspaper may in the spirit of fair criticism denounce a play which it thinks *contra bonos mores*. But then what is *contra bonos mores*? Is there any rule, any dividing line, by which we can mark off plays of a good from plays of a bad tendency? If, for instance, the "Wicked World" is a play of a corrupting sort, what is to be said of the "Merry Wives of Windsor" or of "The School for Scandal"?—two plays of a very different sort, certainly, but neither of them likely to stimulate the audience to deeds of self-sacrifice or heroism. If the true function of the stage is to elevate and purify, certainly there are a great many English plays which have long held the stage, to say nothing of plays taken from the French, which should be interdicted. But, probably, the truth of the matter is that the stage regarded as a purifier and elevator is rather a myth than a reality. When we take into account not merely the multitude of plays which do very little for the advancement of the race, but of the very slight assistance the traditions of histrionic life give to private morals,

we cannot help feeling that the drama itself, without any discrimination as to separate plays, might be swept away without seriously impairing the tone of any community which was deprived of it. In truth, the stage is merely a representation of human life, and what shall be its moral character in any age or country will depend very much on the moral character of the age and country themselves. If they are bad, the stage will be bad; if they are good, the stage will be good. We have very little doubt that, with all their merits, neither the "School for Scandal" nor the "Merry Wives of Windsor" would be tolerated on the stage as new plays to-day; and this is because we are more refined and modest than they were three or even one hundred years ago. The question changes with every age, and the only thing which can be decided as an established fact is, that we shall never know what an absolutely immoral play is, though we shall always be able to say that a particular play shocks our sense of morality, and that we will not see it acted.

— ALTHOUGH "notes and queries" do not form a department of "The Galaxy," every now and then questions arise and bits of information are furnished us which suggest how convenient a branch of literature it is. We observed the other day, in noticing the "Cross of Berny," that the name was a mystery to us; and we fancy that to ninety-nine out of a hundred English or American readers, the allusion was obscure. We have received information from a gentleman who has every opportunity of knowing, that the name was taken from that of a place near Paris where steeple-chase races were and perhaps are now held, and the intention of the name is to suggest the chase of the three men in the book after one woman, who runs off in the beginning. Another question relating to French literature of a rather obscure kind, is one as to the reference in the poem which we give below. The poem is an English translation of verses written by one of the two or three French Bohemian poets who could really write poetry, and we are inclined to think that the tune to which it refers is some actual air, and not an imagination. It may be at any rate, and if so it would be interesting, the verses are so

pleasing and graceful, to know what the air is, who composed it, and whether it is known nowadays to Americans :

There is an air for which I would disown
Mozart's, Rossini's, Weber's melodies ;
A sad sweet air that languishes and sighs,
And keeps its secret charm for me alone

Whene'er I hear that music vague and old—
Two hundred years are "mist that rolls
away"—
The thirteenth Louis reigns, and I behold
A green land, golden in the dying day;

An old red castle, strong with stony towers,
The windows bright with many-colored glass;
Wide plains, and streamlets flowing among
flowers,
That wash the castle basement as they pass.

In antique weed, with dark eyes and gold hair,
A lady looks forth from her casement high:
It may be that I knew and found her fair
In some forgotten life long time gone by.

— IN Washington there has been much complaint that the night-blooming young gentlemen who had grown and flowered on the native soil, have not exactly wilted, but they have not blown to blooming loveliness. They have paled in comparison with exotics from Europe and even South America, in the estimation of the young American woman—and what is life without the love and admiration of this gentle being? In vain has the young American endeavored to win her away from the exotic attraction, and he hangs his head like a morning-glory that encounters the sun; his hands droop to his sides like withered petals. In a word, she prefers the foreign attachés and secretaries of legation to our ornamental young gentlemen born and bred on American soil. Hence the grievance in the mind of one of our most useful members of society, for which there is cause. Some people can learn to be cooks, but men are born *rôtisseurs*. The same thing may be said of the young man of society—he is born to a fixed destiny which none other can fill. From the attainment of the years of discretion, his life is one of devotion. He pays court at operas, concerts, and theatres, to the young woman in "his set." At her nod he is used like a walking-stick. For her he has whirled consecutive nights of the season till three or four of the morning, like a teetotum, and she for whom he has done all this, proves ungrateful. She is neither true to him nor to herself. If he asks

her into supper she is not hungry, but immediately after, when a Metternich in swaddling clothes asks the same question, she is famished for something to eat. He approaches her as she sits in an obscure corner of the stairway with the same party, to remind her that the coming waltz is his, when she calmly and deliberately says that he is mistaken—that she is engaged to some one else. If he gently chides her for dancing with another when she was engaged to dance with him, she coolly says she had forgotten it. With reluctance he it stated, this gentle being fibs. He tells her one of his best anecdotes, on which he has practised for weeks: her eyes indicate a growing interest, and he thinks at last he holds her, when the attaché appears, and she transfers her entire interest to him. If he is one of a group where there is one foreigner, she persistently speaks in a foreign language which he does not understand. She pronounces his name—say Brown—quickly and almost inaudibly, but dwells unctuously and sweetly, as the bee upon the flower, on that of the Baron de Crèveœur. Brown has noted all her delinquencies and preferences, and gathered bile both against her and De Crèveœur. If possible, let us pour balm into his wounded soul by telling him that the young woman is silly, snobbish, and unpatriotic—that if she desires to be the Baroness de Crèveœur she shows that her love of title is stronger than her republicanism, and that if De Crèveœur is a good-for-nothing dangler, who pays court only as a pastime, and she throws over Brown for this, that she is lacking in common sense. That if she is dazzled by what she conceives to be a new and gorgeous swell to the point of deserting an old and tried friend, this is worst of all, and in English it is called snobbery. In a word, let Brown console himself with the reflection that she is unworthy of him, and let him resolve to give up the pursuit of such a vain butterfly. This may be good advice, but it is hardly likely that Brown will avail himself of it. He may be disposed to do so when smarting under the victories of De Crèveœur, but afterwards he will attach himself anew to the siren whenever she deigns to smile upon him—as her sex says, men are such boobies.

THE GALAXY

Miscellany and Advertiser.

It is a matter of public congratulation that ex Secretary Welles has decided to put at least a part of his knowledge of the inner history of the historic Lincoln administration into permanent form. The Messrs. Sheldon last week closed with him a contract of publication for a work on "Lincoln and Seward," which will extend to a duodecimo of some three or four hundred pages. Mr. Welles has been importuned by some of the leading statesmen and jurists of the country to contribute to historic records his private knowledge of that great era in our history; he has been at work upon the present undertaking for some months, and will now push it rapidly to completion. While it in part goes over the same ground as "The Galaxy" articles, which have attracted such wide attention, and caused the public to await eagerly anything further from his pen, the book will be of much wider scope, besides amplifying the former points and fortifying them with extracts from official records. It should be understood that these utterances of the ex-Secretary, whose pungent use of facts, which he allows to speak for themselves, have given his writings a force far above mere argument—are in no way dictated by personal feeling against Mr. Seward. On the contrary, Mr. Welles states that Mr. Seward and himself were on the friendliest terms, and it is only because of Mr. Adams's ill advised derogation of Mr. Lincoln that he has taken part in the discussion at all. He believes that Mr. Lincoln was the colossal figure of that grand period of our history, and insists that this fact shall not be lost sight of. It is to be hoped that this work will be so received as to induce Mr. Welles to enter upon a diplomatic history of the Lincoln administration, for which both by knowledge and ability he is eminently fitted. He has developed qualities as a political historian that place him high in the ranks of those of any time.—Evening Mail

• "THAT dog of yours flew at me this morning and bit me on the leg, and I notify you that I intend to shoot it the first time I see it."

"The dog is not mad."

"Mad! I know he's not mad. What has

he got to be mad about? It's me that's mad."

AN old seaman at a religious meeting recently held in New York, in relating his experience, stated that when at sea in storms and tempests, he had often derived great consolation from that beautiful passage of Scripture, "Faint heart never won fair lady."

A WESTERN paper describing an accident says: "Dr. Crawford was called; and under his prompt and skilful treatment the young man died on Wednesday night."

It was an Irish sailor who visited a city where he said they copper-bottomed the roofs of their houses with sheet-lead. Perhaps it was the same man who saw a white blackbird sitting on a wooden millstone eating a red blackberry.

A DOCTOR went out for a day's hunting, and on coming home complained that he hadn't killed anything. "That's because you didn't attend to your legitimate business," said his wife.

Do not run in debt to the shoemaker. It is unpleasant to be unable to say your sole is your own.

ONE Sabbath, not long ago, the teacher of the infant Sunday school class noticed one little fellow who was not listening to what she said. She had been telling the story of David and Goliath; and wishing to see if he knew what she had been talking about, she suddenly asked, "Johnny, who killed Goliath?" With an inquiring look he replied, "Why, I didn't know he was dead."

"THE WETHEREL AFFAIR," by J. W. De Forest, the author of "Overland," will be published in book form by Sheldon & Company during this month. The readers of "The Galaxy" need no introduction to this brilliant novelist; they have followed him through both his charming stories, "Overland" and "The Wetherel Affair," in our pages. Many of them will be glad to possess, and read again in book form, these stories. To those who never read serials, a

treat is in store, if they will secure either or both these novels. From our exchanges we clip a few notices of Mr De Forest's late story :

"Mr. De Forest's late story called 'The Wetherel Affair,' opens takingly, and promises to be one of the cleverest things this writer has done. It will be a hardened novel-reader who shall not find his story bright and fresh."—Nation, New York.

"Mr. De Forest goes on with 'The Wetherel Affair,' making of it a most natural, humorous, and piquant love story."—N. Y. Tribune.

"The announcement of another story from this well-known and favorite author will be received with general satisfaction."—Times, Troy.

"'Overland,' by J. W. De Forest, places the author in the front rank of American writers of fiction."—Saturday Evening Gazette, Boston.

"THE DAILY GRAPHIC" is certainly a wonder. To think of producing each day of the year a large quarto paper, nearly four sides of which are covered with pictures, would surely have surprised our ancestors. Even in this age of activity, quick thought, and new inventions, few thought that it could be practically realized. Yet "The Graphic," with its pictorial description of daily passing events, is an accomplished fact and great success.

How comfortable for a young wife to feel that her husband is a bountiful provider, and that she will never want for the necessities of life. A newly-married man was recently directed by his wife to order some yeast, and not having a very well defined idea of yeast himself, he told the baker to send up a couple of dollars' worth. At nine o'clock next morning three men might have been seen tugging and sweating up the front stairs of that man's house with a cask of yeast.

"No man ever had a better wife than I had," said a returned Californian; "she was always kind to the poor, and to all her relations. She is now in the graveyard, and my judgment is, she is well prepared for the next world; and for the good feeling I had for her for over fifty-six years, I have erected a monument over her grave weighing seven tons—and twenty-one feet high. It is a splendid monument—cost me over six hundred dollars."

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"A FRIEND of mine," said Erskine, "was suffering from continual wakefulness, and various methods were tried to bring him to sleep. At last his physician resorted to an expedient which resulted admirably. They dressed him in a watchman's coat, put a lantern into his hand, placed him in a sentry box, and he was asleep in ten minutes.

An Irishman being asked in court for his certificate of marriage, showed a big scar on his head about the size of a small shovel.

NEVER kick a man when he's down, unless you are sure he can't get up.

"You hev heern, gentlemen of the jury," said an eloquent advocate—"you hev heern the witness swar he saw the prisoner raise his gun; you hev heern him swar he saw the flash and heerd the report; you hev heern him swar he saw the dog fall dead; you hev heern him swar he dug the bullet out with his jack-knife, and you hev seen the bullet produced in court; but whar gentlemen, whar, I ask you, is the man who saw that bullet hit that dog?"

"How does that look, eh?" said a big-fisted Wall street man to a friend, holding up one of his brawny hands. "That," said the friend, "looks as though you'd gone short on your soap."

"SEE here, my friend, you're drunk." "Drunk! to be sure I am, and have been for the last three years. You see, my brother and I are on a temperance mission. He lectures while I set a frightful example."

How to make a slow horse fast—Don't feed him.

It is now announced on the authority of that "eminent physician" that it is not considered healthy to rise before eight o'clock in the morning. This applies only to men. Wives can rise at seven and start the fire as heretofore.

It is proposed to get up a cemetery near New York, of about one hundred acres in extent, for the burial of people who have been talked to death. The idea is a good one, but the cemetery ought to be larger.

MAY AND DECEMBER.—An old gentleman of eighty-four having taken to the altar a young damsel of sixteen, the clergyman said to him: "You will find the font at the other end of the church."

"What do I want with the font?" asked the old gentleman.

"I beg your pardon," said the clerical wit, "I thought you had brought the child to be christened."

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ANNUITY ACCOUNT.

	No.	ANN. PAY'TS.		No.	ANN. PAY'TS.
In force, Jan. 1st, 1873.....	47	\$18,578 00	In force, Jan. 1st, 1874.....	47	\$22,000 00
Issued	10	9,698 00	Terminated.....	10	6,276 00
	57	\$28,276 00		57	\$28,276 00

INSURANCE ACCOUNT.

In force, Jan. 1st, 1873.....	78,146	\$264,591,882	In force, Jan. 1st, 1874.....	86,416	\$289,505,836
New Risks.....	16,415	56,559,598	Terminated.....	8,145	81,645,644
	94,561	\$321,151,480		94,561	\$321,151,480

Dr. REVENUE ACCOUNT. Cr.

To Balance from last account.....	\$56,074,484 31	By paid Death and Endowm't Claims..	\$2,372,664 80
" Premiums received.....	17,818,889 20	" " Annuities.....	21,535 28
" Interest and Rents.....	8,843,113 06	" " Dividends.....	5,405,474 66
		" " Surrendered Policies and Ad- ditions.....	4,607,309 59
		" " Commissions (payment of cur- rent and extinguishment of future).....	825,400 23
		" " Expenses and Taxes.....	1,062,884 64
		Balance to New Account.....	62,263,157 38
	\$77,736,486 57		\$77,736,486 57

Dr. BALANCE SHEET. Cr.

To Reserve at four per cent.....	\$61,148,734 82	By Bonds and Mortgages.....	\$52,707,912 17
" Claims by Death, not yet due.....	683,835 84	" United States and New-York State Stocks.....	5,987,888 00
" Post-mortem Dividends, due on demand.....	43,316 95	" Real Estate.....	2,539,408 36
" Premiums paid in advance.....	20,904 93	" Cash in Banks and Trust Com- panies at interest.....	2,224,961 84
" Surplus accrued on Tontine Pol- icies.....	26,220 10	" Interest accrued.....	983,572 87
" Undivided Surplus.....	3,727,785 08	" Premiums deferred, quarterly and semi-annual.....	1,097,014 96
	\$65,609,837 67	" Premiums in transit, principally for December.....	131,312 19
		" Balances due by Agents.....	17,771 26
			\$65,609,837 67

From the Undivided Surplus a Dividend will be apportioned to each Policy which shall be in force at its anniversary in 1874.

I have carefully examined the foregoing Statement, and find the same correct,
January 31st, 1874. ISAAC F. LLOYD, Auditor.

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THE GALAXY.

VOL. XVII.—MARCH, 1874.—No. 3.

REMINISCENCES OF TOM MARSHALL.

AS an orator Tom Marshall was the foremost Kentuckian of his time, and, for that matter, of any time, since his time included the first orators Kentucky has produced, Clay, Barry, Pope, Rowan, Bledsoe, Menefee, the Breckinridges, and the other Marshalls, some of them only less eloquent than their peerless kinsman. Yet he made so slight an impression on his time, so few are the recorded products of his genius, and so much of his fame arose from popular efforts which perished in the delivery, as in truth the wonder-working part of all oratory must needs perish, that his name will live chiefly in tradition. It is in the hope of aiding it to flourish there, that I propose to recall in these pages some incidents illustrative of his character and genius.

Character, I may say at once, was Tom Marshall's weak point. He lacked self-control, fidelity to his own aims, the steady domination of moral sentiment, or indeed of any other decided quality. Hence, with noble gifts, his life was yet comparatively fruitless. The toy and victim of his sensibilities, he in the main was satisfied with the pleasure attending the exertion of his faculties, and with the immediate applause it excited, too often surrendering himself, in the constitutional reaction of the effort, to the Circean draught of intoxication, which in his case usually worked the transformation proper to the Circean cup. He in fact oscillated for a great part of his life betwixt the seraphic and the bestial, approaching about equally near to both. Between the extremities of this oscillation the pendulum of his life seldom rested. He accordingly was by turns the object of boundless admiration and of pity not unmixed with contempt. This aspect of his fortune was reflected partly in the name by which he was popularly known; for, as

Marlowe, renowned for his rare art and wit,
Could ne'er attain beyond the name of Kit,

so Marshall, with all his depth of intellect and all his wealth of genius, could never get himself called anything but Tom. Thomas Francis was his Christian name, but I suppose the people thought he behaved himself so much like a heathen that he had no right to it. He, however, was not at heart a bad man. His reverence for goodness, and for those whom he believed to be patterns of it, was deep, cordial, and lovingly expressed. "I called him Bayard," said he, referring to Mr. Crittenden in a public letter well remembered in Kentucky; "that ought not to have enraged anybody. I call him Bayard now, the knight without fear and without reproach. He is, as Bayard was,

adorned with all courage and all courtesy. He is (I love to praise a great and good man)—he is a mirror in which the young chivalry of Kentucky may glass and fashion itself to all manly virtue and every gentlemanly grace. 'Virtue no doubt has been cleverly depicted in words by some great scamps, but I doubt whether it could be embodied and transfigured as in the oratory of Tom Marshall by any man devoid of the sound germs of moral excellence at least. He who would make others feel, it is a familiar maxim in oratory, must first feel himself; and surely no one who so felt the beauty of virtue as to be able to ravish and transport others with its image, as Marshall did, could be essentially vicious. The prism of his genius spread out the colors, but the light itself must have come from the heart. The truth seems to have been that Tom Marshall, like many other men of similar temperament and endowment, was goaded to a kind of desperation by his own moral ideal, defying first his best efforts to attain it, and then from its unattainable height serenely mocking his despair. If he had been a worse man at heart, he might have passed for a better one at surface.

Tom Marshall was born in Frankfort, Kentucky, June 7, 1801. His father, Dr. Lewis Marshall, himself a man of fine intellect, was the youngest brother of Chief Justice Marshall. His mother, also, was a person of remarkable mind as well as remarkable beauty. So he came honestly by his intellectual gifts. Like Mill, Spencer, Buckle, and others of the best trained intellects of the race, young Marshall was educated at home, never seeing the inside of a university or college; although when his course of instruction terminated, he was sent abroad, after the old fashion, to finish his studies and see the world—not to France, Germany, and Italy, or to any one of them, however, but to Virginia, which, in the estimation of her loyal sons and grandsons, was, in that day of her golden prime, worth all of them put together. He returned after an absence of two years, mainly spent in studying with one of his uncles, Mr. James Marshall, a man of learning and culture, dwelling in a rural retreat; but a few years afterward—having meanwhile been called to the bar, for which he studied under Mr. Crittenden—he again visited Virginia, when he became the guest of Chief Justice Marshall at Richmond, and attended the debates in the Constitutional Convention of 1829, witnessing for nearly five months the conflicts of the leaders in that assembly—his illustrious kinsman, *primus inter pares*, with Madison, Monroe, Randolph, Leigh, Tazewell, and their compeers—returning home at last by the way of Washington, which he reached in time to hear the great debate between Hayne and Webster. This may be said to have completed his "grand tour." And who shall say that the conventional "grand tour" would have yielded him greater profit? He now sprang into the stormy sea of politics, in which he disported himself, with occasional intervals, for the rest of his life.

In 1832 Tom Marshall was elected by the Whigs of the county of Woodford to the lower House of the Legislature, where he at once distinguished himself not only as a brilliant speaker but as a sound and clear thinker. The most critical question of the session was that of nullification in South Carolina, the proceedings of whose nullifying Convention, transmitted to her sister States, the Governor of Kentucky had laid before the Legislature with his annual message. The proceedings were referred to a select committee, of which Tom Marshall was chairman. His report justified the confidence reposed in him by his colleagues. It was judicious, able, complete, making a clean sweep of South Carolina, disproving her grievance, exploding her remedy, and

rebuking her temper; all, too, in perfect taste, and with striking felicity of expression. Its closing words were prophetic. "We would adjure them," were the words, referring to the Carolina leaders, "by their own great names—names won in the service of the United States, and hitherto looked upon as a portion of American wealth—by the talents so gloriously exerted in defence of those very principles which they now denounce—we would adjure them to be satisfied with lawful fame. Let them not dream of a resemblance between their situation and that of the fathers of the Revolution. Mankind will not and cannot recognize it. Should they succeed in goading enthusiasm to madness, should they succeed in infusing their own wild passions into the people of the South, and precipitate the United States into all the horrors and dangers of civil war, the glory which hallows the tomb of the patriot martyrs will not be theirs; their past honors will turn to infamy, and they will set in storm and darkness, amid the deep execrations of all mankind." On these words the present plight of South Carolina affords a comment to which human language can add nothing.

The following year Tom Marshall removed to Louisville, resolved to pursue his profession; but this resolution, like nearly all his other good resolutions, was soon broken, for Louisville sent him to the Legislature, at the very next election, I think, and again at the succeeding one. During the latter term one of his associates in the House was Richard H. Menefee, on the occasion of whose lamented death a few years later, Marshall, by the invitation of the Law Society of Transylvania University in Lexington, delivered before that body a funeral oration, perhaps the most impassioned and beautiful of his productions. Among his labors during this term was a notable report on the judiciary. In 1837, still a resident of Louisville, he stood for Congress as an independent candidate, in opposition to William J. Graves, the regular Whig candidate, and was defeated by an overwhelming majority, his clear intellect and persuasive oratory proving no match for the simple force of his opponent's character. The triumph of Mr. Graves, however, was the prelude to the saddest event in his career, as it was during the ensuing Congress that he had the misfortune to kill Jonathan Cilley in a duel. Marshall did not take his defeat with humility. It was not his habit so to take defeat or victory; the spoiled child of the people, he commonly resented the former and abused the latter, improving neither. On the heels of this defeat, shaking the dust from his own heels, he returned to Woodford; whence the next year he was sent without opposition to the Legislature, as also the succeeding year, signalizing himself in both terms as a debater. During the latter term, as the spokesman of the Joint Committee on Banks, he made a singularly profound, sagacious, and luminous report, of which the banks, those sharp intellects without souls, attested their high estimate by preserving it as a *cade mecum*.

In 1841 Tom Marshall was without opposition elected to Congress from the Ashland district, to which the county of Woodford belonged. His career in Congress was short, but uncommonly brilliant. He spoke often from his place in the House, and occasionally from other places; but the art of reporting was then imperfect and moreover, stung by a defective report of one of his speeches, he affronted the reporters by rudely visiting upon their heads the imperfections of the art, telling them "not to attempt again to pass upon the public their infernal gibberish for his English," so that between the two but few of his speeches were preserved. One of these was his speech on distri-

bution,* which John Quincy Adams, then a member of the House, pronounced the ablest speech he had ever heard on the subject, although he had just heard Mr. Clay's great speech on the same subject in the Senate. Another was his speech in support of the proposition to censure John Quincy Adams for presenting a petition praying the dissolution of the Union, of which, we may presume, Mr. Adams did not think so highly, though he is said notwithstanding to have declared that "it united the eloquence of Burke and Sheridan." Certain it is that Tom Marshall was in the habit of declaring ever afterwards that he never in all his life got his jacket so laced and his hide so tanned as in Mr. Adams's reply to that speech. Tom always seemed to pride himself on having been leathered by the "old man eloquent." One other speech of his has come down to us from that day—a temperance speech, delivered in the hall of the House of Representatives, before the Congressional Total Abstinence Society, formed, it seems, for the reformation of Congressional inebriates, of whom our orator was reputed one, though in this speech he protested with characteristic humor that his inebriety was not habitual. "I had earned," he said, "a most unenviable notoriety by excesses, which, though bad enough, did not half reach the reputation they won for me. I never was an habitual drunkard. I was one of your spreeing gentry. My sprees, however, began to crowd each other, and my best friends feared that they would soon run together." Seeing that this fear was but too fully realized in his subsequent life, the following passage—the conclusion of the speech in question—will be read with a melancholy interest:

Sir, I would not exchange the physical sensations, the mere sense of animal being, which belongs to a man who totally refrains from all that can intoxicate his brain or derange his nervous structure—the elasticity with which he bounds from his couch in the morning—the sweet repose it yields him at night—the feeling with which he drinks in, through his clear eyes, the beauty and the grandeur of surrounding nature; I say, sir, I would not exchange my conscious being as a strictly temperate man—the sense of renovated youth—the glad play with which my pulses now beat healthful music—the bounding vivacity with which the life blood courses its exulting way through every fibre of my frame—the communion high which my healthful ear and eye now hold with all the gorgeous universe of God—the splendors of the morning, the softness of the evening sky—the bloom, the beauty, the verdure of earth, the music of the air and the waters—with all the grand associations of external nature reopened to the fine avenues of sense; no, sir, though poverty dogged me—though scorn pointed its slow finger at me as I passed—though want and destitution, and every element of earthly misery, save only crime, met my waking eye from day to day; not for the brightest and the noblest wreath that ever encircled a statesman's brow—not, if some angel commissioned by heaven, or some demon rather sent fresh from hell, to test the resisting strength of virtuous resolution, should tempt me back, with all the wealth and all the honors which a world can bestow; not for all that time and all that earth can give, would I cast from me this precious pledge of a liberated mind, this talisman against temptation, and plunge again into the dangers and horrors which once beset my path; so help me heaven, as I would spurn beneath my very feet all the gifts the universe could offer, and live and die as I am, *poor but sober*.

This speech made a noise in the world at the time, but, alas! before its echoes had died away, the "pledge" was broken, the "talisman" cast off, and the novitiate testotaller once more floundering amid those "dangers and horrors" his deliverance from which he had so fondly deemed lasting, and had so rapturously celebrated. Doubtless he clung resolutely to what he felt to be the rock of his salvation, but the waves of appetite, lashed by the winds of sensibility, overwhelmed him, and swept him away. To revert to a former figure, he swung back to the opposite extreme, therein completing one of

* A volume of Marshall's speeches and writings, edited by W. L. Barre, was published in 1838 by Applegate & Co., Cincinnati. To this volume I am indebted for many of the dates and some of the facts employed in the present sketch.

those wide vibrations of which his life was principally made up. It has been frequently said, I am aware, that Marshall's dissipation was occasioned by an early disappointment in love; but this, I think, is an amiable mistake. The lady in the case was his first cousin, and a widow, many years his senior. She prudently declined to marry him on account of the great disparity in their years. I am slow to believe that any man of sense would throw himself away merely because he couldn't marry his grandmother.

Tom Marshall left Congress in a great huff with Mr. Clay, who, it appears, had taken offence at some of Tom's speeches and votes, which did not fall within the party lines as drawn by the Whig leader. Insubordination was an offence Mr. Clay never overlooked. To aggravate the offence, Tom repeated it when he got home; so that Mr. Clay presently found, like the man who sowed good seed, that an enemy had been sowing tares among his wheat. Less patient than he of the parable, the Whig embodiment determined not to let both grow until the harvest, but to gather up the tares forthwith. One morning accordingly he stepped into the office of the Lexington "Observer and Reporter," and handing a short notice, written in his own peculiarly neat hand, to Mr. D. C. Wickliffe, the editor, requested him to insert it in the next number of his paper. "Certainly, Mr. Clay," replied Mr. Wickliffe. "But you have not read it," said Mr. Clay. "Read it; perhaps you will not approve of it." Mr. Wickliffe, with a courteous expression, then read the notice, which he saw at a glance, as he had already seen in the eye and port of its author, portended mischief to the knot of young insubordinates headed by Marshall. Though short, it was very significant, importing that on a certain day, two or three weeks distant, Mr. Clay would address the people at the Court-house in Lexington on the principles and measures of the Whig party, which of late had been the subject of animadversion in various quarters. Such was the import, but the words and their collocation unmistakably bespoke the hand of Mr. Clay. Wickliffe till the day of his death could repeat the notice word for word. It duly appeared in the "Observer and Reporter" a few hours after which Tom Marshall entered the office. Mr. Wickliffe's middle name was Carmichael, from which his friends nicknamed him *Mike*. "Mike," said Tom, with that tossing of the head which betokened him very sure of his scent, "who wrote that notice at the head of your columns this morning?" "Who wrote it?" answered Wickliffe evasively; "why, it appears as editorial." "I know," rejoined Tom, "but *you* didn't write it. Tell me, didn't Mr. Clay write that himself?" "Well," said Mr. Wickliffe, "to be frank with you, Mr. Marshall, he did." "I knew it," exclaimed Tom with an oath, "and he means *me*!" adding, with another oath, "and I intend to answer him." Nothing more was needed to put the whole community on the tiptoe of expectation.

The excitement was great, and grew until the appointed day, which saw the flower of the population of the blue-grass region assembled in and around the Lexington Court-house, to witness an intellectual combat à l'outrance between the imperious leader and his gifted but refractory young subaltern. The public interest was wrought up to a pitch almost painful. Mr. Clay began his speech. Tom Marshall was present, stationed upright in a remote window slightly back of the line of Mr. Clay's position, where he thought Mr. Clay would not see him. But he was mistaken. The "Great Commoner" was in excellent plight, and spoke in his happiest vein, with even more than his usual head of magnetic power, enchaining and fairly electrifying the mul-

itude, not excepting Marshall himself, who, drawn by unwitting sympathy with the speaker, had leaned forward from his "coigne of vantage" until his tall figure stood in full view. At this point Mr. Clay, having come to the subject of the clique of which Marshall was chief, closed a withering sentence by turning round suddenly upon Tom, and hurling his look, voice, and gesture in one electric missile at the spell-bound culprit, who shot back into the window as if struck by a cannon ball, or as if himself discharged from the cannon's mouth. His demoralization was complete. Mr. Clay concluded amid a tumult of applause, upon which arose everywhere loud shouts of "Marshall!" "Marshall!" "Marshall!" But Marshall did not appear. Marshall was not to be found. His followers had nothing to do but to retire, leaving Mr. Clay in undisputed possession of the field—a movement which they executed, we may be sure, with ill-concealed disgust at the conduct of their recreant champion. The next morning Tom Marshall, according to his custom, stalked into the office of the "Observer and Reporter." "Well, Mike," said he, "I reckon you think Mr. Clay made a great speech yesterday?" "Yes," replied Mr. Wickliffe, "I *do*. Don't you?" "Not so great as he could have made," said Tom with a meaning look. "If *I* had spoken, and had rowelled him up as I could have done, and he had come back at me as he would have done, *then* you would have heard a great speech." "But why didn't you speak, Mr. Marshall?" asked Wickliffe. "Because," cried Tom with bitter emphasis, "I was a ——— coward! I have lost the opportunity of my life. If I had spoken, I should have been certain to make a fine speech anyhow, and, whether I got the best of it or not, all the Democrats from Maine to Louisiana would have sworn that I made mince-meat of Mr. Clay." This was a shrewd view, and it must have occurred to Marshall beforehand, but it unfortunately required more nerve to act upon it than he happened to have at the pinch. The truth is, Tom Marshall always felt the moral mastery of Mr. Clay, and almost always chafed under it, to such a degree that his well-known estrangement from that leader of men was at bottom probably owing as much to this one cause as to all other causes united. It was a kind of tribute that genius paid to character.

Marshall in at least one point of his Congressional career, however, gave satisfaction to Mr. Clay; for he cherished and expressed as great a contempt for the administration of Tyler as Mr. Clay himself felt, declaring on the floor of the House that when the history of the country was written the Tyler administration might be put in a parenthesis, which he defined from Lindley Murray as "a clause of a sentence enclosed between black lines or brackets, which should be pronounced in a low tone of voice, and might be left out altogether without injuring the sense." For this sally Mr. Clay might well (and probably did) forgive much.

Among Tom Marshall's checkered experiences at this period was a duel with James Watson Webb, of New York. On the trial of Monroe Edwards for forgery Marshall defended him. The defence called forth a severe criticism in the New York "Courier and Enquirer," edited by Webb, whom Marshall challenged for the offensive article. The duel took place in the neighborhood of the city of New York. Webb was shot below the knee joint, provoking Marshall to cry out on the spot: "It is the damndest lowest act of my life." Marshall in the course of his life fought two other duels. One with young Rowan, of Kentucky, who challenged him for words spoken against Rowan's father, the famed Judge Rowan, with the evident intention of calling

forth a challenge from the latter. Rowan was what is called a "hip shot"; that is, he raised his pistol to his own hip, and then fired, without taking aim, but with almost unerring precision. This method gave him the advantage in time, and Marshall fell at the first fire, shot through the thigh. While confined to his room by this wound, Miss Louisa Bullitt, a lady widely known for her wit and beauty, and whom he had long but vainly courted, called with a friend to see him, playfully saying as she entered the room, "Mr. Marshall, you have at last got what you have long desired—a *bullet*." Marshall's retort, more witty than delicate, I shall be pardoned for omitting. The manners of forty years ago, we should bear in mind, were a little broad as well as very high. His other duel was with James S. Jackson, fought while both were serving in the Mexican war. An old grudge at home having sprung up into a quarrel in the enemy's country, Jackson, on Marshall's volunteering the avowal that he was ready to fight him whenever he chose, at once challenged Tom. The appointed place of meeting was nearly thirty miles distant, and could be reached only on horseback. Marshall was suffering from the flux, and had frequently to dismount. When he reached the ground he could scarcely stand. He afterwards told an intimate friend that he had made up his mind to kill Jackson, and had balanced himself on his left leg, so that, even if Jackson shot him, he could stand long enough to return the fire. Jackson fired first, without effect. Marshall then took deliberate aim, and fired, Jackson turning his breast fully to him. The cap was true, but there was no explosion, and Jackson stood unhurt. Marshall, turning to his second, who was also his lieutenant, asked what that meant. The second replied that the ramrod was too short, and he had not rammed the ball home. "Oh yes," said Marshall sarcastically, "I understand; you are my lieutenant, and, had I been killed, you would have succeeded me." Colonel Tom Hawkins, Jackson's second, stepped up, took the pistol, rammed the ball home, and handed it back, offering another fire; but by this time Marshall was too weak to stand any longer. The event was fortunate for both. Jackson, as gallant a spirit as ever breathed, lived to join the Union side in the civil war, rising rapidly to the position of Acting Major-General, when he was killed in the battle of Perryville, falling at the head of his division.

Marshall, among his other adventures in Mexico, had a difficulty with Cassius M. Clay, which, however, never ripened into a duel, each seeking to throw the onus of the challenge on the other, with a view of getting the choice of weapons, Clay preferring swords, Marshall pistols. The affair blew over; though, as Marshall was one day walking through the camp armed with nothing but a small dress-sword, Clay stepped to his tent door and completely covered him with a pistol. Tom instantly turned his back, and, looking over his shoulder at Clay, said: "Shoot away, Cash, but it's got to be a clear case of murder. I'm not going to give you a chance to assassinate me as you did Sam Brown." This taunt referred to a deadly affray in Kentucky several years before, and, I am bound to say, was undeserved. Clay's explanation of this tent scene was that Marshall had been overheard the night before to threaten him. If so, Marshall's language could have pointed to nothing worse than a fair fight. On a certain occasion, in the court-house at Lexington, while Marshall was speaking, Judge Aaron K. Woolley threatened to strike him. With a graceful wave of his hand, Tom observed, "Consider the blow struck, Mr. Woolley," and went on with his speech. As soon as he had finished it, he sent Woolley a challenge; but the affair, through the intervention of friends, was amicably adjusted.

Tom Marshall's Congressional experience, unlike that of many of his Southern colleagues, left in him, it is worthy of note, no root of bitterness toward New England, whose people, on the contrary, he always defended against indiscriminate aspersion. "The Yankee," he once said in substance on the stump, "is not a *coward*, though he won't fight as we do on a mere point of honor. He is too matter-of-fact for that. Call him a *liar*, and he will tell you to prove it! But he will start the next hour on a whaling voyage to the North Pole, and, cheerfully braving death in ten thousand shapes of horror, for months or years, come back laden with the spoils of the monsters of the deep. Now, lay your hands on a barrel of his *oil*, and see whether he will fight or not!" I give but the bare conception of the passage, which in Marshall's hands bristled with every object of terror and glittered with every scene of awful beauty that beset the whale-fishery, rivalling in pictorial force the fine description of Burke.

In 1845 Tom Marshall ran for Congress against Garrett Davis, by whom he was beaten; Mr. Davis being a zealous friend of Mr. Clay's, and "a very *reliable* man," as Mr. Clay himself once significantly said to a political friend whom he suspected of personal defection, so emphasizing the expression as delicately to apprise the individual that "Old Hal" considered *him* anything but "reliable." Marshall, having separated from the Whigs on the question of the annexation of Texas, and voted for Polk, was kept on the defensive throughout the canvass, the result showing that the people did not hold his defence satisfactory. Yet all acknowledged the superlative force and brilliancy with which he made it. He never afterwards stood for Congress. The next year, the Mexican war having broken out, Marshall raised a company of cavalry, of which he was chosen captain, and which he led to the theatre of war. It was his misfortune not to have an opportunity of displaying in the field his unquestioned gallantry. On his return from Mexico, he spent much of his time in Lexington, where his friend and kinsman, the distinguished Dr. Robert J. Breckenridge, was then settled in the pastorate of the First Presbyterian church, having lately returned from a long residence in the Middle States, in which he had achieved renown as a preacher and theologian. Breckenridge and Marshall, besides being kinsmen, had been school-boys together, under the tuition of Marshall's father, and were as intimate as men of such different habits could be. For several years, moreover, they had been members of the same bar, and trod together the same path of fame, which, according to Marshall, they had both rather suddenly forsaken—"Bob," as he used to say in after days, "taking to the Bible, and I to the bottle; and the world says I have stuck to my text a good deal closer than he has to his." Tom seems never to have been very deeply impressed with the vital piety of his eminent relative. Dr. Breckenridge once assailed the venerable Robert Wickliffe in an extremely bitter speech, winding up substantially as follows: "And, hoary-headed slanderer and sinner as he is, may the Lord forgive him, as I sincerely do this day." When Tom read this, he said to the Rev. Joseph J. Bullock, who married Breckenridge's niece: "Joe, if the Lord forgives old Bob Wickliffe as Bob Breckenridge does, *won't he catch hell!*" But this is not the incident I would recall.

On some occasion Marshall heard Dr. Breckenridge preach, and falling in with him after service, accompanied him home. "Why don't you preach better?" said Marshall. "I do preach as well as I can," answered Breckenridge. "But why don't you preach as the Saviour did?" continued Marshall. "That's hard to do," rejoined Breckenridge. "Preach in parables," said Marshall; "that is a very simple and easy thing to do—that's the way our

Lord set forth the truth." "Well, Tom," said Breckenridge, "I have as high an opinion of your talents as anybody has; and I set a higher estimate on the extent of your reading and information than most persons do. I defy you to make a parable, and I defy you to find one in all literature—outside of the New Testament." "Nonsense!" exclaimed Marshall; "I can make fifty, and I can find a hundred." "Well," quietly concluded Breckenridge, "try it, and let me know." Shortly afterwards they met again. "Well, Bob," said Marshall, "what about these things—the parables? I have tried my best, and I can't make one; I have looked everywhere, and I can't find one. What does it all mean? I give it up." "You see," replied Breckenridge, "why I don't preach in parables, as our Lord did. I can't do that." Marshall in this case rushed in where doctors of divinity fear to tread; but it is significant of his keen power of analysis that he explored for himself the depths and recesses of a subject that has tasked the subtlety of the ablest theologians, and, discriminating the parable from the allegory, the myth, the fable, and the proverb, saw the differential points of substance and of form, and fell back a wiser (if not a better) man. Though vanquished, he was victor still.

Kentucky in 1849 held a constitutional convention, for a seat in which Tom Marshall was an unsuccessful candidate, his views on the question of slavery, although radically hostile to those of the anti-slavery men, not being pro-slavery enough to suit his constituency, who, in common with the Southern people at large, were naturally disposed, the stronger the wind of anti-slavery blew, the more closely to wrap around them the cloak of law, and the more tightly to grasp it. When the constitution framed by this convention was submitted to the people, Marshall, in pursuance of the principles he had avowed, opposed it with both pen and tongue, using the former in the columns of "The Old Guard," a campaign paper edited by himself. His articles in this paper were masterpieces of reasoning and research; but, admirable as they were, they fell below his speeches on the same general theme, which were of surpassing ability and splendor. The theme—relating to the principles of free government, unmixed with questions of the baser sort—was eminently adapted to call forth his powers; and nobly did his powers answer the call. He spoke on this theme at Louisville, and all his auditors, friend and foe alike—and there were many competent judges of both classes—declared the speech to be incomparable—the finest they had ever heard. In this campaign his career as an orator culminated; and the culminating point was cloud-capped. In the full vigor of his physical and mental powers, he gave the rein to both, outstripping himself in endurance as well as in eloquence. His physical endurance was always extraordinary, it having been no unusual thing for him in some of his canvasses to pass his days in speaking and his nights in carousing, for weeks at a time. The stamina of his body equalled that of his mind. "In an exciting canvass," he would say in his latter years, "about all the food and sleep I used to care for were a bath and a clean shirt." In a clean shirt, by the way, Marshall held there was marvellous virtue. "No man in a clean shirt," he was wont to insist, "ever did a mean thing. Calvin, I contend, was in soiled linen when he murdered Servetus." The refreshing effect of clean linen on himself proved at any rate the exceeding sensitiveness and elasticity of his constitution. It is scarcely too great a stretch to say that he could speak with Cicero and endure with Catiline.

Tom Marshall in 1851 again represented the county of Woodford in the Legislature. At the opening of the session I happened to be present as a spectator, when my attention was especially attracted by two personages

within the bar of the house. These were Mr. Clay, venerable in years, and touched by the shadow of death, at the entrance of whose valley he already stood, and Tom Marshall, still in the prime of his strength, sober, elegantly dressed, and manifestly eager for the fray of debate. Mr. Clay sat muffled in an easy chair by the stove, graciously receiving the members, as, one after another or in groups, they approached to salute him. But Marshall kept aloof, moving everywhere, in the restlessness of curbed energy, except to the shrine at which all others were paying their devotions. Remembering the offence which his former conduct had given Mr. Clay, he possibly thought it the part of delicacy, not to say of prudence, to withhold the offer of a homage that might prove unacceptable. Be this as it may, he did not approach the lordly old statesman. At last the signal for organization was heard, the members took their seats, and Mr. Clay rose to withdraw. It chanced that Marshall's seat was next the passage along which Mr. Clay must pass in withdrawing, so that an encounter of some sort was unavoidable. Marshall, as Mr. Clay slowly approached, awaited the event with evident uneasiness, greater probably than he would have felt in the midst of a shower of bullets. The suspense, however, was brief. Mr. Clay, when his eye fell on Marshall, gracefully accosted him, extending his hand, which Marshall, rising from his seat—abashed and out of countenance, looking more like a truant schoolboy before his teacher than one great orator in the presence of another—grasped with every mark of deep but embarrassed respect, remaining standing until Mr. Clay, at the end of a short colloquy with him, bowed and passed on. Tom Marshall, when humorously inclined, was accustomed to call Mr. Clay "Old Master," a phrase in his day familiarly but reverently applied by slaves to their aged proprietor. I think no one who observed Tom in this interview could doubt that the appellation had to himself at least a more than humorous significance. It was during this session that Marshall wrote his famous letter to the "Louisville Journal," in the course of which—defending himself from the charge of having said or implied in debate that Mr. Clay owed some portion of his greatness to Mr. Crittenden, whom Tom was then supporting in a heated contest for a seat in the Federal Senate, and whose interests the charge was calculated to damage—he paid the following tribute to Mr. Clay:

Mr. Clay did fall in 1828, and from a lofty height; but sprang, as he always springs, like the antique wrestler, the stronger for his fall—more terrible on the rebound than he was ere shaken from his feet. I have studied his life, his speeches, his actions, his character; I have heard him at the bar and in the senate; I have seen him in his contests with other men, when all the stormy passions of his tempestuous soul were lashed by disappointment and opposition to the foaming rage of the ocean, when all the winds are unchained, and sweep in full career over the free and bounding bosom of the deep. He owes less of his commanding influence to other men than any great leader I have ever known, or of whom I have ever read. He consults nobody, he leans on nobody, he fears nobody; he wears nature's patent of nobility forever on his brow; he stalks among men with an unanswerable and never-doubting air of command; his sweeping and imperial pride, his indomitable will, his unquailing courage, challenge from all submission or combat. With him there can be no neutrality. Death, Tribute, or the Koran, is his motto. Great in speech, great in action, his greatness is all his own. He is independent alike of history and the schools; he knows little of either, and despises both. His ambition, his spirit, and his eloquence are all great, natural, and entirely his own. If he is like anybody, he does not know it. He has never studied models, and if he had his pride would have rescued him from the fault of imitation. He stands among men in towering and barbaric grandeur; in all the hardihood and rudeness of perfect originality; independent of the polish and beyond the reach of art. His vast outline, and grand but wild and undefined proportions, liken him to a huge mass of granite, torn, in some convulsion of nature, from a mountain side, which any effort of the chisel would only disfigure and which no instrument in the sculptor's studio could grasp or comprehend.

Although this tribute was paid as a stroke of policy, it undoubtedly expressed Tom Marshall's real opinion of Mr. Clay. The passage, however, is

scarcely a fair specimen of Marshall's power, having some faint streaks of unconscious imitation, into which he was rarely betrayed, and especially some streaks of Phillips, the panegyrist of Napoleon, whose style he abhorred. But it answered its purpose. With this term Tom Marshall's career as a legislator closed. He never again appeared on any official stage. But he was not permitted to retire from the rostrum. Into every Presidential canvass that occurred during the remainder of his life, he was eagerly pressed as a speaker, though he spoke with decreasing interest and increasing reluctance, and therefore with lessening effect. Men of inferior powers but superior information not unfrequently put him at a disadvantage in the discussion of the comparatively trivial questions of the hour. Popular speaking on questions of this kind grew distasteful to him. He had exhausted its charms. He had sucked dry the orange of the stump, and did not care to chew the rind. Yet his speeches were never less than brilliant.

Some time in 1858 Tom Marshall went to Louisville and delivered a series of historical speeches which, I think, he called "Discourses on the Philosophy of History," although if a philosophical historian had sat among the audience he might have been a little puzzled to tell where the philosophy came in. The speeches in reality were simply racy narrations of some historical events of importance, interspersed with graphic and eloquent portraiture of the personages who figured in them. With the *rationale* of the events he troubled himself very little. The performances in general, I own, left nothing to be complained of in point of entertainment, but, as Webster said of Hayne's speech, they did not "quite come up to the lofty and sounding phrase of the manifest." A discriminating auditor must have been affected somewhat like the critical Frenchman who, witnessing the immortal charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, exclaimed: "It is magnificent, but it is not war." The speeches were delivered without note or memorandum, and the speaker seemed not unwilling the public should believe that they were delivered also without preparation, it having been one of his many weaknesses to pass off even his most deeply studied efforts for spontaneous effusions. He sometimes carried this weakness, or was carried by it, to ridiculous lengths. In one of these addresses, I remember, he paused at a point thick-set with historical dates and data, drew himself up to his full height, struck an imposing attitude of recollection, and, smiting his forehead with his open palm, coolly remarked: "It is some ten or twelve years since I have seen anything on this subject, but if my memory (not apt to prove a treacherous one) serves me, the facts are these." Whereupon he proceeded smoothly to detail a tissue of names and figures that could hardly have lain a decade in the memory of Pico de Mirandola, or Mezzofanti himself. Chancellor Logan, Marshall's brother-in-law, in whose family he was then a guest, afterwards told me that Tom had sat up all the night before poring over the authorities on this very subject. The artifice seems a strange one for a man of his ability, but, singularly enough, it is exactly paralleled by one related of the celebrated William Pinkney* of Maryland. The explanation would seem to be that the vanity of Pinkney and Marshall was equal to their talent, an equation that perhaps will solve many questions in the lives of other master minds as well.

When Marshall had got as far as his third or fourth discourse in this series, he fell into the practice of coming before his audiences in a state of intoxication more or less complete, which it may be readily imagined excluded from his discourses not only all philosophy, but pretty much all history; insomuch

* The anecdote is told in a foot note in Sullivan's "Public Men of the Revolution."

that his remarks—still keen and bright, though not coherent—were mainly controlled by the casual incidents of the assemblage, between which his mind passed and repassed like a shining shuttlecock among a forest of rackets, without ever alighting on the stated theme. It was as if the planet of his intellect had exploded into shooting stars. The audiences were at first amused, but the sense of amusement was soon swallowed up in disgust; which, seconded by the sharp comments of the press, induced Marshall abruptly to suspend his lectures and withdraw to Lexington, where, under the hospitable roof of a friend, he first sobered up and then studied up, until he felt equal to the task of redeeming himself with the Louisville public, when (two or three weeks having elapsed) he returned, resumed his lectures, and concluded them with the applause which never failed to attend the sober exertion of his powers. On his return at this time, he paid me the compliment to visit me at my rooms, and make my acquaintance, to show me, as he was pleased to say, that he was “a gentleman born and bred,” notwithstanding the “outrageous improprieties” which he owned he had committed on the platform, and with the rebuke of which in the editorial columns of the “Journal” I was supposed to be not wholly unconnected. The rebuke had been severe, but perfectly fair, and furthermore had been seasoned with just compliments to the orator’s reserved powers and accomplishments. His vanity had been hurt, but his pride had been saved, and he was apparently content. The interview at all events was a pleasant one, and I have the satisfaction of believing, on the strength of various evidences, that Marshall, in the parlance of the street, never went back on me—a satisfaction not always enjoyed by the recipients of his esteem. In the course of the interview he spoke repeatedly of his mother, whose memory he evidently cherished with pride and the utmost filial tenderness.

Marshall was always cynical in his cups. Liquor seemed to curdle his milk of human kindness; and his best friends were sure to get the sourest part of it. Of course he now and then got as good as he gave. Ranging the streets one day half tipsy, he met his old friend Dr. Breckenridge, who had recently published an elaborate work on theology. “Well,” said Tom, familiarly addressing the reverend doctor, who, justly or unjustly, was reputed to be of a somewhat captious disposition, “I have read your book, ‘God Objectively Considered,’ and I am glad to find you have no objection to God!” “As one of His vicegerents on earth, I can tell you He has *very great* objection to *you*,” retorted Breckenridge, and went his way.

In the civil war Tom Marshall took no active part, his sympathies having been divided, though, so far as I know, his allegiance remained whole. Indeed his habits of intemperance, now confirmed, both indisposed and incapacitated him for actively participating in the strife, which, besides, offered no prize that could stir the embers of his ambition. Yet there can be no doubt that it deeply affected him. He was now an old man, broken in health, impaired in energy, bankrupt in hope. The war swept over his head like a hurricane through the top of some tottering giant of the forest. The end was not far. His career had already ended, and his life soon followed it. He died on the 22d of September, 1864, leaving a wife—a worthy woman, to whom he had not been long married—but no children and no fortune. He indeed cared nothing for money. Its acquisition made at no time a part of his ambition. One half of the lot in which he exulted at the close of his temperance speech abided with him. He lived and died “poor,” though not always “sober.” He left to posterity nothing only the warning of his life and the fading memory of his genius.

I have thus outlined the career of this richly gifted man, setting here and there within the outline such reminiscences as I could gather at one grasp; and yet it may be that I have produced nothing to justify his reputation as an orator. If so, the fault is not his or mine. I have said that the wonder-working part of all oratory must needs perish in the delivery. It is even so. The conceptions of the orator transcend speech, completing their expression in action, which can be felt, but not reported.

Nature in truth had denied him no gift essential to the orator, and no accident serviceable to his gifts. Never had orator a fairer physique in which to wreak himself on expression. He was six feet two inches in height, erect, symmetrical, and lithe. His bearing was self-possessed and graceful, his voice clear, rotund, and penetrating, and his enunciation so distinct that his words all came forth clean-cut like coin fresh from the die. It is true, his gestures were sometimes open to the charge of extravagance, and his wit to that of buffoonery; but these blemishes, from which even Cicero was not entirely exempt, were carried off by the prevailing grace and power of his manner. Though a highly cultivated man, he was a natural orator. He never seemed so thoroughly at home as when he was on his legs. In speaking, whether on the platform, in the senate, or at the bar, his mental equilibrium and his mental vitality were invincible. Nothing from within or from without could disturb the one or dash the other. Interruptions of all sorts only added fuel to the fire of his oratory. From the first sentence to the last, he was master of the situation, the whole effort being stamped with unity and instinct with grace. To borrow the phraseology of the drama, there was no break in the action, no pause in the acting. Not a link was missing; not a minute lost. He would tell an anecdote while he was looking for a citation, and throw off a flash of wit as he wiped his forehead. Even a glass of water he would take with rhetorical effect, dexterously weaving the act into the texture of his speech, or carelessly tossing it among the flowers of the border. When he was on the boards, neither the stage nor the audience ever waited. He never hesitated for a thought or a word; yet (such was the aptness and weight of his matter) no one ever thought of calling him *fluent*. The word, if it had occurred, would have seemed absurdly disparaging. He was in fact neither flippant nor hurried. His movement had the simple but resistless impetus springing from the free play of his faculties. His style was racy and at the same time lofty. He touched nothing that he did not elevate as well as assimilate. He made everything his own, and transfigured himself. I have heard many of the great orators of our time in both hemispheres, but, taking all in all, I have never heard one who in my opinion was his equal.

Although Marshall, as I said at the outset, made a slight impression on his time, he made a decided impression on the oratory of his time—particularly the oratory of the South and West, which still bears the impress of his manner, though sometimes (I will not say generally) the contortions are more apparent than the inspiration. The effect might put one in mind of the grotesque imitations of Moslem architecture in those parts of Germany once overrun by the Turk, wherein copies of the airy minarets of St. Sophia may be seen crowning alike the stable and the church. But the attempt to imitate Tom Marshall, however unsuccessful, deserves not to be mentioned harshly. The attempt is natural enough; and so is the failure. He was inimitable.

PAUL R. SHIPMAN.

LINLEY ROCHFORD.

By JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

CHAPTER XII.

"FRIENDS OF AN ILL FASHION."

SCARCELY two months have passed away since we last saw Linley, and how much she seems to herself to have learned, unlearned, and doubted in that time! The Rochfords have been several weeks in London, and Linley has been to the opera and to ever so many dinner parties, evening parties, private concerts, and five o'clock teas; she has learned to be an accomplished hostess; she has taken various rising artists, men and women, under her patronage. She has become tolerably familiar with the Row, and has grown almost accustomed to the fact that Mr. Rochford sometimes rides there with Miss Courcelles, the young lady now being the happy owner of a beautiful gray horse, which we may presume was suited to her complexion, and which Linley vaguely understood to be a present from some relative—perhaps the Bishop, or some kind, unnamed friend. Mrs. and Miss Courcelles are at present, and have been for some short time, staying with the Rochfords as visitors. Mrs. Courcelles was generally kind enough to accompany Linley to the Row in Rochford's carriage; Rochford preferred riding, so did Miss Courcelles, and Linley did not know how to ride. Mrs. Courcelles was now affectionate as well as patronizing to Linley, for she saw that the house in town would be very convenient to her, and looking carefully into the future she thought too that whenever Cynthia should come to be married Mrs. Rochford's would be just the place for the wedding breakfast. Mrs. Courcelles, therefore, considered herself as paying Linley in advance for possible favors, by introducing her to London life and teaching her what to do. Linley bore the patronage with great good humor because her husband seemed to find such pleasure in the society of the mother and daughter. She wondered how he could care about them, the elder woman was so vapid and the younger so sweetly commonplace. But it was certain that their society pleased him, and Linley therefore put up with it, consoling herself, perhaps rather shabbily, by mimicking the mother and the daughter to herself, and for her own amusement, when she was alone.

Alone? When was she not alone? The truth had not yet fully revealed itself to her, but it was beginning to reveal itself—the truth that no soul in all the land could be more lonely than hers. Rochford was always kind, he was sometimes even caressing, but her companionship was not necessary to him any longer—had never, in her sense, been necessary to him at all. She had been a most fortunate woman as the world goes. Every outsider would have considered her marriage and her life thus far singularly happy. It never occurred to Mrs. Rochford even to suspect that their marriage was not happy, and Linley was always trying to persuade herself that nothing could be better, and that if her life was not precisely what she had dreamed of, it was only because of the insurmountable difference between reality and dream. If this

was not what she had wished for, this, she assured herself over and over again, was what she ought to have wished for. The scheme of the world, she resolutely told herself, is not to be blamed, if unmarried girls will have foolish notions of life. In the mean time she did her best to fill up every possible blank by endeavoring to serve people, by doing a little patronage which brought her agreeable compliments, by observing that she looked pretty and that people thought her so, and by allowing a little talent for sarcasm to develop itself. No one who has not tried that balm of hurt minds, can tell how much the Christian spirit may be occasionally relieved by a sarcasm.

Roche Valentine came to the house often, but irregularly. He seldom dined there at present; he made no secret of the fact that the company of the Courcelles ladies bored him, and it was certain that these ladies did not much care about him. Therefore he dropped in at odd hours, generally rather late at night, when he could sit alone with Rochford and smoke and talk. He went out a good deal, however, having nothing of the recluse about him, and Linley met him to speak to rather more often at other people's houses than in her own. Rochford was pleased that his wife should be admired and invited out, and he sent her everywhere, generally in company with the Courcelles, and not often going with her unless to a particularly agreeable and small dinner party. It must be owned that the society which Rochford drew to his own house was not of the best form. He liked people either to amuse him or to admire him; the best society would do neither. Men who flatly contradicted him at every turn, like Tuxham, amused him; women who put themselves, figuratively, under his feet, like the Courcelles, mother and daughter, pleased him. He liked to feel himself a patron, and he had that sort of pride—in itself only a lack of independence in a new form: homage to social rank turned the other way—which makes some people dislike to be in the company of men who stand higher in society than themselves.

"I like Julius Cæsar's idea," he said once to Valentine as they were talking over this very subject, "when he said he would rather be the first man in a little village than the second man in Rome."

"All nonsense!" Valentine replied politely. "The mighty Julius knew perfectly well he was going to be the first man in Rome. If he hadn't known it, he wouldn't have made the remark. Why didn't he go and settle down in the village? He might have been first man there whenever he liked."

Anyhow Rochford's dinner table usually entertained men and women who looked up to Rochford. Into general society he sent his wife far more often than he went himself. He could not abide standing on crowded staircases. He liked to be let alone when it suited him, but disliked to be overlooked.

The Rochfords lived in one of the older squares of London. It was a square now, in fact, growing to be a little old-fashioned. It has famous memories attaching to it. Almost every house has its family history. Nothing was new there. The iron extinguishers, by means of which the footmen used to put out their blazing flambeaux, still ornamented the lamp railings in front of the doors. Great statesmen, great scholars, soldiers, judges, admirals had lived there. The air must still, one would think, have been perfumed by the lingering savor of the brilliant things which had been said round the dinner ta-

bles of that square, by the wits of two centuries. The battlements that at present grimly adorn one or two of the houses, tell of noble families which kept their abode there since the trees first grew in the central gardens. Fashion, as we have said, was leaving the place of late years, and seeking the brighter spots of Belgravia, and Mayfair, and the new South Kensington regions. But dignity and respectability had never quitted it. No name of solicitors, in huge brass plates, told that mere business was invading its doorsteps. Mr. Rochford's house had large, solid rooms, some with painted ceilings and great stone staircases, and it might indeed have been a grim mansion enough but for the appearance of soft luxurious ease with which Rochford's tastes had contrived to overspread its spaces. Linley's little boudoir was in especial fitted up with exquisite taste and brightness, and when she saw herself there, and remembered her small, cold, and carpetless room that looked upon the Rhine, she felt sometimes much surprised, and thought she surely must be very happy.

The Platts had lately taken a house in the same square. There was a time when a house there was obtainable about as often on an average as the aloe-tree blooms, but vacancies now happened more often, and the Platts made a settlement there. A wonderful thing had lately occurred in the fortunes of the Platts. Every London season probably has its hero and its wonder, and Mr. Platt was the hero of this season. He had succeeded in breathing quite a new philanthropic vein. He had taken up the sufferings of a particular class of workers, with whom in his own working days he had chiefly associated; he had spent large sums of money in the cause, and had made simple, strong speeches, full of mistakes in grammar and terrible mispronunciation, but brimming over with zeal, kindness, and energy. He often drew the tears into his own eyes, and always into those of his wife, as he spoke; and at last there was a great meeting at Exeter Hall, with two peers, three bishops, and several members of Parliament on the platform; and Platt, waxing autobiographical in the earnestness of his speech, described the hardships of his boyhood as a worker, and told how his wife, a little girl of eight, had had to be at her place every morning at six, when the factory bell rang; and finally declaring that since Providence had blessed his basket and his store, his wife and he meant with God's help to try to do some good for their former brothers and sisters, he fairly brought down the house. One of the bishops actually shed tears, and many a laced pocket-handkerchief, marked with a coronet, became a mere rag for honest sympathetic moisture. The Platts were famous next day. Their past poverty and their present wealth were alike fascinating. They had not sought the great world. It found them out and came to them. It fell in love with their benevolence and their eccentric, uncouth virtues. Even a London season has its bursts of generous emotion.

So Mr. Platt was on every platform, and was crushed with his honest wife into the corner of every drawing-room. Rochford at first was rather amused by all this, but at length he grew vexed, in what seemed to his wife a very unreasonable manner. When kindly Mrs. Platt expressed a good-natured wish to take Linley with her to the houses of various countesses and duchesses, and declared that her pretty face and her sweet ways would make her a favorite anywhere, Rochford became uncontrollable in his impatience.

"Linley, my dear," he said to her one morning, "I do wish you wouldn't

encourage that vulgar woman. These people are now quite beyond bearing. Their heads have been turned since some silly old dowagers have taken them up."

"The Platts? Those dear, kind people? Dear Louis, you are quite wrong. That darling old woman is all goodness and kindness; and I protest she doesn't seem spoiled a bit. I almost love them; I am pretty sure I love her."

"Their ways are insufferable to me. I don't know how people can endure such vulgarity."

"But don't you think, Louis, there is a good deal of originality about them both? There is a queer vein of half-poetic common sense in him. He says such shrewd, quaint things sometimes; he often makes me think I am reading Bunyan."

"I have no taste for companionship of that kind."

"But, dear, you used to like Mr. and Mrs. Platt."

"Well, Linley, I used to endure them. Down in the country their very vulgarity was a sort of entertainment. Here it's different. Besides they knew their place there, and kept it. Here they don't."

"Louis, I don't think you do them justice; but you don't want me to give them up?"

"I wouldn't encourage that woman. What do you want of her? How can you endure her talk?"

"Ah me," said Linley with half a sigh, "she always talks of trying to do good for somebody or something; and her ways and his ways are like some honest breeze from a pure and pleasant country-side. If you only knew how much more difficult I find it to get on with Mrs. Courcelles, you would pity me, Louis dear."

"Mrs. Courcelles is a lady, Linley."

"Is she? I am sorry—at least I don't mean that, I am neither glad nor sorry; I don't care. She may be called good society in Goethe's sense—isn't it Goethe?—for nobody could possibly get the making of an epigram out of her."

"Well," replied Rochford with a smile, "I don't say that Mrs. Courcelles is very brilliant, Linley, but she is a woman of education and can talk like a lady."

"Is that all one needs, Louis? I could do that if I tried; I could talk like Mrs. Courcelles—just listen." And our saucy heroine gave a capital little bit of imitation.

Rochford started. His face grew florid with emotion of some kind. Linley could not understand what was wrong until she saw that Mrs. Courcelles had actually entered the room.

Mrs. Courcelles heard enough to understand thoroughly the kind of amusement in which Linley was indulging herself. She turned pale with anger, and her thin lips became livid and bloodless for a moment. But dull and vapid as she seemed to Linley, she was a remarkably clever woman where her own interests were concerned, and it would not by any means suit her to quarrel with the mistress of the comfortable house where she and her daughter were so well received. So she laid up the injury, and it remained, like haughty Juno's, reposed in the depths of her breast. She would pay it off some time, she thought, when Cynthia was married or safe on the way to marriage, and she could do without the Rochfords and their house. Then she hoped

to be able to make Linley atone for her insolence. But now she only advanced benignly, having banished all the evidence of anger from her thin face, and said:

"You dear, droll, clever creature! Now do tell me what is that? Whom *are* you imitating now? What odd person? I am sure it's very clever, but I am so dull at recognizing."

"I don't think you know the person, Mrs. Courcelles," said Rochford, quite deceived, and sheltering himself under the reserved conviction that the lady knew as little of her own identity as most of us do.

"No? I am sorry, for I *should* like to enjoy it. But isn't it very wrong of you, Mrs. Rochford? To be so wicked and satirical, I mean? I fear, Mr. Rochford, you are spoiling your charming young wife."

"It is wrong to do, Mrs. Courcelles," Linley said frankly, "and I am penitent and ashamed of myself. I'll not do it any more; and my only consolation is that it was very badly done, and that nobody could know *who* was meant."

"Oh, my *dear* Mrs. Rochford, don't take it in that serious light! Why shouldn't you be clever and satirical? Only very silly persons could be offended—and then they needn't know. I am not afraid, dear; for I know you are too kind-hearted and good-natured to turn your *friends* into ridicule."

Linley cast a glance of rueful and comical penitence at Rochford. But her husband was too much vexed to see any fun in anything at present.

The sweet and placid Cynthia was in her dressing-room that same evening preparing for dinner when Mrs. Courcelles came in, and Cynthia knew at once from her mother's appearance that something had gone wrong. Some hours and a drive in the park had intervened since the little scene just described, and Mrs. Courcelles, having kept in her anger so long, felt it urgent to let some of it out at last. She sat down at first without speaking, and began turning round and round with nervous, quivering thin fingers a water-glass that stood on the table. Cynthia waited composedly.

"Do you know, Cynthia," the elder lady broke out at last, "that madam below has chosen to take you and me for her laughing-stocks? We, if you please, are the subjects of her ridicule! I heard her imitating me—*Me!* I heard her—I came in and caught her in the act! Doing an imitation of *ME*—as if I were some ridiculous person!"

"But, mamma, what does it matter? I don't care."

"You are so insensible, Cynthia! Besides, you didn't hear it; and I suppose you wouldn't care how people laughed at your mother. But you may be sure she turns *you* into ridicule just as much."

"Oh, mamma, I don't care at all; I don't indeed," the complacent Cynthia repeated. "I do wish you wouldn't mind such things!"

"And Rochford encouraging her to turn you into ridicule?"

Cynthia did color and wince at this for an instant; but she soon recovered her serene self-conceit.

"I am sure Mr. Rochford never encourages that sort of thing," she said. "More likely she does it to annoy him, mamma, because she thinks—because she fancies he doesn't like it." And Miss Cynthia glanced at the looking-glass.

Mrs. Courcelles had considerable respect for her daughter's sound selfish sense, and began to think that this was a very likely explanation of the matter.

The more she remembered Rochford's flushed and angry look, the more and more probable it seemed. Her own self-conceit was a good deal relieved, and she felt glad to think that she had perhaps found a way of wounding Linley now and then, in the way that hurts every woman most. She thought with exceeding satisfaction that if she had made Linley laugh in secret, she would also make her cry in secret; the picture of Linley passing a sleepless night in tears restored her equanimity.

"I wonder who she was, Cynthia? I think she must have been an actress or something of that kind. Where did Rochford pick her up—at Baden-Baden was it?"

"Oh no, mamma; at Bonn. She was teaching in a school."

"Teaching in a fiddlestick, dear! They all say that. Teachers or the daughters of curates—all that sort of thing. People don't learn to do ventriloquism and acting and comedy and that at boarding-schools in Bonn. Depend upon it, she was an actress, or a dancer, or a singer, or something of that kind. I'll find out."

"But, mamma, I don't see how it concerns us what she was."

"Not now perhaps; but we ought to know. I dare say poor Rochford is sorry enough already that he ever married her."

"Yes, I think he is sorry," Cynthia said in a tone of placid conviction.

"He hasn't said so—he hasn't told *you* so, Cynthia? He hasn't talked in that sort of way?" Mrs. Courcelles spoke in sudden excitement and apprehension. She was the properest of women, and she knew that she couldn't allow her daughter to remain another day in the house if Mr. Rochford had let fall the faintest hint of the kind.

"Mamma! of course he hasn't. How can you ask such nonsensical questions? You know Mr. Rochford wouldn't say a word of such a thing to anybody—and above all to *me*," Cynthia added with the faintest possible touch of sentiment in her tone.

"No, dear, of course not!" Mrs. Courcelles was again quite satisfied and relieved. It is perhaps needless to say that Mrs. Courcelles's designs for her daughter were wholly in the house. She wanted a nest occasionally in London for Cynthia and herself; a place where Cynthia might perhaps meet young men who had money and have her wedding breakfast. She knew that her daughter could have no other thought. It would be impossible to imagine either of these women doing or even feeling tempted to do anything improper. One might as well think of the fair Cynthia deliberately coming down to dinner in her stays and flannel petticoat. No idea of the kind could possibly find a place in the breasts of these respectable women. They marched with the highest conventional morality of their time in the West End of London. Had they been attached to the Court of Charles II., they would probably have instinctively conformed to the ways of polite society there; but having had the advantage of being born in an eminently respectable age, it was impossible that they could be anything but respectable.

Mrs. Courcelles had been much puzzled about Linley's past history. Linley had told her so frankly about her aunts, and their school, and her having taught there, that Mrs. Courcelles knew at once *that* story could not be true. Of course, as she cleverly reasoned, every person whose history is at all doubtful is sure to try to make herself out better than she is; and if this young woman says she was a teacher in a school, it is clear she could not have been

anything half so good as a teacher in a school. Mrs. Courcelles was a keen woman, great at little bits of evidence and putting this and that together, and thus triumphantly making out a case. She happened to find out that Mrs. Rochford could make cakes and pie-crust, and for a while she was satisfied that Linley must have been a pastry-cook's apprentice. This idea took possession of her for a while like a faith, and she even devised a subtle scheme for its verification. She persuaded Linley to go with her to the opera bouffe of "Geneviève de Brabant," and when Drogan, the enamored pastry-cook, came on, she her eyes did rivet on Linley's face, expectant of some tell-tale blush or confession. But Linley looked so innocent, so wholly unconscious of guilt or shame, that Mrs. Courcelles, not believing that the uttermost bronze of hypocrisy could yet have mailed the cheek of one so young, was forced to abandon the pastry-cook theory. She was now convinced that Mrs. Rochford had been an actress—or perhaps a ballet-girl; and when she saw Linley waltz very gracefully at a ball, Mrs. Courcelles whispered in the ear of her daughter, who was leaning on her partner's arm and resting with gracefully panting bosom:

"Did you observe her, Cynthia? Wasn't I right? I felt inclined to throw her a bouquet! How she must have missed the footlights!"

To which Cynthia only answered:

"Oh, mamma!"

Mamma passed on with a triumphant smile, feeling sure she had made a great hit. She found occasion to say to many persons that night:

"Is not Mrs. Rochford very pretty? Don't you know Mrs. Rochford? There she is—passing us now—in violet. She can waltz and amuse her partner at the same time; so clever and so satirical! People are quite afraid of her, but *I* like her."

"She seems much younger than her husband," a lady observed, to whom, among others, this speech was made. "Mr. Rochford is a handsome man, I think; but he must be twice her age."

"Quite that; but she's so *very* clever—she must have been a very precocious girl—the difference of age really doesn't seem so much. She is *very* clever. It was a very sudden match—made at Baden-Baden or somewhere—one of those odd places abroad."

"Indeed? What family does Mrs. Rochford belong to?"

"Oh, really, I don't know at all. I don't even know her maiden name. One doesn't ask, you know, if one isn't told."

"But you know them so well, Mrs. Courcelles!"

"Louis Rochford—oh yes, as if he were my nephew—or my brother. But Mrs. Rochford, no—not until I knew her as Mrs. Rochford. I didn't even know that he was going to be married. I knew—that is, I fancied—that he was disappointed in another quarter, you know—or annoyed or something—and then he went abroad, and he brought back this young woman as his wife. He *seems* very fond of her; but then he loves to be amused; and she's so clever and satirical, and does such wonderful imitations of odd persons, that she would keep any company alive. She ought to have been an actress, I sometimes say to her."

The lady to whom all this was spoken determined that she at least would have nothing to do with such a person as that young Mrs. Rochford appeared to be. Meanwhile Linley, made almost happy for the moment by the music

and the lights and the movement, was still, through whatever sense of physical enjoyment, followed by a regret that Rochford had not yet come, and a yearning after the quiet evenings in Dripdeanham.

CHAPTER XIII.

LINLEY TAKES A HOLIDAY.

THUS Linley amused herself somewhat wearily. She had absolutely nothing to do but amuse herself. Mr. Rochford disliked women having any concern with domestic affairs. He wished to have his wife perfectly free of all other duties whenever he liked to talk to her or to read to her, or to have her read to him. A housekeeper who had served under the other Mrs. Rochford relieved Linley of every care or share in household affairs; and Linley felt rather like a child who was allowed the free run of a large house than like the mistress of the establishment. At Dripdeanham she had Sinda to look after, who was her especial care, and she could walk alone by the sea. Here she had only to fall into the life of London in the season, and to be taken about by Mrs. Courcelles. A strange sense of unreality seemed to embarrass her existence, as if she were only playing a part; as if she were not the real Linley at all. For some reason, which she could not explain or did not try to explain, she very seldom wrote to her aunts at Bonn, and therefore there were times when she seemed to have drifted away from her old world and her former self altogether.

Another curious and entirely new sensation came over her sometimes. She began to feel nervous and uneasy if left alone in the gray of descending evenings. This sensation alarmed her, and she welcomed any manner of visiting or other trivial occupation to drive it away.

Meanwhile she had not forgotten that there was one thing which she had proposed to herself to do when she came to London, and which might be regarded in the light of a sort of duty. So much amusement was always thrust upon her or given to her cut-and-dried, that she had been compelled day after day to put off this one particular expedition. At last there came a day which appeared particularly opportune, for Miss Courcelles had engagements of her own and Mrs. Courcelles had a headache. So there was a chance of a first effort at free action. Therefore this morning Linley said to her husband:

"You don't want me to-day, Louis?"

"I want you always, Linley," Rochford answered with his easy smile, and just looking up from the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*"

"Thanks, dear. But particularly I mean—so particularly that you can't do without me?"

"Well, no, Linley; since you put it that way, and will make me seem ungracious. That is, we can do without you until dinner-time."

"Yes. I mean that I am going on an expedition."

"Charity—philanthropy?"

"No, dear; friendship."

"Friendship, Linley? I thought that was a masculine quality altogether, like a moustache; and—well, and the appreciation of a dinner and a glass of wine. I didn't think women ever had friendship."

"Come now, Louis! Remember what Mr. Valentine says about cheap

cynicism! Besides, you ought to know better! Have you not heard Cynthia Courcelles often express the warmest friendship for——

Rochford looked up with a quick, uneasy glance.

"For *me*, dear," Linley went on dreamily. "I only said for *me*. Surely she is sincere? Her generous bosom can contain a true friendship."

Rochford turned in his chair. "You always laugh at Cynthia Courcelles, Linley. She isn't very clever; but then——"

"She is very beautiful, and I delight in looking at her. I don't want her to be clever, Louis—I am delighted that she isn't clever. If she were, I dare say I should be jealous."

"Jealous of what?"

"Don't ask with that grave manner, Louis dear. I only mean jealous of her superiority every way. I was not thinking of her old admiration for you, dear. I have not a bit of jealous feeling that way. Why shouldn't she admire you? *I* do. Of course I know she doesn't forgive me for having married you."

"All this time," said he, "you haven't told me a word about your expedition."

"No; because we went off in a dissertation about women and friendship. Well, I am going to see a woman—for friendship's sake."

"Friendship of yours, Linley?"

"No, Louis—of yours. I am going to pay a visit to Mrs. Valentine."

"Roche's sister?"

"Yes, dear; and to try to get her to be my friend and to come here often, and bring her children. I am fond of children." Here Linley stopped and slightly colored.

"She won't come, Linley."

"No, dear? Why do you think so? How do you know?"

"Roche won't allow her. He is odd, and proud, and takes queer conceits. He will think that as she can't dress like you and spend money and all that, she must not come near the place."

"Now I call that," said Linley musingly, "the strangest idea of independence! So that we are to be judged by our clothes, and never can get above their level! Does Mr. Valentine call *that* pride? I call it cowardice. I should not be abashed by any woman's clothes—not if she wore cloth of gold, whatever that is. I would dress as I pleased, and I wouldn't admit—no, not even to myself—that she and I were different. Do you know, Louis, I have still the little blue dress and the black petticoat I wore the first day I saw you—and I thought myself good enough for *you*, dear, in them, if you loved me. Only, mind, because you loved me; that made me good enough—not anything in myself. Dress couldn't make or mar me. I shall put these things on this very day."

"Oh, please don't, Linley."

"Louis! Should you not like to see me in that dress again?"

"I should like it, dear, very much; but I think you ought to go rather better dressed to see people."

"But you said Mrs. Valentine or her brother might take alarm at finery, or something of that kind; and would it not be better to go plainly dressed, to begin with?"

"Plainly; yes, of course. You are always simply dressed. But, Linley, there may be ostentation of homeliness, you know. She knows very well, and Roche knows, that you don't go about here in a blue stuff dress; she would

know that you went in that masquerade costume to suit yourself to her; and it would be only reminding her of her poverty."

"*Ach!*" said Linley, "one must not be natural except under penalty of being set down as artificial! If we try to be friendly, we are only supposed to be unfriendly! Well, I'll not experiment in the blue dress and the short petticoat. How lucky a man is! He can wear anything he likes except in the evening; and then he has no trouble of selecting, for he must wear the one garb and nothing else! I feel tempted to get my hair cut short and go in for Woman's Rights. You don't know Mrs. Valentine, Louis?"

"No, Linley. I never saw her."

"How odd that you never went to see her, and with such friendship for her brother!"

"'Tis odd, I suppose," said Rochford, now laying down his book and entering with a certain pleasure, as he always did, upon any discussion of his own character. "I suppose it seems very selfish; in fact, I dare say it is very selfish. But you know all my various bad ways, Linley, and you know how little of a hero your husband is."

"I don't believe a word of it, Louis. You like to disparage yourself. You and Mr. Valentine both have the same way. To hear him speak of himself, you might think he hadn't a good quality in the world; and see how he devotes himself to his sister-in-law and her children. It is the same with you, I know. You found some way of doing her many a kindness, I am sure."

"There was nothing to be done, dear."

"But why not go and see her, and know her? Now, Louis, I have a theory—a romantic theory perhaps, but I think it is the true one; and it makes your resolve heroic."

"Then, rely upon it, it isn't the true one, Linley! I didn't go just because I was lazy, and I don't know what to say to people who are unhappy; and to tell you the truth, Linley, I have a horror of distressed widows and orphan children, pale women in thin gowns, and all that sort of thing. If one could do anything—but when one can't."

"Louis, I can't believe that of you."

"It's the truth, dear, and I had rather you knew it. Now, what was your romantic theory?"

"I hardly care to speak of it now; I ought not to. It was absurd."

"Still, let me hear."

"Oh, mere nonsense. A kind of idea that perhaps, as you were such a friend of her brother's, and he was so devoted to you always, that you might have been already a hero in her eyes; and then women are so soft, and you might have feared—that she——"

"That she might have fallen in love with me, and her love have been unrequited? Is that it, Linley?" And Rochford smiled easily.

Linley colored a little as if she were betraying to ridicule some of the secrets of her sex.

"That is it, dear. At least that was it. I had some such notion. It would not have been very wonderful."

"It would have been very wonderful in my case," said Rochford—"the heroic resolve, I mean. It is all imagination, Linley. The truth is, I never thought of the poor woman at all, and I suppose she is in tears half her time. I am glad you are not a crying woman, Linley; I never could admire woman with the tear in her eye, as the Scotch songs say."

Now Linley had during this talk gradually fallen into her old familiar position—not so familiar lately, to be sure, as it once used to be; that is, she was seated on the ground and leaning against Rochford's knee. She turned half round now and looked earnestly, wistfully, into his face. He was still smiling his easy smile of complacent self-accusation.

Linley rose to her feet with a disheartened, doubtful expression, and with something almost like a sigh.

"Well, Louis, I am going to see Mrs. Valentine."

"Quite right, Linley; very good of you. Of course you'll have the carriage?"

"No, dear. I am going to walk."

"To walk, Linley? It's some queer sort of place—Camden Town or something of that kind. Beastly streets; and you'll never find your way. This isn't Bonn, Linley, or Dripdeanham."

"But I like to walk; I have quite set my heart on walking out there. I shall lose the use of my limbs if I don't walk sometimes, and I want to know something of London."

"That sort of place isn't London, Linley."

"Then, what is London? Hyde Park?"

"Well, in one sense, Hyde Park is London. But there is historic London, old London, the London of the Tower and that sort of thing; and there's legal London and foreign London; and Westminster Hall, and ever so many Londons. But little shabby suburbs are not London."

"Still I should like to walk, if you don't object, Louis. I don't care to seem as if I were paying a visit in state to Mrs. Valentine; and then if I took the carriage Mrs. Courcelles would kindly offer to accompany me, and you know yourself, Louis, that never would do."

"A wilful woman will have her way, Linley."

"That she will," said Linley smiling.

"All I have to say is, don't get lost; don't have to be advertised for; don't tell your name to anybody; and if you want to ask your way——"

"Ask at the bakers' shops. Yes, I know all that. My maid has laid down that law for me already."

"What nonsense! I don't mean that; I mean don't ask loungers at street corners, and don't seem too much of a stranger. Of course, though, everybody must know you are a stranger; nobody else walks in places of that sort. Indeed, Linley, I don't think I ought to allow you to go about places in that way."

"Come now, you have given your consent and you can't take it back. You said I might, and I long for a tramp, an unrestricted tramp."

There were few things Mr. Rochford would not have permitted any one to do which did not directly interfere in some manner with some wish of his own. He had no particular wish to keep Linley at home that day; and although he felt a little uncomfortable at the notion of his wife hunting her way about St. Pancras or Camden Town, yet he did not think it mattered much, and it was a relief and even a convenience to him that Linley should be a little eccentric in her habits. She was thus a relief to Cynthia Courcelles, as Cynthia Courcelles was a relief to her.

So Linley set forth upon her expedition. It was not in itself much of an adventure, but to her at present it had all the delightful freshness of an exploring enterprise. As she set foot in the square and heard the door close be-

hind her, she felt a sense of gladness and liberty, for it was the first time she had ever been alone in London. Without knowing why she went that way rather than another, she chose a long straight street that ran northward out of the square, and she chose it because, owing to the unusual clearness of the atmosphere, it was closed at its far extremity by a visible horizon of gentle hills. The mere sight of anything like a hill made her heart throb, now that she was alone and could yield herself to memory. She thought of the river of her girlhood, her earliest youth—of her youth?—nay, surely of everybody's youth—the river that we never forget, that never loses its peculiar poetry and beauty, though we know that there are others as beautiful, far more beautiful; the sacred stream of all the young—the Rhine. Linley had almost begun her holiday with a tear, when she thought of her dreams by the Rhine, and could not help comparing them with the reality; for it was growing very clear to her now that she would have to reconcile herself to life steadily day by day, hour by hour—to school her nature down to a discipline of dull endurance and negation. There was nothing to complain of as yet, only she had made a mistake and believed she had a lover and a hero where there was but a good-natured, well-read, epicurean gentleman. Linley had a brave heart, prematurely formed and strengthened by trying conditions, and she had no thought of anything but a resolute acceptance, and making the best of the situation she had brought upon herself, and of which she was not disposed to exaggerate the difficulties. Still a young wife, a bride of a few months, resolving to reconcile herself to life, is not an object exhilarating to contemplate. "Come what will," Linley said to herself, "I will not be a *femme incomprise*. I'll suit myself to my life as it comes, and make the very best of it for myself and others. No; I'll not be a *femme incomprise*."

So she walked along northward, glad for the moment to be alone, and feeling again like a curious, venturesome schoolgirl. The streets were not interesting or romantic in themselves; but they were streets of London, and Linley could walk where she pleased, and was free of Mrs. Courcelles and everybody else for a little. At first she walked through long and monotonous rows of houses, built of dark, discolored brick, one just the same as another. Then a great road crossed her way with crowded omnibuses and rattling cabs—a road which had once been made up of spacious dwelling-houses with large front gardens; but the dwelling-houses were now turned into shops, and the front gardens were used as open-air show-rooms. Linley was amused and astonished at the many schools of art which were afforded by the establishments of the ornamental statuaries and the monumental stone-cutters. Two or three of these places, jammed up close together with their various works of art projecting into the streets, made an odd and heterogeneous collection. The broken column, the cross, the funeral urn, the weeping angel, which were to belong to the cemetery, were mixed up with the Egyptian sphinx destined to adorn some suburban doorsteps, the huge British lion which was to become the emblem of a public house, and the Venus and the Artemis of the Louvre. Linley felt sorry for the Aphrodite and the Artemis, who had to put up with the vulgar company of public-house emblems and the ghastly ornamentations of northern graves. They seemed to her like Greek captives in some barbaric market-place, and she almost felt as if she could wish to help them in making their escape.

Meanwhile she must find her way, and in her wondering over the associations of the Diana she had lost her clue.

"You are looking for some place," said a slender, well-dressed young man, of whom at the moment Linley observed nothing more than that he was short of stature, had dark eyes, and spoke in a soft voice, with an accent which seemed like that of a foreigner. His manner was very civil, and Linley told him where she wished to go. He pointed her the way she was to take, and politely excused himself for having addressed her, saying that he thought she was a stranger and seemed embarrassed, and that the place was rough and noisy for a lady.

"What place is this, please?" Linley asked.

"This is Euston Road. It is a little confusing and crowded."

"Thank you; I wasn't thinking of that, or afraid. I was only wondering at Diana—in Euston Road," and Linley glanced at the huge plaster Artemis. "One doesn't expect to see Diana in Euston Road."

"Ah! one doesn't expect it, but I have seen Diana in Euston Road, Mrs. Rochford!"

Linley did not take any notice of the compliment paid to herself (with her bright face, her light strong figure, and her free and graceful movements, she might have fitly made one of Diana's chorus), so much surprised was she when she heard her own name.

"You know me, then?"

"I ought to know you, Mrs. Rochford."

"But I don't know you—at least I don't remember you; perhaps I ought to, but I have met so many people lately."

Linley now turned her eyes upon the stranger and endeavored to recollect him, assuming that he must be one of her many acquaintances lately made. He was a very young man, seemingly not twenty years old, although he spoke with a confirmed and easy manner, as of one who knew his world. He had a dark complexion, short dark curling hair, and wonderfully bright eyes. He was considerably below the middle height and very slender; his hands were quite little and girlish. He gave one the idea somehow of a girl in boy's clothes, although his soft dark moustache was full enough to have banished any such thought. But the pervading idea in Linley's mind was that he looked like an artist or a foreigner, and as his face seemed familiar to her, she assumed he must be some musician who had been presented to her somewhere.

All this passed through her mind in an instant, and all was dispelled when he said:

"You have never seen me before, Mrs. Rochford."

"But you know me."

"Yes, and I never saw you until to-day; but I have had your face long in my mind, and I should have known you—I should have divined you—anywhere. You cannot guess who I am?"

"Indeed I cannot, and you must excuse me if I don't propose to stand here guessing."

His manner was so respectful and he looked so young that Linley was neither embarrassed nor offended; but she strongly objected to standing on the pavement of Euston Road, and being jostled by passengers now on this side and now on that, while trying to make out an enigma.

"One moment only. You have been the best benefactress to the only creature left in the world who is very dear to me."

Linley blushed slightly, and in a moment the resemblance in his face to some one she knew, and which had been puzzling her, made itself clear.

"I think I know now," she said. "You are the brother of my little friend——"

"Of the orphan Sinda, to whom you have been the generous protector. Yes, Mrs. Rochford; and I only wish I could kneel on the pavement to thank——"

"Oh, please don't," said Linley smiling; "it's rather muddy, and besides I don't deserve it. But I am glad to see you—to know that you are living, and well—and that Sinda is not quite alone. I must see you; we must have some talk together."

"I went to your house to-day, and I meant to have asked for you, but I lost courage. We are poor—now; and I dread lackeys. I thought I should like to see you first. I waited and watched, and at last I saw you come out."

"Oh!" This was said with a surprise that was not wholly unmingled with a certain sense of discomfort. "Then you followed me?"

"Forgive me; I did. I knew you at the first glance, but I did not like to speak to you there. When you stopped and seemed to have lost your way, then I took courage."

"I should not have thought you wanted courage so much. Will you come and see Mr. Rochford and me to-morrow—any time between eleven and two? That will be better; and please don't follow me any more."

"Oh no, that is quite unnecessary now."

"It was hardly necessary at all I think, but no matter," for the young man seemed greatly downcast. "You will come and see me—and see us—to-morrow?"

"It shall be my delight—another favor for which to be grateful."

She was about to hold out her hand to him, but he had drawn back and made a respectful bow, taking off his hat in a manner which rather astonished Euston Road.

Linley walked quickly on, feeling an odd mixture of wonder, satisfaction, and discomfort. It was true then—little Sinda really had a brother; and he was a handsome youth, as Sinda had often told her; and he had come back to find his sister, as Mr. Tuxham always said he never would do. All this was gratifying, but Linley was not quite certain how Mr. Rochford would relish the introduction of this anomalous new acquaintance whom she had brought upon him, and she did not feel quite certain whether she liked or disliked the new acquaintance herself. However, as she had taken little Sinda in hand, she would not renounce her charge until she had learned something about the brother who had turned up so unexpectedly and oddly. Therefore she must see him and endeavor to find out all about him. Linley as a married woman felt herself of course immeasurably older than this fragile-looking youth, and she knew that Mr. Rochford would not take much trouble to assist her.

Her little expedition had opened rather strangely. She went on quickly to make up for lost time. The day was sunny, and the walk was pleasant, and she had come out with a settled determination to observe everything, and train her mind to be as "objective" as possible. For she found that she had been brooding far too much of late over herself, her past and her future; and she was convinced that she never could deal with the realities of her life, and make the best of them, without keeping herself far in the background of her thoughts. There was something heroic about this simple resolve which the young wife had so deliberately made—the resolve to put away illusions once for all, and not merely endure but welcome and make the best of the life that

lay before her. It was all the more heroic because it had none of the prestige of heroism or even of martyrdom about it. It would be known to nobody, appreciated by nobody. It would have no epitaph to be written. It would conduce to no grand dramatic end, even in the way of destruction. It was to be only the quiet taming down of an imaginative, impatient, and emotional nature to the dry, hard work of a life without love. Its highest triumph would be a full reconciliation with the commonplaces, wherein even those whose lives were made the happier for her self-discipline would discern no sacrifice.

So she went her way, meanwhile determined to use her eyes and not her thoughts. There was not much to see. The streets she passed through had nothing of London in them, nothing characteristic. They were for a long time made of small tobacco shops with playbills outside the doors, and public houses and milliners' and drapers' shops of the smaller class, and butchers and greengrocers and bakers, and all that kind of thing. Linley looked at everything, and even read the playbills now and then, and when she read the name of the principal actress in this one or that, fell to wondering as to what sort of a woman she was, and whether she was really clever and successful and happy, and whether she had found her path in life and was satisfied with it. Then she thought of the failures, and wondered how they got on, and whether they were always depressed, and whether among them there were not some who ought to have made a success only for something or other which they couldn't help. Then she passed a little church or chapel, built in and imbedded among the ordinary houses, so that she could hardly have known it to be a place of worship except for its little formal gate and the printed announcement of forthcoming services and sermons in it; and she began to think that the busy wife of a faithful and respected clergyman or minister must look up to her husband greatly, and be looked up to by him and feel that she had a real business in life, and so be very happy.

Little by little the shops began to grow fewer and smaller; dwelling-houses increased. There were long rows of houses with trim areas and neat railings, and with brass plates on the doors and flower-pots in the windows, and no shop among them. At last the shops ceased altogether, except for an occasional public house, with a sign swinging from a tree outside the door, and a trough for horses to drink from. Semi-detached villa residences began to multiply, and even wholly detached villas, large, handsome, and solid, which would have suggested to eyes more experienced than Linley's the presence of wealthy city men of dissenting views in religion; for dissent, it has been truly observed, never gets nearer to London than the suburbs. The road was broad, clean, well kept, with trees overhanging it on both sides from the gardens of the villas, and everywhere there was a wealth of leaves and flowers and ferns, of birches and copper beeches and elms and ivy. The sun was mild, the air was delightful, the way was beautiful, and Linley began to enjoy her walk. After a while, however, the large detached villas were seen no more; even the ranges of semi-detached villas became fewer; isolated rows of half-finished terraces lined the road at intervals; there were glimpses of green fields; there were churches with quite a venerable air about them, and preserving their own rooks. The road had all the time been gradually ascending, until at last Linley reached what seemed to be its height. For just before her there was a dip; the road crossed a sort of valley, in which there were scattered houses and a little church and a railway station. Beyond this

again there swelled a broad, green, wavy heath, dotted here and there with little clumps of trees, and irregular groups of houses, and lakelets that glittered in the sunlight. Then Linley knew that she had reached her goal, and had fairly walked herself clear of London.

It was in this region that Mrs. Valentine lived. Linley had not much trouble in finding the house. Mrs. Valentine herself was in the front garden with her children when Linley raised the latch and entered, and, going up to the widow with a frank and sunny smile, said:

"I am sure I am speaking to Mrs. Valentine, and let me introduce myself. I am Mrs. Rochford, and I know your brother; and I have always wanted to come and see you."

The acquaintance was made on the instant. Mrs. Valentine, having had the benefit of a man's description of Linley, saw before her a person entirely different from anything she had expected to see. Linley, never having heard any description of Mrs. Valentine, thought she must have known her anywhere, so exactly did she answer to Linley's preconceived ideas. Let no man hope to give a woman any accurate description of another woman. Enlightened by Roche Valentine's honest and earnest reports, Mrs. Valentine had formed a conception of Linley as a spoiled, self-conceited, clever, and arrogant young woman; a cross between Beatrix Esmond and Lady Teazle; a creature vain of her appearance, her powers of sarcasm, and the money and position she had obtained by her marriage. She had thought of a woman rustling in silks and waving with feathers and glittering with ornaments. She saw a simply-dressed, graceful girl; so simply dressed that one hardly noticed what she wore. But it was not this that Mrs. Valentine observed just then. She saw a face which might perhaps fairly be called beautiful, but of which it was not the beauty that struck her. It was the expression of candor, of truth, of a generous, sympathetic soul, which at first impressed her. Mrs. Rochford was evidently very young, but there was no girlishness about her. There was rather an air of thoughtfulness, a strange suggestion even of melancholy, as the sunlight itself sometimes has. Bright and warm as was Linley's smile, it suggested a sensitive and sympathetic rather than a gladsome heart. A strange conceit passed in a moment through Mrs. Valentine's mind. She thought Linley looked like a young wife who, happy in all other ways, had lost a child.

Anyhow, there seemed a sympathy between these two women from the first. Mrs. Valentine, who, if she ever had had any expectation of a visit from Rochford's young wife, would have looked forward to it as something oppressive and distracting in that quiet home, like the intrusion of some gaudy and noisy parrot, was equally surprised and delighted by the manners of her visitor. The whole party went into the house, and then into the large garden at the back, and Mrs. Valentine was pleased to find that Linley knew so much about furniture, and gardening, and everything.

Women seldom talk to anybody as almost all men do—right out, with no purpose behind. Both Linley and Annie Valentine had a grain of special purpose in directing the conversation this way or that, which each would rather not have disclosed. Mrs. Valentine was anxious for some word or expression which might enlighten her as to the true character of the friend in whom her brother-in-law still trusted so faithfully, and in whom she wished too to trust. Linley wished to find, if she could, what manner of nature Roche Valentine's truly was; for she thought, with eager clinging to a hope that yet floated

above the surface, "If he be really noble and manly, his close friend, my husband, must be noble and manly too; and perhaps—perhaps I have not lost my hero after all."

Linley won at the game. At least she learned from Mrs. Valentine much more than she taught her. In truth it would have taken a very clever person to get from Linley, just then, anything about Mr. Rochford except the too truthful avowal of her devotion to him. But on the other hand, it was easy enough to get from Annie Valentine all about her brother-in-law. He was evidently Annie's hero now. He could do anything. He had hung these pictures; he had drawn that sketch; he had planted those flowers; it was he who kept the garden in order; he could even tune the piano; he could teach anybody whatever that person wanted to learn. He did not get on in life, but that was because he was too unselfish. Likewise, however, Mrs. Valentine acknowledged that when he wasn't doing anything her brother-in-law seemed remarkably indolent. She had known him to lie under a tree for hours and look up at the leaves and the sky. He had assured her himself that he had passed whole days and nights lying on the deck of Mr. Rochford's little yacht. He sometimes declared that he was the most selfish man in the world, and that he was wholly engrossed in trying to make his own character perfection. He vowed that he had renounced ambition because it spoiled the temper and the character. He occasionally remarked that he had taken his seat in the upper boxes of life, and proposed quietly to see out the play. "My epitaph, engraved on my tomb," he was fond of saying, "shall be, 'Here lies the last of the Heathen Philosophers. Stranger, pass on and let him alone.'"

But Mrs. Annie honestly confessed that she thought much of this was only his nonsense, and that if he had any real motive for exertion in life he would do something great.

"I sometimes think," she said, "that he would become a poet if he would only fall in love." Anyhow, he was the dearest and noblest of brothers, the best of men—that Mrs. Valentine was only too ready over and over again to affirm; and though Linley could not see a hero in Mr. Valentine, she yet was satisfied that much of the praise was well deserved, and for her own particular reason she was delighted to hear it.

Annie Valentine thought Linley the most sympathetic woman she had ever met, not having any idea of the peculiar motive for the interest with which our heroine listened. Linley thought Mrs. Valentine the most charming companion, because from her lips seemed to come such reassuring words. The two women would have been sympathetic and friendly in any case; indeed, the sound of a sincere and intelligent woman's voice was like music in the ears of each; but in this case of sudden affection, as in so many others, the special charm of each to each was something in the mind of the charmed and not of the charmer.

Anyhow, the time went on and Linley had to go, promising to come again, and engaged the children to visit with her all manner of amusements in town. Mrs. Valentine was a little surprised to hear that Linley had walked all the way out, and was determined to walk all the way back.

"You are like Roche; he always walks."

"I delight in walking," said Linley, "but I seldom walk anywhere in London."

"Roche will perhaps come out this evening; it is as likely as not."

"It is very late," said Linley, "and my master will be looking for me." The two women kissed each other.

"Thank you a thousand times," said Linley with a beaming smile, "and good-by."

Mrs. Valentine did not know and could not guess what Linley had thanked her for. But she was delighted with Mrs. Rochford, and felt sure that the husband whom such a woman loved must be a noble creature.

CHAPTER XIV.

HER WELCOME HOME.

THE first mile of Linley's homeward tramp was so happy that it seemed to her as if she ought to be singing as she went along. For she believed that she positively had found her hero and set him up again. What could the friend, patron, and protector of that best of creatures, that good, kind, unsuccessful Mr. Valentine, be, but a noble being and a hero? It was clear to Linley that Valentine was one of those men of varied and diffusive little capabilities which never come to anything great or win much success—talents that sparkle as the firefly does, but set no lamp or hearthfire burning; and that her husband, Valentine's only protector, had seen this and known it long since, and put himself on Valentine's careless, easy-going level, in order that the unsuccessful friend might not feel the reality of his failure. But she did ample justice to Valentine's pure and generous nature as described by his sister, and she was proud once more to be the wife of the man who, as she would have it, played the part of Achilles to that of Patroclus.

Perhaps it was only natural that, as she gradually entered upon the mean and commonplace streets, the exuberance of her feelings should be a little dashed. She wished that she had not even for a moment distrusted her master, and she found herself wishing, too that he had made his life seem a little more heroic and not given ground for her doubts. She would have liked to hear Mrs. Valentine tell her tale all over again in order that she might have her reassurance reassured. Then she felt angry with herself for needing reassurance, and she longed to put her arms confidently and faithfully round Rochford once more. She hoped Mr. Valentine would go out to see his sister that evening, and that Miss Courcelles would not come back to dinner, and that she might at least have an hour alone with Rochford even if she must go with the Courcelles to a dreadful evening party whither they were bound.

The streets were crowded, dusty, hot, and unpicturesque. People jostled her and stared after her. Once or twice she lost her way, and would not ask anybody how to go until she had quite entangled herself in a maze of gray, dull streets. The level evening sunlight, when she could see it in the wilderness of houses she had now reached, annoyed and blinded her, as if determined to delay her. She was hurrying home as if she had done something dreadful in staying out—as if, indeed, there was any reasonable chance of her even being late for dinner. Dinner was to be at eight, and a brisk young walker could easily accomplish the distance from Mrs. Valentine's to Linley's home in an hour and a half, and Linley had left Mrs. Valentine's at a quarter before six.

She hastened on, however, now, with an odd unmeaning presentiment of something unpleasant about to happen, and a vague feeling of penitence as if she had been doing wrong. She glanced eagerly up when she reached the square, as if she did not feel quite certain whether the house which she had left in the morning could have stood up all the day in her absence, without any-

thing happening to it. Then analyzing her own emotions, according to her wont, and amusing herself with her own weaknesses, she smiled to think how little her presence had to do with the safety of that great, solid house; how many generations had passed away, seeing and leaving it firmly established; how little difference her being out or in would have made to anybody in it.

Except my master, of course. Yes, except my master. She walked a little faster when she thought of Rochford, weary of reading and lounging and looking round for her—and she not there.

Perhaps it was something of a disappointment when she got in (panting a little, it must be owned, and not seeming by any means cool and dignified enough for the mistress of that solemn and solid mansion) to find that Mr. Rochford was not at home. Nobody was in. The place looked doleful in the lone gray twilight of summer. Linley hurried to her room and began to dress for dinner. Her maid brought her a little surprise in the shape of a card from Mr. Tuxham, on which were scrawled a few rugged words in pencil, to say that he was sorry everybody was out, and that he would come again some time in the evening. Linley was glad to hear that Mr. Tuxham was in town; at least her first impulse was to be glad of it. Just now, however, the announcement of his visit seemed in a moment to have come at an unlucky time; she could not tell how.

Suddenly she heard a knocking below. She started; surely for no reason. Such a sound was to be expected just then. She hurried down to the drawing-room to welcome my master. Yet there were a few seconds to be lost in the inevitable final preparations of womanhood—the last touch to the hair and glance at the mirror, and so on; and she knew from the sounds she heard on the stairs below, that she would not be the first in the drawing-room after all. Odd, unusual sounds, too; a vague commotion and hurrying, and eager, low-spoken words, and Mr. Rochford's voice speaking with unwonted emphasis.

The drawing-room—two drawing-rooms in fact, with folding doors now open—had two entrances, one at this end of the corridor, convenient for Linley now, who descended from the floor above; the other in the way of those coming up from below. Linley entered of course by the door nearer to her, and saw in the dusk, against the Venetian blinds of the room further from her, and which looked on the street, that Mr. Rochford was bending over something which lay on a sofa there. It seemed to Linley in the flash of that terrible instant as if a dead body must have been brought in and was now lying there on the sofa. Her first idea was that something had happened to Mr. Valentine. Her master was kneeling beside the sofa now. Linley was not given to shrieking or alarms; she advanced gently, quickly, to her master's aid and comfort. Not, however, so quickly but that she saw him take the hand of the body and press it to his lips again and again, and heard him utter tender monosyllables of almost inarticulate love, and grief, and pity, and wild alarm. Then she saw that it was not Mr. Valentine who was lying on the sofa, but Miss Cynthia Courcelles, looking, as the Elizabethan writers would have put it, white as her smock, and evidently without consciousness.

"Linley!" exclaimed my master, rising to his feet and looking pale enough in his turn.

"Is Miss Courcelles dead?" Linley asked with white lips, glittering eyes, and accent of inexorable composure.

"She has had a fall," Rochford faltered, "but I hope—I should think it's not so bad as that. I have sent for Dr. Norman. You see—don't you, Linley?—that *she* is senseless?"

"I see," Linley replied, and was going to add, "she is not the only one;" but she kept in her sarcasm as far too small and pitiful for such an occasion; and in a moment several maid-servants were in the room, and then affrighted Mrs. Courcelles, and then Dr. Norman.

"Where was this—where did Cynthia fall?" asked the excited mother, looking to Linley for explanation.

"In the Row," Rochford interposed, and cast a look of earnest appeal at Linley. "It is not much—only hurt. I—we got her into a carriage, and she seemed very well; but coming along she fainted—from the pain."

"Now," said Dr. Norman quietly, "the sooner you all go out the better, except the young lady's mother, and perhaps Mrs. Rochford—if you are not likely to be excited or nervous?"

"No," said Linley, "I can keep my nerves under control. Can I be of any assistance?"

"Better than one of the maids, I think."

"Then I'll stay," said Linley.

"I don't think it's very much," Dr. Norman said reassuringly, to all and sundry who were leaving the room.

Poor Mrs. Courcelles was more like a withered leaf in a fitful wind than like a human creature, so uncontrollable was her excitement. Dr. Norman motioned with his hand for quiet; Linley pitied the poor mother, and tried to say a soothing word to her. Cynthia soon opened her languid eyes and said "Mamma!" and the face, the large eyes, and the one word reminded Linley cruelly of the great dolls that, being provoked thereto by a string, ejaculate the same endearing name.

"You live, my darling!" Mrs. Courcelles exclaimed, and would have flung herself on her daughter and stifled her to thank her for living, but that the doctor waved her back and Linley restrained her. Linley seemed all the time to have no emotion of her own, or thought that concerned herself. She looked on like one of the pupils in the great master's anatomical lesson.

"Oh, will she live?" asked Mrs. Courcelles.

"She will live," said the doctor composedly. "There's nothing serious in it."

The beautiful Cynthia indeed had had a smart fall, and had hurt her shoulder and sprained one ankle, and had one or two little wounds on the back of the head—where Linley was pleased to perceive that the hair was not very thick, for Mrs. Courcelles, at the surgeon's request, removed a whole mass of it with a dexterous movement or two. None of Cynthia's beautiful limbs were broken. In fact, it was all a matter of a week in bed and a medical man and affectionate nursing. So Miss Courcelles was put to bed, and was ordered to be kept very quiet, and she smiled a sweet smile of gratitude upon her kindly hostess.

"Oh, thank God, there is no danger," ejaculated Mrs. Courcelles, "and we can all smile again!"

"Yes, we can smile again," Linley echoed; "we can all be very merry now!"

When Linley passed up to her own room again, she found to her surprise that Rochford was there.

"Linley," he said, offering her a chair, and closing the door behind her, "you don't think too much of this day's nonsense?"

She looked at him, but could say nothing.

"We were riding together," he hurried on—and he sat down while speaking. "She came home—came *here*, I mean—unexpectedly, and I prevailed on her to go for a gallop in the Row, very late, and the horse fell, and I thought the poor thing was killed, and that it was my fault. That was all, Linley! I brought her upstairs myself, and then I thought she was dead; and one can't help feeling something at such a moment."

"Oh, Louis!" She could say no more, the tears were rushing to her eyes.

"We are very old friends, you know," he said, "and I believe she would have married me; but then there was some quarrel, and then you came between, and all that. I never cared about her really, Linley, and I was only too glad to escape marrying her; but of course it was a disappointment to her, and you must be a little generous and forgiving. You have won, you know."

"Won? Have I won?" said Linley sadly. "I have lost all. You made love to me and married me only in a sort of quarrel with—with the other person."

"No, no, Linley, not that. I never loved her, but when I saw her lying dead, as I thought, some of the old memories did come back for the moment. I am ashamed of myself now—confoundedly ashamed—and I'm afraid I have lost some of your good opinion, Linley. But a man of forty, my sweet and twenty, has more memories than you girls could have. I have come to ask for your forgiveness, Linley. I needn't ask you not to speak of this?"

"No," said Linley; "I have no *confidants*," and a great sob had nearly broken from her.

"Thanks, dear," replied her husband, growing more and more composed. "You may be sure that you have seen the last of that sort of idiocy on my part, and we'll get these people away as soon as that girl gets well. You saw, Linley, that she had nothing to do with it; she was quite insensible."

"She was," said Linley with a sigh. "She is happy to be insensible."

"But we'll get rid of them," said Rochford, "as soon as possible. Oh, did you know that old Tuxham's here? He came while you were with that poor girl. I made him stay for dinner, and a remarkably bad dinner it will be now—everything spoiled, of course. You are ready, Linley; you will come? I would not for all the world that you did not show yourself at dinner to-day, after all this. I don't know what such a fellow as Tuxham might think. And Valentine's below too. You'll come, Linley?"

"Oh yes," said Linley, "I'll come—in a few minutes, Louis, if you'll just leave me."

Rochford turned upon her a half-querulous or impatient look, as if her enforced calmness puzzled and irritated him. He paused for a moment as if uncertain whether to say something or not; then he turned and left the room, and she heard his step languidly and almost feebly descending the stairs. Suddenly the step returned, and she heard a tap at the door and Rochford entered.

"Linley," he said in a low, soft tone, "I have come back because you have not said that you forgive me."

"Oh, Louis, what is the use of such a question when you are my husband, and I must forgive you, and you say there is so little to be forgiven?"

"Well, Linley, there isn't a great deal, as the world sees things, but I should like to hear you say you forgive me."

"I suppose you are right, and the world sees things as I don't see them. Yes, Louis, I forgive you."

"From your heart, Linley, or only with your lips?"

"With my lips now, Louis; but with my heart, I promise you, when I can. Perhaps by saying things over and over one gets to feel them in the end. I forgive you, Louis, for *that*, and for having married me, and for all! Oh, please don't stay any longer now."

Linley was like one in a battle who feels a sudden shock and knows he is wounded, but does not yet know, and cannot stop to think, whether it is only skin-deep or an injury for life. Perhaps the one feeling uppermost in her mind for just that moment was a feeling of wonder that Rochford could take it so easily, and could care for a word of formal pardon. And then followed the blank conviction that that was not her Rochford, her master, at all, and that her master, her hero, never had any existence.

All this succession of uncomfortable occurrences had delayed the dinner for a good deal more than an hour, and when Linley entered the drawing-room she found her guests already assembled. They were, however, only Mr. Tuxham and Roche Valentine. Mr. Rochford was standing near the fireplace (wherein now, of course, there were only white flowers and paper) talking to Tuxham, or being talked to by Tuxham. Valentine was seated on the piano-stool, and was carelessly touching the keys of the instrument. Linley came in composedly, and was conscious that she had herself under great control; but she could not help giving one glance of pain or repugnance toward the sofa on which Cynthia Courcelles had so lately been laid. It was like seeing again for the first time the place where one has seen a murder or a ghost. Linley became aware in a moment that Rochford had noticed her involuntary glance.

"Delighted to see you, my dear!" said Mr. Tuxham, advancing and bending his eagle beak. "And so you have grown a fine lady, I'm told. Come here under the light and let me see how fashionable life agrees with you."

Linley had given him both her hands in her friendly impulse, and he now drew her toward the light.

"Do spare us these inspections, Tuxham," said Rochford almost pettishly. "We can't all look as well in London as in the country."

"Hum," Tuxham went on, not taking the least heed of the interruption. "Pretty well, might be worse. Not pale, but is that a lasting color—this now?"

"You don't think I paint, Mr. Tuxham? Be sure I would never stand such an ordeal as this if I did."

"No, no, my dear (soothingly); but color may be the effect of surprise—any sudden emotion; and I should say that in general you must be looking rather paler than at Dripdeanham."

"Do tell me of Dripdeanham, Mr. Tuxham."

"Wait a moment. Look of sarcasm rather deepening. Laugh at people now a good deal, don't you? Touch of the malign, I should say. Yes, London fashionable life is the place to bring out all the bad qualities. Come, describe to me a day of fashionable life."

"What, before you tell me anything about Dripdeanham?"

"Oh, Dripdeanham's all right enough, and you are not its care-taker."

"I'll tell you how a fashionable lady spends her day," said Valentine, coming forward with his hands in his pockets, "and I'll spare Mrs. Rochford the trouble. This is it, Tuxham: A lady of fashion wakes about one o'clock. She rings her bell, and her maid, Mrs. Betty, brings her chocolate, of which the

lady gives some with sugar to little Shock who has crept into the room. Then she sends round to ask politely whether Lady Kitty and Miss Racket have taken cold in their chairs last night, as they were conveyed home from her rout. Then she dresses and prepares to walk in the Park at High Mall. In the afternoon Ranelagh——”

“Stuff!” said Tuxham.

“This is talking ‘Spectator,’ ” said Linley.

“I didn’t suppose Tuxham would know the difference,” said Valentine. “I thought it would do him just as well. I don’t believe he has followed London fashionable life any further down than the time of Pope, and I am convinced that he thinks Ranelagh is still in existence.”

“Isn’t it in existence?” asked Linley. “I didn’t know.”

Dinner was announced at this moment, and Mr Tuxham gave Linley his arm.

“And how is your patient, madame?” Mr. Tuxham asked as they sat down to dinner, the formal madame being probably suggested by the ceremonial of escorting the hostess which he had just performed.

“My patient, Mr. Tuxham?”

“Miss Courcelles, I mean.”

“Oh, yes.” Linley slightly started. “She is much better, thank you. She will do very well, I think. Mrs. Courcelles has just sent me a message to say that her daughter is very tranquil and quite conscious; but that she will not come to dinner because she thinks her place is by her dear Cynthia’s bedside.”

Linley could not keep from infusing into her tone a slight savor of Mrs. Courcelles’s peculiar accent.

“She’s quite right,” said Tuxham. “That’s her place. But it’s all a fuss about nothing, isn’t it?”

“Miss Courcelles was hurt, I believe,” Linley answered, “but more alarmed than hurt, I suppose.”

“She rides very badly,” Valentine observed. “Nothing on earth will ever make that girl a good rider.”

“How did it all happen?” Tuxham asked point-blank of Linley.

“Her horse took fright and fell,” Rochford interposed.

“Who picked her up—the groom?”

“I picked her up,” said Rochford pettishly.

“Oh! I didn’t know that you were there—I thought only the three ladies.”

Rochford sent an appealing, imploring look across to Linley. Tuxham fixed his steel-gray eyes on her. Valentine looked up with a curious and perplexed air.

“Oh yes, Mr. Rochford was there,” said Linley quietly; and having told the truth, yet felt as if she had connived at a falsehood to oblige her husband.

“And then you all brought her home?” asked Tuxham, as if he were inspired by some particular motive for cross-examination.

“And then she was brought here, of course,” said Linley.

“And laid upon the sofa in your drawing-room?” the irrepressible questioner pursued, with a sort of triumph in his tone, which grew stronger as he saw Linley look up surprised and even startled.

“She was; how did you know?” Linley asked.

“Because I have eyes, Mrs. Rochford.”

“Ears, don’t you mean?” interposed Valentine.

"No, I don't, sir; nobody told me anything about it; nobody seemed inclined to tell me anything about it. Your husband, Mrs. Rochford, seemed disposed to make as much of a mystery about the girl's bruised shoulder as if it were a matter about which I could possibly care three straws. Do you want to learn how I knew that this young woman was placed in the first instance on that particular sofa?"

"I should be glad to know, Mr. Tuxham."

"Because, ma'am, the moment you came into the room your eyes fell upon that sofa, and I saw a look of alarm or pain come just for half a quarter of a second over your face. I have seen such a look on women's faces when they happened to glance at a spot where they lately saw a corpse. Now let me make another venture. She grew suddenly worse, and fainted when she was brought here—eh?"

Linley nodded.

"That is so, ma'am?"

"Yes, yes," said Rochford, "that is so. But in heaven's name, Tuxham, what does all this tend to?"

"Tends to show the value of observation, and of opening one's eyes and using them when they are opened. You see, my dear" (Mr. Tuxham grew very kindly and gracious on the strength of his triumph), "as you were with her and knew all about the fall, there could be nothing particularly painful in seeing her merely brought in and placed to rest on the sofa. No, she was brought in well enough, but when laid upon that sofa she suddenly fainted, and you, being rather susceptible and foolish, thought she was going to die then and there; therefore the painful association! I saw it all in your eyes. Now, Rochford, you perceive, and you, Valentine, too, that people who use their eyes can see things. Not many things escape me, I promise you. Don't be alarmed, Mrs. Rochford; I don't suppose you have any secrets—yet?"

"You haven't told me anything about Dripdeanham yet, Mr. Tuxham," said Linley. "I so want to hear all about everything!"

"Well, I think we have had rather more fever than usual, and rather more of drinking and family quarrels. But your house stands where it did."

"And my little outcast Sinda, have you seen her lately?"

"I've seen her, yes. She appears all right, and is as great a little storyteller as ever. She told me only the day before yesterday, I think, that her brother had come back to England for her, and that he is very handsome and looks like a prince. What do you think of that for a story?"

"It's true, however," said Linley, with as much triumph for her young charge as she could feel just then. Glad to have a chance of turning away the conversation from unpleasant topics, she told of her adventure of that day, and told them that the young man was coming to see her—and Mr. Rochford—to-morrow.

"I ventured to promise for you, Louis, that you would see him," she said, without raising her eyes or looking toward Rochford.

"I will see him or anybody, Linley," her husband answered with a certain animation which he had not shown before, "whenever you please. Promise anything you like for me. You always try to help people; and you make me feel ashamed of what I am."

"Now that is being a fond and devoted husband," said Tuxham. "Rochford, I never could have believed it of you! My dear, you are a wonderful woman if you really have roused him up to earnestness. He positively did

look as if he felt some emotion that time. I do positively begin to believe in the virtue of married life. Valentine looks melancholy as he thinks of the years he has wasted."

Valentine had been silent for a moment, and was apparently thoughtful. Suddenly, thus addressed, he precipitated himself into the conversation in his usual voluble and emphatic way.

"But what right has a man to marry for the sake of being improved? I call that sort of thing almost as shabby as marrying for a girl's fortune—it's fortune-hunting in morals. What right have we to expect women to set us up out of their own good qualities? No; it's mean, that sort of thing."

"Doesn't that only say that you are too proud to owe anything to a wife, Mr. Valentine?"

"Well, no, Mrs. Rochford, I think not. A man ought to have his own decent outfit of good qualities, and not have to draw upon his wife."

"But may they not exchange?"

"No; you can't do a peddling trade in virtues."

"Can't the one reflect light on the other?"

"No; I don't believe in polarized virtue. That sort of thing would be only like Pepper's ghost."

"Then no human creature can do anything to improve himself, herself, itself, or another; and all life is a mistake."

"And who says it isn't?" interposed Tuxham.

"I never meant that," said Valentine, addressing Linley and disregarding the interruption. "One may improve himself, but not by borrowing or begging from somebody else. Anyhow, I couldn't endure being improved by my wife. I should like to be a hero to her; and as I can't be a hero, I let the whole thing alone."

"I know a woman," said Linley, "to whom you are a hero, Mr. Valentine."

"Some women are such fools!" said Tuxham.

"You mean my sister-in-law?" Valentine said in a tone of some surprise. "I know that, for she is the only creature of whom that could be said. Well, I confess I am vain enough to try to impose upon her. But then I only see her about once a week—for two hours; and it is easy to play at goodness and so on once a week for two hours! That sort of thing would hardly deceive one's wife."

"Then are no men to marry unless they are perfect to begin with?"

"That might be the logical issue of the theory," Valentine answered gravely; "but we don't push things too far in life. We must compromise. I would have Rochford marry, for example, because with all his indolence he is a good fellow; I don't suppose a woman would think any the less of him as she came to know him. Then I would allow Tuxham to marry—yes, I would allow Tuxham, because all the worst of him lies on the surface, and any woman who could endure him for one week would find her lot growing more and more bearable as she went along. I am satisfied that Tuxham made a mistake in not marrying."

"Perhaps I did," said that gentleman complacently. "But I never saw more than one woman in all my life that I should have cared to marry; and when I was young enough for marrying she was not born, and the moment she was old enough for marrying Rochford here pounced upon her."

"Come, Mr. Tuxham, if you cultivate that style of compliment you can't long fail to captivate some delightful creature."

"I never compliment, madame; I speak the truth; I don't care whether it pleases you or not. I hope I have come to that time of life when I may say the truth of a woman even in her own hearing. I tell you I think better of the whole human race for Rochford. You have already infused a whole grain of earnestness into him. Go on, madame! You'll make something of him yet."

Rochford had not been taking any part in the conversation, but that was not surprising, for he seldom talked much at dinner. But now he looked up suddenly and said:

"It will be a hard task, Linley, I am afraid, but not a hopeless one. You'll not give it up, dear, I am sure, just yet? No, Linley?"

Linley's eyes involuntarily turned to his; but she caught no inspiration of hope and faith from him. He looked all too easy and complacent. The dignity of deep feeling of any kind, such as might make even sin seem heroic in a woman's romantic eyes, was not there. An indescribable pang of pity, regret, and almost despair passed through her heart.

RECOGNITION.

LONG had I waited thee, my Love—so long
 That oft to my sick fancy thou didst seem
 A luring shadow, a most mocking dream;
 But still my heart was true, my deep faith strong,
 Until I saw thee. Ah! athwart the throng
 Of swift emotions, that, as mist o'er stream
 From my heart rose, beheld my day star gleam,
 Thy presence smote upon me like a song!
 No more I asked, for in one single glance
 A living spark flew from thy soul to mine,
 And kindled there—O joy!—a lamp divine
 With clear, Promethean flame. In visioned trance
 God's voice I heard, which Chaos once and Night
 Heard thus and shrank, declare: "Let there be Light."
 Now in the chambers of my heart is Day
 And Form and Order. A most sacred Guest
 Is come therein, and at his high behest
 Beauty and Light, who his bright glance obey,
 Flew to prepare them for his regal sway.
 Now solitude I seek, which once possessed
 I fled; now solitude to me is blessed!
 Alone I wander, hearkening the sweet lay
 Which Love is singing in his home, my heart.
 Mine own, I see thy beauty face to face,
 And beauty's self, thus one with thee, embrace.
 This solemn thought I muse upon apart:
 In heaven's blue dome, upborne by thoughts of thee,
 My spirit soars—in Love's eternity.

VIRGINIA VAUGHAN.

LINGUISTIC AND LITERARY NOTES AND QUERIES.

IV.

JOHN STUART MILL'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

READING Mill's sad story of his useful but gloomy, unnatural, almost inhuman life, a life sorely in need of "humanitarian" influence, whether we use *humanitarian* in its new and forced sense of relating to humane principle, or in its original and legitimate sense of giving a human nature where that nature is lacking, I noticed certain uses of words which seemed to offer occasion for remark appropriate to the purpose of these papers. Before I begin my task, however, I wish to relieve myself in advance, if possible, of the imputation of reading that book, or any other, on a hunt for occasion of fault-finding with the author's English. Picking flaws is poor business, particularly in the outer mental garments of such a man as John Stuart Mill. And verbal criticism, in itself smallish sort of work even at the best, would merit utter condemnation if it required of those who are called upon to practise it the reading of good and honest books in a carping spirit. There is more reason than perhaps some men of science and free inquirers would admit in Bishop Hall's saying that "It is far better some truths should be unknown than unlawfully searched."¹ And if a verbal critic can do nothing better than to spy out the nakedness of another writer's land, the cause of literature would be better served by summary execution being done upon the whole tribe of word-mongers, and the letting language run wild, unchecked, unpruned. Freedom on the one side, kindness and courtesy on the other, are worth more even than precision and purity of language. I have expressed elsewhere an appreciation of the great moral significance of Mill's story of his life: here my business is only with a little of its language, which his eminent ability and rare culture make the more worthy of remark.

BEGIN AND COMMENCE.

No observant reader of the literature of the day can have failed to notice that during the last fifteen or twenty years *begin* has been going rapidly out of use, its place being taken by *commence*. Where, before, we began almost everything, and used *commence* only in matters of some state and importance, now we commence the most trivial matters; so that I read the other day that a boy "commenced to eat his pie." This tendency showed itself a long while ago, but it is only within the period that I have mentioned that *commence* has "rushed" *begin* almost out of the language. Now *commence* is a word whose very presence in English is the merest superfluity. Although it came in about five hundred years ago, it is an intruder, and might better never have been heard from English lips. As it is generally used, it means simply "begin," no more, no less; and having *begin*, which is home-bred English, why should we so run after this strange Roman god *commence*? We gain nothing by it in meaning, in sound, or even in variety of accent. Nor do we in dignity: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." "In the beginning was the Word." The historical writer upon language, to wit, the etymologist,

¹ "Epistles."—*Dec. iv. 2, p. 129, ed. 1608.*

or he of wider scope and higher aims, the philologist, goes over his accumulated list of examples, and records the fact that at such a time *begin* began to pass out of common use, and *commence* commenced coming in; and there he washes his hands. His business is to observe the phenomena of language, to record and if possible to connect them. Such, however, is not my calm, scientific attitude. I am interested in this funeral, and claim the right to weep over it. I think that the departure of *begin*, no matter how or by whom it was brought about, is to be mourned, and that if that good, simple English word can be called back it would be well—well for us no less than for our language; because it would show that manly simplicity of taste and love of kindred speech have not yet quite died out among us. And I venture to foretell that it will be called back to take again its birth-right in the homestead of our tongue. But it will come almost from the grave. This is shown by the fact that throughout his whole book Mill has but once used the word; although he often has occasion, with this one exception, he always uses *commence*. He writes of himself that he commenced learning Latin,¹ and Euclid,² and commenced various essays,³ and the performance of a duty,⁴ and the preparation of matter for future books;⁵ that his father commenced instructing him;⁶ that Mr. Roebuck commenced a contest.⁷ The beginning of any action is always its commencement,⁸ the breaking out of a war is its commencement,⁹ and he even writes of the commencement of married life.¹⁰ A debate, a book, a revision were commenced.¹¹ On the other hand, a course of study and warlike preparations commenced.¹² Now in all these cases I venture to say that it would have been better to use *begin*, changing the construction slightly if it were necessary to do so; for example, I began to learn Latin, my father began to instruct [or better, to teach] me, etc.; and in none is it used unexceptionably, except in "I commenced Euclid," and perhaps "this [course of study] commenced with logic," and "the warlike preparations actually commenced," etc. Apart from this question, however, the almost entire absence of *begin* from a book written by a man like Mill is very significant and characteristic of influences which have of late been felt in the language, even among writers of the highest education and of cultivated taste. Possibly Mill's constant reading in works of philosophy and of science led him unconsciously to lean toward words of Latin origin, which he shows in other cases, as we shall see. But Robert Blakey, a scholar and a philosophical writer of distinction, whose

1 In my eighth year I commenced learning Latin.—Page 9.

2 After this time I commenced "Euclid."—Page 11.

3 During these years I wrote or commenced various essays.—Page 237.

4 During this period also I commenced the performance of a duty to philosophy, and to the enemy of my father.—Page 307.

5 And have commenced the preparation of matter of future books.—"Autobiography John Stuart Mill."—Chap. vii., p. 313.

6 My father therefore commenced instructing me in the sciences.—Page 27.

7 He was the first to commence the contest for the self-government of the colonies.—Page 195.

8 Dates its commencement.—Page 191. I made my first commencement in the Greek poets with the "Iliad."—Page 10. It was at the commencement of these studies.—Page 64.

9 The state of public affairs had become extremely critical by the commencement of the American civil war.—Page 266.

10 During the peace that intervened between the commencement of my married life, and the catastrophe which closed it.—Page 248.

11 When this debate was ended another was commenced.—Page 124. It was commenced in the autumn of 1845.—Page 235. But the revision with a view to republication had been barely commenced.—Page 261.

12 This commenced with logic.—Page 17. The warlike preparations actually commenced on this side.—Page 270.

works won him the honorary degree of Doctor in Philosophy from the University of Jena, in his humorous paper on "Scholastic Doctors of the Middle Ages," writes thus of a procrastinating man of letters:

He was always *beginning* projects, but never went any further. To *begin* is certainly good; but never to get beyond a commencement is a poor achievement indeed. . . . He *began* a history of Rome, but never got beyond the first chapter. He commenced an introduction to Apuleius's "Golden Ass," but he never advanced further than a few lines. He often came to my room to announce that he intended to *begin* writing a book upon a most interesting subject. He harped upon this string for many months, and I left him with the project only *beginning*. . . . I have known many men strongly tinctured with this failing. Indeed, I have no doubt but the best among us has some share of this imperfection. We have all had our *beginnings*, and there ended. The Romans seem to have been impressed that *beginning* was all in all. Their important word for *beginning* is *principium*, which likewise signifies principle, as if designed to convey to the mind that *beginning* was the principle, the foundation, the core and seed of everything. And so in some cases it is. *Beginning* is of no importance if we never go beyond it. . . . To make a mere attempt at *beginning*, as it were to *begin*, is not the character of *principium*; it is no principle. . . . I have thought that the word *beginning*, and the idea commonly attached to it, is one of the most puzzling things in nature. It is redolent of seriousness and awe. The most wonderful attribute, the quality that strikes us with the greatest force of conviction of the power and majesty of Omnipotence is, that it has 'neither *beginning* of days nor end of years.'¹

There is more of this thoughtful and instructive pleasantry; but this is enough for our present purpose. How different this in effect from Mill's commencing and his commencements. Here, within less than two duodecimo pages, we have *begin*, or some form of it, fourteen times. I am far from setting up Dr. Blakey as a model of correctness in the use of language; indeed, I shall probably have occasion to point out some errors of his which seem very strange in a man of his scholarship and truly English style; in which latter respect he is superior to Mill, although much inferior to him in accuracy. But I will venture to say that there are very few indeed among his readers who would wish to see *commence* in the stead of *begin* in any clause of that passage, although the latter word comes in so often. Even in the two cases in which *commence* is used, *begin* would be better. The former is used manifestly only to avoid repetition; which is generally unwise and tends to weakness. Sameness of thought and bald iteration may well be shunned; but where there is sameness and iteration, the mere use of synonyms is a flimsy mask that hides nothing. This desire to use two words with the same meaning for the purposes of "elegance" has kept many a word of foreign birth in the language, when it would otherwise have probably been dropped.

Notwithstanding Mill's exclusive use of *commence*, however, it will be seen that he does not use it with the infinitive of a following verb. He does not write "I commenced to learn," "My father commenced to instruct me," "This commenced to be." His training saved him from using the contraction of *con initiare* in that way. And this leads me to the consideration of a use of *commence*, as in "commenced poet," my condemnation of which² has been made the occasion of the following remarks, which are introduced by the statement that this use of *commence* is "perfectly classical":

— the locution, far from being "remarkably coarse and careless," is perfectly unexceptionable; and I should be surprised if any one else had ever before found fault with it. Nor has "*commences wife*" a parallel in "*ends hussy*," in which expression, moreover, there is nothing to blame but curt ruggedness. In order to their parallelism "*commences wife*" should signify "*begins with being a wife*," a very different thing from "*begins to be a wife*"; even as the nature of an appearance and the fact of an appearance are not identical. By way of proving the absurdity of "*commences wife*," we are instructed that "*commencement* cannot be properly predicated of a noun which does not express the idea of continuance." We are forbidden, then, to say that a boy

¹ "Old Faces in New Masks," p. 60.

² "Words and their Uses," p. 185.

"commences the rule-of-three"; the idea of continuance not being expressed by the mathematical operation. What Mr. White fails to see is, that the phrases he is dealing with are elliptical. He might as well argue against "*walking the streets*," "*rowing a race*," "*running riot*," "*trotting a mile*," "*going a circuit*," or "*sitting a horse*"; or contend that we have a verb active in "*the moon showed purple*."

A man with a respectable knowledge of the English language and of its literature, which this critic certainly has, must have also had a very desperate purpose in a very crotchety brain, to write such a paragraph as that. To sweep away the last count of this indictment first: "*The moon showed purple*" is no more in point here than "*the grass looked green*," "*the apples turned red*," or "*the clouds lifted gray*." Words would be wasted in showing why, to any one of common sense. And as to "*rowing a race*" and "*going a circuit*," if there is any objection to be made to "*commencing a race*" or "*commencing a circuit*," it will not be made by me, nor, I think, by any one else. And supposing the assertion consistent with possibility, it would be equally proper, as far as construction is concerned, to speak of "*commencing the streets*," "*commencing a mile*," or "*commencing a horse*." In the other example, "*running riot*," the word *riot* does not express a thing which is run, but merely modifies the running, as in "*running wild*." *Riot*, like *wild*, shows the manner of the running. Macaulay's schoolboy would see that; but this critic travels only for words; and as *running* is a participle, and *riot* is a noun, he sees no difference between running a race and running riot. I feel as if I ought to ask pardon of my readers for wasting their time in exposing such foolish fallacy, but under the circumstances of the case it must be done, and a little more of the same sort. And I will add that if this critic means what his words imply, that the phrases "*walking the streets*," "*rowing a race*," "*trotting a mile*," etc., are elliptical for "*walking through the streets*," "*rowing in a race*," etc., he shows an incapacity of apprehending English idiom even greater than his other performances might have led us to expect. There is no ellipsis in these phrases, as may be seen by a moment's consideration of the corresponding phrases expressive of the completed action, "*the streets were walked*," "*a well-rowed race*," "*a trotted mile*." The other example brought up, that a boy "*commences the rule of three*," is of entirely a different character, because of the meaning of the word *commence*; and the phrase is elliptical for "*commences learning the rule of three*." So, as we have seen, Mill wrote that he "*commenced learning Latin*," but that he "*commenced Greek*." In either case he expressed the same kind of action, his phrase being complete in the former case and elliptical in the latter.

This analysis, however, does not help us at all to the rectification of such phrases as "*commenced poet*," "*commenced wife*." For, supplying in these cases, as in the others, the supposed ellipsis of a present or indefinite participle, and reading "*commenced being poet*," "*commenced being wife*," we find ourselves just where we were before—in a coarse and clumsy attempt at a substitute for "*began to be a poet*," "*began to be a wife*." And in my supposed phrase, "*a woman who commences jilt ends hussy*," there is no incongruity of the end with the beginning; for (using *commence* instead of the better word *begin*) it is "*a woman who commences with being a jilt ends with being a hussy*." So Garth,¹ using this very construction in an exactly correspondent antithesis, writes

Their sex or proudly shuns, or poorly craves,
Commencing tyrants and concluding slaves ;

¹ "Lines to Lady Louisa Lenox."—*Appen. to 'Dispensary,'* ed. 1741.

where the thought, expressed in simple English, is plainly "beginning with being tyrants and ending with being slaves." But Macklin,¹ in making Lady Lumbercourt say "That is the very spirit of my intention the instant I *commence* bride," and Shenstone,² in writing of a taste for splendid dress, that "when a person demands homage on account of the finery he exhibits, then it ceases to be taste and *commences mere ambition*," both implicitly furnish examples of the admitted solecism (admitted by this very critic) "*commence to be*." The former cannot be resolved into "*commence with being* bride"; it must imply "*commence to be* bride"; and that the latter must imply "it *commences to be* ambition," is shown by its connection with and correspondence to "*ceases to be* taste."

It is, of course, the meaning with which this word is used, that and nothing else, which makes its use right or wrong, neat or clumsy. When it is used to mean "begin," the only objection to it is that it is in the place of a better word; but when it is an ellipsis for "*commence to be*," it is, to say the best of it, in my censor's own words, "hardly English." And when Gray³ writes of commencing *an* author, and Johnson⁴ of commencing *an* economist, and Coleridge⁵ of commencing *an* instructor, we are inclined to ask when the author, and the economist, and the instructor will be finished. This introduction of the article shows an uneasiness about the phrase which, however, it does not help, and which appears at its best in the most condensed form.

As to the phrase "*commence* Master of Arts," on the authority of its use by Barnaby Rich in his "Farewell to Military Profession," we are informed that it has been "recognized for some three centuries at least," and we are then instructed that it "probably originated in an imitation of *incipere*, which in modern Latin has long been used to denote the object of college commencements; and it is not at all unlikely that it suggested the extension of the employment which the term has obtained in ordinary discourse"; also that "as an equivalent to *commence* M. A., *proceed* is very common in literature." Of the usage no one having a moderate acquaintance with literature can be ignorant; and it was that very usage which was the subject of my censure; and that a reference to *incipere* or to college commencements was the occasion of the usage, either as to *commence* or *proceed*, is shown to be at least improbable by the early use of *proceed* in quite another connection, and by the appearance of other verbs in the same awkward construction. Barnaby Rich's "Farewell," etc., was written in 1581; his contemporary Ben Jonson in 1596 wrote "*proceed* man,"⁶ which long antedates any hitherto recorded instance of "*proceed* Master of Arts,"⁷ and which is only explicable by the solecism

1 "Man of the World" (1773), *Act II., Sc. I.*

2 "Essay on Dress."—*Works* (1764), vol. II., p. 168.

3 When you first *commenced* an author you exposed yourself to box, pit, and gallery — "*Letters*," sec. IV., 79.

4 — being determined now to *commence* a rigid economist.—"*Life of Savage*" (1744) p. 150.

5 He has neglected to possess himself not only of the information requisite for this particular subject, but even of those acquirements and that general knowledge which could alone authorize him to *commence* a public instructor.—"*Essays*," p.

As to how it is possible to unite much reading with a lack of the particular information and general knowledge requisite for the treatment of language other than historically, see "Recent Exemplifications" *passim*; also the next two paragraphs of this article.

To make a child now swaddled to *proceed*

Man, and then shoot up, and in one beard and weed

Past threescore years.

—"Every Man in his Humor." *Prologue*.

7 But Chapman has: "Hee that would have his sonne *proceed* Doctor in three dayes, let him send him thither."—*Monsieur D'Olive*. (1606.) *Act IV., Sc. II.*

"proceed *to be* a man." The proper use of *proceed* in connection with an academical or a professional *status* is clearly "proceed to it."¹ And we find not only "commenced M. A." and "proceeded M. A.," but, by Wotton, "advanced Earl,"² by Cartwright "arrived at matron,"³ and even nowadays "admitted barrister";⁴ which can be construed only as meaning "advanced *to be* an Earl," "arrived at *being* a matron," and "admitted *to be* a barrister"; which ellipses I cannot doubt that few readers will disagree with me in regarding as very clumsy. When Sir Arthur Helps writes "The Celt is very fond of setting up as gentleman," he hardly trenches upon this uncouth phraseology; for even if we do not regard "gentleman" as used here abstractly, the ellipsis for "as a gentleman" is so slight that the meaning is rather cleared than confused by it.

That the use of *commence* in question is common who needs be told? No boy can read his "Peregrine Pickle"—and all good boys read their "Peregrine Pickle"—without finding that the hero "commences gallant,"⁵ and "commences minister's dependent,"⁶ and even "commences yelper."⁷ As to its being "perfectly classical," that can mean only that it is used by authors whose works are "classics." And what of that? One of the examples cited in "Words and their Uses" was from Pope, who is a "classic"; and so are Swift and Addison, the former being noted for his masculine English, the latter equally celebrated for his grace of style. But I will undertake on reasonable notice to fill three pages of this magazine with brief passages from Pope, and Swift, and Addison, which shall be condemned without dissent as examples of inaccurate thinking, slipshod writing, or awkward, although not careless construction.

To give more attention to this verbal cavilling were, in the fine, big phrase which Johnson so unwisely applies to "Cymbeline," "to waste criticism upon unresisting imbecility, upon faults too evident for detection, and too gross for aggravation."⁸ It was undertaken not from any conviction of the elegance of the phrase in question, as the critic confesses, but with the sole purpose of injuring the writer who had condemned it. But the closing paragraph of the criticism is worth a little attention for its own sake. I having thought it worth while to illustrate the phrase only by an example from Pope in the past and from Swinburne in the present, Censor Magnus remarks upon my "meagreness of literature or badness of memory," and then winds up his screed thus:

And his cogency of reasoning tallies harmoniously with his knowledge of documentary authority. Let his style of argumentation be imitated, in application to *turn* for "become." "This use, contemplated abstractedly, is utterly preposterous. We may say that a man *turns* a pancake, or *turns* his back, but not that he *turns* traveller, any more than that he *returns* beggar."

Is it necessary to point out that "returns beggar" is either merely an example of the very construction the propriety of which is in question, or of the simple ellipsis noticed above for "returns *a* beggar;" or that in the latter clause of the sentence *returns* is in no sense a counterpart or the converse of *turns* in

1 A youth who fain would to the bar proceed.

—Ozell, "The Lutrin," Can. VI.

2 In January of the same year he was advanced Earl of Buckingham.—'Reliquiæ Wottonianæ,' ed. 1651, p. 79.

3

—Tender things

At seventeen may use that pea; but you

Are now arrived at matron.

—"The Ordinary," 1651 p. 6.

4 [Bacon] was admitted barrister in 1582.—"Typical Selections," etc., 1871, p. 21.

5 Chap xvii 6 hap. xc 7 hap. xciv. 8 Variorum Shakespeare, 1821, vol. XIII. p. 229.

the former? In the former, *turn* is *convertere*; in the latter *return* is *redire*. Until "turns traveller" means "goes forth a traveller," it cannot be brought up as a counterpart of "returns a beggar." But "turns traveller" means changes from some former occupation or condition to that of a traveller; "returns beggar," that the person spoken of comes back from whither he went, a beggar. "Turns traveller" is one of those figurative idioms which exist in all languages; "commences traveller" and "returns beggar" are not. In order that *return* may correspond to *turn*, they must both be used as Ben Jonson uses them in the following passage:

Face.—O you must follow, sir, and threaten him tame:

He'll turn again else.

Kastril.—I'll re-turn him then.

"*The Alchemist*," Act IV., Sc. IV.

Our "Aristarchus the Little," however, sees only in both his cases the combination of the letters *t u r n* followed by a noun; and again—"they are as like as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both."

Enough, however, and too much! The use of *commence*, my condemnation of which is the occasion of this captious fiddle-faddle, is going out. Let *commence* itself go out with it, and stay out, while we welcome home again our own *begin*.

INAUGURATE FOR COMMENCE.

It was with some surprise, I confess, that I found a man of Mill's education and associations using *inaugurate* thus:

I have always dated from these conversations my own real *inauguration* as an original and independent thinker.—p. 123.

And the concluding volumes of "Democracy in America" having just then come out, I *inaugurated* myself as a contributor to the "Edinburgh," etc.—p. 220.

It is difficult to understand the condition of mind in a man, or his notion of the meaning of *inaugurate*, who talks of his inauguration as a thinker, and of his inaugurating *himself* as a contributor to a review. In the last of these examples "inaugurated myself as a" corresponds to *commenced* in the usage just remarked upon. The authors quoted above would have written, "I commenced contributor to the 'Edinburgh,'" and if obliged to choose between two evils, I should take the least, which is the last; but the simple way of expressing the simple fact, a way to avoid which would seem to involve some trouble, is "I began to contribute to the 'Edinburgh,'" etc., or, better, "I began to write for the 'Edinburgh.'" As to the other phrase, one cannot help thinking how it was, by what ceremony or proceeding, that Mr. Mill "inaugurated himself." In the passage first quoted, by his inauguration as an original thinker he meant his initiation as an original thinker; and as *commencement* has within it the idea of initiation, that word might well have been used by one who was not contented with saying "my beginning as an original thinker." This word occurs again in Mr. Mill's book in the following sentence, in which it is used with such a near approach to perfect propriety that the foregoing instances of its misuse are the more striking:

The corresponding critical period began with the Reformation, has lasted ever since, and cannot altogether cease until a new organic period has been inaugurated by the triumph of a yet more advanced creed.—Page 164.

But even here "ushered in" were better than "inaugurated"; because the triumph of the more advanced creed would only precede the new organic period, or at most prepare the way for it, but would not have any relation to a

taking possession, or induction. Grote¹ furnishes the following fine example of the correct use of this much misused word:

A large number of Helots came forward to claim the boon [of freedom]; not less than two thousand of them were approved, formally manumitted, and led in solemn procession round the temples with garlands on their heads, as an *inauguration* to their coming life of freedom.

NEEDLESS LATINISM.

It is not at all surprising, as I have before said, that a philosophical and scientific writer like Mill should be led to use words of Latin origin, even in writing upon subjects not philosophical or scientific. All modern languages owe something to science, from whose technical phraseology they have adopted for ordinary use many words which express nice shades of meaning. But all have received corresponding injury by being more or less overlaid by needless Latinisms, with which our written language, if not our speech, is so flooded that more than two-thirds of the words in what are called English dictionaries are merely Latin or Romance words englished in their endings. No fault can therefore be found with a writer like Mill for using such a word as *excogitate*, thus:

The theories of international values and of profits were *excogitated* and worked out by myself and Graham.—*Page 121.*

But he affords us occasion for asking what is gained by the use of such a word? *Excogitate* means merely to think out or think over, nothing more. The lexicographers have tried hard to make out that *cogitate* means something grander and graver than to think. But after all, a man who excogitates a theory does no more than to think it out; and if he says that he thought it out, he is understood at once by the learned and the unlearned alike, while if he says that he excogitated it, he is unintelligible to the latter and not more intelligible to the former. And so when Mill says, "Through these influences my writing lost the *jejuneness* of my early compositions" (p. 117), I will venture to say that at least one in ten of the educated readers of his book (unless they had some acquaintance with Latin) did not know exactly what he meant, which was that his earlier writing was empty, dry, barren, meagre, any one of which words, or a phrase involving two of them, would have been better than such a word—no less unlovely than unkindred—as *jejune*. The temptation to needless Latinism and superfluity of words has sometimes led astray men of a cast and habit of mind far different from Mill's. Even so idiomatic and nervous a writer as Swift could be guilty of such a sentence as this:

It seems the minds of these people are so taken up with intense speculations, that they neither can speak nor attend to the discourses of others without being roused by some *external tacti'n upon the organs of speech and hearing*—"Voyage to Laputa," chap. II.

Swift meant merely—nay, he said merely—that the Laputan academicians must be roused by being touched upon their eyes and ears. What could have led him, who was so apt to call a spade a spade, and thought better of himself therefor, to call outer touch external tacti'n, and the eyes and ears the organs of speech and hearing? This rivals our friend the newspaper reporter, who must write of fire as the devouring element, or, as in a paragraph before me, after having once mentioned a watermelon, to avoid the inelegance of repeating the common word, call it the "luscious esculent," or who utterly refuses to say that a pauper died from disease brought on by drunkenness, choosing rather to say "superinduced by habits of inebriety." And men who should know better than he use that needless and pretentious Latin word *superinduced*, which by no twisting or contrivance can be made to mean anything

¹ "History of Greece," part II., chap. vi.

more than the simple English "brought on."¹ How needless most of these big Latin words are, is seen by comparing with what we have just remarked upon, Mill's saying that certain men were "profoundly ignorant of all the *antecedents* of the struggle." This noun *antecedents*, which has come up of late years (but which is none the worse for that reason), means merely those things which went before, but it is used as implying a relation to what comes after. Here "all the antecedents of the struggle" means, in Latinized phrase, "all that superinduced the struggle," or in simple English, "all that brought on the struggle." Why not say simply "went before," or "brought on," or "led up to," as the case requires? The expression would be much more exact, the meaning clearer (for *antecedents* is vague as well as pretentious), and we should have an English idiom instead of a Latin polysyllable. And so when Mill, telling us of his dreadful childhood and his "grind" of study, says, "My earliest recollection on the subject is that of committing to memory what my father termed *vocables*, being lists of common Greek words," etc. (chap. i.), we are inclined to ask, If *vocables* are words, why not call them so? I have often thought as I sat at table with people who were fond of "talking like a book," that what they said was in a great measure as unintelligible to English-speaking persons who were not classically educated, as simply-bred Romans must have found that of Cicero and his set when they interlarded their talk with Greek. And I have more than once put books written in this Latinized style into the hands of intelligent persons of average education, whose candor I could trust, and asked if they felt that they really understood what they read, and have been answered, No. And it was no shame to them that they did not, although much to their honor that they owned their ignorance. Words like *jejune* and *excogitate*, and *perstringe* and *expediential*, ought to be accompanied with an English gloss, or double, as they are in the Wyckliffe Bible; or as in the Prayer Book we read "*assemble* and meet together," "*acknowledge* and *confess*," "*erred* and strayed," etc. This coupling of a Romance word with an English one appears in other old English books. Some of the most notable examples that I have are the following from Raynald's "Byrthe of Man-kynde," 1541:

- And doeth *entrecurre* and *run-between* the two foresayd skynnes.—Fol. iii.
- Infinitely *intricate* and *writhed* with a thousand *renvolutions* and *turnagaynes*.—Fol. xv.
- A gallon or quart of water *passing* or *thryllyng* through that narrow conduite.—Fol. xvii.
- Very *conspicuous* and *sightful*.—Fol. xxxix., b.
- For bycause peradventure the woman hath been so sore *weakened* and *feeblyshed*.—Fol. lxi.
- Or carrying of *ponderous* and *weighty* thynges.—Fol. lxxxix.
- Yet for *brevity* and *shortnesse* we will rehearse here, etc.—Fol. c. iii., b.
- But yf the chylde have great *payne* and *dolour* by *wyndnes* and *ventositie*.—Fol. c. ix.

And so on. This practice seems to have begotten a habit of doubling words with one meaning; for sometimes we have two English, and at others two Romance words:

- For because that man is more *myghtier* and *strong*, the woman *weaker* and more *feeble*.—*Ibid.*, fol. xviii. b.

Also all these thynges followynge *encrease* and *augment* mylke in the breste.—Fol. c., ii. b.

It is more than probable that a habit of coupling and glozing one word with another, which prevailed until toward the close of the last century among precise and pedantic speakers, and which Scott satirized in the person of Sir

¹ In an address by an eminent man of science—an "American"—I find this sentence: "There were *paludal* grounds in the neighborhood";—meaning marshy grounds. Why did he not perfect his elegance by saying "in the vicinity," instead of using such a home-bred word as *neighborhood*? Rather than hear a man say "*paludal* grounds," I should rejoice in "rather mabby."

Robert Hazlewood "with his thinking, deeming, and opining,"¹ is a remnant of this practice, which would be not entirely useless nowadays, if some men speak as they write.

In previous papers I have remarked upon *scientist* and *physicist*; Mill uses a word of the same sort, but worse than either—*sociologist*,² an insufferable compound. Those who will have it that every subject of thought or of inquiry is a science, have invented the greatest and most comprehensive of all sciences, which includes everything that concerns any score of men who live within a score of miles of each other, from political economy down to blacking boots; and this they, or rather some of them, call sociology.³ But Mr. Freeman, after expressing a desire that the science of comparative politics should be provided with a name, if not "from the stores of our own mother tongue, at least within the range of foreign words already coined," and not by "cumbering the dictionary with some fresh word of new and barbarous formation," wisely adds, "Let the science rather go nameless than bear the burthen of such a name for instance as *sociology*."⁴ And so Mr. Ruskin, who, although we have been informed that he is a "bad model" and "the inspired idiot of the nineteenth century," is generally believed to have a rare faculty of insight as to the use of language, says of the names which philosophers give to their sciences and discoveries, "I wish they would use English instead of Greek words,"⁵ assigning as one reason that in case of the discoveries "we should then see how far we had got"; which to me was a comfortable saying, as I had previously ventured to make the assertion that scientific names are often only the labels upon formulated ignorance.

ILL.

The word *ill* is used by Mr. Mill chiefly as an adverb,⁶ into which place in our language it seems at last to be settling. But he uses it also as an adjective.⁷ This word is a kind of three-edged tool in language. It serves, and long has served us, in its simple form *ill*, as noun, adjective, and adverb—that is, as the name of a thing, of the correspondent quality, and the correspondent manner of action—and so is an eminently characteristic English word. There is a fine passage in "King John" in which it appears in the old text so doubtfully placed as to have given trouble to the editors:

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes deeds ill done!

—Act iv, Sc. 2.

The meaning of this sentence is as clear and as perfect as that of any that ever was written: but the thought that Shakespeare meant to express has led several editors (including myself) to the conclusion that there was a transposition of the words *ill deeds* in the printing office, and that we should read:

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes ill deeds done! 8

1 "Guy Mannering," chap. lviii

2 It is not surprising that while as logicians we were nearly at one, as *sociologists* we could travel together no longer.—Chap. vi., p. 212.

3 The Pantarch Andrews (Stephen Pearl), however, has beaten them with his "Universology."

4 "Comparative Politics" pp. 16 and 843.

5 "Queen of the Air," p. 72.

6 Of all things which he required me to do, there was none which I did so constantly *ill*.—Chap. i., p. 23.

He reproached me when I read a sentence *ill*.—*Idem*.

7 He neither himself does them any *ill office*, nor connives at its being done.—Chap. ii., p. 50.

8 I may be pardoned, perhaps, for repeating here the note upon this passage in my edition of

Observe here how the mere transposition of a word changes it from what is called an adverb to what is called an adjective. In "makes deeds ill done" it is the former, in "makes ill deeds done" it is the latter. That is one of the characteristic traits of our grammarless tongue. Other tongues share this ability, which seems to be one of the accompaniments of that logical tendency, that conformity to reason, which all language exhibits in modern times.¹ But it seems to be most kindred to Teutonic speech.

That *ill* is a contracted form of *evil* (in Anglo-Saxon *yfel*) etymologists seem now not to doubt, although that derivation was once questioned. And it is to be remarked that the forms *ifel*, *eovel*, *yfel*, and *uwele* are found about the year 1200 coexistent with *ille*, and that the former are used adverbially.² Is it not, then, more than possible that our *ill* is not a contraction, but has come to us directly from *illr* or *illa* in the Norse tongues, to which we owe not a few of our commonest words? Of the later use of *ill* of course the illustrations are numberless. Probably there is not a writer in the language who has not used it either as both a noun and an adjective, or as both a noun and an adverb, while many have used it as all three. But I venture to say that its adjective use has so nearly passed away that it has now to most people the air of an adverb; except when used, rather rarely, as a noun, in such phrases as "the ills of life." Through the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, it was most generally, if I may trust my memory and my memorandums, used as a noun, or with a pronounced adjective force, of which I give below characteristic examples from Bishop Bale,³ Ben Jonson,⁴ Milton,⁵ Temple,⁶

"King John," in which I gave my reasons for hesitating in my decision in favor of the adjective position of *ill*. It may give those of my readers who may be "curious to have a classification of adjectives by Mr. White" ("Recent Exemplifications," p. 74) some idea of my crude notions about them fourteen years ago, and so illustrate, although very slightly, how what little acquaintance I profess to have with language is (as it has been called in a peculiar dialect) "the latest of opimathics" (*idem*, p. 73).

"I have made the transposition which the Rev. Mr. Barry was the first to suggest and Mr. Knight the first to adopt; but with some hesitation, although the change has the sanction of Mr. Dyer, and is found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632. Mr. Knight remarks that 'the old text might apply to good deeds unskillfully performed,' and Mr. Dyer that 'in such passages the order of the words which are emphatically repeated is rarely if ever changed.' But it should be observed that writers before the middle of the seventeenth century take a much greater latitude than we do now in the placing of adverbs (as well as adjectives), and often place them before the verb when they intend to qualify the substantive which is the subject of the predication: so in this case 'a deed ill done' may have been put for 'an ill deed done.'"—*Shakespeare, Vol. VI., p. 128.*

1 — languages advance from exuberance to moderation, from complexity and confusion to grammatical regularity, and from synthesis to analysis. . . . It has been a fatal mistake of philology to suppose that simplicity is anterior to complexity. . . . It is a bad thing for the human mind to be subjected to the despotism of a rigid grammar, the tyranny of too perfect a form. . . . The progress of analysis is that of the human intelligence.—*Farrer, "Origin of Languages," chap. viii.*

2 Stratmann, in v. *uvel* and *ille*.

3 Ye put no diversitie betwene the *yll* judgements which Christ hath forbidden.—*D. vi. b.*

For as the prophet Esay sayth, ye judge *yll* good and good *yll*.—*Ibid, D., vii.*

For sooner might I catch *yll* of him that is nought than any goodnesse toward my soule heith.—*Ibid, E., li., b.*

4 An *ill* death let me die.—"*The Poetaster*," v, 1.

Thurnio the judge doth thunder words of *ill*.—*Ibid.*

[Jonson thus almost translates, after his fashion, Juvenal's "Nemo repente turpissimus fuit."

No man is present y made bad with *ill*. —"*Cynthia's Revels*," v., 1.

5 He who writes himself Martyr by his own inscription, is like an *ill* painter, who by writing on the shapeless picture which he hath drawn, is fain to tell passengers what shape it is.—"*Eikonodaster*," Sec. 27.

6 — and let the sort or scheme be what it will, those are *ill* governments where *ill* men govern —"*Works*" (1757), vol. III., p. 41.

Swift,¹ Samuel Palmer,² and Gray.³ The substantive use does not strike us as being strange, but Bale's "*yll* [*i. e.*, sinful] judgement," Swift's "*ill* [*i. e.*, bad] food," and his and Temple's and Palmer's "*ill* [*i. e.*, not sick, but wicked]. man," have such an effect, I am sure, upon all modern readers.

The use of *ill* to mean sick is not of late origin. To follow it up a little, it was common in Gray's⁴ time, it was so used by Etherege,⁵ and Sir William Temple,⁶ and Cartwright,⁷ and Shakespeare,⁸ and Ben Jonson;⁹ and Chapman¹⁰ uses it in his *Iliad*, thus referring to ἰδ' ὀλιγηπελέων which, occurring just before, he translates "sickly."

This is the earliest example I have noticed in literature; but in the "*Promptorium Parvulorum*," about A. D. 1440, we find, not indeed *ill*, but what is more important, "*Evyll*, or sekeness. *Infirmitas*." It will thus be seen that in writing of this use of *ill* as comparatively modern and "British," I was in error, and I regret it if I have thereby misled any of my readers. I can offer no excuse for my fault; for there is no reason for it but hasty writing without reference to memorandums. It is fifteen years, for instance, since I read Chapman, and then with no thought of ever writing upon language, except in regard to Shakespeare, and perhaps "Americanisms." And indeed almost all my word memorandums were made more than five years ago, and a large number of them only on the fly-leaves of books as I read them, or on loose sheets, any systematic arrangement of which, alphabetical or other, has until recently never been attempted. Life, with all its griefs and struggles, was too sweet to be wasted in such weary, barren work. In this matter, therefore, I can offer the excuse only of forgetfulness and haste on the part of a man who had much to do and more to think about; and that perhaps must be made broad enough to cover some other sins, which, however, shall be acknowledged, my readers may be sure, whether they are, as in this case, first discovered by myself or pointed out by others.

1 Twelve of our crew were dead by immoderate labor and *ill* food.—"*Voyage to Lilliput*," chap. i.

My breeches were at that time in so *ill* a condition that they afforded opportunities for laughter and admiration —*Ibid.*, chap. iii.

For although he should be sorry to have taken so *ill* a man into his ship.—*Idem*, chap. viii.

2 Reproof and admonition . . . often makes an *ill* man the captive of virtue and religion.—"*Moral Essays on Proverbs*," 1710, p. 4.

— and the *ill* ideas become too strong for the severest correction.—*Idem*, p. 14

3 At least if they do not [like Genoa] they have a very *ill* taste.—"*Lettera*," A. D. , 1739, Sec. ii. 12.

4 I have been very *ill*, and am still hardly recovered.—"*Letters*," Sec. i., 7.

5 Dor.—I cannot endure the torture of a lingering consumptive passion.

Loveit.—Can you think mine *sickly*?

Dor.—Oh! 'tis desperately *ill*.—" *The Man of Mode*," il., 1.

6 Yet these employ our physicians, perhaps more than other diseases, who are fain to humor such patients in their fancies of being *ill*.—" *Works* " (1757) vol. III., p. 290.

7 'Tis you must give it, Father : I am *ill* ;

I'm very *ill* ; fit only now. for hereafter

My soul would fain be flying —" *The Ordinary*," 1651, p. 78.

8 Boy.—Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master, and your hostess. He's very *sick* and would to bed. Good Bardolph, put thy face between the sheets and do the office of a warming pan. Faith, he's very *ill*.—" *Henry V.*," il., 1.

9 But Annie's *falling ill* did put us off it.—" *The Sad Shepherd*," il., 2.

10 Why in this *sickly* kind,

Great Hector. sitt'st thou apart? . . .

. . . Why, since I thus rejoice,

By thy so serious benefit, demand'st thou as in mirth,

And to my face, if I were *ill*?—*Iliad*, xv, 232

RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

GUSTAVE DORÉ.

ON a bright and beautiful afternoon of September last, I had the pleasure of visiting the studio of Gustave Doré. It was something of a change from the almost glaring brightness of everything outside to enter that large, cool, solemn room. M. Gustave Doré lives and works in one of the avenues leading out of the Champs Elysées. His studio on the ground floor (as we should call it in England) is at the back of the house, and is, as I have said, a large, and almost a vast chamber. It is tapestried, if I may say so, with the records and trophies of that wonderfully fertile genius which has filled Europe and America with such prodigal proofs of its rapid skill. More than one wild Dantesque scene may be looked on there, and recognized as an old acquaintance by all eyes familiar with the illustrations to the "Inferno." There is a copy made by the artist himself of "Christian Martyrs," which at present is on exhibition in the Doré gallery in London. Only think of the artist's capacity for labor, who, still young, has a gallery of his own paintings in London, another in New York, and a third in Paris! On the walls of Doré's studio are some grim and pathetic figures illustrative in various ways of Alsace and her sufferings: the artist is a native of Strasburg. There are several illustrations of the scenery of Scotland, which M. Doré has lately been visiting; and there is the painting on which he is at present working—on which at least he was working when I was received by him. This is "The Dream of Pilate's Wife." When Pilate "was set down on the judgment-seat, his wife sent unto him saying, Have thou nothing to do with that just man; for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of him." These things from which the wife of Pilate suffered are embodied by Doré in a vision of the conquering progress of Christianity over all lands and kingdoms—a long, vague, grand procession of the typical heroes, saints, and martyrs of the early Christian world. These and the troubled wonder-wrought face of the wife of Pilate, who even in her waking senses has her vision with her still, make up the meaning and value of the picture. The idea is a bold one, and success in carrying it out ought to be a triumph. The work, however, was not advanced enough when I saw it for me to pronounce an opinion on it, even if my opinion were worth anything.

Gustave Doré is a short, stout man, with a large head, a fine brown *chevelure*, a broad forehead, a handsome face, very bright beaming eyes, and a peculiarly frank and winning smile. There is something indescribably animating about his friendly and cordial manner. He is rather more than forty years of age, but he looks much younger; and he has been so short a time, comparatively, before the world, that one is surprised to learn that he has even attained his fortieth year. I had not known M. Doré before, but he and I had a common and valued friend whose fate was a tragedy. Our friend was a Parisian journalist and man of letters, a man of the purest heart and most honorable sensitive nature, a true gentleman, whom all who knew him held in esteem, and many held in affection. His health was always somewhat feeble, and his nerves were highly strung, and he died in the siege—I may perhaps literally say of starvation. There was plenty of money in his house, but one cannot feed on money; and my poor friend could not eat—at least he could not live on—the miserable substitutes for nutritious food which were all that

the wealth of a Rothschild could then have bought. Doré attended him as though they had been brothers. My friend died one day with the thunder of the German siege guns alone disturbing the quiet of his passing away. Doubtless there were hundreds of just such deaths then, but this one especially interested me; and the widow of our dead friend accompanied my wife and me to visit Gustave Doré. Therefore it was not quite for me an ordinary introduction to a distinguished artist. A man at once more simple, genial, and modest than Doré is not easily to be met. The most ordinary observation of human character has made us all so familiar with such contrasts, that one would now naturally expect to find in an artist so daring and self-reliant, so unconventional and audacious as Gustave Doré, a man of gentle and modest manner. I heard an odd little anecdote illustrative of the fact. A clever young Englishwoman who is beginning to have a certain success in small paintings—really only a beginner—was brought one day to Doré's studio by some friends. Unlike most Englishwomen, this was a very impulsive and irrepressible young person, and she offered the frankest criticisms of this, that, and the other piece of work around. The picture on which Doré was then engaged occupied her attention particularly, and not content with recommending various improvements, she suddenly caught his brush from the artist's hand, and saying coolly, "Don't you think, M. Doré, that a touch of this kind would be an improvement *there?*" she actually amended his work with her own audacious fingers. Her friends were rather astounded, and one of them afterwards took occasion to apologize to Doré for the impulsiveness of the young lady. But Doré only seemed surprised to find that any apology or explanation should be considered necessary. He thought there was some justice in the suggestion thus practically made, and it seemed to him quite natural that one artist should help out another. It did not appear to have occurred to him that there was anything presumptuous in the volunteer effort of the young beginner to lend a helping hand to one of the most celebrated and successful artists of his day.

Gustave Doré is, as I have said, a Strasburg man. He was born in January, 1832, and when very young was brought by his father to Paris, where his education was finished. Doré's mother is still living, a woman of the most attractive manners, always delighted to welcome and entertain the large circle of friends and visitors that her own genial ways and the renown of her son have brought about her. Another of her sons is, I believe, a banker in Paris, and is married. Gustave Doré still remains a bachelor. The life of an artist has seldom much to tell, and Gustave Doré's has hitherto been naturally somewhat uneventful, unless in so far as artistic enterprises and achievements may be considered events. The great event in his life was when the public first became conscious of the new and strong power that was growing up in art. The genius of French painters had for a long time displayed itself in forms which, whether you describe them as classic or as romantic, were always governed by the severe rules of beauty, dignity, and grandeur. Even where the subject was most appalling or most painful, there was a certain grave and measured dignity, the self-restraint of art, always evident. Those who remember the "Suliot Women" of Ary Scheffer in the gallery of the Luxembourg, or Delacroix's "Massacre of Scio" at the same place—kindred subjects—will understand what I mean. These are painful and terrible pictures. They tell of outrage and massacre. They are full of tears and blood and shame. They are inspired by all the passionate sympathy which then turned in France and everywhere toward suffering and struggling Greece. In the "Massacre

of Scio," what can be more terrible than the form of the aged, haggard woman, dying in the foreground? or more strangely made up of the beautiful and the painful than the figure of the young Greek girl, naked, agonized, and writhing with shame and terror, whom the Turkish conqueror has bound to the flanks of his horse that he may carry her away? But in these paintings and all the rest—including even such as Delacroix's "Dante and Virgil in the Infernal Regions" and the "Death of Sardanapalus"—the hand and the imagination of the artist have kept themselves steadfastly within limits. They have dealt with the terrible, but never with the horrible. They have never touched on the grotesque. They have avoided mere ugliness even where old age and misery had to be painted; they have shut out the repulsive even in scenes of carnage; and they have almost invariably refrained from any effort to enhance the emotional effects of the scene by the mere influence of startling contrasts. The character of the style of art which Gustave Doré was introducing (or perhaps I should say reviving after a trance of whole centuries) was very different from this. If the romantic ventured upon effects that seemed startling after the classic, the new style looked still more startling when compared with the romantic. Gustave Doré revelled in bold contrasts, in audacious flights of the imagination, in reckless grotesquerie. Masses of dark clouds with a sudden light flashing in upon them; terrible gulfs of blackness amid which breaks upward some lurid fire; stormy winter waves with just a line of pale light above the horizon; forests of savage gloom on which the wan ray of a star looks down—these are among his simplest and least extravagant effects. But where the forms and the sufferings of men and women come in, there the peculiar genius of the painter lets itself loose into all the possible and impossible combinations of the grotesque. Nothing that could heighten the effect of contrast is placed beyond his range. The pathetic is deepened by the closest proximity of the comic. Death is made ludicrous. Revelry is made funereal. Not merely the horrible, but even the loathsome: not alone comedy, but even farce and buffoonery, are admitted to play their parts in the fantastic revel, where the nature of the subject is of itself kin with the genius of the artist, as in the illustrations to Rabelais or to the *Contes drôlatiques* of Balzac. Doré sometimes seems to have mingled up forms and scenes as if he had painted under the direct inspiration of a nightmare, or at the bidding of a patient in delirium. But even in dealing with subjects which never thus invited and chartered extravagance, Doré often seems as if he must indulge the wild, wide, freakish play of his whimsical fancy. Sometimes it finds its scope in bold and brilliant efforts of a weird poetic supernaturalism: sometimes it amuses itself in the homeliest and the vulgarest details. In one scene of "Don Quixote," the gorgeous masses of cloud that gather round the sinking sun shape themselves shadowily into the semblance of the splendid vain images that have filled the head of the hapless knight; in another scene a Spanish mother is shown in the foreground of the picture, unheeding all that is going on around her, and quietly "spanking" her child. Open another of his volumes: in one scene the forest trees take fantastic and awful shapes to the eye of the terrified traveller in the gloom of the twilight, and gird at him like the wood demons that flouted Undine's knight; in another scene a spider has woven his web all across a domestic utensil of which art does not usually take notice. But even in his far more sober style, and where he resolutely excludes the grotesque, he does not or cannot restrain himself from occasional indulgence in the startling effects produced by the sudden bringing together of the real and the ideal—I had almost said of the poetic and the vulgar. The

world awoke suddenly to a recognition of this odd new power. - Doré sprang into reputation much as Edmund Kean did when he startled a public used to the measured solemnities of the Kembles. Despite all that æsthetic criticism and the art schools could say, the public soon recognized him as one of the most successful and distinguished artists of our time.

Indeed, the one thing which you cannot ignore or dispute in the career of Doré is his success. Perhaps it would have been better for his fame in the end if the success had been less sudden and complete. But to say this, is only in other words to acknowledge the fact of the success. Only a dozen years have passed since the attention of the world was attracted by the wonderful freshness and power of the seventy-six drawings which illustrate the "Divina Commedia." Shortly after this appeared the more carefully-wrought and more varied illustrations to "Don Quixote," every one of which was, as to scenery and general surroundings, a close and patient study from the life of Spain. I remember reading at the time a critique of the "Don Quixote" drawings from the pen of one of the first critics in France, and, oddly enough, the writer commented especially upon the patient labor, the conscientious study of detail, with which Doré must have applied himself to his work. Long before this, however, Doré had been known as a promising artist. He exhibited four paintings as early as 1855, when he was but twenty-three years of age; and he had been contributing comic sketches, broad, grotesque, and farcical, to the "Journal pour Rire" years and years before. Doré was in fact one of the precocious wonders, the infant phenomena of art. He could draw when he was a child. He was far more precocious than even Landseer, although he never became so skilled a draughtsman. Stuart Mill says in his autobiography that he could not remember when he began to learn Greek, but was told that he was learning it when three years old. Doré probably could not remember when he began to draw. He had, and has, a wonderful gift of music as well. When a child he displayed such a skill in music, that it seemed for a long time doubtful whether that was not the direction in which his genius would find its happiest and most natural expression. Rapidity of perception was always one of his peculiarities. Whatever he could do was done quickly and almost on the instant. Even to this day, disciplined as he must have been out of all extravagant eagerness, nothing is so irksome to him, he told me, as to make a copy of one of his own works. While the task is still incomplete, while the path is not yet wholly marked out, and there is room for new touches, and the possibility of fresh imaginative escapades, then the work continues to be a real labor of love. But to go over the ground a second time, condemned to walk only in the already trodden footsteps, this is a trial which the artist's eager spirit finds it hard to undergo. Doré almost shuddered as he pointed to a duplicate which he had undertaken to make of one of his larger paintings, and seemed to look with ineffable hope to the approaching period of its completion and his deliverance. Doubtless he expended much care and patience on some of the works in which he felt an especial interest, such as the illustrations to the "Don Quixote." But the care was probably given chiefly to the scenery, the life, the details, beforehand. These once thoroughly studied and mastered, I fancy the work of the artist must have been rapid as usual.

Success then came with a rush. It descended upon Doré like that often-quoted shower upon Danaë. It was in fact a very early success, for Doré must have been under thirty years of age when his name first became famous all over Europe. But, as I have remarked, he had been a long time working even then; he had been all his life working, without any greater results than

the appreciation of many of his fellows and a small portion of the public, who saw in him promise of something yet to be developed. Probably the feats that made his fame were not such as his earlier labors might have suggested. But he could not help seeing that he had at last, in a moment, fairly conquered and captured the public. High art and lofty criticism might say what they pleased; the pit had risen at him, as at Edmund Kean; the public were with him, the picture dealers, the publishers, the engravers, the popular journals, the fashionable patrons—all that makes the success and rewards the labors of a man's life. After the Dante and the "Don Quixote," Doré was not merely famous but the rage almost everywhere throughout Europe. Everything must be illustrated by Gustave Doré. In England, at least, a whole swarm of projects for illustrated editions of great books and poets started into existence upon the strength of his genius and his name. That name, it was felt, would float anything. Accordingly we have the Bible, we have Milton, we have Tennyson illustrated by Doré. It did not matter whether the work to be illustrated was one with which the spirit or the style of Doré's art corresponded in the least, the painter must go to work and produce the illustrations all the same, it being certain that the public would buy them. Then such enterprises as the "Illustrated London" were started merely to give a chance of putting forth freely examples of the artist's prolific skill. Third-rate, fourth-rate, tenth-rate London penmen were associated in various undertakings with the wonderful Alsacean painter, the association being, of course, very much like that of Handel and the bellows-blower in the popular anecdote, or "my grandsire and M. Turenne" in Thackeray's "Chronicle of the Drum." Of one of these uncongenial partnerships a sharp critical journal observed that M. Doré was always brilliant and sometimes vulgar, while his literary companion was never brilliant and always vulgar. All this tended, beyond doubt, to lower the prestige of Gustave Doré in the eyes of artists and critics, and it must have tended, one would think, to bring down, for the time at least, his own standard of excellence. There is not, I presume, the slightest reason to suppose that Doré would spontaneously have taken up the notion, for instance, of illustrating Tennyson. No two minds could be less congenial. Tennyson has not from first to last one single gleam of the kind of humor which delights in *bizarrierie* and in sudden contrasts. Tennyson's art is all done in pastel or in Parian. Doré never seems, therefore, to be quite himself in illustrating our laureate, and indeed in some instances he evidently had not read or he quite misunderstood the words of the poet which were to have been his text. Let me hasten to say that, remembering what other artists have done, I am not in the least surprised at this. If it were not an unpardonable wandering away from my subject, I could here introduce a positive essay on the astonishing manner in which really distinguished artists seem utterly to ignore anything said by the author whom they are supposed to illustrate. The works of Charles Dickens are rich in examples of this strange heedlessness; and I believe Mr. Charles Reade has besought that he may not be illustrated at all. If any one will take the trouble to compare the plates even in some of the best editions of the "Waverley Novels" with Scott's own notion of things as set forth very clearly in the text, he will find that our authors suffer on the whole rather less than their predecessors in this respect. Returning, however, to Doré, it is evident that he never cared for his Tennyson. I have heard it said that when he was first invited to undertake the work, he asked who Tennyson was; and there would be nothing surprising in the story if it were true. Even literary Frenchmen know hardly anything of contemporary English ce-

lebrities; and Gustave Doré, often as he has visited London, speaks no English. Neither is Milton much in his style; and although he has produced some grand Biblical scenes, I still wish he had not been persuaded to illustrate the Bible.

The danger of this sudden and almost overwhelming success was perhaps peculiarly evident in the case of so rapid and prolific an artist. At one time the kind of projects in which he was persuaded to engage seems to have produced a distinctly deteriorating effect upon his style of workmanship. "High art" came, therefore, to feel or to affect a certain scorn for Doré, such as it could not have ventured to express when he was known only as the wonderful youth who had illustrated "Don Quixote." High art, however, is not uncommonly wrong when it takes to speaking scorn of other art, merely because the latter is too popular and too easily successful. In this case, I think, some of his brothers have been much too ready to overlook not merely the natural genius but the many genuine successes of Gustave Doré. But that he has done far too much work, and has been persuaded into venturing upon uncongenial enterprises, I think is hardly to be denied. In truth, it is difficult in our days for a successful painter to be a great artist. It is very difficult to live for art when the temptation is so great to live luxuriously and easily by art. The painter now suffers all the disadvantage of the ill-judging patronage which once spoiled the fame of so many a poet. The greatest money prizes and the greatest honors to be won in art (if we leave out the opera singer, supreme above all) are awarded to the painter. A successful and fashionable painter now is raised in a moment to that most perilous of all elevations, the height of his wishes. He can ask any price he likes, and indeed the more money he asks the more his patrons and patronesses are proud to patronize him. The Mr. Phœbus of Disraeli's "Lothair" is not a bad impersonation of a successful painter in England, except for the fact that, if I remember rightly, Mr. Phœbus, despite all his success, still persisted in following the bent of his own genius. The more probable thing would be his yielding himself wholly to the pleasant and easy current of the stream which floated him along, and painting just the sort of thing that pleased his patrons, at the prices that pleased himself. A little of the bracing air of adversity is especially good for a painter. At present in England a complete success in public favor may be considered identical with the close of a really artistic career. Take such a painter as Millais. There was in him, there is in him, the material of a great artist. He might, if he would, have produced of late years nothing but works that were destined to live. But he is the great success of the day, and Belgravian peeresses contend with Manchester millionaires for the honor of having themselves and their families painted by him. Therefore he has identified himself of late years with the production of flaring groups of human dahlias, and poppies, and sunflowers—faces, and necks, and arms of women, that is to say, issuing from flower beds of flashing silks, and satins, and velvets. The walls of the Royal Academy are now every season covered half over with art of this kind. Sir Francis Grant, the president, is great at the portraits of noble personages, male and female, in hunting costume or riding habits; and the example of Grant and of Millais is of course emulated by many of their brethren. It is the right sort of thing for ladies of rank and ladies who, having money, are ambitious of rank, to have their portraits by some eminent painter (Mr. Millais, if possible) hung on the walls of the Academy. It is an evidence of social position, like being presented at court. It would be needless to describe the effect of this sort of thing upon art. Allowing for

difference of execution, I do not see any great distinction between the work thus produced and sign-painting. I am satisfied that no great portrait-painting ever came of a system under which the artist simply paints the highest-paying customers as they come, and places his pencil at the mere service of riches and vanity.

It is not in this way, however, that Gustave Doré has erred. Such defects as he has are due rather to the temptation of too much popularity than of too much fashion. His errors have been like those of Victor Hugo and of Dickens, in the romancist's art. He has given way too often to the temptation of broad and striking effects, the influence of flashing contrasts and brilliant surprises. I do not believe that Doré has ever sought after the dangerous and effeminating patronage of what is called society. Danger of that kind, it is true, is much more easily found in London than in Paris. Paris itself never had the immense variety of private fortunes which creates a whole class and host of idle persons able to give anything for a whim, and always wanting some expensive object of interest. Neither is Paris inundated, as London is, by crowds of wealthy manufacturers from the provinces who like to rival and outbid fashion on fashion's own ground. Therefore when French art is seen to deteriorate, it is hardly ever in the direction which would suggest the enfeebling influence of fashionable patronage. But M. Doré might have given way to this influence if he had only felt so inclined. He visits London so often, and by the enterprises in which he is commonly associated he has become so much mixed up with London life, that he too might be patronized by London fashion if he would. He has had a cordial welcome from many of our English aristocracy, and I believe from some members of the royal family, and one sometimes hears of his having been entertained by this or that nobleman of genuine artistic taste. But Doré seems, as a rule, to have kept to the companionship of his own calling, and to have sought after no aristocratic acquaintanceships. Even as regards the artists and literary men of London, he has been so quiet and unobtrusive—I will not say reserved—that he is still personally unknown to numbers of distinguished painters and authors, who would be delighted to see him and welcome him. Some years ago, when Doré first began to visit London, there was an invitation sent to him to be present at the anniversary dinner of one of our leading literary institutions. The invitation was accepted, and the dinner committee assigned a place at the head table, among the most distinguished guests, to Doré. But when the painter came he entered the room unknown, his face being unfamiliar to those who were then present. No one accosted or greeted M. Doré, and he did not make himself known, but quietly went and found a place at the lower end of the table. Meanwhile the committee and stewards were looking for and expecting M. Doré, whose seat was kept vacant for him above. By mere chance a journalist passing up the room recognized Doré's face from having seen a photograph, and addressed him accordingly. The artist then was conducted to his place. It had not occurred to him that any special place was likely to be reserved for him, and he therefore had sat himself in the first unoccupied seat, which he found at the lower end of the hall. Since that time M. Doré has come to be much better known in London, but he has always conducted himself with a similar avoidance of every touch of obtrusiveness. His bright eyes speak a joyous temperament, or at least a temperament easily susceptible of enjoyment. But I have heard that he suffers the lot of nearly all sensitive and imaginative natures, and is readily affected by depression and melancholy. Indeed, people tell stories, which are obviously exaggerated, about his occa-

sional fits of despondency, and the gloomy, almost hopeless views which he takes of life and of all human effort. If one may at all venture to find the artist in his work, I think there can be discerned a profound melancholy, or even bitterness, pervading Doré's fantastic presentations of life; and it is perhaps the contrast which observers find between this vein of grim and morbid pathos and the almost boyish freshness and *bonhomie* of the artist's manner, which has suggested the extravagant accounts of moods suddenly alternating between exuberant mirth and black despair. Certainly one would think that if Doré is dissatisfied with life, there are few persons indeed who have not the right to grumble. Speaking only by the guidance of a rapid and hasty mental summary of such famous artists as I know anything of, I cannot remember one who attained an equal celebrity at an equal age.

The three galleries which Doré has lately filled with his paintings show the energy with which he has devoted himself to the more serious and the higher walk of his profession. His most ambitious effort is the huge picture of "Christ Leaving the Prætorium"—a vast canvas crowded with figures—which is now on exhibition in London. In this London gallery we have an opportunity of comparing Doré's treatment of a subject, even in his greatest and most refined moods, with that adopted by two of the greatest artists of modern France—Ary Scheffer and Ingres. Compare, for example, the "Francesca da Rimini" of Scheffer (which is in Sir Richard Wallace's collection now in the Bethnal Green Museum, London) with that of Gustave Doré. In Scheffer's painting the principal figure—that of poor Francesca clinging to her lover and floating "in the racking winds forever, forever," as Carlyle says—is that of a dark-haired, mournful, wasted woman. She is seen in profile, her long black hair floating over her slender naked body. The whole form is poetic, melancholy, suggestive of sorrow and penitence, but not of horror. It is quiet, one might say, for there is nothing startling or brilliant about it. It is the mournful shape of one who is patiently doing her penance, "dreeing her weird," as the Scotch phrase is. Now observe how Doré works out the same idea. His Francesca floats or rather struggles in the air with full front turned to us, in the centre of the picture, her figure almost hiding that of the lover to whom she clings. The figure is one of rich and even of voluptuous proportions, and it is struggling as if in sheer physical agony, while the ghastly wound beneath the breast sends its blood-drops trickling down the white soft body. Here you have the obvious and startling contrast of a fine feminine form—a form that suggests exuberant health, and; as I have said, almost voluptuous beauty, writhing in fierce pain and made ghastly by wounds and blood. Then, again, compare the "Andromeda" of Doré with the painting which is commonly called "Andromeda" by Ingres, and which is now in the gallery of the Luxembourg in Paris. I believe Ingres's painting does not represent Andromeda, but a much more modern poetic legend; but this is of little consequence, as the picture to be painted is just the same—a girl chained to a rock in order that she may become the prey of a monster. Every one has seen at least a copy or an engraving of the heroine of Ingres. A slender girl stands on a ledge of the rock to the side of which her outstretched hands are chained by the wrists above. Her head is thrown back over the shoulder so that the eyes, half-closed in agony of terrible expectation, can only see the heaven over her. It is agony and despair, but the despair of a certain proud womanly dignity. She knows her doom, and will abide it as calmly as may be; only she throws back her head to avoid the sight of the expected destroyer. Now Doré's "Andromeda" is a figure of wild and even frantic terror. Her

eyes start, her hair streams on the wind, her form is crouched as far as the chains will allow her, she tugs and strains at her bonds in desperate efforts to escape. This is certainly more sensational than Ingres's idea, and it is in a certain sense more real. This is how a modern girl would probably behave, if, just as she was about to enjoy a dip in the sea, some sea monster rushed at her, and she found that the door of her bathing-box had got firmly closed behind her and that her retreat was cut off. But Andromeda was fully prepared to meet her doom, and had no thought of being saved, and she was the daughter of a king, and had, I think, some celestial blood in her veins; and I doubt whether she would have jumped and screamed even under the circumstances. Even from a realistic point of view we are bound to take the legend as it is; and Doré seems to me not to have painted the Andromeda of the legend. But his is a very powerful realization of his own idea of the subject, and it serves to illustrate, as well as an essay could, the difference between Doré's vigorous and audacious art, and that of those whose admirers are perhaps too much inclined to censure his style. For myself, I am glad that Doré seems manfully resolved to be a painter, and not a mere illustrator of books—at all events, not a mere illustrator of books got up to sell. I think he has greatly improved as a draughtsman within these few years. His painted "Francesca da Rimini," for example, appears to be much superior in drawing to the Francesca of his "Inferno" illustrations. I am not, however, venturing upon a piece of art criticism. I am writing rather about the man himself than about his work, and therefore need only say that Doré is still quite young enough to take a new departure even now, and open out a long chapter of a new career. People with heads so large as his can generally do whatever they think themselves capable of, and set about doing.

M. Doré was "decorated" under the empire, and I believe the Emperor was anxious that the peculiar genius of the painter should employ itself in producing some characteristic memorial of the reign. When the fatal war against Prussia was declared, Doré was commissioned to paint a grand picture of the crossing of the Rhine by the resistless legions of France. I have heard that the idea was to introduce upon the canvas a spectral host of the dead soldiers of France who *did* cross the Rhine, watching in pride over the prowess of their descendants. The picture was not finished. The painter had other work to do presently, and did it manfully. When the Germans transferred the seat of war from the Rhine to the Seine, Gustave Doré was one of those who turned out in Paris to do duty on the ramparts. He threw himself into the work, not, as many others did, in the spirit of the amateur or the stage-player, but with a complete earnestness and an absolute subordination of every other purpose in life to the business of soldiering. I have heard many true stories of his kindly helpful ways, during the siege, to all friends who needed help. I have heard of him, when relieved long after midnight from duty on the ramparts, tramping weary miles of Paris to a house where a pale light burned always in a window (while lights were still to be had in the besieged city), to ask how the night was faring with a poor invalided friend; and then tramping off again to his own home, where he would hardly have time enough left him to snatch a mere draught of sleep. I have heard of his ranging Paris through to get, if possible, some dry wood to make a fire in the room of this same invalid, because the green raw wood which alone it was then possible to buy made a smoke that was painful to the sick man; and how at last he besieged the office of the Minister of the Interior himself, and talked and persuaded him into giving an order for some of the dry wood

which had already been "required" for government service. All through that fearful time I believe Gustave Doré was just the same—ready, energetic, helpful, kind—a genial and pleasant colleague for the brave and the strong, a support and encouragement, whenever he had the chance, for the weak and the timid. I heard so much indeed about his warm heart, and friendly, ever-ready, helping hand during the siege, that I cannot refrain from writing down at least this much of it for the public to read. This is praise of the man which no one will grudge or dispute. For the artist, his career has yet to speak decisively. His place in French art it would be quite premature to attempt to define as yet. But however people may differ about the merits of this or that work, however severely some may condemn Doré's errors of judgment and extravagances, I think hardly any one will deny that the faculty which his paintings—perhaps the worst as well as the best of them—display is not to be described at all if we do not describe it as genius.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

THE MASQUERADE.

GAYLY I went to the masquerade,
Donned my bright velvets and plaited
my hair.

"Look now your fairest, O face," I said;
"Robes, be your prettiest—he will be
there!"

"Masks cannot hide us!" I laughed at the
thought.

"Laces and silks keep his eyes from my
face?

Cavalier's plume or the cloak of a king
Turn to a stranger's his manhood and
grace?"

Gay flashed the lights and around whirled
the crowd,

Glittering, changing, mysterious still;
Laughter and music, now low and now
loud,

Beauty to charm, hidden glances to thrill.
Mid the soft music he came to my side

"'La Fille du Regiment,' you do I know
This glove tells the secret you thought it
would hide.

Be mine in this dance, now, *my friend*,"
soft and low.

Swifter the wild strains swept out on the air,
Softer the weird rhythm crept thro' my
brain,

Linking his light words to melodies rare,
Flooding my heart with love's jubilant
strain.

What did I see that my face grew so strange
When the gay maskers laid by their dis-
guise?

Others came back to themselves in the
change:

Two masks had hidden my friend from my
eyes.

Both fell at once One was silken and
white;

Noble the features concealed in its flow,
Pride in the lips, and the eyes full of light,
Sweetness, and strength; yes, ~~this~~ face did
I know.

"The other?" I fancied that constancy
truth,

Purity, honor abode in his heart.
Enough—'twas a mask; it fell, and, for-
sooth,

I woman-like showed my surprise in that
start.

Think not I turned myself sadly away,

Deem me not heartless in that I still smiled.
Why should I weep that my idol was clay?

Why should I mourn over fate like a child
Yes, dear, I own there's pain 'neath the
smile

Hearts won't forget all their tricks in a
day,

And mine will elude my skill once in a while,
Looking back still, when I'd pass on my
way.

MME. DE MAUVES.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART SECOND.

V.

ON reaching Paris, Longmore straightway purchased a Murray's "Belgium," to help himself to believe that he would start on the morrow for Brussels; but when the morrow came, it occurred to him that, by way of preparation, he ought to acquaint himself more intimately with the Flemish painters in the Louvre. This took a whole morning, but it did little to hasten his departure. He had abruptly left Saint-Germain, because it seemed to him that respect for Mme. de Mauves demanded that he should leave her husband no reason to suppose that he had understood him; but now that he had satisfied this immediate need of delicacy, he found himself thinking more and more ardently of Euphemia. It was a poor expression of ardor to be lingering irresolutely on the deserted boulevards, but he detested the idea of leaving Saint-Germain five hundred miles behind him. He felt very foolish, nevertheless, and wandered about nervously, promising himself to take the next train; but a dozen trains started, and Longmore was still in Paris. This sentimental tumult was more than he had bargained for, and, as he looked in the shop windows, he wondered whether it was a "passion." He had never been fond of the word, and had grown up with a kind of horror of what it represented. He had hoped that when he fell in love, he should do it with an excellent conscience, with no greater agitation than a mild general glow of satisfaction. But here was a sentiment compounded of pity and anger, as well as admiration, and bristling with scruples and doubts. He had come abroad to enjoy the Flemish painters and all others; but what fair-tressed saint of Van Eyck or Memling was so appealing a figure as Mme. de Mauves? His restless steps carried him at last out of the long villa-bordered avenue which leads to the Bois de Boulogne.

Summer had fairly begun, and the

drive beside the lake was empty, but there were various loungers on the benches and chairs, and the great café had an air of animation. Longmore's walk had given him an appetite, and he went into the establishment and demanded a dinner, remarking for the hundredth time, as he observed the smart little tables disposed in the open air, how much better this matter was ordered in France.

"Will monsieur dine in the garden or in the salon?" asked the waiter. Longmore chose the garden, and observing that a great vine of June roses was trained over the wall of the house, placed himself at a table near by, where the best of dinners was served him on the whitest of linen, in the most shining of porcelain. It so happened that his table was near a window, and that as he sat he could look into a corner of the salon. So it was that his attention rested on a lady seated just within the window, which was open, face to face, apparently, to a companion who was concealed by the curtain. She was a very pretty woman, and Longmore looked at her as often as was consistent with good manners. After a while he even began to wonder who she was, and to suspect that she was one of those ladies whom it is no breach of good manners to look at as often as you like. Longmore, too, if he had been so disposed, would have been the more free to give her all his attention, that her own was fixed upon the person opposite to her. She was what the French call a *belle brune*, and though our hero, who had rather a conservative taste in such matters, had no great relish for her bold outlines and even bolder coloring, he could not help admiring her expression of basking contentment.

She was evidently very happy, and her happiness gave her an air of innocence. The talk of her friend, whoever he was, abundantly suited her humor, for she sat listening to him with a broad, lazy smile, and interrupted him occasionally, while she crunched her bonbons, with a

murmured response, presumably as broad, which seemed to deepen his eloquence. She drank a great deal of champagne and ate an immense number of strawberries, and was plainly altogether a person with an impartial relish for strawberries, champagne, and what she would have called *bêtises*.

They had half finished dinner when Longmore sat down, and he was still in his place when they rose. She had hung her bonnet on a nail above her chair, and her companion passed round the table to take it down for her. As he did so, she bent her head to look at a wine stain on her dress, and in the movement exposed the greater part of the back of a very handsome neck. The gentleman observed it, and observed also, apparently, that the room beyond them was empty; that he stood within eyeshot of Longmore, he failed to observe. He stooped suddenly and imprinted a gallant kiss on the fair expanse. Longmore then recognized M. de Mauves. The recipient of this vigorous tribute put on her bonnet, using his flushed smile as a mirror, and in a moment they passed through the garden, on their way to their carriage.

Then, for the first time, M. de Mauves perceived Longmore. He measured with a rapid glance the young man's relation to the open window, and checked himself in the impulse to stop and speak to him. He contented himself with bowing with great gravity as he opened the gate for his companion.

That evening Longmore made a railway journey, but not to Brussels. He had effectually ceased to care about Brussels; the only thing he now cared about was Mme. de Mauves. The atmosphere of his mind had had a sudden clearing up; pity and anger were still throbbing there, but they had space to rage at their pleasure, for doubts and scruples had abruptly departed. It was little, he felt, that he could interpose between her resignation and the unsparing harshness of her position; but that little, if it involved the sacrifice of everything that bound him to the tranquil past, it seemed to him that he could offer her with a rapture which at last made reflection a wofully halting substitute for faith. Nothing in his tranquil past had given such a zest to consciousness as the sense of tending with all his being to a single

aim which bore him company on his journey to Saint-Germain. How to justify his return, how to explain his ardor, troubled him little. He was not sure, even, that he wished to be understood; he wished only to feel that it was by no fault of his that Mme. de Mauves was alone with the harshness of fate. He was conscious of no distinct desire to "make love" to her; if he could have uttered the essence of his longing, he would have said that he wished her to remember that in a world colored gray to her vision by disappointment, there was one vividly honest man. She might certainly have remembered it, however, without his coming back to remind her; and it is not to be denied that, as he packed his valise that evening, he wished immensely to hear the sound of her voice.

He waited the next day till his usual hour of calling—the late afternoon; but he learned at the door that Mme. de Mauves was not at home. The servant offered the information that she was walking in the forest. Longmore went through the garden and out of the little door into the lane, and, after half an hour's vain exploration, saw her coming toward him at the end of a green by-path. As he appeared, she stopped for a moment, as if to turn aside; then recognizing him, she slowly advanced, and he was soon shaking hands with her.

"Nothing has happened," she said, looking at him fixedly. "You're not ill?"

"Nothing, except that when I got to Paris I found how fond I had grown of Saint-Germain."

She neither smiled nor looked flattered; it seemed indeed to Longmore that she was annoyed. But he was uncertain, for he immediately perceived that in his absence the whole character of her face had altered. It told him that something momentous had happened. It was no longer self-contained melancholy that he read in her eyes, but grief and agitation which had lately struggled with that passionate love of peace of which she had spoken to him, and forced it to know that deep experience is never peaceful. She was pale, and she had evidently been shedding tears. He felt his heart beating hard; he seemed now to know her secrets. She continued to look at him with a contract-

ed brow, as if his return had given her a sense of responsibility too great to be disguised by a commonplace welcome. For some moments, as he turned and walked beside her, neither spoke; then abruptly—"Tell me truly, Mr. Longmore," she said, "why you have come back."

He turned and looked at her with an air which startled her into a certainty of what she had feared. "Because I've learned the real answer to the question I asked you the other day. You're not happy—you're too good to be happy on the terms offered you. Mme. de Mauves," he went on with a gesture which protested against a gesture of her own, "I can't be happy if you're not. I don't care for anything so long as I see such a depth of unconquerable sadness in your eyes. I found during three dreary days in Paris that the thing in the world I most care for is this daily privilege of seeing you. I know it's absolutely brutal to tell you I admire you; it's an insult to you to treat you as if you'd complained to me or appealed to me. But such a friendship as I waked up to there"—and he tossed his head toward the distant city—"is a potent force, I assure you; and when forces are compressed they explode. But if you had told me every trouble in your heart, it would have mattered little; I couldn't say more than I *must* say now—that if that in life from which you've hoped most has given you least, *my* devoted respect will refuse no service and betray no trust."

She had begun to make marks in the earth with the point of her parasol; but she stopped and listened to him in perfect immobility. Rather, her immobility was not perfect; for when he stopped speaking a faint flush had stolen into her cheek. It told Longmore that she was moved, and his first perceiving it was the happiest instant of his life. She raised her eyes at last, and looked at him with what at first seemed a pleading dread of excessive emotion.

"Thank you—thank you!" she said, calmly enough; but the next moment her own emotion overcame her calmness, and she burst into tears. Her tears vanished as quickly as they came, but they did Longmore a world of good. He had always felt indefinably afraid of her; her being had somehow seemed fed by a

deeper faith and a stronger will than his own; but her half-dozen smothered sobs showed him the bottom of her heart, and assured him that she was weak enough to be grateful.

"Excuse me," she said; "I'm too nervous to listen to you. I believe I could have faced an enemy to-day, but I can't endure a friend."

"You're killing yourself with stoicism—that's my belief," he cried. "Listen to a friend for his own sake, if not for yours. I have never ventured to offer you an atom of compassion, and you can't accuse yourself of an abuse of charity."

She looked about her with a kind of weary confusion which promised a reluctant attention. But suddenly perceiving by the wayside the fallen log on which they had rested a few evenings before, she went and sat down on it in impatient resignation, and looked at Longmore, as he stood silent, watching her, with a glance which seemed to urge that, if she was charitable now, he must be very wise.

"Something came to my knowledge yesterday," he said as he sat down beside her, "which gave me a supreme sense of your moral isolation. You are truth itself, and there is no truth about you. You believe in purity and duty and dignity, and you live in a world in which they are daily belied. I sometimes ask myself with a kind of rage how you ever came into such a world—and why the perversity of fate never let me know you before."

"I like my 'world' no better than you do, and it was not for its own sake I came into it. But what particular group of people is worth pinning one's faith upon? I confess it sometimes seems to me that men and women are very poor creatures. I suppose I'm romantic. I have a most unfortunate taste for poetic fitness. Life is hard prose, which one must learn to read contentedly. I believe I once thought that all the prose was in America, which was very foolish. What I thought, what I believed, what I expected, when I was an ignorant girl, fatally addicted to falling in love with my own theories, is more than I can begin to tell you now. Sometimes, when I remember certain impulses, certain illusions of those days, they take away my breath, and I wonder my bedazzled visions didn't lead

me into troubles greater than any I have now to lament. I had a conviction which you would probably smile at if I were to attempt to express it to you. It was a singular form for passionate faith to take, but it had all of the sweetness and the ardor of passionate faith. It led me to take a great step, and it lies behind me now in the distance like a shadow melting slowly in the light of experience. It has faded, but it has not vanished. Some feelings, I am sure, die only with ourselves; some illusions are as much the condition of our life as our heart-beats. They say that life itself is an illusion—that this world is a shadow of which the reality is yet to come. Life is all of a piece, then, and there is no shame in being miserably human. As for my ‘isolation,’ it doesn’t greatly matter; it’s the fault, in part, of my obstinacy. There have been times when I have been frantically distressed, and, to tell you the truth, wretchedly homesick, because my maid—a jewel of a maid—lied to me with every second breath. There have been moments when I have wished I was the daughter of a poor New England minister, living in a little white house under a couple of elms, and doing all the housework.”

She had begun to speak slowly, with an air of effort; but she went on quickly, as if talking were a relief. “My marriage introduced me to people and things which seemed to me at first very strange and then very horrible, and then, to tell the truth, very contemptible. At first I expended a great deal of sorrow and dismay and pity on it all; but there soon came a time when I began to wonder whether it was worth one’s tears. If I could tell you the eternal friendships I’ve seen broken, the inconsolable woes consoled, the jealousies and vanities leading off the dance, you would agree with me that tempers like yours and mine can understand neither such losses nor such compensations. A year ago, while I was in the country, a friend of mine was in despair at the infidelity of her husband; she wrote me a most tragical letter, and on my return to Paris I went immediately to see her. A week had elapsed, and, as I had seen stranger things, I thought she might have recovered her spirits. Not at all; she was still in despair—but at what? At the conduct, the abandoned, shameless conduct of Mme. de T. You’ll imagine,

of course, that Mme. de T. was the lady whom my friend’s husband preferred to his wife. Far from it; he had never seen her. Who, then, was Mme. de T.? Mme. de T. was cruelly devoted to M. de V. And who was M. de V.? M. de V.—in two words, my friend was cultivating two jealousies at once. I hardly know what I said to her; something, at any rate, that she found unpardonable, for she quite gave me up.

“Shortly afterward my husband proposed we should cease to live in Paris, and I gladly assented, for I believe I was falling into a state of mind that made me a detestable companion. I should have preferred to go quite into the country, into Auvergne, where my husband has a place. But to him Paris, in some degree, is necessary, and Saint-Germain has been a sort of compromise.”

“A sort of compromise!” Longmore repeated. “That’s your whole life.”

“It’s the life of many people, of most people of quiet tastes, and it’s certainly better than acute distress. One is at loss theoretically to defend a compromise; but if I found a poor creature clinging to me from day to day, I should think it poor friendship to make him lose his hold.” Mme. de Mauves had no sooner uttered these words than she smiled faintly, as if to mitigate their personal application.

“Heaven forbid,” said Longmore, “that one should do that unless one has something better to offer. And yet I am haunted by a vision of a life in which you should have found no compromises, for they are a perversion of natures that tend only to goodness and rectitude. As I see it, you should have found happiness serene, profound, complete; a *femme de chambre*, not a jewel perhaps, but warranted to tell but one fib a day; a society possibly rather provincial, but (in spite of your poor opinion of mankind) a good deal of solid virtue; jealousies and vanities very tame, and no particular iniquities and adulteries. A husband,” he added after a moment, “a husband of your own faith and race and spiritual substance, who would have loved you well.”

She rose to her feet, shaking her head. “You are very kind to go to the expense of visions for me. Visions are vain things; we must make the best of the reality.”

"And yet," said Longmore, provoked by what seemed the very wantonness of her patience, "the reality, if I'm not mistaken, has very recently taken a shape that keenly tests your philosophy."

She seemed on the point of replying that his sympathy was too zealous; but a couple of impatient tears in his eyes proved that it was founded on a devotion to which it was impossible not to defer. "Philosophy," she said, "I have none. Thank Heaven!" she cried, with vehemence, "I have none. I believe, Mr. Longmore," she added in a moment, "that I have nothing on earth but a conscience—it's a good time to tell you so—nothing but a dogged, clinging, inexpugnable conscience. Does that prove me to be indeed of your faith and race, and have you one for which you can say as much? I don't say it in vanity, for I believe that if my conscience will prevent me from doing anything very base, it will effectually prevent me from doing anything very fine."

"I'm delighted to hear it," cried Longmore. "We are made for each other. It's very certain I shall never do anything fine. And yet I have fancied that in my case this inexpugnable organ you so eloquently describe might be blinded and gagged awhile, in a fine cause, if not turned out of doors. In yours," he went on with the same appealing irony, "is it absolutely invincible?"

But her fancy made no concession to his sarcasm. "Don't laugh at your conscience," she answered gravely; "that's the only blasphemy I know."

She had hardly spoken when she turned suddenly at an unexpected sound, and at the same moment Longmore heard a footstep in an adjacent by-path which crossed their own at a short distance from where they stood.

"It's M. de Mauves," said Euphemia directly, and moved slowly forward. Longmore, wondering how she knew it, had overtaken her by the time her husband advanced into sight. A solitary walk in the forest was a pastime to which M. de Mauves was not addicted, but he seemed on this occasion to have resorted to it with some equanimity. He was smoking a fragrant cigar, and his thumb was thrust into the armhole of his waistcoat, with an air of contemplative serenity. He stopped short with surprise on

seeing his wife and her companion, and Longmore considered his surprise impertinent. He glanced rapidly from one to the other, fixed Longmore's eye sharply for a single instant, and then lifted his hat with formal politeness.

"I was not aware," he said, turning to Mme. de Mauves, "that I might congratulate you on the return of monsieur."

"You should have known it," she answered gravely, "if I had expected Mr. Longmore's return."

She had become very pale, and Longmore felt that this was a first meeting after a stormy parting. "My return was unexpected to myself," he said. "I came last evening."

M. de Mauves smiled with extreme urbanity. "It's needless for me to welcome you. Mme. de Mauves knows the duties of hospitality;" and with another bow he continued his walk.

Mme. de Mauves and her companion returned slowly home, with few words, but, on Longmore's part at least, many thoughts. The Baron's appearance had given him an angry chill; it was a dusky cloud driving back the light which had begun to shine between himself and his companion.

He watched Euphemia narrowly as they went, and wondered what she had last had to suffer. Her husband's presence had checked her frankness, but nothing indicated that she had accepted the insulting meaning of his words. Matters were evidently at a crisis between them, and Longmore wondered vainly what it was on Euphemia's part that prevented an absolute rupture. What did she suspect?—how much did she know? To what was she resigned?—how much had she forgiven? How, above all, did she reconcile with knowledge, as with suspicion, that ineradicable tenderness of which she had just now all but assured him? "She has loved him once," Longmore said with a sinking of the heart, "and with her to love once is to commit one's being forever. Her husband thinks her too rigid! What would a poet call it?"

He relapsed with a kind of aching impotence into the sense of her being somehow beyond him, unattainable, immeasurable by his own fretful spirit. Suddenly he gave three passionate switches in the air with his cane, which made Mme. de Mau-

ves look round. She could hardly have guessed that they meant that where ambition was so vain, it was an innocent compensation to plunge into worship.

Mme. de Mauves found in her drawing-room the little elderly Frenchman, M. de Chalumeau, whom Longmore had observed a few days before on the terrace. On this occasion too Mme. Clairin was entertaining him, but as his sister-in-law came in she surrendered her post and addressed herself to our hero. Longmore, at thirty, was still an ingenuous youth, and there was something in this lady's large coquetry which had the power of making him blush. He was surprised at finding he had not absolutely forfeited her favor by his deportment at their last interview, and a suspicion of her meaning to approach him on another line completed his uneasiness.

"So you've returned from Brussels," she said, "by way of the forest."

"I've not been to Brussels. I returned yesterday from Paris by the only way—by the train."

Mme. Clairin stared and laughed. "I've never known a young man to be so fond of Saint-Germain. They generally declare it's horribly dull."

"That's not very polite to you," said Longmore, who was vexed at his blushes, and determined not to be abashed.

"Ah, what am I?" demanded Mme. Clairin, swinging open her fan. "I'm the dullest thing here. They've not had your success with my sister-in-law."

"It would have been very easy to have it. Mme. de Mauves is kindness itself."

"To her own countrymen!"

Longmore remained silent; he hated the talk. Mme. Clairin looked at him a moment, and then turned her head and surveyed Euphemia, to whom M. de Chalumeau was serving up another epigram, which she was receiving with a slight droop of the head and her eyes absently wandering through the window. "Don't pretend to tell me," she murmured suddenly, "that you're not in love with that pretty woman."

"*Allons donc!*" cried Longmore, in the best French he had ever uttered. He rose the next minute and took a hasty farewell.

out going back; it seemed delicate not to appear to regard his friend's frankness during their last interview as a general invitation. This cost him a great effort, for hopeless passions are not the most deferential; and he had, moreover, a constant fear that if, as he believed, the hour of supreme "explanations" had come, the magic of her magnanimity might convert M. de Mauves. Vicious men, it was abundantly recorded, had been so converted as to be acceptable to God, and the something divine in Euphemia's temper would sanctify any means she should choose to employ. Her means, he kept repeating, were no business of his, and the essence of his admiration ought to be to respect her freedom; but he felt as if he should turn away into a world out of which most of the joy had departed, if her freedom, after all, should spare him only a murmured "Thank you."

When he called again he found to his vexation that he was to run the gauntlet of Mme. Clairin's officious hospitality. It was one of the first mornings of perfect summer, and the drawing-room, through the open windows, was flooded with a sweet confusion of odors and bird-notes which filled him with the hope that Mme. de Mauves would come out and spend half the day in the forest. But Mme. Clairin, with her hair not yet dressed, emerged like a brassy discord in a maze of melody.

At the same moment the servant returned with Euphemia's regrets; she was indisposed and unable to see Mr. Longmore. The young man knew that he looked disappointed, and that Mme. Clairin was observing him, and this consciousness impelled her to give him a glance of almost aggressive frigidity. This was apparently what she desired. She wished to throw him off his balance, and if he was not mistaken, she had the means.

"Put down your hat, Mr. Longmore," she said, "and be polite for once. You were not at all polite the other day when I asked you that friendly question about the state of your heart."

"I have no heart—to talk about," said Longmore, uncompromisingly.

"As well say you've none at all. I advise you to cultivate a little eloquence; you may have use for it. That was not an idle question of mine; I don't ask

VI.

He allowed several days to pass with-

idle questions. For a couple of months now that you've been coming and going among us, it seems to me that you have had very few to answer of any sort."

"I have certainly been very well treated," said Longmore.

Mme. Clairin was silent a moment, and then—"Have you never felt disposed to ask any?" she demanded.

Her look, her tone, were so charged with roundabout meanings that it seemed to Longmore as if even to understand her would savor of dishonest complicity. "What is it you have to tell me?" he asked, frowning and blushing.

Mme. Clairin flushed. It is rather hard, when you come bearing yourself very much as the Sibyl when she came to the Roman king, to be treated as something worse than a vulgar gossip. "I might tell you, Mr. Longmore," she said, "that you have as bad a *ton* as any young man I ever met. Where have you lived—what are your ideas? I wish to call your attention to a fact which it takes some delicacy to touch upon. You have noticed, I suppose, that my sister-in-law is not the happiest woman in the world."

Longmore burned in silence.

Mme. Clairin looked slightly disappointed at his want of enthusiasm. Nevertheless—"You have formed, I suppose," she continued, "your conjectures on the causes of her—dissatisfaction."

"Conjecture has been superfluous. I have seen the causes—or at least a specimen of them—with my own eyes."

"I know perfectly what you mean. My brother, in a single word, is in love with other women—with another woman. I don't judge him; I don't judge my sister-in-law. I permit myself to say that in her position I would have managed otherwise. I would have kept my husband's affection, or I would have frankly done without it, before this. But my sister is an odd compound; I don't profess to understand her. Therefore it is, in a measure, that I appeal to you, her fellow countryman. Of course you'll be surprised at my way of looking at the matter, and I admit that it's a way in use only among people whose family traditions compel them to take a superior view of things." Mme. Clairin paused, and Longmore wondered where her family traditions were going to lead her.

"Listen," she went on. "There has

never been a De Mauves who has not given his wife the right to be jealous. We know our history for ages back, and the fact is established. It's a shame if you like, but it's something to have a shame with such a pedigree. The De Mauves are real Frenchmen, and their wives—I may say it—have been worthy of them. You may see all their portraits in our Château de Mauves; every one of them an 'injured' beauty, but not one of them hanging her head. Not one of them had the bad taste to be jealous, and yet not one in a dozen was guilty of an *escapade*—not one of them was talked about. There's good sense for you! How they managed—go and look at the dusky, faded canvases and pastels, and ask. They were *femmes d'esprit*. When they had a headache, they put on a little rouge and came to supper as usual; and when they had a heart-ache, they put a little rouge on their hearts. These are fine traditions, and it doesn't seem to me fair that a little American *bourgeoise* should come in and interrupt them, and should hang her photograph, with her obstinate little *air penché*, in the gallery of our shrewd fine ladies. A De Mauves must be a De Mauves.

"When she married my brother, I don't suppose she took him for a member of a *société de bonnes œuvres*. I don't say we're right; who is right? But we're as history has made us, and if any one is to change, it had better be Mme. de Mauves herself." Again Mme. Clairin paused and opened and closed her fan. "Let her conform!" she said with amazing audacity.

Longmore's reply was ambiguous; he simply said "Ah!"

Mme. Clairin's pious retrospect had apparently imparted an honest zeal to her indignation. "For a long time," she continued, "my sister has been taking the attitude of an injured woman, affecting a disgust with the world and shutting herself up to read the 'Imitation.' I've never remarked on her conduct, but I've quite lost patience with it. When a woman with her prettiness lets her husband wander, she deserves her fate. I don't wish you to agree with me—on the contrary; but I call such a woman a goose. She must have bored him to death. What has passed between them for many months needn't concern us:

what provocation my sister has had—monstrous, if you wish—what *ennui* my brother has suffered. It's enough that a week ago, just after you had ostensibly gone to Brussels, something happened to produce an explosion. She found a letter in his pocket—a photograph—a trinket—*que sais-je?* At any rate, the scene was terrible. I didn't listen at the keyhole, and I don't know what was said; but I have reason to believe that my brother was called to account as I fancy none of his ancestors have ever been—even by injured sweethearts."

Longmore had leaned forward in silent attention with his elbows on his knees, and instinctively he dropped his face into his hands. "Ah, poor woman!" he groaned.

"*Voilà!*" said Mme. Clairin. "You pity her."

"Pity her?" cried Longmore, looking up with ardent eyes and forgetting the spirit of Mme. Clairin's narrative in the miserable facts. "Don't you?"

"A little. But I'm not acting sentimentally; I'm acting politically. I wish to arrange things—to see my brother free to do as he chooses—to see Euphemia contented. Do you understand me?"

"Very well, I think. You're the most immoral person I've lately had the privilege of conversing with."

Mme. Clairin shrugged her shoulders. "Possibly. When was there a great politician who was not immoral?"

"Nay," said Longmore in the same tone. "You're too superficial to be a great politician. You don't begin to know anything about Mme. de Mauves."

Mme. Clairin inclined her head to one side, eyed Longmore sharply, mused a moment, and then smiled with an excellent imitation of intelligent compassion. "It's not in my interest to contradict you."

"It would be in your interest to learn, Mme. Clairin," the young man went on with unceremonious candor, "what honest men most admire in a woman—and to recognize it when you see it."

Longmore certainly did injustice to her talents for diplomacy, for she covered her natural annoyance at this sally with a pretty piece of irony. "So you *are* in love!" she quietly exclaimed.

Longmore was silent awhile. "I wonder if you would understand me," he said at last, "if I were to tell you that I have

for Mme. de Mauves the most devoted friendship?"

"You underrate my intelligence. But in that case you ought to exert your influence to put an end to these painful domestic scenes."

"Do you suppose," cried Longmore, "that she talks to me about her domestic scenes?"

Mme. Clairin stared. "Then your friendship isn't returned?" And as Longmore turned away, shaking his head, "Now, at least," she added, "she will have something to tell you. I happen to know the upshot of my brother's last interview with his wife." Longmore rose to his feet as a sort of protest against the indelicacy of the position into which he was being forced; but all that made him tender made him curious, and she caught in his averted eyes an expression which prompted her to strike her blow.

"My brother is monstrously in love with a certain person in Paris; of course he ought not to be; but he wouldn't be a De Mauves if he were not. It was this unsanctified passion that spoke. 'Listen, madam,' he cried at last; 'let us live like people who understand life. It's unpleasant to be forced to say such things outright, but you have a way of bringing one down to the rudiments. I'm faithless, I'm heartless, I'm brutal, I'm everything horrible—it's understood. Take your revenge, console yourself; you're too pretty a woman to have anything to complain of. Here's a handsome young man sighing himself into a consumption for you. Listen to the poor fellow, and you'll find that virtue is none the less becoming for being good-natured. You'll see that it's not after all such a doleful world, and that there is even an advantage in having the most impudent of husbands.'" Mme. Clairin paused; Longmore had turned very pale. "You may believe it," she said; "the speech took place in my presence; things were done in order. And now, Mr. Longmore"—this with a smile which he was too troubled at the moment to appreciate, but which he remembered later with a kind of awe—"we count upon you."

"He said this to her, face to face, as you say it to me now?" Longmore asked slowly after a silence.

"Word for word, and with the greatest politeness."

"And Mme. de Mauves—what did she say?"

Mme. Clairin smiled again. "To such a speech as that a woman says—nothing. She had been sitting with a piece of needlework, and I think she had not seen her husband since their quarrel the day before. He came in with the gravity of an ambassador, and I'm sure that when he made his *demande en mariage* his manner was not more respectful. He only wanted white gloves!" said Mme. Clairin. "Euphemia sat silent a few moments drawing her stitches, and then without a word, without a glance, she walked out of the room. It was just what she should have done!"

"Yes," Longmore repeated, "it was just what she should have done."

"And I, left alone with my brother, do you know what I said?"

Longmore shook his head. "*Mauvais sujet!*" he suggested.

"'You've done me the honor,' I said, 'to take this step in my presence. I don't pretend to qualify it. You know what you're about, and it's your own affair. But you may confide in my discretion.' Do you think he has had reason to complain of it?" She received no answer; Longmore was slowly turning away and passing his gloves mechanically round the band of his hat. "I hope," she cried, "you're not going to start for Brussels!"

Plainly, Longmore was deeply disturbed, and Mme. Clairin might flatter herself on the success of her plea for old-fashioned manners. And yet there was something that left her more puzzled than satisfied in the reflective tone with which he answered, "No, I shall remain here for the present." The processes of his mind seemed provokingly subterranean, and she would have fancied for a moment that he was linked with her sister in some monstrous conspiracy of asceticism.

"Come this evening," she boldly resumed. "The rest will take care of itself. Meanwhile I shall take the liberty of telling my sister-in-law that I have repeated—in short, that I have put you *au fait*."

Longmore started and colored, and she hardly knew whether he was going to assent or to demur. "Tell her what you please. Nothing you can tell her will affect her conduct."

"*Voyons!* Do you mean to tell me that a woman, young, pretty, sentimental, neglected—insulted if you will——? I see you don't believe it. Believe simply in your own opportunity! But for heaven's sake, if it's to lead anywhere, don't come back with that *visage de croquemort*. You look as if you were going to bury your heart—not to offer it to a pretty woman. You're much better when you smile. Come, do yourself justice."

"Yes," he said, "I must do myself justice." And abruptly, with a bow, he took his departure.

VII.

He felt when he found himself unobserved, in the open air, that he must plunge into violent action, walk fast and far, and defer the opportunity for thought. He strode away into the forest, swinging his cane, throwing back his head, gazing away into the verdurous vistas, and following the road without a purpose. He felt immensely excited, but he could hardly have said whether his emotion was a pain or a joy. It was joyous as all increase of freedom is joyous; something seemed to have been knocked down across his path; his destiny seemed to have rounded a cape and brought him into sight of an open sea. But his freedom resolved itself somehow into the need of despising all mankind, with a single exception; and the fact of Mme. de Mauves inhabiting a planet contaminated by the presence of this baser multitude kept his elation from seeming a pledge of ideal bliss.

But she was there, and circumstance now forced them to be intimate. She had ceased to have what men call a secret for him, and this fact itself brought with it a sort of rapture. He had no prevision that he should "profit," in the vulgar sense, by the extraordinary position into which they had been thrown; it might be but a cruel trick of destiny to make hope a harsher mockery and renunciation a keener suffering. But above all this rose the conviction that she could do nothing that would not deepen his admiration.

It was this feeling that circumstance—unlovely as it was in itself—was to force

the beauty of her character into more perfect relief, that made him stride along as if he were celebrating a kind of spiritual festival. He rambled at random for a couple of hours, and found at last that he had left the forest behind him and had wandered into an unfamiliar region. It was a perfectly rural scene, and the still summer day gave it a charm which its meagre elements but half accounted for.

Longmore thought he had never seen anything so characteristically French; all the French novels seemed to have described it, all the French landscapists to have painted it. The fields and trees were of a cool metallic green; the grass looked as if it might stain your trousers, and the foliage your hands. The clear light had a sort of mild grayness; the sunbeams were of silver rather than gold. A great red-roofed, high-stacked farmhouse, with whitewashed walls and a straggling yard, surveyed the high road, on one side, from behind a transparent curtain of poplars. A narrow stream half choked with emerald rushes and edged with gray aspens occupied the opposite quarter. The meadows rolled and sloped away gently to the low horizon, which was barely concealed by the continuous line of clipped and marshalled trees. The prospect was not rich, but it had a frank homeliness which touched the young man's fancy. It was full of light atmosphere and diffused sunshine, and if it was prosaic, it was soothing.

Longmore was disposed to walk further, and he advanced along the road beneath the poplars. In twenty minutes he came to a village which straggled away to the right, among orchards and *potagers*. On the left, at a stone's throw from the road, stood a little pink-faced inn, which reminded him that he had not breakfasted, having left home with a prevision of hospitality from Mme. de Mauves. In the inn he found a brick-tiled parlor and a hostess in *sabots* and a white cap, whom, over the omelette she speedily served him—borrowing license from the bottle of sound red wine which accompanied it—he assured that she was a true artist. To reward his compliment, she invited him to smoke his cigar in her little garden behind the house.

Here he found a *tonnelle* and a view of ripening crops, stretching down to the stream. The *tonnelle* was rather close,

and he preferred to lounge on a bench against the pink wall, in the sun, which was not too hot. Here, as he rested and gazed and mused, he fell into a train of thought which, in an indefinable fashion, was a soft influence from the scene about him. His heart, which had been beating fast for the past three hours, gradually checked its pulses and left him looking at life with a rather more level gaze. The homely tavern sounds coming out through the open windows, the sunny stillness of the fields and crops, which covered so much vigorous natural life, suggested very little that was transcendental, had very little to say about renunciation—nothing at all about spiritual zeal. They seemed to utter a message from plain ripe nature, to express the unperturbed reality of things, to say that the common lot is not brilliantly amusing, and that the part of wisdom is to grasp frankly at experience, lest you miss it altogether. What reason there was for his falling a-wondering after this whether a deeply wounded heart might be soothed and healed by such a scene, it would be difficult to explain; certain it is that, as he sat there, he had a waking dream of an unhappy woman strolling by the slow-flowing stream before him, and pulling down the blossoming boughs in the orchards. He mused and mused, and at last found himself feeling angry that he could not somehow think worse of Mme. de Mauves—or at any rate think otherwise. He could fairly claim that in a sentimental way he asked very little of life—he made modest demands on passion; why then should his only passion be born to ill-fortune? why should his first—his last—glimpse of positive happiness be so indissolubly linked with renunciation?

It is perhaps because, like many spirits of the same stock, he had in his composition a lurking principle of asceticism to whose authority he had ever paid an unquestioning respect, that he now felt all the vehemence of rebellion. To renounce—to renounce again—to renounce forever—was this all that youth and longing and resolve were meant for? Was experience to be muffled and mutilated, like an indecent picture? Was a man to sit and deliberately condemn his future to be the blank memory of a regret, rather than the long reverberation of a joy?

Sacrifice? The word was a trap for minds muddled by fear, an ignoble refuge of weakness. To insist now seemed not to dare, but simply to be, to live on possible terms.

His hostess came out to hang a cloth to dry on the hedge, and, though her guest was sitting quietly enough, she seemed to see in his kindled eyes a flattering testimony to the quality of her wine.

As she turned back into the house, she was met by a young man whom Longmore observed in spite of his preoccupation. He was evidently a member of that jovial fraternity of artists, whose very shabbiness has an affinity with the element of picturesqueness and unexpectedness in life, which provokes a great deal of unformulated envy among people foredoomed to be respectable.

Longmore was struck first with his looking like a very clever man, and then with his looking like a very happy one. The combination, as it was expressed in his face, might have arrested the attention of a less cynical philosopher. He had a slouched hat and a blond beard, a light easel under one arm, and an unfinished sketch in oils under the other.

He stopped and stood talking for some moments to the landlady with a peculiarly good-humored smile. They were discussing the possibilities of dinner; the hostess enumerated some very savory ones, and he nodded briskly, assenting to everything. It couldn't be, Longmore thought, that he found such soft contentment in the prospect of lamb chops and spinach and a *tarte à la crème*. When the dinner had been ordered, he turned up his sketch, and the good woman fell a-wondering and looking off at the spot by the stream side where he had made it.

Was it his work, Longmore wondered, that made him so happy? Was a strong talent the best thing in the world? The landlady went back to her kitchen, and the young painter stood as if he were waiting for something, beside the gate which opened upon the path across the fields. Longmore sat brooding and asking himself whether it was better to cultivate an art than to cultivate a passion. Before he had answered the question the painter had grown tired of waiting. He picked up a pebble, tossed it lightly into an upper window, and called, "Claudine!"

Claudine appeared; Longmore heard her at the window, bidding the young man to have patience. "But I'm losing my light," he said; "I must have my shadows in the same place as yesterday."

"Go without me then," Claudine answered; "I will join you in ten minutes." Her voice was fresh and young; it seemed to say to Longmore that she was as happy as her companion.

"Don't forget the Chénier," cried the young man; and turning away, he passed out of the gate and followed the path across the fields until he disappeared among the trees by the side of the stream. Who was Claudine? Longmore vaguely wondered, and was she as pretty as her voice? Before long he had a chance to satisfy himself; she came out of the house with her hat and parasol, prepared to follow her companion. She had on a pink muslin dress and a little white hat, and she was as pretty as a Frenchwoman needs to be to be pleasing. She had a clear brown skin and a bright dark eye, and a step which seemed to keep time to some slow music, heard only by herself. Her hands were encumbered with various articles which she seemed to intend to carry with her. In one arm she held her parasol and a large roll of tapestry, and in the other a shawl and a heavy white umbrella, such as painters use for sketching. Meanwhile she was trying to thrust into her pocket a paper-covered volume which Longmore saw to be the "Poems of André Chénier;" but in the effort she dropped the large umbrella, and uttered a half-smiling exclamation of disgust. Longmore stepped forward with a bow and picked up the umbrella, and as she, protesting her gratitude, put out her hand to take it, it seemed to him that she was unbecomingly overburdened.

"You have too much to carry," he said; "you must let me help you."

"You're very good, monsieur," she answered. "My husband always forgets something. He can do nothing without his umbrella. He is *d'une étourderie*——"

"You must allow me to carry the umbrella," Longmore said. "It's too heavy for a lady."

She assented, after many compliments to his politeness; and he walked by her side into the meadow. She went lightly and rapidly, picking her steps and glanc-

ing forward to catch a glimpse of her husband. She was graceful, she was charming, she had an air of decision and yet of sweetness, and it seemed to Longmore that a young artist would work none the worse for having her seated at his side, reading Chénier's iambics. They were newly married, he supposed, and evidently their path of life had none of the mocking crookedness of some others. They asked little; but what need one ask more than such quiet summer days, with the creature one loves, by a shady stream, with art and books and a wide, unshadowed horizon? To spend such a morning, to stroll back to dinner in the red-tiled parlor of the inn, to ramble away again as the sun got low—all this was a vision of bliss which floated before him, only to torture him with a sense of the impossible. All Frenchwomen are not coquettes, he remarked, as he kept pace with his companion. She uttered a word now and then, for politeness' sake, but she never looked at him, and seemed not in the least to care that he was a well-favored young man. She cared for nothing but the young artist in the shabby coat and the slouched hat, and for discovering where he had set up his easel.

This was soon done. He was encamped under the trees, close to the stream, and, in the diffused green shade of the little wood, seemed to be in no immediate need of his umbrella. He received a vivacious rebuke, however, for forgetting it, and was informed of what he owed to Longmore's complaisance. He was duly grateful; he thanked our hero warmly, and offered him a seat on the grass. But Longmore felt like a marplot, and lingered only long enough to glance at the young man's sketch, and to see it was a very clever rendering of the silvery stream and the vivid green rushes. The young wife had spread her shawl on the grass at the base of a tree, and meant to seat herself when Longmore had gone, and murmur Chénier's verses to the music of the gurgling stream. Longmore looked awhile from one to the other, barely stifled a sigh, bade them good morning, and took his departure.

He knew neither where to go nor what to do; he seemed afloat on the sea of ineffectual longing. He strolled slowly back to the inn, and in the doorway met the landlady coming back from the butch-

er's with the lamb chops for the dinner of her lodgers.

"Monsieur has made the acquaintance of the *dame* of our young painter," she said with a broad smile—a smile too broad for malicious meanings. "Monsieur has perhaps seen the young man's picture. It appears that he has a great deal of talent."

"His picture was very pretty," said Longmore, "but his *dame* was prettier still."

"She's a very nice little woman; but I pity her all the more."

"I don't see why she's to be pitied," said Longmore; "they seem a very happy couple."

The landlady gave a knowing nod. "Don't trust to it, monsieur! Those artists—*ça n'a pas de principes!* From one day to another he can plant her there! I know them, *allez*. I've had them here very often; one year with one, another year with another."

Longmore was puzzled for a moment. Then, "You mean she's not his wife?" he asked.

She shrugged her shoulders. "What shall I tell you? They are not *des hommes sérieux*, those gentlemen! They don't engage themselves for an eternity. It's none of my business, and I've no wish to speak ill of madame. She's a very nice little woman, and she loves her *jeune homme* to distraction."

"Who is she?" asked Longmore. "What do you know about her?"

"Nothing for certain; but it's my belief that she's better than he. I've even gone so far as to believe that she's a lady—a true lady—and that she has given up a great many things for him. I do the best I can for them, but I don't believe she's been obliged all her life to content herself with a dinner of two courses." And she turned over her lamb chops tenderly, as if to say that though a good cook could imagine better things, yet if you could have but one course, lamb chops had much in their favor. "I shall cook them with bread crumbs. *Voilà les femmes, monsieur!*"

Longmore turned away with the feeling that women were indeed a measureless mystery, and that it was hard to say whether there was greater beauty in their strength or in their weakness. He walked back to Saint-Germain, more slowly

than he had come, with less philosophic resignation to *any* event, and more of the urgent egotism of the passion which philosophers call the supremely selfish one. Every now and then the episode of the happy young painter, and the charming woman who had given up a great many things for him, rose vividly in his mind, and seemed to mock his moral unrest like some obtrusive vision of unattainable bliss.

The landlady's gossip cast no shadow on its brightness; her voice seemed that of the vulgar chorus of the uninitiated, which stands always ready with its gross prose rendering of the inspired passages in human action. Was it possible a man could take *that* from a woman—take all that lent lightness to that other woman's footstep and intensity to her glance—and not give her the absolute certainty of a devotion as unalterable as God's sunlight? Was it possible that such a rapturous union had the seeds of trouble—that the charm of such a perfect accord could be broken by anything but death? Longmore felt an immense desire to cry out a thousand times "No!" for it seemed to him at last that he was somehow spiritually the same as the young painter, and that the latter's companion had the soul of Mme. de Mauves.

The heat of the sun, as he walked along, became oppressive, and when he reëntered the forest he turned aside into the deepest shade he could find, and stretched himself on the mossy ground at the foot of a great beech. He lay for awhile staring up into the verdurous dusk overhead, and trying to conceive Mme. de Mauves hastening toward some quiet stream side where he waited, as he had seen that trusting creature do an hour before. It would be hard to say how well he succeeded; but the effort soothed him rather than excited him, and as he had had a good deal both of moral and physical fatigue, he sank at last into a quiet sleep.

While he slept he had a strange, vivid dream. He seemed to be in a wood, very much like the one on which his eyes had lately closed; but the wood was divided by the murmuring stream he had left an hour before. He was walking up and down, he thought, restlessly and in intense expectation of some momentous event. Suddenly, at a distance, through the trees, he saw the gleam of a woman's

dress, and hurried forward to meet her. As he advanced he recognized her, but he saw at the same time that she was on the opposite bank of the river. She seemed at first not to notice him, but when they were opposite each other she stopped and looked at him very gravely and pityingly. She made him no motion that he should cross the stream, but he wished greatly to stand by her side. He knew the water was deep, and it seemed to him that he knew that he should have to plunge, and that he feared that when he rose to the surface she would have disappeared. Nevertheless he was going to plunge, when a boat turned into the current from above and came swiftly toward them, guided by an oarsman, who was sitting so that they could not see his face. He brought the boat to the bank where Longmore stood; the latter stepped in, and with a few strokes they touched the opposite shore. Longmore got out, and, though he was sure he had crossed the stream, Mme. de Mauves was not there. He turned with a kind of agony and saw that now she was on the other bank—the one he had left. She gave him a grave, silent glance, and walked away up the stream. The boat and the boatman resumed their course, but after going a short distance they stopped, and the boatman turned back and looked at the still divided couple. Then Longmore recognized him—just as he had recognized him a few days before at the café in the Bois de Boulogne.

VIII

He must have slept some time after he ceased dreaming, for he had no immediate memory of his dream. It came back to him later, after he had roused himself and had walked nearly home. No great ingenuity was needed to make it seem a rather striking allegory, and it haunted and oppressed him for the rest of the day. He took refuge, however, in his quickened conviction that the only sound policy in life is to grasp unsparingly at happiness; and it seemed no more than one of the vigorous measures dictated by such a policy, to return that evening to Mme. de Mauves. And yet when he had decided to do so, and had carefully dressed himself, he felt an irresistible nervous tremor

which made it easier to linger at his open window, wondering, with a strange mixture of dread and desire, whether Mme. Clairin had told her sister-in-law that she had told him. . . . His presence now might be simply a gratuitous cause of suffering; and yet his absence might seem to imply that it was in the power of circumstances to make them ashamed to meet each other's eyes. He sat a long time with his head in his hands, lost in a painful confusion of hopes and questionings. He felt at moments as if he could throttle Mme. Clairin, and yet he could not help asking himself whether it was not possible that she might have done him a service. It was late when he left the hotel, and as he entered the gate of the other house his heart was beating so that he was sure his voice would show it.

The servant ushered him into the drawing-room, which was empty, with the lamp burning low. But the long windows were open, and their light curtains swaying in a soft, warm wind, and Longmore stepped out upon the terrace. There he found Mme. de Mauves alone, slowly pacing up and down. She was dressed in white, very simply, and her hair was arranged, not as she usually wore it, but in a single loose coil, like that of a person unprepared for company.

She stopped when she saw Longmore, seemed slightly startled, uttered an exclamation, and stood waiting for him to speak. He looked at her, tried to say something, but found no words. He knew it was awkward, it was offensive, to stand silent, gazing; but he could not say what was suitable, and he dared not say what he wished.

Her face was indistinct in the dim light, but he could see that her eyes were fixed on him, and he wondered what they expressed. Did they warn him, did they plead or did they confess to a sense of provocation? For an instant his head swam; he felt as if it would make all things clear to stride forward and fold her in his arms. But a moment later he was still standing looking at her; he had not moved; he knew that she had spoken, but he had not understood her.

"You were here this morning," she continued, and now, slowly, the meaning of her words came to him. "I had a bad headache and had to shut myself up." She spoke in her usual voice.

Longmore mastered his agitation and answered her without betraying himself: "I hope you are better now."

"Yes, thank you, I'm better—much better."

He was silent a moment, and she moved away to a chair and seated herself. After a pause he followed her and stood before her, leaning against the balustrade of the terrace. "I hoped you might have been able to come out for the morning into the forest. I went alone; it was a lovely day, and I took a long walk."

"It was a lovely day," she said absently, and sat with her eyes lowered, slowly opening and closing her fan. Longmore, as he watched her, felt more and more sure that her sister-in-law had seen her since her interview with him; that her attitude toward him was changed. It was this same something that chilled the ardor with which he had come, or at least converted the dozen passionate speeches which kept rising to his lips into a kind of reverential silence. No, certainly, he couldn't clasp her to his arms now, any more than some early worshipper could have clasped the marble statue in his temple. But Longmore's statue spoke at last, with a full human voice, and even with a shade of human hesitation. She looked up, and it seemed to him that her eyes shone through the dusk.

"I'm very glad you came this evening," she said. "I have a particular reason for being glad. I half expected you, and yet I thought it possible you might not come."

"As I have been feeling all day," Longmore answered, "it was impossible I shouldn't come. I have spent the day in thinking of you."

She made no immediate reply, but continued to open and close her fan thoughtfully. At last—"I have something to say to you," she said abruptly. "I want you to know to a certainty that I have a very high opinion of you." Longmore started and shifted his position. To what was she coming? But he said nothing, and she went on.

"I take a great interest in you; there's no reason why I shouldn't say it—I have a great friendship for you."

He began to laugh; he hardly knew why, unless that this seemed the very mockery of coldness. But she continued without heeding him.

"You know, I suppose, that a great disappointment always implies a great confidence—a great hope?"

"I have hoped," he said, "hoped strongly, but doubtless never rationally enough to have a right to bemoan my disappointment."

"You do yourself injustice. I have such confidence in your reason, that I should be greatly disappointed if I were to find it wanting."

"I really almost believe that you are amusing yourself at my expense," cried Longmore. "My reason? Reason is a mere word. The only reality in the world is *feeling*!"

She rose to her feet and looked at him gravely. His eyes by this time were accustomed to the imperfect light, and he could see that her look was reproachful, and yet that it was beseechingly kind. She shook her head impatiently, and laid her fan upon his arm with a strong pressure.

"If that were so, it would be a weary world. I know your feeling, however, nearly enough. You needn't try to express it. It's enough that it gives me the right to ask a favor of you—to make an urgent, a solemn request."

"Make it; I listen."

"*Don't disappoint me.* If you *don't* understand me now, you will to-morrow, or very soon. When I said just now that I had a very high opinion of you, I meant it very seriously. It was not a vain compliment. I believe that there is no appeal one may make to your generosity which can remain long unanswered. If this were to happen—if I were to find you selfish where I thought you generous, narrow where I thought you large"—and she spoke slowly, with her voice lingering with emphasis on each of these words—"vulgar where I thought you rare—I should think worse of human nature. I should suffer—I should suffer keenly. I should say to myself in the dull days of the future, 'There was one man who might have done so and so; and he, too, failed.' But this shall not be. You have made too good an impression on me not to make the very best. If you wish to please me forever, there's a way."

She was standing close to him, with her dress touching him, her eyes fixed on his. As she went on her manner grew strange-

ly intense, and she had the singular appearance of a woman preaching reason with a kind of passion. Longmore was confused, dazzled, almost bewildered. The intention of her words was all remonstrance, refusal, dismissal; but her presence there, so close, so urgent, so personal, seemed a distracting mockery of it. She had never been so lovely. In her white dress, with her pale face and deeply lighted eyes, she seemed the very spirit of the summer night. When she had ceased speaking, she drew a long breath; Longmore felt it on his cheek, and it stirred in his whole being a sudden, rapturous conjecture. Were her words, in their soft severity, a mere delusive spell, meant to throw into relief her almost ghostly beauty, and was this the only truth, the only reality, the only law?

He closed his eyes and felt that she was watching him, not without pain and perplexity herself. He looked at her again, met her own eyes, and saw a tear in each of them. Then this last suggestion of his desire seemed to die away with a stifled murmur, and her beauty, more and more radiant in the darkness, rose before him as a symbol of something vague which was yet more beautiful than itself.

"I may understand you to-morrow," he said, "but I don't understand you now."

"And yet I took counsel with myself to-day and asked myself how I had best speak to you. On one side, I might have refused to see you at all." Longmore made a violent movement, and she added: "In that case I should have written to you. I might see you, I thought, and simply say to you that there were excellent reasons why we should part, and that I begged this visit would be your last. This I inclined to do; what made me decide otherwise was—simply friendship! I said to myself that I should be glad to remember in future days—not that I had dismissed you, but that you had gone away out of the fulness of your own wisdom."

"The fulness—the fulness," cried Longmore.

"I'm prepared, if necessary," Mme. de Mauves continued after a pause, "to fall back upon my strict right. But, as I said before, I shall be greatly disappointed, if I am obliged to."

"When I hear you say that," Long-

more answered, "I feel so angry, so horribly irritated, that I wonder it is not easy to leave you without more words."

"If you should go away in anger, this idea of mine about our parting would be but half realized. No, I don't want to think of you angry; I don't want even to think of you as making a serious sacrifice. I want to think of you as——"

"You want to think of me as a creature who never has existed—who never can exist! A creature who knew you without loving you—who left you without regretting you!"

She turned impatiently away and walked to the other end of the terrace. When she came back, he saw that her impatience had become a cold sternness. She stood before him again, looking at him from head to foot, in deep reproachfulness, almost in scorn. Beneath her glance he felt a kind of shame. He colored; she observed it, and withheld something she was about to say. She turned away again, walked to the other end of the terrace, and stood there looking away into the garden. It seemed to him that she had guessed he understood her, and slowly—slowly—half as the fruit of his vague self-reproach—he did understand her. She was giving him a chance to do gallantly what it seemed unworthy of both of them he should do meanly.

She liked him, she must have liked him greatly, to wish so to spare him, to go to the trouble of conceiving an ideal of conduct for him. With this sense of her friendship—her strong friendship she had just called it—Longmore's soul rose with a new flight, and suddenly felt itself breathing a clearer air. The words ceased to seem a mere bribe to his ardor; they were charged with warmth themselves; they were a present happiness. He moved rapidly toward her with a feeling that this was something he might immediately enjoy.

They were separated by two-thirds of the length of the terrace, and he had to pass the drawing-room window. As he did so he started with an exclamation. Mme. Clairin stood posted there, watching him. Conscious, apparently, that she might be suspected of eavesdropping, she stepped forward with a smile and looked from Longmore to his hostess.

"Such a *tête-à-tête* as that," she said, "one owes no apology for interrupting.

One ought to come in for good manners."

Mme. de Mauves turned round, but she answered nothing. She looked straight at Longmore, and her eyes had extraordinary eloquence. He was not exactly sure, indeed, what she meant them to say; but they seemed to say plainly something of this kind: "Call it what you will, what you have to urge upon me is the thing which this woman can best conceive. What I ask of you is something she can't." They seemed, somehow, to beg him to suffer her to be herself, and to intimate that that self was as little as possible like Mme. Clairin. He felt an immense answering desire not to do anything which would seem natural to this lady. He had laid his hat and cane on the parapet of the terrace. He took them up, offered his hand to Mme. de Mauves with a simple good night, bowed silently to Mme. Clairin, and departed.

VIII.

He went home, and without lighting his candle flung himself on his bed. But he got no sleep till morning; he lay hour after hour tossing, thinking, wondering; his mind had never been so active. It seemed to him that Euphemia had laid on him in those last moments a kind of inspiring charge, and that she had expressed herself almost as largely as if she had listened assentingly to an assurance of his love. It was neither easy nor delightful perfectly to understand her; but little by little her perfect meaning sank into his mind and soothed it with a sense of opportunity, which somehow stifled his sense of loss. For, to begin with, she meant that she could love him in no degree or contingency, in no imaginable future. This was absolute; he felt that he could alter it no more than he could veil with a wish the starry sky he lay gazing at through his open window. He wondered what it was, in the background of her life, that she grasped so closely: a sense of duty, unquenchable to the end? a love that no offence could trample out? "Good heavens!" he thought, "is the world so rich in the purest pearls of passion, that such tenderness as that can be wasted forever—poured away without a sign into bottomless darkness?" Had

she, in spite of the loathsome present, some precious memory which masked a shrinking hope? Was she prepared to submit to everything and yet to believe? Was it strength, was it weakness, was it a vulgar fear, was it conviction, conscience, constancy?

Longmore sank back with a sigh and an oppressive feeling that it was vain to guess at such a woman's motives. He only felt that those of Mme. de Mauves were buried deep in her soul, and that they *must* be of some fine temper, not of a base one. He had a dim, overwhelming sense of a sort of invulnerable constancy being the supreme law of her character—a constancy which still found a foothold among crumbling ruins. "She has loved once," he said to himself as he rose and wandered to his window; "that's forever. Yes, yes—if she loved again she would be *common*." He stood for a long time looking out into the starlit silence of the town and the forest, and thinking of what life would have been if *his* constancy had met her unpledged. But life was this, now, and he must live. It was living keenly to stand there with a petition from such a woman to resolve. He was not to disappoint her, he was to justify a conception which it had beguiled her weariness to shape. Longmore's imagination swelled; he threw back his head and seemed to be looking for Mme. de Mauves's conception among the blinking mocking stars. But it came to him rather on the mild night wind, as it wandered in over the housetops, which covered the rest of so many heavy human hearts. What she asked he felt that she was asking not for her own sake (she feared nothing, she needed nothing), but for that of his own happiness and his own character. He must assent to destiny. Why else was he young and strong, intelligent and resolute? He must not give it to her to reproach him with thinking that she had a moment's attention for his love—to plead, to argue, to break off in bitterness; he must see everything from above, her indifference and his own ardor; he must prove his strength, he must do the handsome thing; he must decide that the handsome thing is to submit to the inevitable, to be supremely delicate, to spare her all pain, to stifle his passion, to ask no compensation, to depart without delay and try to believe that wisdom is its

own reward. All this, neither more nor less, it was a matter of friendship with Mme. de Mauves to expect of him. And what should he gain by it? He should have pleased her! . . . He flung himself on his bed again, fell asleep at last, and slept till morning.

Before noon the next day he had made up his mind that he would leave Saint-Germain at once. It seemed easier to leave without seeing her, and yet if he might ask a grain of "compensation," it would be five minutes face to face with her. He passed a restless day. Wherever he went he seemed to see her standing before him in the dusky halo of evening, and looking at him with an air of still negation more intoxicating than the most passionate self-surrender. He must certainly go, and yet it was hideously hard. He compromised and went to Paris to spend the rest of the day. He strolled along the boulevards and looked at the shops, sat awhile in the Tuileries gardens and looked at the shabby unfortunates for whom this only was nature and summer; but simply felt, as a result of it all, that it was a very dusty, dreary, lonely world into which Mme. de Mauves was turning him away.

In a sombre mood he made his way back to the boulevards and sat down at a table on the great plain of hot asphalt, before a café. Night came on, the lamps were lighted, the tables near him found occupants, and Paris began to wear that peculiar evening look of hers which seems to say, in the flare of windows and theatre doors, and the muffled rumble of swift-rolling carriages, that this is no world for you unless you have your pockets lined and your scruples drugged. Longmore, however, had neither scruples nor desires; he looked at the swarming city for the first time with an easy sense of repaying its indifference. Before long a carriage drove up to the pavement directly in front of him, and remained standing for several minutes without its occupant getting out. It was one of those neat, plain coupés, drawn by a single powerful horse, in which one is apt to imagine a pale, handsome woman, buried among silk cushions, and yawning as she sees the gas lamps glittering in the gutters. At last the door opened and out stepped M. de Mauves. He stopped and leaned on the window for some time, talking

in an excited manner to a person within. At last he gave a nod and the carriage rolled away. He stood swinging his cane and looking up and down the boulevard, with the air of a man fumbling, as one may say, with the loose change of time. He turned toward the café and was apparently, for want of anything better worth his attention, about to seat himself at one of the tables, when he perceived Longmore. He wavered an instant, and then, without a change in his nonchalant gait, strolled toward him with a bow and a vague smile.

It was the first time they had met since their encounter in the forest after Longmore's false start for Brussels. Mme. Clairin's revelations, as we may call them, had not made the Baron especially present to his mind; he had another office for his emotions than disgust. But as M. de Mauves came toward him he felt deep in his heart that he hated him. He noticed, however, for the first time, a shadow upon the Baron's cool placidity, and his delight at finding that somewhere at last the shoe pinched *him*, mingled with his impulse to be as provokingly impenetrable as possible, enabled him to return the other's greeting with all his own self-possession.

M. de Mauves sat down, and the two men looked at each other across the table, exchanging formal greetings, which did little to make their mutual scrutiny seem gracious. Longmore had no reason to suppose that the Baron knew of his sister's revelations. He was sure that M. de Mauves cared very little about his opinions, and yet he had a sense that there was that in his eyes which would have made the Baron change color if keener suspicion had helped him to read it. M. de Mauves did not change color, but he looked at Longmore with a half-defiant intentness, which betrayed at once an irritating memory of the episode in the Bois de Boulogne, and such vigilant curiosity as was natural to a gentleman who had intrusted his "honor" to another gentleman's magnanimity—or to his artlessness. It would appear that Longmore seemed to the Baron to possess these virtues in rather scantier measure than a few days before; for the cloud deepened on his face, and he turned away and frowned as he lighted a cigar.

The person in the coupé, Longmore

thought, whether or no the same person as the heroine of the episode of the Bois de Boulogne, was not a source of unalloyed delight. Longmore had dark blue eyes, of admirable lucidity—truth-telling eyes which had in his childhood always made his harshest taskmasters smile at his nursery fibs. An observer watching the two men, and knowing something of their relations, would certainly have said that what he saw in those eyes must not a little have puzzled and tormented M. de Mauves. They judged him, they mocked him, they eluded him, they threatened him, they triumphed over him, they treated him as no pair of eyes had ever treated him. The Baron's scheme had been to make no one happy but himself, and here was Longmore already, if looks were to be trusted, primed for an enterprise more inspiring than the finest of his own achievements. Was this candid young provincial but a *faux bonhomme* after all? He had puzzled the Baron before, and this was once too often.

M. de Mauves hated to seem preoccupied, and he took up the evening paper to help himself to look indifferent. As he glanced over it he uttered some cold commonplace on the political situation, which gave Longmore an easy opportunity of replying by an ironical sally, which made him seem for the moment provokingly at his ease. And yet our hero was far from being master of the situation. The Baron's ill humor did him good, as far as it pointed to a want of harmony with the lady in the coupé, but it disturbed him sorely as he began to suspect that it possibly meant jealousy of himself. It passed through his mind that jealousy is a passion with a double face, and that in some of its moods it bears a plausible likeness to affection. It recurred to him painfully that the Baron might grow ashamed of his proposed "arrangement" with his wife, and he felt that it would be far more tolerable in the future to think of his continued turpitude than of his repentance. The two men sat for half an hour exchanging meagre small talk, the Baron feeling a nervous need of playing the spy, and Longmore indulging a merciless relish of his discomfort. The frigid interview was broken however by the arrival of a friend of M. de Mauves—a tall, pale, consumptive-looking dandy, who filled the air with the odor of helio-

trope. He looked up and down the boulevard wearily, examined the Baron's toilet from head to foot, then surveyed his own in the same fashion, and at last announced languidly that the Duchess was in town! M. de Mauves must come with him to call; she had abused him dreadfully a couple of evenings before—a sure sign she wanted to see him.

“I depend upon you,” said M. de Mauves's friend with an infantine drawl, “to put her *en train*.”

M. de Mauves resisted, and protested that he was *d'une humeur massacrant*; but at last he allowed himself to be drawn to his feet, and stood looking irresolutely—awkwardly for M. de Mauves—at Longmore. “You'll excuse me,” he said dryly; “you, too, probably, have occupation for the evening?”

“None but to catch my train,” Longmore answered, looking at his watch.

“Ah, you go back to Saint-Germain?”

“In half an hour.”

M. de Mauves seemed on the point of disengaging himself from his companion's arm, which was locked in his own; but on the latter uttering some persuasive murmur, he lifted his hat formally and turned away.

Longmore packed his trunk the next day with dogged heroism and wandered off to the terrace, to try and beguile the restlessness with which he waited for evening; for he wished to see Mme. de Mauves for the last time at the hour of long shadows and pale pink-reflected lights, as he had almost always seen her. Destiny, however, took no account of this mild plea for poetic justice; it was his fortune to meet her on the terrace sitting under a tree, alone. It was an hour when the place was almost empty; the day was warm, but as he took his place beside her a light breeze stirred the leafy edges on the broad circle of shadow in which she sat. She looked at him with candid anxiety, and he immediately told her that he should leave Saint-Germain that evening—that he must bid her good-by. Her eye expanded and brightened for a moment as he spoke; but she said nothing and turned her glance away toward distant Paris, as it lay twinkling and flashing through its hot exhalations. “I have a request to make of you,” he added: “that you think of me as a man who has felt much and claimed little.”

She drew a long breath, which almost suggested pain. “I can't think of you as unhappy. It's impossible. You've a life to lead, you've duties, talents, and interests. I shall hear of your career. And then,” she continued after a pause and with the deepest seriousness, “one can't be unhappy through having a better opinion of a friend, instead of a worse.”

For a moment he failed to understand her. “Do you mean that there can be varying degrees in my opinion of you?”

She rose and pushed away her chair. “I mean,” she said quickly, “that it's better to have done nothing in bitterness—nothing in passion.” And she began to walk.

Longmore followed her, without answering. But he took off his hat and with his pocket-handkerchief wiped his forehead. “Where shall you go? what shall you do?” he asked at last, abruptly.

“Do? I shall do as I've always done—except perhaps that I shall go for awhile to Auvergne.”

“I shall go to America. I have done with Europe for the present.”

She glanced at him as he walked beside her after he had spoken these words, and then bent her eyes for a long time on the ground. At last, seeing that she was going far, she stopped and put out her hand. “Good-by,” she said; “may you have all the happiness you deserve!”

He took her hand and looked at her, but something was passing in him that made it impossible to return her hand's light pressure. Something of infinite value was floating past him, and he had taken an oath not to raise a finger to stop it. It was borne by the strong current of the world's great life and not of his own small one. Mme. de Mauves disengaged her hand, gathered her shawl, and smiled at him almost as you would do at a child you should wish to encourage. Several moments later he was still standing watching her receding figure. When it had disappeared, he shook himself, walked rapidly back to his hotel, and without waiting for the evening train paid his bill and departed.

Later in the day M. de Mauves came into his wife's drawing-room, where she sat waiting to be summoned to dinner. He was dressed with a scrupulous freshness which seemed to indicate an inten-

tion of dining out. He walked up and down for some moments in silence, then rang the bell for a servant, and went out into the hall to meet him. He ordered the carriage to take him to the station, paused a moment with his hand on the knob of the door, dismissed the servant angrily as the latter lingered observing him, reëntered the drawing-room, resumed his restless walk, and at last stepped abruptly before his wife, who had taken up a book. "May I ask the favor," he said with evident effort, in spite of a forced smile of easy courtesy, "of having a question answered?"

"It's a favor I never refused," Mme. de Mauves replied.

"Very true. Do you expect this evening a visit from Mr. Longmore?"

"Mr. Longmore," said his wife, "has left Saint-Germain." M. de Mauves started and his smile expired. "Mr. Longmore," his wife continued, "has gone to America."

M. de Mauves stared a moment, flushed deeply, and turned away. Then recovering himself— "Had anything happened?" he asked. "Had he a sudden call?"

But his question received no answer. At the same moment the servant threw open the door and announced dinner; Mme. Clairin rustled in, rubbing her white hands, Mme. de Mauves passed silently into the dining-room, and he stood frowning and wondering. Before long he went out upon the terrace and continued his uneasy walk. At the end of a quarter of an hour the servant came to inform him that the carriage was at the door. "Send it away," he said curtly. "I shall not use it." When the ladies had half finished dinner he went in and joined them, with a formal apology to his wife for his tardiness.

The dishes were brought back, but he hardly tasted them; on the other hand, he drank a great deal of wine. There was little talk; what there was was supplied by Mme. Clairin. Twice she saw her brother's eyes fixed on her own, over his wine-glass, with a piercing, questioning glance. She replied by an elevation of the eyebrows, which did the office of a shrug of the shoulders. M. de Mauves was left alone to finish his wine; he sat over it for more than an hour, and let the darkness gather about him. At last the servant came in with a letter and

lighted a candle. The letter was a telegram, which M. de Mauves, when he had read it, burnt at the candle. After five minutes' meditation, he wrote a message on the back of a visiting-card and gave it to the servant to carry to the office. The man knew quite as much as his master suspected about the lady to whom the message was addressed; but its contents puzzled him; they consisted of the single word "*Impossible.*" As the evening passed without her brother reappearing in the drawing-room, Mme. Clairin came to him where he sat, by his solitary candle. He took no notice of her presence for some time; but he was the one person to whom she allowed this license. At last, speaking in a peremptory tone, "The American has gone home at an hour's notice," he said. "What does it mean?"

Mme. Clairin now gave free play to the shrug she had been obliged to suppress at the table. "It means that I have a sister-in-law whom I haven't the honor to understand."

He said nothing more, and silently allowed her to depart, as if it had been her duty to provide him with an explanation and he was disgusted with her levity. When she had gone, he went into the garden and walked up and down, smoking. He saw his wife sitting alone on the terrace, but remained below strolling along the narrow paths. He remained a long time. It became late and Mme. de Mauves disappeared. Toward midnight he dropped upon a bench tired, with a kind of angry sigh. It was sinking into his mind that he, too, did not understand Mme. Clairin's sister-in-law.

Longmore was obliged to wait a week in London for a ship. It was very hot, and he went out for a day to Richmond. In the garden of the hotel at which he dined he met his friend Mrs. Draper, who was staying there. She made eager inquiry about Mme. de Mauves, but Longmore at first, as they sat looking out at the famous view of the Thames, parried her questions and confined himself to small talk. At last she said she was afraid he had something to conceal; whereupon, after a pause, he asked her if she remembered recommending him, in the letters she sent to him at Saint-Germain, to draw the sadness from her friend's smile. "The last I saw of her

was her smile," said he—"when I bade her good-by."

"I remember urging you to 'console' her," Mrs. Draper answered, "and I wondered afterwards whether—a model of discretion as you are—I hadn't given you rather foolish advice."

"She has her consolation in herself," he said; "she needs none that any one else can offer her. That's for troubles for which—be it more, be it less—our own folly has to answer. Mme. de Mauves hasn't a grain of folly left."

"Ah, don't say that!" murmured Mrs. Draper. "Just a little folly is very graceful."

Longmore rose to go, with a quick nervous movement. "Don't talk of grace," he said, "till you have measured her reason."

For two years after his return to America he heard nothing of Mme. de Mauves. That he thought of her intently, constantly, I need hardly say: most people wondered why such a clever young man should not "devote" himself to something; but to himself he seemed absorbingly occupied. He never wrote to her; he believed that she preferred it. At last he heard that Mrs. Draper had come home, and he immediately called on her. "Of course," she said after the first greetings, "you are dying for news of Mme. de Mauves. Prepare yourself for something strange. I heard from her two or three times during the year after your return. She left Saint-Germain and went to live in the country, on some old property of her husband's. She wrote me very kind little notes, but I felt somehow that—in spite of what you said about 'consolation'—they were the notes of a very sad woman. The only advice I could have given her was to leave her wretch of a husband and come back to her own land and her own people. But this I

didn't feel free to do, and yet it made me so miserable not to be able to help her that I preferred to let our correspondence die a natural death. I had no news of her for a year. Last summer, however, I met at Vichy a clever young Frenchman whom I accidentally learned to be a friend of Euphemia's lovely sister-in-law, Mme. Clairin. I lost no time in asking him what he knew about Mme. de Mauves—a countrywoman of mine and an old friend. 'I congratulate you on possessing her friendship,' he answered. 'That's the charming little woman who killed her husband.' You may imagine that I promptly asked for an explanation, and he proceeded to relate to me what he called the whole story. M. de Mauves had *fait quelques folies*, which his wife had taken absurdly to heart. He had repented and asked her forgiveness, which she had inexorably refused. She was very pretty, and severity, apparently, suited her style; for whether or no her husband had been in love with her before, he fell madly in love with her now. He was the proudest man in France, but he had begged her on his knees to be readmitted to favor. All in vain! She was stone, she was ice, she was outraged virtue. People noticed a great change in him: he gave up society, ceased to care for anything, looked shockingly. One fine day they learned that he had blown out his brains. My friend had the story of course from Mme. Clairin."

Longmore was strongly moved, and his first impulse after he had recovered his composure was to return immediately to Europe. But several years have passed, and he still lingers at home. The truth is, that in the midst of all the ardent tenderness of his memory of Mme. de Mauves, he has become conscious of a singular feeling, for which Awe would be hardly too strong a name.

HENRY JAMES, JR.

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH.

TOWARD the close of the sixteenth century an old man, Veit Bach by name, left his home in Presburg, Hungary, and wended his way to Thuringia, in order there to end his days in peace, and—for he was a Lutheran—undisturbed by religious persecution. He found a home in the village of Wechmar, in Gotha, and there pursued his trade, that of a baker, until his death. He was a lover of music, and noted for his skill upon the lute; and it was his wont to take his instrument with him to the mill, and there to play during the grinding of the meal. He was an honest, conscientious, humble old man, and probably never once during the quiet hours he spent alone in his mill, his lute upon his knee, while the sound of the dropping meal and running water formed a sweet accompaniment to the sweeter sounds he drew from its strings, did he dream that his posterity would be illustrious and his name immortal. Yet so it was; for he was the founder of a family which achieved greater distinction in the profession of music than any single family has ever achieved in any department of science, art, or literature—a distinction which culminated a century later in the glory of the greatest organist the world has ever seen, the king of contrapuntists, and, George Frederick Handel not excepted, the very flower and rose of sacred composers—Johann Sebastian Bach.

He was the fifth in descent from Veit Bach, and long before his birth the Bachs were famous throughout the length and breadth of Germany, and the term Bachist was applied to all lovers of music. Though many Bachs were composers before Johann Sebastian, unhappily few of their compositions have been preserved. Johann Christoph, however, who was undoubtedly the most gifted Bach of the generation preceding Sebastian, has left several motets, arias, and cantatas of remarkable beauty, showing great originality of conception and a deep knowledge of counterpoint. He was a good and gentle as well as famous man, and the deep affection existing between himself and his

twin brother, Johann Ambrosius (the father of Johann Sebastian) is said in the words of the old family chronicle to have been “a gracious wonder for all noble lords and the rest of the world.” Johann Ambrosius was court and city musician at Eisenach, and a man of considerable repute, pure in life and simple in habits, as the Bachs always were. While a singularly gifted, they were at the same time an honest and simple-hearted race, sincere and enthusiastic in their devotion to their darling art, ambitious to do their best by it, and ambitious of very little beyond. The tie of family affection which bound them together was peculiarly strong and tender, the more so, doubtless, for the perfect unity of aim and sentiment which existed among them; and as they were scattered all over Germany, it was their custom to have a family meeting once a year. The place of meeting was usually either Erfurt, Eisenach, or Cronstadt, and thither on the appointed day flocked all the Bachs, big and little, from all parts of Germany. The festival began with the singing of a choral, generally composed for the occasion by one of the family. Then followed folk songs, and then extemporized songs in chorus, strongly tinged with the broad and somewhat coarse humor of the time. They called these extempore part songs “Quodlibets,” and not only found them very amusing themselves, but managed to make them amusing to outsiders as well. Afterward the different members of the family (they were all at this time either choir singers, organists, or court and city musicians) severally exhibited their skill, either vocal or instrumental; and the festival concluded as it began, with a choral. The old family chronicle mentions many such, and not a single cloud of envy or misconception or disagreement ever seems to have darkened the calm heaven of peace and friendship which brooded over these meetings.

Such was the circle into which Johann Sebastian, third son of Johann Ambrosius Bach, was born at Eisenach on the third of March, 1685. No signs or wonders

heralded the birth of the mighty master, no eager, tender, anxious welcome awaited him. His parents were poor and toil-worn, his birth brought them another mouth to fill, and that was all. His mother—of whom we know nothing but that she was his mother—went early to her rest; his father followed in a few years, when the little Sebastian was but ten years old, leaving him to the care of his eldest brother, Christoph, then organist at Ohrdorff. From that hour began the discipline which moulded one of the finest characters on record. Christoph continued Johann's musical education, already begun by his father, and instructed him faithfully in the practice of the harpsichord and organ, and in the theory of counterpoint. Long, thorough, and severe as these lessons were, they failed to satisfy the insatiable appetite of the little Sebastian; who, discovering that Christoph had in his possession a manuscript copy of the works of Froberger, Fischer, Kerl, Pachelbel, Bortolotti, Bruhns, Böhm, etc., implored to be admitted to a nearer view of these treasures. His entreaties, however, were vain; but the determined little artist was not to be so discouraged, and at night, when all the family were asleep, he used to steal from his little bed, and, dragging the precious roll through the lattice door of the case which contained it, carry it to his room, and there, laying it on the window seat, copy it by the light of the moon. He completed his copy after six months of hard labor—an almost appalling task for so young a child, when we take into consideration the fact that it was performed in the hours devoted to sleep; and as the picture rises before us of the lonely, brave, indomitable boy, thus persevering, night after night, no matter how weary, cold, or hungry, upheld by a passionate love and enthusiasm for his art, we could almost weep to know that the copy was scarcely finished when the pitiless Christoph discovered and confiscated it on the spot, administering the while to his poor little brother a severe reprimand and as severe a punishment for disobedience. In vain did the little Sebastian beseech him to relent; he was inexorable, and only after his death, a year later, did he recover his copy. With this death came freedom for Sebastian, and some of the pains and responsibilities of freedom

as well, for he was thenceforward without home or protector in the world.

Armed with his precious roll of manuscript, and with no other fortune but a lovely soprano voice, he set out the day after his brother's funeral for Lüneburg, where he found a situation as sopranist in the choir of the Michael gymnasium. Mizler* says that not long after his admission to the gymnasium he happened one morning during the practice to hear the lower octave, and that he was so fascinated by the sound, that for eight days he would do nothing but speak or sing in it, and thereby lost his beautiful voice. This anecdote, however, is not very well authenticated, but it is well known that he spent three years at Lüneburg, studying the organ and harpsichord, and playing on the violin in his spare hours. He pursued his studies on this instrument to a very great extent, with how much success his magnificent compositions for it will attest. The intervals of this laborious student life were filled by some employment which served to supply him with absolute necessities. Of luxuries—happily for him—he knew nothing. He did not confine himself, however, solely to the instruction given at the school in Lüneburg. Already he was bent upon making the most of the talents God had given him; and he spent all his spare moments at Hamburg, then the centre of musical cultivation in Germany, and twenty-five miles distant from Lüneburg. His journeys to Hamburg were always made on foot, and often fasting; but his life from his earliest to his latest years was a noble example of the great truth that they who love their art “with a pure heart fervently” are willing to suffer all things for its sake. He little recked hunger, or cold, or weariness, so that he might win the knowledge he coveted, and thus early illustrated by his practice maxims which he was fond of impressing upon his scholars, “never to spare themselves,” and “never to neglect to study the masters of their own century.”

His opportunities in this respect were rare. As we have said, Hamburg was then the centre of musical cultivation in Germany, and drew, like a magnet, emi-

* Lorenz Mizler, doctor of philosophy and medicine, and a famous mathematician. He was Bach's pupil in music, and one of his most intelligent critics.

ment musicians from all parts of Europe. It was the home of the opera too; but that was not its chief attraction to Johann Sebastian Bach. Already he had chosen his part, and turning from the glitter of the stage to the shadow of the church, he devoted himself to the study of the great organists who were then the glory of Germany. Reinke, whose renown as an organist is second only to that of Bach himself, was then in the zenith of his fame, and many a blissful hour did the gifted boy spend, hidden—for Reinke was chary of revealing the secrets of his practice to an intelligent ear—in the duskiest recesses of the Katherinen Kirche, while fugue and motet and requiem pealed forth in glorious succession under the hand of the mighty master. These were the intensest joys of Bach's childhood, but the poor little fellow was often forced to purchase them by acute physical discomfort, as he had no friends in Hamburg to provide him with food or lodging.

On one occasion, as he was hurrying back to Lüneburg after a long, studious, and dinnerless day, he halted at a roadside inn from whence issued a most appetizing odor, and anxiously examined his purse in the hope that some forgotten coin might turn up. Alas! it was empty; but as he stood looking at it disconsolate, the window above him opened, a voice called his attention in a singularly winning tone, and two herrings' heads were thrown out. At the sight of this delicacy, so much esteemed in Lüneburg and its environs, his mouth watered. He eagerly picked them up, and was further delighted by finding a Danish ducat in the mouth of each herring, so that he was not only enabled to make a sumptuous meal, but shortly after to undertake a journey under more favorable auspices than usual. He never knew who his kind-hearted benefactor was.

Between Lüneburg, Hamburg, and Zelle, where the reigning duke kept a band who played in the French style, his student years rolled rapidly away, until, in his eighteenth year, he obtained, through the influence of his family, the position of violinist in the ducal chapel of Weimar. A year later he was made organist of the new church at Arnstadt, a post which had already been occupied by three Bachs in succession. The organ was magnificent, and his duties happily

not so absorbing as to prevent his giving a great deal of his time to study, being simply divine service on Sunday from eight to ten, prayers on Monday, and service on Thursday from seven to nine. Bach was, even at this early date, a fine organist, and from the first day of his arrival his playing attracted attention and admiration. His salary was small, ridiculously small according to our modern ideas; but genius needs not an enervating system, and these hardships were good for him. In those quiet days he had leisure to pursue the study of counterpoint, in the profound knowledge of which he has no rival. We do not know who was his master in this science after he left Lüneburg; in all probability he had none, but drew the essential rules from his close study of the old masters, to which he applied himself day after day, thereby rejecting the pleasures and gayeties in which youth delights. There is something heroic in the way in which this boy—he was then only nineteen—applied himself to his work, never swerving from his duty or faltering in it for a moment. Night after night he sat up, practising what he had written during the day. A few of these early compositions remain, and, though marked by a certain subserviency to the stilted and formal style then in vogue, bear equal evidence of an original and powerful genius. He composed at this time some really beautiful chorals for the use of his choir at Arnstadt, and was in all respects thoroughly devoted to the duties of his position, and very conscientious in training his choir, who in the main did credit to his teaching, though it is related of them that sometimes they, as well as the strangers who might be in the Katherinen Kirche, were so carried away by his marvellous playing that they forgot to take up their parts at the proper moment. There is a curious old memorial extant, from the principal men of the church, which sets forth in quaint and stilted phrase their complaint “that the Herr Bach sometimes permits himself to be so carried away by his fancy that the singers are confounded thereby, and sing not as they should, to the great disrespect and prostitution of the sacred service.” Bach humbly begged pardon, and promised to restrain his fancy; but the “imprisoned god within” proved again and again too strong for

him, and reprimand followed reprimand. The choir themselves, unaccustomed to the amount of labor the young Kapellmeister exacted from them, and finding it really difficult to sing to his florid accompaniments, lodged bitter complaints against him, which were taken up by the parish authorities, and for a short time quite a storm of disapprobation and rebuke raged round him. In the midst of it, Bach was seized with an intense desire to hear Diedrich Burtchude, organist of the Marien Kirche at Lübeck, a man whose fame had attracted Handel there the year before. Prompt to act, and never much intimidated by reproof, he lost no time in laying his request before the consistory, and in the winter of 1705 received permission to take a vacation of four weeks. He departed at once, alone and on foot, and was amply rewarded for the fatigues and discomforts of his journey, by finding that Burtchude's playing surpassed his fondest anticipations; he staid on, enraptured, week after week, until, alas! three months elapsed, and a severe and well-merited reprimand was the only greeting which awaited him on his return home, though it was admitted alike by choir, consistory, and congregation, that he played more magnificently than ever. It may be doubted, indeed, whether the honest burghers of Arnstadt fully appreciated their good fortune in the waves of glorious harmony which poured weekly into their ears; for perpetual rebukes were Bach's portion in those days—rebukes which did not alarm him much, or prevent him from introducing a female into his choir, an innovation which mightily scandalized the good people of Arnstadt. Loud and deep were their complaints upon this point, and very coolly, and, it must be admitted, not over graciously, were they received by Bach, who, when asked why he had not communicated his intentions to the consistory before he ventured upon such an unheard-of step, replied briefly "that a female voice was imperatively needed in the choir at that time, and that he had communicated his intentions to one of the men in authority." Not another word could he be induced to utter on the subject, and in time opposition died away and he was left the undisputed management of the choir.

At the age of twenty-three he married

at Darnheim, on the 7th of October, his cousin, Maria Barbara Bach, by whom he had eight children. His life with her seems to have been a singularly peaceful and happy one, until closed by her sudden death at Gotha some years later. Almost simultaneously with his marriage, he received the position of organist at Mühlhaus, and there produced one of the finest of his earlier compositions—a motet for church music, which shows genius of a very high order. It was at Mühlhaus, too, that he first began the career of instructor, a career in which he labored unremittingly, and with unexampled success, up to a few days before his death. Among his first pupils was J. M. Schubart, who was only five years younger than Bach himself. He instructed him on the clavier and organ and in the theory of counterpoint, and Schubart was so devoted to him that he followed him to Weimar, and remained there several years as his pupil and an inmate of his house. The famous J. Caspar Vogler was another of Bach's pupils, and esteemed by him as his best. In after years Vogler ranked as an organist second only to his illustrious master. Bach's married life, as we have said, was a happy one; but its early years were marked by a severe struggle with poverty, as his limited salary did not afford him sufficient means of living; and he very gladly and gratefully accepted the position of chief organist at Weimar. Some time previous he had applied in vain for the same position at Halle, and it was at the request of the pastor there that he composed the famous and sublime cantata, "*Ich hatte viel Bekümmerniss in meinem Herzen.*"

His life at Weimar flowed on calmly and quietly, and he esteemed himself most happy in that especial facilities were afforded him for the perfecting of his ideal—a faultless church service. Long before had he taken for his motto, "To the sole glory of God and the good of mankind"—which sentence may be found inscribed on all his manuscript compositions. Nor was it an empty one. To Bach's eternal honor be it spoken, that never once throughout the vast range of his secular compositions did he furnish music for an immoral or an unworthy purpose. No vile earthly damps obscured for one moment the sacred flame which God had lighted in his soul. Pure, vivid,

and upward tending, it burned through a long life, during which he never faltered in the noble task he had assigned himself. No man has ever lived who has produced so large a mass of sacred music as he, and year by year the musical world are becoming more and more deeply convinced of the inestimable value of his glorious compositions.

In the common and worldly sense of the term Bach was not ambitious; his aims were too pure, his love of music too profound, to permit him to spend his time or talents in the seeking of mere idle fame; but nevertheless his renown increased steadily, though gradually, and at the close of the year 1717 a signal triumph awaited him. At that time Marchand, the famous French pianist and organist, the darling of Louis XV., and so spoiled by prosperity that he honestly believed himself what others as honestly believed him to be, the greatest musician in the world, came into Germany fully convinced that no musician would there be found who could compete with him. The concert master of the chapel royal of Frederick Augustus I., however—one Jean Valerius by name—knew and appreciated Bach's ability, and invited him to Dresden to compete with Marchand, confident that he would not betray the honor of Germany into foreign hands. The place of contest was to be a concert in the royal palace. It was opened by Marchand with variations in Couperin's style on a well-known French air, and he displayed in the unfolding of his theme so much science, coupled with such delicacy of touch and fire and brilliancy of execution, that the audience were charmed, and a storm of applause broke out as he concluded, in which none joined more heartily than the young and comparatively unknown organist who stood behind his chair. When Bach's turn came to play, he placed himself at the harpsichord amid a general and discouraging silence, and after a masterly prelude, took the theme which Marchand had used, and worked it up into twelve beautiful variations in a manner which showed so profound a knowledge of counterpoint, such amazing richness of fancy, and such splendor of execution, that the audience were scarcely more delighted than astounded; and when he concluded, amid a thunder of applause and repeated braves, the ver-

dict was decided and unanimous that never had musician played as he did. The next day Bach forwarded a courteous note to Marchand inviting him to a further trial of skill. Marchand accepted the invitation, and the King, who had been present at the first concert, and was deeply interested in the final result of the competition between the two artists, selected the time and place. On the appointed evening a large and brilliant audience assembled at the palace of the Count von Flemming. Precisely at the proper moment Bach entered and quietly took his place; but where was Marchand? After an hour had elapsed a messenger was despatched to his lodgings to summon him, who presently returned, announcing, to the surprise of all present, that M. Marchand had left Dresden at daybreak. Bach's triumph, therefore, was tacitly granted, and at the King's desire he placed himself at the harpsichord, and played for upwards of an hour, amid general expressions of admiration and astonishment, receiving at the close of his performance the special thanks of the King, and a purse containing a hundred louis. Burney says of this contest, that "as it was Pompey's glory to have been conquered only by Cæsar, so it was Marchand's to have been rivalled only by Bach."

In the same year—destined to be an eventful one for Bach—he composed for the centennial festival of the Reformation one of his finest cantatas, and at the close of the year was appointed "court and castle" organist to Ludwig of Gotha, a prince who, only five years Bach's junior, was an enthusiast in music, and became his devoted friend. The old organ on which Bach first played at Gotha still stands in the quaint, rock-hewn church; but its glory is departed, and it is no longer used for any nobler purpose than the practising of the seminarists. What grand melodies it once gave forth under that master hand! That hand was dust long years ago, but some faint far-off echoes of the mighty harmonies it used to invoke seem to linger still about these dusty ill-used keys. The six years which Bach spent at Gotha, though less fruitful in the production of compositions, were far from unimportant in other respects. Up to this time he had been a hard student. He had thor-

oughly mastered the science of harmony, and had perfected his *technique* to such an extent that he was really a master. He was now fortunate in having an opportunity to display and thereby further develop his genius and skill, in the presence of a singularly cultivated and enthusiastic public. He was a great favorite apparently with the royal family, for only a year after his arrival in Gotha we find in the register of the castle chapel a mention of the baptism of one of his sons, who had as sponsors princes and princesses. Ludwig especially honored him, doing all in his power to make his position an easy and agreeable one, and frequently taking him with him on his journeys.

Once, after a longer absence than usual, Bach returned to find his wife, the cherished companion of thirteen happy and toilsome years, dead and buried. Unhappily the records of this period of his life are so scanty that we know nothing but the bare fact that she died after a brief illness, and was buried in the castle chapel. Whether he mourned her deeply we do not know; certainly he did not mourn her long, for eighteen months later he married, in the same chapel beneath which slept the wife of his youth, Anna Magdalena Wulkens, daughter of the trumpeter of the Duke of Weisenfeld. Of this wife, the darling of Bach's prime, and the faithful companion of his later years, we know enough to be sure that their union was singularly happy. She was young (only twenty years old at the time of her marriage), and tradition says lovely. She was an accomplished soprano singer, and must have had rather an exceptional talent for music generally, for she became Bach's pupil immediately after her marriage, and in after years was able to render him very essential assistance in copying and transcribing music. Evidently she was in full sympathy with her illustrious husband, and it is a pretty picture which has come down to us from the fast receding past, of the interior of their modest home at Gotha, where the young wife and the two gifted elder sons of Bach gathered round him as he sat at his harpsichord, dispensing wisdom to all three alike. Nor was his care of the musical education of his wife limited to this oral instruction. He taught her thorough bass, and wrote out the rules for her with his own hand; and there is in the royal

library of Berlin a manuscript book of his writings, containing twenty-four pieces for the harpsichord, and a fantasia for the organ, bearing on the fly leaf the initials of his wife, with the date 1722, a year after their marriage, and another manuscript book, bound in green leather, and with a gold clasp, and the initials A. M. B. in gilt letters on the back. This book, the binding of which must have been a very costly offering for Bach's slender purse, bears date three years later, and contains easy pieces for the clavier, preludes, allemandes, rondos, correntes, musettes, suites, marches, etc.—in all forty-six pieces, among which is the well-known and lovely prelude in C major No. 1 of the "Well-tempered Clavier," two suites françaises, and several chorals and songs, among the latter one exquisite air beginning,

With thy dear hand enclasped in mine,
Death's coming could not fright me.

Further on are two more love songs, the words to all written in Sebastian Bach's odd but legible hand. It is barely possible that the words of the songs are also by him. There is indeed no evidence to the contrary, except that it is not known that he ever wrote poetry. The tone of all the songs is the same; they are evidently addressed by a husband to his wife, and the same spirit of tender, passionate devotion, and of deep happiness in returned affection, breathes through them all. On the last leaf of this volume is a rhyme in Bach's hand, addressed to his wife. It has little value as a poem, but a great deal as a proof of his love for her; and it is pleasant and touching to see how, in the midst of his hard-working life, he found time for these tender little courtesies of love. As often happens, the choice of his maturer years was the true one, and the accord between him and his young wife was perfect. Thirteen children were the fruit of this union, among them Johann Christoph Friedrich, the so-called Bückeburger Bach, and Johann Christian, the English Bach.

Shortly after his second marriage Bach made a journey to Hamburg in order to see for the last time the great Reinke, then a hundred years old. During this visit he played several times in public, and on one memorable occasion before a vast audience in the Katherinen Kirche, when Reinke, still in the full possession

of all his faculties, was present. After Bach had played for some time he took as a theme, in obedience to Reinke's desire, the air of the choral, "By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept." As he proceeded to develop this in long and masterly variations, old Reinke raised his white head, and listened with intense and increasing eagerness; and as the last grand chord died away, he rose from his seat, and tottering to the organ, gathered his young brother in his arms, exclaiming in a voice broken by emotion, "My son! my son! I had thought this art was dead, but it lives in you!" Fifty years before, Reinke, then in the zenith of his fame, had selected this choral as the theme for his first voluntary, and had developed it in a manner which was then unequalled. A few days after this touching scene, he once more entered the Katherinen Kirche at the head of his band of choristers, and in the presence of a vast assembly, gathered for the last time to do him honor. This time it was to be laid to rest forever. His body lies beneath the choir, and daily the mighty organ which was the darling and the idol of his life, as it peals along the echoing arches, vibrates among his senseless dust. Reinke's tribute to Bach's genius was one of the most valuable he ever received, and Bach so considered it, and always held it in grateful remembrance; the more grateful perhaps as he knew what it was to sue in vain for appreciation and for place. On this very visit to Hamburg he had attempted to get the situation of organist of the St. Johann church, the organ of which had just then been rebuilt by Seitzker. To the close of his life Bach remembered and spoke of the keen delight he had felt in handling this magnificent instrument. It was readily admitted by all the people of Hamburg that his playing surpassed that of any other candidate, and yet, to their shame be it spoken, they sold the position of organist to a person of very inferior talents and attainments, who paid a high price for it.

Bach returned to Gotha empty-handed, but better days awaited him. A few months later the position of cantor at the St. Thomas School at Leipsic was offered him, and on the 1st of June, 1723, he entered upon the duties of his position. He was then thirty-six years old, in the glory of his splendid talents, and fully

prepared to enter upon the brilliant career in which we scarcely know whether to admire most his vast creative power, or the untiring perseverance and energy which enabled him to use it as he did. He lived in the house adjoining the St. Thomas School, and for twenty-seven years his feet, first with the firm tread of youth, and then with the heavy footstep of old age, went to and fro over the worn steps and through the long panelled passage which still connects the house with the school. The list of his duties at Leipsic is a long one, numbering no less than fifteen different paragraphs. Without entering upon them at length we may give an outline of them. To begin, then, he was charged with the leadership of the music in the four principal churches of Leipsic. His duties in this respect compelled him always to be present at a musical service in each of these churches once every Sunday, the first service beginning at seven in the morning. He was also expected to superintend the practice in each of the aforesaid churches at least once a week, in order to direct and instruct the singers. He had the sole charge of the musical instruction of the St. Thomas School, and was expected to lead all the weekly choral services, and to accompany the choir (of the St. Thomas School) as leader whenever they were summoned to attend funerals, in which capacity he always followed the body to the grave, walking directly behind the bier. In addition to this, he was required to train the choir in burial music, the practice for this being held weekly.

These were his principal but not by any means his sole duties; the position of cantor in the St. Thomas School being one of no small importance in Leipsic, which was then as it is now (at least as far as Germany is concerned), the centre of musical training and scientific cultivation; a fact which conduced greatly to Bach's happiness, as he had the amplest opportunities of furthering his grand aim, the perfection of church music. The vast mass of his sacred compositions were written after his arrival in Leipsic, and bear witness to his indomitable and unsparing industry. As an example of this, no less than the amazing fertility of his genius, we may mention that it was his custom to present one or other of his four choirs with a new choral or cantata every

Sunday. All of these compositions are extant, and are fine, original, scientific, and though as a general thing elaborate and difficult, yet singularly free from the prevailing style and formalism of the time.

Shortly after he went to Leipsic he conceived the idea of one of his greatest works, namely, the composition of an entirely different set of music for festival days throughout five years. He accomplished this stupendous task after twelve years of unremitting labor. He also made it a point to study carefully the music of his contemporaries, and as he was too poor to buy printed copies of their works, it was his custom to transcribe them with his own hand. In this way he copied the greater part of the works of Handel, Caldara, Goun, Hasse, Tellemann, and others, sixteen cantatas by his uncle, J. S. Bach, etc. It is almost impossible to conceive how he accomplished so much when we remember that he taught his wife, seven of his sons, and several other pupils, and that he was constantly improving and reimproving his own works, the original copies of which are so loaded with corrections and alterations as to be almost illegible. His finished manuscripts were copied from these in a clear, legible hand, almost as easy to read as printed music.

His method of teaching—of which it seems proper that we should at this point give some idea, since it was at Leipsic that it was fully elaborated—was peculiar to himself, and the result of many years of careful study and practice. Before entering into a description of his method, however, we must beg our readers to bear in mind that the clavier or harpsichord had very little in common with, and was far inferior to, the piano of the present day, and that musicians then depended solely upon their own skill for the production of certain effects which the piano may now be said almost to produce of itself. It is necessary to bear this in mind in order fully to appreciate Bach's method of instruction, the principal rules of which we copy from Forkel's life:

The first thing Bach taught his pupils was the position of the hand, and his own peculiar way of striking the note. The hand was held over the keys with all five fingers so bent as to come with equal force upon the notes below. The rules for striking the notes were:

1. Not to throw or let fall the fingers upon

the notes, but to strike with an assured feeling of full power and command in the hand of the player.

2. The force of the stroke must be equally divided through all the five fingers, so that the fingers be not snatched up from the keys, but drawn from them with an even movement toward the palm of the hand.

By this method the mass of power or strength with which the first key was struck will be thrown with the greatest rapidity upon the next finger, so that both tones will while separated still sound together. The stroke thus made "was," says Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach, "neither too long nor too short, but precisely what it ought to have been."

The bent position of the fingers made each of their movements comparatively easy, so that the tripping, stumbling, and blundering, common to many musicians who played with outstretched fingers, were avoided.

3. The drawing in of the finger tips, and the rapid transfer of power from one finger to another, produced the greatest perfection of clearness in each separate tone, as well as smoothness and equality in the execution of brilliant passages. Played in this manner, each note sounded full and round as a pearl.

The result of all this care was the most exquisite degree of finish in execution. Bach played with a scarcely noticeable movement of the fingers, and only his fingers moved at all; his hand, it is said, "kept its slightly rounded position even in the most difficult passages; his fingers were never more raised than in the execution of a trill, and when only one finger was used, the others were motionless." Out of his method of teaching grew his system of fingering, which is the one upon which Clementi based his method. Before Bach's time, and even during his early years, music was more harmonic than melodic, and very few players ever used the thumb, except when it was absolutely necessary in order to turn the hand. Then, too, music was rarely composed in all the twenty-four keys, because the clavier, as then existent, had no facilities for the playing of music in all those keys. It was Bach who first learned so to unite melody and harmony "that his tenors did not merely accompany, but even sang a part themselves." So with his piano music he first composed and then executed pieces in all the twenty-four keys. His execution is said to have been no less remarkable for power and grandeur than for its exquisite delicacy, and the clearness and distinctness with which he enunciated the different notes. It was a common saying that nothing possessed any difficulty for Bach.

His rule in teaching was to compel his scholars for six months to play nothing but certain exercises which brought into use all the fingers of both hands. Sometimes this preparatory study was prolonged to twelve months, but if the exercises were then found too exhausting to the patience of his scholars, he was good enough to write little pieces which interested them, while still compelling the same sort of practice. His six preludes for beginners were written in this way, during the lessons of one of his pupils, but he afterwards worked them up to their present high degree of finish.

After this year of preparation, he immediately put his own greater works in the hands of his pupils, and, in order to aid them in playing them, always played them over first himself, saying, "It must sound thus, and thus."

His method of instruction in composition was just as severe and comprehensive. He wasted no time "with the dry puerilities of counterpoint, but began immediately with the study of thorough bass, laying great stress on the composition of parts, and the modulation of the different keys." In teaching the theory of the choral, he generally wrote out the bass, and compelled his pupils to find the tenor and alto. By degrees he taught them to find the bass also. His rules for the teaching of counterpoint are too many and too long to be given here, but we may quote one which may be said almost to contain all the others, namely, that "he obliged his pupils to *think* musically," and never permitted them to compose with the aid of the clavier. Those who could not compose otherwise he called 'clavier riders,' and always counselled to give up all idea of becoming composers. After thoroughly drilling his pupils in the properties of the different keys and their proper position, and after an exhaustive study of counterpoint, he always encouraged originality and freedom of thought. Finally, he never permitted a student to study other than classical music.

Among his pupils he was especially fond of Ludwig Krebs, the great organist and composer, whom he taught with his son Carl Philipp Emanuel for nine years. Of Krebs he was wont to say that he "had caught but one crab in his brook."

Johann Christoph Altnikol, afterward

a celebrated organist and Bach's son-in-law, was another favorite. Lorenz Christoph Mizler, founder of the musical society at Leipsic, and his first biographer, was a third. Johann Rudolph Kurnberger was a fourth. When Kurnberger first began his lessons with Bach, he studied so hard that he was attacked by a violent fever, and kept his room for eighteen weeks. Whenever the fever was not on him, however, he worked with such extraordinary industry that the master, remarking it, proposed to come to his lodgings and give him lessons in order to save him from fatigue. One day Kurnberger, with much blushing and stammering, ventured to explain that he was not able to acquit himself of this great obligation as he could have wished. "My dear child," answered Bach, "don't speak of obligation. I am glad that you wished to know music thoroughly, and the amount of my teaching depends only upon your willingness to learn. I only ask you, in your turn, to teach it to others who will not be contented with the ordinary *larum larum*."

Of Bach's organ playing Forkel says: "Bach generally availed himself of the pedal obligato, of whose real use few organists know anything. He struck with the pedal not only the key note, which the majority of organists strike with the little finger, but he played a complete bass melody with his feet—a melody which was often so difficult that many musicians would scarcely have been able to imitate it with all their fingers." Siebigke says of Bach's pedal playing: "His feet imitated to perfection every movement of the hands. Not a stroke, a modulation, or a trill ever failed of being executed clearly and distinctly. He made with both feet long double trills, his hands meanwhile being perfectly motionless." And Herr Hiller does not say too much when he declares emphatically that "Bach played passages with his feet which many skilled organists could scarcely have played with their hands." His manner of registration was scarcely less wonderful, and was so peculiar to himself, and so unusual, that many organists and many organ makers were frightened when they first saw him prepare to play. They thought it impossible that such a union of stops could sound well, and were astonished to find that

under his hands an instrument always sounded its best. He never feared to blend the different stops; his thorough knowledge not less of organ playing than of organ building aided him in this. When he first began to play the organ it was his custom carefully to study each stop separately, and to compose music for it, and this brought him to try a unison of the different stops which but for this he would never have attempted. In later years when he had to examine an organ, it was his custom, Forkel says, to pull out all the stops and play it with as full power as possible, in order to see "if the thing had good lungs."

His complete mastery over the organ in detail, his superb execution, profound knowledge of counterpoint, and solemn care to exclude all thoughts save the one which governed all the actions of his artist life, "To the sole glory of God and the good of mankind," combined with his vast, fresh, and unwearied genius to make his playing what it was.

"Bach," says Quanz, "has brought organ playing to an unimagined perfection." "If only the art does not die with him," exclaimed an enraptured listener on one occasion. Less than a century later it was admitted that it had died.

When Bach sat down to play, apart from the regular church service, he generally selected a theme, and so developed it that through all the different forms of organ music it still remained his own, and was fresh and unworn even after he had played two hours. First "he unfolded the theme in a prelude, then followed a fugue played with the full power of the organ. His skill in registration was then displayed in a trio, quartette, etc., still on the same theme. Then followed a choral, in the melody of which the first theme reappeared, played in different keys, in the most complicated manner. Finally came another fugue, in which the theme reappeared played with different variations, in which some lines of another and similar theme were blended."

"It was this style of playing," says Forkel, "which Reinke had feared would die with him."

Bach once stopped incognito at a town in which a famous organist lived, and having made his acquaintance, proposed that they should play together, as there

were two organs in the church. For a long time their hands and feet proceeded in perfect unison, and as if directed by a single brain; but as Bach soared into the higher regions of counterpoint, and gave full rein to his fancy, the other organist began to falter and stumble. After losing his place entirely he rose, confessed himself conquered, and begged the unknown master to play alone; and as the flood of harmony swelled higher and higher, he exclaimed, "Ah, you are surely Bach!"

In preparing his church music, it was Bach's custom to shut himself up before writing at all, and carefully to study the collect, epistle, gospel, and special lessons for the day, it being a principle with him that the music should interpret the idea it was intended to convey as closely as possible, and his belief that there is nothing that music cannot express. His handling of certain instruments is peculiar to himself, and far in advance of his time. For example, there is a certain well-known cantata for an alto voice, called "Strike, thou long wished-for hour!" in which the voice is accompanied only by the campanella stop of the organ, and by two bells of the chime. The orchestra, as used by Bach, has little in common with the present signification of the term. It was not, says Forkel, "the general harmonic groundwork of the composition, but rather a mass of sound or harmony, which corresponded with the air in a marvellous manner." His accompaniments are often very singular. There is scarcely another master who, at that time, would have dared to accompany a soprano aria only with three hautboys, a violoncello, and a bassoon, as he has done in the cantata, "Oh, thou false world, I will not trust thee." There is much in his compositions which brings the symphony—then non-existent—to mind; indeed, several symphonies, under the name of accompaniments, are to be found in his works. He bound himself, however, to no form, but kept ever in view the leading idea of the church service or festival for which he was composing. His arias, grand and beautiful as they are, are of almost appalling difficulty; as when he wrote he thought simply of the music, not of the voice of the singer, so that most of his airs are beyond the compass of any but extraordinary and very well trained voices. The accompani-

ments, of which Mendelssohn truly says "that we hear in them a whole orchestra," are equally difficult. The fact that Bach had no mercy on the voice of the singer is the more to be regretted, as his arias are beautiful beyond measure. As Forkel says, "It is not their peculiar quality, but rather a result of that quality, that they never grow old, but remain always young and fresh, like Nature, from which they spring."

In the year 1729 he finished the Passion music, into which he poured in one rich libation all the splendor of his genius and all the garnered study of his toilsome life. This theme, at once the grandest and the most pathetic to which genius can address itself, he handled with consummate ability, and with a reverence at once so deep and impassioned, that it has invested this music with a strange and awful majesty. Grand and majestic as the arias of the Passion music are, they "yet cling and mould" themselves so absolutely upon the spirit of the gospel story, that it is rather of the mighty mystery which they interpret than of the compositions themselves, that we are led to think. Unhappily, out of the five Passions which Bach is known to have composed, two only have been preserved, the Johannes and the Mattheus. Of these the Mattheus is perhaps the more beautiful, and Mizler, Bach's best critic, has left in a brief but pregnant sentence an admirable description of it, where he declares it to be "a transparent veil, through which a divine but suffering countenance is seen." The Mattheus Passion was produced for the first time on the evening of Good Friday, in the year 1729, in the St. Thomas church at Leipsic, and was immediately ranked as Bach's finest composition by the best musical critics of the day. It seems as if a work at once so grand and so complete as this might have been the culminating and exhausting point in his career; but there are many others, born of that glorious prime, which bear, in the freshness of their conception and the vigor of their execution, marks of the same exhaustless and marvellous fecundity. In fact the ten years which followed the production of the Passion music (years in which there is little or no record of Bach's private life) are sufficiently marked by the glorious array of the compositions of that time. The first of these which followed the Passion music was a trauer cantata

in memory of Duke Ludwig of Gotha, one of the earliest, dearest, and most appreciative of Bach's friends. At intervals after this appeared his Latin masses, ten in all, and remarkably beautiful compositions, though strongly resembling some of his church cantatas—so strongly indeed that it has been a question with many musical critics whether they are adapted from the cantatas or the cantatas from them. Among the most famous of these are the well-known soprano arias "Quæ tollis" and the "Agnus Dei," arranged by Gounod. During this same period Bach also interested himself greatly in the improvement of various instruments, and was himself the inventor of two, the lauten clavicymbal, a sort of harpsichord, of which he gave the idea to Silbermann in 1740, and the viola pomposa. He was extremely fond of playing in part, and generally chose the bass viol, that he might feel himself, as he said, "in the heart of the music." It was a favorite recreation of his, too, to accompany one of his younger sons to the different churches in or near Leipsic, to listen to the music, when he would always predict the way in which the organist would or should handle his theme, and if disappointed would say he should have done thus and thus, giving his reason for this opinion.

All his sons seem to have inherited in kind, though not in degree, his own great genius, and as they grew up took the position of organists as a matter of course. Of these sons, the eldest, Wilhelm Friedemann, was probably the most gifted. On him Bach placed his highest hopes, and through him received his deepest wounds; for in Wilhelm Friedemann, brilliant as was his first youthful promise, became evident the signs of the decay which was destined to sweep away the race of Bach from the earth. Unquestionably one of the strongest operating causes of their intelligence and distinction as a family was to be found in their purity, temperance, and abstinence. From this decent and manly self-restraint Wilhelm Friedemann was the first to fall. He became a drunkard, and the lights of his career were one by one extinguished by the advancing tide of reckless self-indulgence. He died miserably, in the flower of his age, after he had given sufficient evidence of genius to make its untimely extinction doubly painful.

Bach was spared the pain of witnessing this, though he lived, as we have said, to be deeply disappointed in him. His other sons, however, in a measure compensated him for this disappointment. They were—all of them who lived to attain maturity—musicians of considerable distinction, and dutiful and affectionate sons. Carl Philipp Emanuel was a favorite son, and one of his father's most thoughtful and appreciative admirers. He entered the service of Frederick the Great in 1740, and was always treated with the special consideration and distinction which a good musician was apt to receive from that eccentric and music-loving monarch.

One of Bach's chief annoyances at Leipzig arose from the exacting and annoying disposition of the directors of the St. Thomas school. The multiplicity of his occupations had obliged him to provide a substitute for the elementary teaching of the school—teaching, it must be remembered, which was compulsory upon the master as learning was upon the scholar, whether he were “able to form two notes in his throat, or had ear enough to judge whether they were out of tune or not,” as Bach phrased it, who greatly disapproved of the waste of time which resulted from this indiscriminate teaching. The delegation of this portion of his duties upon another, however, coupled with some slight relaxation in his other duties, drew down upon him a severe reprimand from the school directors, the imperious tone of which is very amusing, from the naïve ignorance it shows of the vast genius of the offender. Another curious proof of the deep truth that “a prophet is not without honor save in his own country and his own house,” is to be found in the fact that, though Bach had lived in Leipzig twenty-six years, he was not made a member of the musical society there until the month of June, 1747, when he was sixty-two years old, and that he was then required to give in a *Probestück*, as did other and less distinguished members. He gave them a very beautiful choral (a form of music which he pushed to such a degree of perfection that it is generally admitted that there is no further development of it to be hoped for), and later a canon in six parts. To this society we owe an original portrait in oil of the great master, the only

one in existence, and which is now in the possession of the St. Thomas school in Leipzig.

In this same year Bach made his last journey, which was to Berlin, in the company of Wilhelm Friedemann. This journey was undertaken by him with some reluctance, and at the special command of Frederick the Great, who, after repeatedly expressing to Carl Philipp Emanuel the pleasure it would afford him to see his father and hear him play, finally expressed that desire in such a manner as to leave Bach no alternative but that of obedience. It so happened that on the evening he arrived in Berlin Frederick, as was his custom, was beginning the usual evening concert. He had just placed his music upon the stand, and was about to raise his flute to his lips, when a message was handed to him, which caused him to lay both flute and music aside, and to turn to the audience with the joyous exclamation, “Gentlemen, the old Bach has arrived!” A messenger was despatched in haste to Bach's lodgings, commanding him to come to the palace without the delay of an instant; and in a few moments he was ushered into the royal presence dusty and travel-worn, and with numerous bows and apologies for the rough attire which he had not had time to change. Frederick received him with the utmost courtesy and cordiality, and silenced by a stern glance of displeasure the courtiers who were indulging in some ill-timed and ill-judged remarks upon the quaint appearance of the old master and the sincere simplicity of his apologies. Frederick then proposed to show Bach the palace, and conducted him from room to room, himself opening the pianos, and requesting him to try them. After playing for some time Bach begged his majesty to give him a theme, which he elaborated so much to Frederick's delight that he stood for two hours behind Bach's chair listening and applauding, and frequently exclaiming, “Only one Bach! only one! only one!”

This visit pleased Bach extremely, and on his return home he wrote out the fugue which he had composed from the theme given by Frederick, and published it with a dedication to him.

Another gleam of sunshine followed this visit some months later, in the marriage of his favorite daughter, his “little

Lieschen," to his beloved pupil, Altnickol. He refers to this marriage in one of the few letters which have been preserved, in a tone of simple and heartfelt delight. And so began the year 1748, which was destined to end in gloom and shadow. Early in this year died David Bach, an imbecile, who showed intelligence on one point only, his love of music, but for whom, from his very helplessness, his father had always felt a peculiar tenderness; and not many months after this Bach's eyesight began to fail. It is painful to think of the sad struggle of those days;—the way in which he bore up and on, and labored until literally blind; the torturing operations to which he submitted with a quiet heroism all his own, and which resulted disastrously; and the slow, relentless progress of the disease, until total darkness closed him in. Never wont to complain, he did not do so now, but addressed himself to endurance with the steadfast resolution with which he ever addressed himself to every duty. How great a trial acute, wearing pain, and the slow decay consequent upon it, must have been to one accustomed to perfect health, may readily be imagined; and the trial of helplessness and enforced idleness, when the brain was still teeming with ideas, was probably greater still; but it was endured in silence and without complaint. Of those days—when the eyes were darkened and the body weary, and, through the dim mists and shadows of mortal life, the two dread certainties of old age and death alone loomed distinct and terrible—he has left us a distinct picture in the beautiful four-part choral, "When we in deepest need," dictated to his beloved Altnickol some six months before his death. Dark as those days were, they were yet not utterly desolate. The faith for which he had resigned so much in his early youth, to which he had adhered so steadfastly in the rush and stress of life's temptations, did not desert him now, and occasionally swells triumphant over the deep and painful longing which is the spiritual theme of this beautiful composition. The lovely motet,

Come, Jesus come! My heart is weary.

Life's bitter road to me is dreary,
is also attributed, but not with absolute certainty, to this time.

Five days before his death, one of the strange fluctuations so characteristic of a

mortal disease took place. The acute pain in his head abated; he was able to endure and even to discern a little light in his darkened chamber—sat up, and spoke cheerfully of a subject to which he had rarely alluded, the possible recovery of his eyesight. It was the last flickering of life's torch. At sunset violent fever, with still more violent pain in the head, ensued, and within twenty-four hours all hope was over. On the evening of the 28th of July, 1750, he was pronounced dying, and as many of his surviving children, twelve in all, as could be summoned, gathered round his bed, as many a time they had gathered at that same hour round the organ in his music-room, while he led the evening hymn. The fast gathering shadows of the summer night, the anxious aching hearts gathered round the bed, were alike unknown and unheeded by him who lay there, his head pillowed on his wife's arm, and his youngest child, the baby Susanna, nestled at his side. His restless moanings ceased an hour before his death, and he lay apparently in a calm and sweet sleep, his face taking on the while the serene and majestic repose of death, until the end came, suddenly and silently. At fifteen minutes past nine all was over. Two days later he was buried in the churchyard of St. Johann—in what precise spot is unknown, but to lovers of music all Leipsic will be dearer, because somewhere it holds the dust that more than a century ago was his house of clay. No mention of his death is to be found in the papers of the time, and only a brief, bare line in the burial record sets forth simply that "on the 30th of July a man, Johann Sebastian Bach, was buried with the hearse."

So calmly, so noiselessly, closed the waves of this troublesome world over one destined to immortality, whose works were to be more and more one of this world's highest joys as the years rolled on; since as truly as it may be said that to know Bach's compositions thoroughly is of itself a liberal education in music, so to love them merely is to possess a deep source of consolation and of joy. For, even as Beethoven's music is like the deep sea, in that there breathes through it the burden of all the sighs of a suffering and longing humanity, so may Bach's be likened to the strong mountains

in the solemn joy which is its predominant spiritual quality. A certain round and full completeness it has too, which resulted in part doubtless from the full, unrepressed life he led, which was complete in all things—in love, in joys, in sorrows—even to its quiet ending, full of years and honors, with wife and children round his bed.

It is sad to know that sharp trials awaited the wife and younger children who gathered about Bach's grave on that July evening, now more than a century ago, when he was put out of sight forever. Not alone the desolation of the widow and the orphan was theirs, but grinding and cruel poverty, under the severe stress of which they were compelled to part even with the copperplates on which his fugues were engraved for the sum usually paid for old metal, and with many valuable manuscripts for inconsiderable amounts. Total extinction, too, awaited the race and name of Bach. Twelve only of his twenty-one children survived him, and at the beginning of this century children and grandchildren were, with one exception, in their graves. This exception was his youngest child, Regina Susanna, who was seven years old at the time of his death, and who never married. She was living then, the last of her race—

brothers and sisters, nephews and nieces, all gone to their long home; but her lonely and desolate old age was cheered and soothed by the tender and liberal care of Ludwig van Beethoven, who "held it a privilege" to minister to her wants and relieve her sufferings. She is last mentioned in Leipsic May 20, 1801.

And so the tale of Sebastian Bach's life is told. It is a simple tale, bare of events and ovations, for few cloistered monks ever led a quieter, more retired life than he, but one for which it behooves us nevertheless to give God thanks. Not for his glorious genius only, but because he set that golden apple in the silver picture of a pure and noble life. That life, unstained by crime, unweakened by indulgence, unclouded by passion or base ambition or baser lust, is of itself a strain most sweetly played in tune—a strain as sweet, as full, as faultless, as the sublime harmonies with which it is forever blent. Like them, nay, even more perhaps than they, it will retain its divine charm. Time cannot dull it; it will never grow antiquated, nor out of tune to human ears, nor ever cease to sound a strain of faith, of hope, of love unfeigned, to generations yet unborn.

M. L. THOMPSON.

SONNET.

IN the deep hollow of this sheltered dell,
I hear the rude winds chant their giant staves
Far, far beyond me, where in darkening waves
The airy seas of cloud-land sink or swell.

No faint breeze stirs the wild flower's soundless bell,
Here in the quiet vale, whose rivulet laves
Banks silent almost as those desert graves,
Whereof the worn Zaharan wanderers tell.

Oh, thus from out still depths of tranquil doom,
My soul beyond her views life's turmoil vast,
Hearkening the windy roar and rage of men,

Vain to *her* eyes as shades from cloud-land cast,
And to *her* ears like far-off winds that boom,
Heard, but scarce heard, in this Arcadian glen!

PAUL HAYNE.

MY RUSSIAN.

I WAS in Paris in 1858, a little after Orsini's attempt to assassinate the Emperor; that is to say, if President MacMahon will allow me to suggest that there was once an Emperor in France. There was then at any rate, and a court and plenty of dress and gayety, and opportunity for a man with money in his purse to spend it in whatever especial vanity most appealed to his taste. I, being at that time in possession of the aforesaid concomitant of happiness to a degree rather remarkable for a poor diplomat, resolved to take holiday upon a liberal scale, and, securing apartments at the —— Hotel, proceeded to systematically get my money's worth out of the gayest and most tempting capital of the world. This sort of thing does not, however, last a great while; and already the purse was becoming a little low, and the amusements a little stale, when one day, as I was passing down the staircase for a saunter upon the boulevard, I met mine host, jolliest and civillest of Bonifaces, between whom and myself there had for several years existed the best possible understanding, albeit it was not always that I could afford to spend my Parisian holidays with him. I was passing him with a gay good-morning upon this occasion, when, noting his clouded brow and perplexed aspect, I added:

"But, my friend, has somebody walked away forgetting to settle his little account, or did not the ortolans arrive in good condition? You look troubled."

"Monsieur is very good," began Boniface mechanically, and then his face lighted like a stormy sea when the sun suddenly appears, and clasping his hands, he cried:

"God be thanked! Monsieur speaks Russian, does he not?"

"A little, my host—and why?"

"Heavens! what a relief, what a load taken off my soul! Monsieur is my good angel!"

"No doubt of that; but how have you just discovered it, my friend?" asked I, infinitely amused. For reply the excited little Frenchman laid a hand upon my

arm, and mysteriously led me down the stairs he had just ascended, and along a corridor until we stood outside the principal door of a suite of apartments reserved for royal, or at the least princely guests, and, according to report, fitted in a style of magnificence to which all crowned heads are not accustomed in their own domains.

"Listen!" whispered mine host with a tragic gesture of the hands. I listened, and through the closed doors plainly distinguished a deep and powerful voice, expressive of great annoyance, and giving vent to the emotion in some of the most forcible Russian I have ever had the luck to listen to.

"Who is it?" whispered I, after a few moments' attention; but Boniface only shook his head and repeated, "Listen!" while at the same instant the crash of some brittle article upon the inlaid floor announced that the indignant one was adding the emphasis of deeds to words.

"Unhappy that I am!" lamented the landlord, but always in a whisper. "He will destroy everything I possess, he will murder my people——" At this instant the door of the apartment was torn open, and the figure of Antoine, the head waiter, flew threw the opening, evidently strongly impelled by some unseen power, while the angry voice roared in Russian:

"Go, go seek your master and fetch him here, that I may devour him without salt, wretched slave and son of a slave that you are!" The slamming of the door cut short the string of oaths more grotesque than profane which followed, and the landlord and I retreated as rapidly as possible, followed by Antoine, who, ruefully holding his hand to the small of his back as if to retain a dislocated spine in position, muttered:

"Oh, the devil of a man! Heaven send no more princes hither, especially Russian ones."

"And now expound the riddle, my friend, for I feel as if I were assisting at a Christmas pantomime," demanded I, as soon as we were safe in my host's private apartment, and I had recovered from my

fit of laughter, while the most woful of smiles was the only approach to merriment to be extorted from poor Boniface.

"It is for you to expound the riddle to me, monsieur; for if you are bewildered, I am delirious, crazed, mad!" replied he, glaring about him most effectively. "All that I know is this: last night after monsieur was gone out, a telegram arrived—hold, here it is, for I preserve all proofs in such an affair as this." And from a pigeon-hole in his *escritoire* the unhappy Boniface drew a telegraphic form filled as follows:

Prepare the best apartments in your house for the Prince and Princess Karakouban and their suite.

"Karakouban," repeated I, returning the telegram. "Yes, that is Russian—the name of a river, I think."

"Probably this devil of a prince owns the river and the country it runsthrough," replied Boniface in an accent of despairing admiration. "At any rate, here was the telegram, and we at once opened and aired the royal apartments, made fires, prepared the beds, and cooked a magnificent supper. About one o'clock in the morning they arrived—two carriages, a wagon of luggage, the Prince, the Princess, a ladies' maid, a valet, a coachman, two little dogs, a parrot, and a monkey. The ladies' maid and valet were Russian, and spoke no French; the coachman was French, and spoke no Russian; besides, he had only been in the Prince's employ four days and knew nothing; the dogs and the monkey spoke neither French nor Russian, and the parrot only swore in Chinese. As for the Prince and Princess, they only talked to each other, and I did not presume to listen to their conversation. I myself, followed by Antoine and two other servants, met the party at the door, and escorted them to their rooms; they took no notice of me, which convinced me of their elevated rank, and I retired, leaving Antoine in the anteroom to discover if anything more was required. In a short time he appeared in this room pale and trembling; the Prince was dissatisfied, the Prince was furious; and as for the Princess, she was nearly in hysterics.

"All this for what, for what!" I reiterated; but Antoine seemed to have lost his head and could do nothing but cry, 'Ma foi, how should I know, my master? I do not talk Russian, I do not know the ways of princes who speak no French!'

"I hastened to the Prince's apartments. He was seated at table, and as his valet brought him dish after dish, he would examine it with the point of his fork, taste a morsel perhaps, and send it away as if it were a ragout of street dogs, or a fricandeau of rats, instead of the best and most delicate meats that the market affords. I stood at the door for an instant watching this comedy, and then approached the table, demanding with humble respect, through which I allowed the merest suspicion of injured feeling to peep, if the Prince would deign to suggest any addition or alteration in the bill of fare, offering to procure whatever was to be had in Paris—that is to say, in the civilized world.

"The Prince, the Princess, and the valet listened attentively to all that I said, and at the end his highness addressed her highness in Russian in a few words, and both of them burst into loud laughter, while the valet rushed into the next room and guffawed enough to break the windows. As soon as he could command himself he returned, and in the vilest possible French exclaimed: 'The Prince and Princess do not understand French, and neither do I, or Anna; so don't talk to us any more.' At least that is what I suppose he meant to say, for I could not be sure; and as for the remainder, which was I suppose a complaint of the service, or the table, or the apartment, I could not make out enough words to gather the meaning, except that something was very much amiss. The interview terminated abruptly by the Prince's taking a glass of Chablis; and you know what my Chablis is, monsieur?"

"Yes, a very honest wine, and very dear, landlord." My host shrugged his shoulders and expanded his palms with a Frenchman's inimitable gesture of expostulation.

"What would you have, monsieur! Are not good things always expensive? But monseigneur le Prince did not wait to ask the price, but having tasted the wine made a wry face, spat it out, and threw the rest of the glass in my face—yes, monsieur, in my face, and I assure you the insult will figure to some purpose in the bill."

"Of course, but under what head, my host?"

"Monsieur is too discreet to inquire into such details; but it is not upon such

matters that I am afraid, for this monseigneur throws his money about with open hands; he bestowed a handful of silver upon Antoine, and finished by kicking it into his pocket. He will not object to the bill if we can but discover what he wishes, and what displeases him; and now, monsieur, it is upon you that all my hopes are fixed."

"Upon me, my host?"

"You, monsieur, for you speak Russian as well as every other known tongue, and you will take pity upon me, and visit this devil of a prince, and discover how I am to satisfy him—will you not, monsieur?"

"But if he bestows a douche of Chablis upon me?"

"Monsieur is a gentleman, and the Prince will treat him as such; it is very different from a poor fellow like me——"

"Who can, however, avenge himself in the bill," suggested I. Boniface smiled astutely, and resumed:

"Monsieur will not refuse me this favor?"

"Why should I? In fact I should like to see this Russian bear, and if he shows his teeth and claws, I will fly the American eagle in his face. Let us go."

"Ah, these Americans, these Americans!" murmured Boniface in a tone of respectful admiration, which capped his adroit flatteries. I laughed outright, glanced in the mirror as we passed out of the room, for I was not yet thirty, and gayly followed my host along the corridor to the great door, at which he timidly knocked. It was opened by the Russian valet, whom I addressed in his own language.

"Inquire if your master will receive an American gentleman who speaks a little Russian," and I gave him my card, with which he disappeared into the salon. In a moment he returned with the report:

"Monseigneur the Prince will be happy to receive his excellency."

"Heaven be praised!" murmured Boniface, and treading as if upon the dry bones around a tiger's den he followed me into the salon. The Prince, a fine-looking man, tall, stately, and commanding, stood near the fireplace, and as I entered turned and looked at me with haughty scrutiny. Bowing profoundly I advanced, saying in my choicest Russian:

"Excuse this intrusion, monseigneur, but——"

The Prince's face lighted up with a smile of relief and cordiality, and coming hastily toward me he held out both hands crying:

"No apologies, no apologies, monsieur, I beg! The sound of my own language is the first thing I have liked in France, and that is delightful enough to overbalance all the rest. Monsieur, you are my friend from this moment." And still holding my hand, he led me toward an arm-chair from whose depths flowed some elegant silk and velvet draperies, although its back was toward us.

"Ermenilda, my love, welcome this gentleman, for he can speak in our own tongue, and we are no longer helpless among these poverty-stricken barbarians."

So said the Prince, and at the word one of the most magnificent women I have ever seen arose to her stately height, and gave me her gloved hand, saying sweetly:

"Monsieur is very welcome."

More polite speeches followed upon both sides, and I was quite forgetting my errand among the princes, when a discreet "Hem!" from Boniface recalled the fact of his existence to my mind, and I hastened to say:

"Permit me, monseigneur, to explain my presence in your apartment. This worthy man is in despair at not being able to understand the orders you have transmitted to him, or the omissions of which you complain, and begged me to help him out by acting as interpreter."

"Fortunate chance!" exclaimed the Prince, taking not the least notice of the bows and murmured "pardons" of the landlord. I briefly expressed my gratitude for the compliment, and returned to the charge.

"If your highness will mention to me what is amiss, I will promise upon the part of our host that it shall be rectified at once."

"It is an immense promise, my friend," returned the Prince laughing, and casting a contemptuous glance about the room; "but since you are so kind, will you ask the miserable fellow if he knows my rank, if he understands that I am a prince of the great Russian empire?"

I rapidly translated, and replied without waiting for Boniface's protestations:

"He understands it perfectly, my Prince, and avows the most unlimited reverence for your rank."

"Then ask him, if you please, why in

the devil's name he has not lodged me suitably to my rank?" thundered the Prince, becoming furious.

"He says, monseigneur, that this is the royal suite of apartments, the best rooms in his house, which is in fact the best hotel in Paris, and that he had humbly hoped they were fit for the use of any crowned head in the world."

"Will you be so good as to tell him that he is an impertinent jackass, and also a fool, monsieur, with his hopes and his crowned heads?"

I bowed, and said to Boniface, "The Prince pays you a compliment in the Russian fashion."

"What is amiss, does he ask?" pursued the irate potentate. "Why, the size and number of the rooms is amiss; every article of furniture is amiss; the fires are fed with ordinary wood such as any peasant may use, instead of the sandal and camphor wood I am accustomed to burn; the table is most execrably amiss; the food is only fit for the last week of a siege; and the wine—oh, I cannot speak of it. In fine, look into the kennel which he calls a bedchamber, and see the couch prepared for the Princess Karakouban! No down bed over the mattress, no lace upon the sheets and pillow covers, a counterpane of ordinary damask instead of velvet, and curtains of miserable imitation lace instead of the imperial Brussels to which she is accustomed! Why, monsieur, a gentleman of your position will understand at once how impossible it must be for the Princess to seek repose amid such sordid surroundings; and you will not wonder that I rent this imitation lace, this untrimmed cambric, these sordid hangings from around my wife's bed, and ordered her woman to toss them into the corridor, where they probably remain if this man considers them worth taking away. Meantime, will you order him to refurnish both my wife's bed and my own in a manner suitable to our rank, within two hours, or I leave his house at once?"

Restraining my laughter within decent limits, I translated these agreeable remarks, to which Boniface listened with a succession of the most humble obeisances, amid which I caught the murmur:

"The bill, monsieur—this will all figure in the bill! But pray assure his highness that all shall be remedied, all shall be replaced with the most elegant, the

most sumptuous articles in Paris. I will go to the upholsterer of the Empress, and everything shall be supplied precisely upon the scale of those her Majesty has approved; and this clown of a prince shall pay the bill with interest, or may the devil fly away with me!"

The last words were intended for me alone, and I duly translated the remainder, which the Prince received with a nod of contemptuous indulgence, saying, as he bowed the landlord toward the door:

"He will not succeed in satisfying me, but he may make the attempt. I know not how the Empress Eugénie's apartments may be furnished, but I remember very well those of the Princess Karakouban in my palace upon the Moskwa, or even those in our old hereditary seat upon the Kouban. Ah, my friend, you shall visit me after my return, and I shall at least be able to offer you a bed to lie upon, and food that will not kill you with dyspepsia, while here—bah!"

"I am truly grieved at the hardships your highness is subjected to," replied I gravely, "especially, if I may take the liberty of saying so, on account of her highness the Princess, who will feel these privations even more sensibly than yourself, monseigneur; for, if I mistake not, you have known something of military life, and of course have tasted in a degree of a soldier's hardships."

The Prince looked at me sharply.

"And what does monsieur fancy that he knows of my military career?" asked he with sudden haughtiness.

"Pardon, monseigneur; nothing, nothing at all, since I have never seen or even heard your name until this morning," replied I as coldly. "I judged from a certain air and carriage which I have noted as peculiar to military men."

"You are very complimentary, and also a shrewd observer, my friend," replied the Prince, resuming his cordial and familiar manner; "and I cannot be surprised at your never having heard my name until this morning, as it is only since yesterday that I have called myself Karakouban, although I have an estate upon the borders of the Karakouban river. You look puzzled, monsieur, and I do not wonder, but you have read the 'Arabian Nights' Entertainments?"

"Certainly, monseigneur, and I remember perfectly that the Caliph Haroun

was very fond of going upon his travels incognito," replied I significantly.

"Exactly," returned the Prince, clapping me on the shoulder. "Oh, why have I not always known you, my friend—I who adore quickness, delicacy, tact, and so seldom find them? Yes, I too am enjoying a little tour incognito, and to save you from possible perplexity if you should be questioned, I am going to preserve it strictly even with you. So remember I am the Prince Karakouban, no more, no less, until—we shall see until when."

"Agreed, my Prince," replied I; and then we shook hands and laughed heartily, and the Princess joined in both performances, and all went as merrily as possible. Presently the conversation turned once more upon the grievances of the princely pair with regard to accommodation; and after listening to my assurances that poor Boniface had really offered them every attention and respect in his power, and would strain every nerve to do yet more, the Prince consented to overlook the deficiencies, and added:

"Of course I must not expect things here upon the scale that we afford them at home. Without jesting, I should like to show you some of my houses, and I hope I shall have that pleasure before very long."

"I think monsieur would like our country palace at Karakouban, would he not, Casimir?" asked the Princess languidly.

"Possibly. It has not the magnificence of that at St. Petersburg, or that upon the Moskwa; but there is an antique and patriarchal simplicity in its arrangements, a vastness and strength in the buildings, and a savage grandeur in the scenery, that might please him more than the trite luxuries of the others. Even the inconveniences of the house, implying the necessity of troops of servants constantly at hand, have a royal sort of effect. Nothing more plebeian than all these modern improvements, which do away with the necessity of service. I like to be waited upon, for my part."

"It is a second nature, no doubt," replied I a little enviously; and then the conversation turned upon the programme of amusements for the next ten days, which completed my leave of absence; and as the Prince declared that he would not remain in Paris a moment longer than

I did, it was necessary to condense our pleasures as much as possible.

The ten days passed as gayly and as luxuriously as any ten days could be made to pass. The Prince spent money with both hands, and the Princess helped him. Poor Boniface grew pale and thin, but he grew rich as well. Antoine was black and blue from head to heel, but he was able to retire from business to a *cabaret* of his own. As for me, I gained nothing, neither abuse nor profit, for the Prince always treated me with respect, and I accepted nothing at his hands except a seat in his carriage, his opera box, or at his table, and felt myself able to repay such favors as these by my knowledge of Paris and the Parisians, and the efforts I made to keep my friends in amusement. The incognito remained a profound secret, and only once seemed upon the point of betraying itself. This was at a ball at the house of the Marquise de Millefleurs, a friend of mine, of whom I had begged an invitation for the Prince, the Princess declining to make one of the party. It was understood that the Prince spoke no French, did not dance, and wished to figure merely as a spectator; so after a silent bow before his hostess he amused himself by bestowing discreet glances of admiration upon the ladies, watching the card tables, and wandering about the pretty rooms, comparing them, as I surmised, with his own palatial residences. As for me, I remained with him most of the time, but occasionally went to speak with a friend or take a turn in the waltz; and it was in returning from one of these excursions that I noticed a tall, aristocratic-looking man in the uniform of a general of division, standing at a little distance from the Prince, and gazing upon him with an air of incredulous astonishment, that suggested a former acquaintance of an exceptional character. While I lingered the general stepped forward, bowed politely, and addressed a few words to the Prince, who ceremoniously returned the salute, and replied, as I judged from the movement of his lips, that he did not speak French; for he had learned a few phrases of this nature to help him through the chances of his Parisian life. The general stepped nearer and spoke again, this time, no doubt, in Russian, as the Prince listened attentively, and replied at some length, at the same time leading

the way to a balcony opening close beside them. Not to play the spy, I walked away, and was looking on at the dancing when Karakouban touched me upon the shoulder.

"Come," said he—and I noticed that even his lips were white—"have not we seen enough of this?"

"I am ready whenever you are, mon-seigneur," replied I, and we departed. In the carriage the Prince inquired:

"Did you notice General Blanc speaking to me?"

"Ah, yes, it was General Blanc," returned I, recollecting the stern and marked features of the soldier. "Does he know you?"

"Unfortunately, yes," replied the Prince in a tone of great annoyance. "We met during the late war in the Crimea, and as we belonged to the opposing powers you may imagine that neither of us carried away very friendly recollections of the interview. The details of the transaction are part of the incognito you have so delicately respected, and which General Blanc will, I fear, unveil to annoy me, and force me into taking a stand in this, the capital of my late enemies, which I had not intended, and do not wish. Fortunately, my friend, to-morrow is the last of the ten days' recreation we have allowed ourselves, and we will devote it to a visit to Fontainebleau. There will be no publicity there, no danger of recognition, and a compulsory confession of my rank. We will return at night, and the next morning we leave Paris."

I made no objection to the programme; it was carried out, and the next morning, with much bustle, flourish, and parade, the Prince and Princess scattered their last shower of gold among the employees of the hotel, and departed, *en route* for Marseilles; while I, an hour later, took the train for Calais, on my way to London, carrying with me a pang of most unwilling regret, for I was no law-breaker, and yet had found a strange and new delight in the society of Ermenilda, Princess Karakouban, and could not part from her, probably forever, without a suffering that I was loath to confess even to myself. The Prince had, to be sure, carefully taken down my London address, and declared his intention of insisting upon a long visit from me in the ensuing season, but I had no intention of accepting the invitation.

If I could not avoid envying my neighbor his beautiful wife, I could at least refrain from the temptation of her society.

A year passed, and something more, for it was in October, 1859, that, jaded by work, and rendered independent by a small inheritance that had fallen to my share, I accepted the invitation of a couple of young English friends, belonging to that class who are forced to make a toil of pleasure lest they should sink altogether into luxurious idleness, to join them in a long expedition after the "big game" of the Caucasus. It was to be laborious, exciting, and very expensive, and consequently just what Lord Frederick and the Hon. Algernon required; while I was in one of those reckless and indifferent moods which at intervals sway most lives, and was ready for anything that promised adventure. I had recovered from my infatuation for the Princess Ermenilda, and had admired and flirted with half a dozen London beauties since I last saw her; and yet the thought of roaming through the Caucasus, and very possibly visiting Karakouban, sent an odd thrill of mingled delight and apprehension through my nerves, and I answered Lord Frederick's next question a little absurdly.

Our somewhat elaborate preparations were at last complete, our adieux made, and with a sort of vague idea of making pilgrimage we embarked for the Crimea, my two friends wishing to revisit in cold blood the scenes where one of them had fought a few years previously, and of which I had read and heard so much both during the war and later from my friend the Prince, who seemed very familiar with both the scenes and the events of that struggle. From Sebastopol we took passage for Anassa, and on leaving that dismal little station were at once upon the scene of our labors, or sports, as one may decide to call them. Of these I do not here intend to speak, although there is hardly a portion of the globe offering such varied attractions to the daring and hardy sportsman, and at the same time so many interesting features to the traveller and student of mankind. We had been about seven weeks at work, leading a very hard life, and enjoying it immensely, when late one afternoon the Hon. Algernon and myself, with a single attendant to carry the spare guns and ammu-

nition, found ourselves several miles from camp, fagged to the last degree, and upon the point of encountering one of the furious thunderstorms that burst upon one in these mountain regions with the unbridled fury of a violent woman's passion, and like that, although not positively dangerous to life or limb, are for the time exceedingly uncomfortable.

"Confounded nuisance!" remarked Algy. "The guns and everything get so soaked and nasty, and it's so bad to get over the ground in wet clothes! Isn't there any shelter within reach, Ivan?"

"I saw a shepherd's hut a little way back, my lord, when I ran for the partridge your excellency shot," replied the Russian in such English as he had picked up among the camp followers of the army.

"If your lordships would condescend——"

"My lordship will condescend with great alacrity, if you will show the way—eh, Bob?" replied Algernon with a grin at me; and the next moment we were making our best speed across a hill pasture covered with sheep and a few fine horses, through a patch of woodland and along a dry ravine, until we suddenly emerged upon a little table-land where stood one of the low cottages of the Caucasian peasantry, formed of a sort of wickerwork plastered with mud outside and in, and roofed with thatch. It was larger than many we had seen, and there was an air of abundance and slovenly comfort over everything, which led my companion to remark:

"This fellow has carried his pigs or his sheep to a good market apparently; likely enough we can get something to eat, and I am ravenous for my part."

"Here's the storm in earnest," replied I, and without ceremony rushed at the door of the cottage, opened without knocking, and pelted in, closely followed by Algy, while the guide discreetly found shelter in one of the outbuildings. The interior of the cabin—for it was hardly better—was very dark, partly owing to the storm, partly to the small size and dirty condition of the windows; but a brief inspection showed that, like most of these houses, it consisted merely of a parallelogram divided into two rooms by a wicker partition extending nearly across, the inner part serving as bedchamber, and the outer as "parlor, kitchen, and hall," and that the interior, like the

exterior of the mansion, showed more abundance than order, and more means than thrift. Two women were engaged in some domestic avocations at the further end of the outer apartment, and as we entered came a little toward us; then, apparently terrified either at the sight of strangers, or at our abrupt entrance and loud voices, they shrieked in chorus and rushed through the opening in the wicker partition to hide themselves in the inner room.

"It won't do to follow them; there may be a husband, or father, or some one at hand, and these Circassians are as jealous as Turks," said I hastily. "But I will call to them in Russian and promise not to eat them if they will give us some other food."

Approaching the screen as nearly as I dared, I accordingly made a little speech, skilfully embodying, as I flattered myself, the promise of substantial reward, with those tender assurances of admiration and friendship to which the fair sex of whatever race or condition never turn a deaf ear. A profound silence followed this burst of eloquence, succeeded presently by a low whispering and tittering, at the sound of which I nodded complacently, and said in Russian:

"Courage, my comrade! These kind-hearted ladies will take pity upon us, I am convinced."

More whispering, more giggling, and then a female figure, tall and graceful, so muffled about the head in a thick white veil that I could hardly judge of her appearance, came timidly out, and said:

"What does your excellency wish?"

"Shelter and food, most gracious lady, for which we will gladly pay both in money and thanks," said I.

"I will see what we have in the house," replied the girl timidly. "My sister is sick, and cannot see you."

"We are truly grieved, although, not expecting the honor, we cannot be said to be disappointed," replied I with a glance at Algy, who was "making eyes" with all his might at the shrouded fair one. "Is your sister the hostess, then?"

"Yes, your excellency; she is a very old woman," replied the girl, turning suddenly away, and beginning to fumble among some dishes.

"How very ready she is with her excuses for this sister, as if it were a lesson

she was in a hurry to repeat, and did not know enough to wait for the clues," murmured I in English to Algy, who replied :

"Yes, and the sister skipped away as we entered as if she were neither very old nor very sick ; but I say, Bob, that girl has a stunning pair of feet and ankles !"

"She was born too near Circassia to fail of them," replied I ; and then, while the volatile fellow devoted himself to pursuing an acquaintance with the fair unknown, I drummed upon one of the dirty window-panes, and wondered how far we might be from the palace of Prince Karakouban, and if I dared to risk an interview with Ermenilda which might undo all the good effects of months of absence and philosophy.

I still stood there, when a stalwart fellow in the costume of the peasants of the Caucasus rushed past the window as if in haste to escape from the rain now falling in torrents, and bolted into the house much in the same fashion that we had done. He was hardly inside the door when the girl, dropping the loaf of coarse bread she was bringing forward, ran up to him, and pulling him round with his back to us, whispered something in his ear, at the same time leading him toward the inner room. He listened, following mechanically, but almost at the door stopped, shook off her clinging grasp, stood for a moment absorbed in thought, then turning suddenly toward me at the window, he dashed his wet hat upon the ground, and stood revealed, tall, stately, handsome, and haughtier than ever. I stared open-mouthed, recognition struggling with an incredulity that would not permit me to believe my own senses. The peasant neither moved nor spoke, but stood there like the statue of one of the shepherd kings upon an improved plan. The situation was becoming frightfully embarrassing, and risking all I stammered :

"You—is it—my Prince !"

"As much a prince as ever I was, monsieur," replied the man coldly.

"It is ! What, the Prince Karakouban here !" exclaimed I, a horrible suspicion of the hoax to which I had been made the victim creeping over me.

"You see me, monsieur. I am Casimir Mabou, a shepherd-farmer, and a free-man of the Caucasus. I deceived you, and

if you resent it, you may revenge yourself—if you can."

I stood irresolute for a moment, and then the absurdity of the whole affair, especially the idea of my taking physical revenge upon the model of strength and power opposed to me, overcame my anger, and I burst into a peal of laughter, in which Casimir presently joined, but somewhat less heartily.

"But the palace," cried I, as soon as I could command my voice, "the palace of Karakouban, with its noble domains, its vast halls, its antique magnificence, its troops of retainers?"

The shepherd spread open his arms with a right royal gesture.

"It is here ; you see it, my friend ! What is a palace but a dwelling where one is monarch ? And am I not monarch here, more of a monarch than yonder Emperor in the Tuileries ? For if he fancied to level his dwelling with the ground and rebuild it elsewhere, his people would forbid him and he dare not oppose them, while I—I am absolute king over my house, and all that is in it—my domain of as many acres as I care to claim, my thousands of sheep, my hundreds of horses, my herdsmen, and my dogs. I am a prince, monsieur, as Louis Napoleon is Emperor, by my own act and deed ; and if I choose to call myself Karakouban, I know no one who has a right to contradict me."

"But—the Princess?" stammered I, still hoping to save one little corner of my delusion intact. Casimir smiled so significantly that I blushed like a girl.

"The Princess, my dear fellow, is as much of a princess as I am a prince—no more, no less. She shall welcome you herself. Ermenilda ! Come hither, child !"

And out from behind the wicker partition glided the stately figure I so well remembered, the movements as graceful and assured as they had been amid the magnificence of our Parisian life ; but the beautiful face was clouded by a womanly timidity and confusion that added the last possible charm to its ordinarily too statuesque loveliness. Advancing slowly, she placed her hands in mine, and looking shyly into my face murmured :

"It was very wrong, was it not, monsieur ?"

"How could it be wrong for you to assume the place Nature designed you for,

my Princess ;” replied I ; and Casimir, clapping me heavily upon the shoulder, exclaimed :

“ Bravo ! You bring a breath of Paris to civilize our barbarous solitude. But now, while Ermenilda—who by the way recognized you at once—helps her sister to prepare some food for us——”

“ Pardon ! Her sister, do you say ? ” interposed I. “ Surely I have seen the young lady before ! ”

“ She was my wife’s maid Anna in Paris, and was the medium through whom you generally sent your bouquets and billet-doux,” replied Casimir composedly ; while Anna, turning round with a smile that showed all her white teeth, nodded recognition and assent.

“ I was more stupid in taking Mlle. Anna for a servant, than her sister for a princess,” said I. And, coolly nodding, Casimir continued :

“ That all sounds very natural, mon cher, but we don’t talk that way out here. Now listen, and I will explain. I am no beggar, although no prince, but a freeman and a proprietor. I own thousands of acres of the wild country through which I presume you are hunting, and upon them support immense flocks of sheep and droves of horses. I have never been poor, nor have I ever cared to be rich, since I cannot become a noble, nor do I know that I should find it amusing to do so if I could. But when the Emperor of Russia on the one hand, and the Queen of England with the Emperor of France and the Sultan upon the other, chose our wild little peninsula of the Crimea upon which to fight out their differences, they made my fortune among them in spite of myself. For they all ate mutton, and rode upon horses, and needed grain to keep those horses ; and as I had plenty of all these commodities to sell, and was quite impartial in seeking my customers, the Russian roubles, and the English sovereigns, and the French napoleons soon jingled merrily together in my purse, and in the end overran even the leathern bag, in the bottom of which I and my father before me had always found ample room for all our cash. The war was over and the combatants departed ; but the money remained, and the question arose, what should we do with it ? I already possessed as much land as I wished, as many flocks and horses, as

good a house as I cared to live in, as many jewels as I chose to see my wife wear, as good clothes as either of us had ever worn. Clearly there was no opportunity here at home to spend the money, and no object in keeping it. We might remove to one of the great cities, but at St. Petersburg my little joke of playing the prince would soon have led me to the police office, and to figure as a gentleman and lady without title needed a different education from what we have received. Your own Russian, my dear friend, is so very bad that you do not appreciate the vulgarity of mine ; but an educated Russ would set me down as a peasant before I had finished my first sentence.”

“ Thanks,” murmured I, a little nettled ; but Casimir only laughed and continued :

“ As for my French, it is that of the camp and the cabaret. No Russian prince would think of using it, and I determined to drop it altogether while away from home ; for, as you foresee, I soon determined to go and spend my money in Paris, whose delights and luxuries had formed the theme of many an hour’s chat among my camp friends, and had been of course exaggerated beyond all reason. I told Ermenilda that I would make a princess of her, and take her to Paris. She asked if it was in the Crimea, and I said, ‘ Certainly ! ’ They had spoken to me of the *femmes de chambre* of ladies of quality, and I perceived that Ermenilda must have one, but that if she were Russian she would soon detect the cheat, and might make trouble for us, and if she were French my wife could not speak to her ; so I took Anna also into my confidence, and offered to show her the world if she would look at it through a soubrette’s eyes. She consented, and we all left home without beat of drum, assuming our princely character only after touching French soil. The money lasted for a month, and I have still a few gold pieces to jingle against each other in the bottom of the leathern bag. This is my story, my dear friend, and I am not ashamed or afraid to confess it.”

“ Why should you be ? ” replied I heartily. “ But what about General Blanc, who recognized you in Paris ? ”

“ Yes, yes, that was unfortunate. The General and I had some dealing about horses, and he was dissatisfied with his

end of the bargain: very unreasonably so, but what would you have? Is a man ever satisfied with the horse he buys, or the price he pays for it? The General recognized me and called me to account for imposing myself upon the Parisians as a prince, when I was really no more than a—I don't know what he was going to call me, for I stopped him with the inquiry whether he should accept a challenge if I offered it. As I expected, he said 'No,' and I then advised him to be cautious how he insulted me, since, as I could not have the satisfaction of a gentleman, I should certainly take that of a peasant, and throw him over the balcony on which he stood into the street. General Blanc perceived the strength of my argument, also that of my arms, and contented himself with inquiring when I proposed to leave Paris. I told him in thirty-six hours, as had already been arranged; and without another word he stepped back into the salon, and I saw no more of him. That was all of that; and now I perceive that the women have prepared our supper, and I hope you and your friend will do it justice, although I do not promise quite the *menu* of our friend Boniface."

"With which you were so dissatisfied," suggested I a little maliciously.

"Of course," replied Casimir composedly. "A savage like myself is far more difficult to satisfy than a born prince, for his ideas are boundless, and absolutely unrestrained by experience. I had formed in my own mind I know not what gorgeous ideas of Paris and its magnificence, and I was sincerely disappointed. I suppose, now, there is really nothing better

to be had upon the face of the globe than what I got for my money in Paris, eh?"

"In the way of luxury and the delight of the senses, no," replied I. Casimir shook his head contemptuously.

"Then I would better have staid at home and buried my money in the ground," said he. "For I had already enjoyed a hundred times over in my own mind the delights of a city which excelled Paris as far as Paris excels Anassa. You say there is no such city in the world; and I reply, so much the worse for the world, for it knows not what it loses in not realizing my dreams. Let us eat."

The ladies—for I will never call Ermenilda less than a lady—had retired behind the partition as soon as their lord was served, and we three men sat down together. The banquet was *not* such as Boniface had so often set before us, and my appetite would have resisted the daintiest wooing that night; but Algy did well, and our host was in splendid spirits. Supper and the storm ended together, and a few moments later we left the cabin, Ermenilda bidding me a tearful farewell while Casimir stepped out to call the guide. As we moved away I turned back to look once more at the palace of Karakouban, and saw Casimir standing thoughtfully in the doorway, his splendid face and figure lighted by the last ray of the setting sun, while from the window at the side of the house a white hand waved adieu. I sighed, and returning the salute, hastened away; nor have I from that day to this seen or heard of the Prince of Karakouban or his most charming wife.

JANE G. AUSTIN.

Συνιστάμα!
ὡς ἀπότης!

CONFEDERATE STATES AND THEIR CONSTITUTION.

IN the Convention of 1787, which framed the *projet* of the Constitution for subsequent ratification by the several States, two months were occupied in discussing general principles and in a free interchange of opinion on the details of several suggested plans of government. In these discussions much antagonism as to the character of the political organization best adapted to the States was developed. The antenatal struggle in the womb of Rebekah, betwixt Esau and Jacob, typified the wide discordance of sentiment held by able deputies in regard to the kind of government needed for the permanent union of the sovereign States. The wide divergences may be classified into two parties: the one favoring a strong central government, assimilated as much as possible to the admired British system; the other seeking to define accurately the authority of the new government, retaining for the separate States as much undelegated power as might be consistent with their protection against domestic violence and foreign invasion.

The foreshadowed antagonism assumed shape and form and name when the inchoate instrument became by separate State adoption the Constitution, and was put on a practical trial as to the measure and limit of the grants of the States. Proposed legislation soon embodied in opposing political parties the advocates of the two hostile systems, the one dreading centrifugal tendencies, the other centripetal. What was not clearly delegated in the organic law was sought to be effected by latitudinous interpretation. Grave questions of national policy constantly arose for adjustment, and these furnished occasions for strengthening the Federal Government. What was the extent of the implied powers gave scope for the most elastic construction. With varying results and many considerable alternations of opinion, growing out of the condition of the country, personal relations of the leaders, and other causes, these two parties, representing substantially these counter political theories, existed from the second term of Washing-

ton's administration to 1861. The famous "American system" was an elaboration of the paternal theory of government, constituting it a sort of secondhand Providence, regulating labor, furnishing currency, building roads, digging canals, fostering by bounties and special legislation favored industries, paying State debts, and making the States dependent corporations upon a huge, consolidated, central power. The opposing party endeavored to confine the General Government within narrow boundaries, holding it by strict construction of the bond of compact to general legislation, leaving to the local legislatures of the individual States the regulation and protection of all those duties and rights growing out of the relations of husband and wife, parent and child, guardian and ward, creditor and debtor, master and servant. Antipodal differences existed as to the proper remedies for flagrant infraction of the Constitution, and as to the ultimate arbiter for the adjustment of irreconcilable disputes. One school held that in all cases not capable of assuming a character for judicial determination, Congress was the final and exclusive judge of the extent of its own powers. The other held that the limits of the Union were marked by the boundary between the reserved and delegated powers; that the Federal Government was but a creature of the States, and that there was no practical difference between an absolute government and one having the right to take what powers it pleased. One of these national political organizations had for its leaders and expounders such men as Hamilton, Adams, Jay, Webster, and Clay. The other boasted of not less able and patriotic leaders in Jefferson, Madison, Calhoun, Polk, Wright, and Woodbury.

The characteristic differences and tendencies of these parties had "ample scope and verge enough" in the questions that grew out of commerce, currency, appropriations, and the territories. The last especially gave stimulating impulse. One party claimed that Congress had over "the territory and other property belong-

ing to the United States " a power little short of the legislative omnipotence of the British Parliament. By the other it was strenuously insisted that the Constitution, by its own inherent power, extended over every foot of the public domain, and that a law to operate over the territories required as express a grant as a law to operate over the States. The claim to carry slaves as property into the territories developed to the extreme the peculiarities of the two schools of politics. The Presidential election of 1860 was regarded by the South as the consummation of the national theory, the subversion of State equality, and the certain overthrow of limitations and reservations essential to the minority section in the "irrepressible conflict."

It is not the purpose of the writer to intimate an opinion as to the conduct of the South in seceding from the Union and attempting the establishment of another government. The stern arbitrament of war has settled irrevocably against the South the issues of the contest. African slavery is forever extinct in the United States. Secession, as a practicable or possible remedy for any political ill, has not a single advocate. The Federal Government is now generally recognized as a nation with plenary powers of centralization. War powers have subordinated the States, and the Hamiltonian theory is the fixed policy, the irreversible order. Acquiescence in the overthrow of the Confederacy, and in all the legitimate consequences of defeat and surrender, is universal.

As no person is so insane as to wish to appeal from the decision of the wager of battle, as every patriotic citizen must desire the perpetuity and prosperity of a just union, it cannot be amiss and may be productive of good to review the Constitution of the Confederate States, and draw therefrom some instructive lessons.

The prominent advocates of secession, the political leaders, were not radicals nor revolutionists in politics. The South was never accused of such heresies. Her statesmen were habitually conservative, resisting innovation and usurpation, guarding jealously the rights of the States, warmly attached to the Constitution, vigorously opposing the concentration of power at Washington, and earnestly striving to diminish rather than to

increase Federal legislation. Hers was the *laissez nous faire* policy. Her interests demanded quiet and security. Disorder, revolution, anarchy, was death. An aspiring architect of ruin was obnoxious to the Southern property-holder. *Fœnum habet in cornu, longe fuge*. Stability of property and society, homage to order and law, were essential to her "peculiar institution" and congruous with her habits of thought. Strictness of construction of the Constitution, and opposition to interference with the internal management of sister States and of foreign nations, were so universally held at the South as to be almost vernacular. When the country became frantic over Father Mathew, the South counselled national dignity. When Kossuth by his marvellous eloquence excited indignation at Austrian tyranny and enthusiastic admiration of Magyar heroism, and when grave senators lost their reason under his apostrophes to liberty, Southern statesmen resisted the committal of our Government to Quixotic undertakings in his behalf. When intervention in European affairs to the extent of "advancing to the conflict" was seriously advocated in the American Senate, Southern senators were not behind others in pleading for our national traditions, and for the Washingtonian policy of no entangling alliances with foreign nations.

When the Confederacy was formed, any purpose to interfere with the United States or other nations, or to make war, or commit aggressions, was authoritatively disavowed. The Congress declared readiness to adjust and settle "between the States forming this Confederacy and their late confederates of the United States everything pertaining to the common property, common liability, and common obligations of the Union, upon the principles of right, justice, equity, and good faith." Peace was obviously the desire and just policy. There was no preparation for war. The Confederacy had not a seaman or soldier, a ship or an armory, and was without revenue, without commerce, without recognition in the family of nations. In making their organic law, they made a transcript in large measure of the Constitution of the United States, following the text with literal fidelity. With studious care and affectionate reverence, the old instrument was

closely adhered to. The resolution under which the deputies from Alabama were elected authorized and invited a meeting of deputies from other States to frame "a provisional government upon the principles of the Constitution of the United States," and the Constitution of the Confederate States is simply the old Constitution with the Southern construction. As President Davis said in his inaugural, "The Constitution formed by our fathers is that of these Confederate States in their exposition of it." It was hoped that peaceful means, a stable and just government, lightly-taxed and well-protected property, uninterrupted navigation of the Mississippi, and commercial necessity would secure expansion. The special effort was made to save the rights and remedies of the States. Encroachments on constituent States and foreign nations were guarded against. Slave trade was prohibited, and the General Government was put under bonds to keep the peace. Its hands were tied. Power was limited and well defined. The common accusation of an intention to subvert republican government and establish a monarchy is a transparent absurdity. The Confederacy had its origin in jealousy of Federal usurpation, and the States were striving to save themselves in the future from any possible mischief from that source. Checks and guarantees against the evils and dangers which had been developed in the old government were provided. It is feeble commendation to say of those who framed the Constitution that they were generally men of experience and ability. Mr. Stephens, a conspicuous and trusted member of the Congress, says they were, in the main, men "of solid character, of education, of reading, of refinement, and well versed in the principles of government;" and that several might "justly be ranked for intellectual vigor, as well as acumen of thought and oratorical powers, among the first men of the continent at that time."

Such were the asperity of feeling, the universal excitement, the momentousness of the struggle at the time of the formation of the Constitution, that it necessarily attracted but little attention. The New York "Herald," on the 16th of March, 1861, published it in full, and on the 19th of March, in a leading editorial, recommended the adoption by the United

States of "this ultimatum of the seceded States." It said: "The new Constitution is the Constitution of the United States with various modifications and some very important and most desirable improvements." "We are free to say that the invaluable reforms enumerated should be adopted by the United States, with or without a reunion of the seceded States, and as soon as possible. But why not accept them with the propositions of the Confederate States on slavery as a basis of reunion?" As slavery and the Confederacy are equally dead beyond possibility of revivification, as the passions engendered by the war have somewhat subsided, as the thoughtful and patriotic can have no motive for withholding an unprejudiced consideration, and as it is a feature of "The Galaxy" to publish papers of political and legal interest which are not of a partisan character, it may be timely to inquire whether some of the aforementioned changes might not be wisely adopted by the people of the United States. Sagacious as were the Constitution makers of 1787, they were not inspired. Inimitable as is the work of their hands, it is not faultless. In this progressive and democratic country, law is not irrepealable or unamendable; that would be the veriest despotism. It would be very silly conservatism in a people to refuse to avail themselves of broad and enlightened experience. The patriots of the last century were wise, but had not the prevision to provide for the exigencies of this. To quote Jeremy Bentham: "The thirteenth century decides for the fourteenth; the fourteenth makes laws for the fifteenth; the fifteenth hermetically seals up the sixteenth, which tyrannizes over the seventeenth, which again tells the eighteenth how it is to act under circumstances which cannot be foreseen, and how it is to conduct itself in exigencies which no human wit can anticipate."

Politics is as progressive as any science. For as we are in advance of preceding ages, it would be a laughable complacency to imagine that our system was perfect. Beautiful theories that once apparently accounted for all known phenomena are afterwards rejected. The "Cosmos" of Humboldt in some parts is antiquated. Our Constitution when adopted was a mere hypothesis. It has been

wonderfully verified by experience, but as all human contrivances are imperfect, it is not presumption to suggest that even it might in some respects be improved, so as to meet some of the new phases of the progress of society and civilization.

One of the resolutions which contained the essential features of the proposed government, as referred to the Committee of Detail of the Convention of 1787, instituted a national executive to be chosen for a term of seven years, and to be ineligible a second time. By the Confederate Constitution the tenure of office of the President was six years, and he was made ineligible for a second term. Ineligibility would cure some of the evils that have grown out of irresponsible caucuses and party assemblages. A President ineligible is freed from the temptation of using his official influence to secure a reelection. He is the executive of the whole people, and not merely the head of a party, and national interests predominate over the question of personal succession. No disputes about Cæsarism would arise.

Those familiar with British constitutional history know that the voting of supplies secures popular control over a hereditary executive. To restrain the influence of the Crown, no expedient has been found better than a strict settlement of the revenues. Hence, in the reign of Charles II., Parliament required as the condition of a money grant that it should be appropriated to a specific service, and that no petition or motion involving a grant of public money should be listened to until it had received the recommendation of the Crown. The Chancellor of the Exchequer must annually present his budget and lay before the House of Commons financial estimates and plans, comprehending debt, expenditure, income, ways and means, and the proposed taxation for the ensuing year. The Confederate Constitution imposed upon the Executive the duty of calling for appropriations, and unless the money was "asked and estimated for by some one of the heads of departments, and submitted to Congress by the President, a two-thirds vote of both houses, taken by yeas and nays, was required for an appropriation." This high degree of responsibility for expenditures was mitigated somewhat by allowing the President to arrest corrupt or unwise legislation by disapprov-

ing a particular appropriation, and approving another in the same bill.

While not going to the extent of a parliamentary government, provision was made for granting "to the principal officer in each of the executive departments a seat upon the floor of either house, with the privilege of discussing any measures appertaining to his department." This approach to a distinguishing feature of the British constitution, designed to bring the executive and legislative departments into closer and readier intercourse, to prevent delay in getting information, to subject the heads of departments to a quicker responsibility, worked, during the brief life of the Confederacy, most satisfactorily.

In the earlier administrations the power of removal was seldom used, and then only for adequate cause. Subsequently, when the power was perverted and abused, it awakened most serious apprehensions for the well-being of the republic. In 1826, in 1835, and in 1844, elaborate reports by able committees, headed by Benton, Calhoun, and Morehead, were made to the Senate, accompanied by bills for disarming the President "of the fearful influence of unrestrained and unlimited official patronage." The right to remove public officers is not enumerated in the specific grants of power, and by many of our ablest lawyers it is insisted that precedent cannot legitimate, on a mere inference, such plenary executive control of the offices of the country. It will hardly be denied that public offices are not now, as in the purer and better days, regarded as trusts for the public good. Those who should be servants of the people are often bondsmen of the party in power, and federal offices are considered as the spoils of conquest, to be distributed among camp followers as rewards for partisan zeal and labor. Executive influence becomes prodigious when hosts of expectants are eager to displace the "ins," in whose behalf experience, and ability, and integrity count nothing as against inability to pronounce the party shibboleths. The tendency is to corrupt public opinion, to degrade public station, to make officeholders placemen and supple instruments, and "to raise up a host of hungry, greedy, and subservient partisans, ready for every service, however base and corrupt."

Those who made the Confederate Con-

stitution were deeply conscious of the influence of such a practice, extending to every neighborhood of the Union, in strengthening the power of a single department. They therefore adopted quite a reform. Cabinet officers and those connected with the diplomatic service were removable at the pleasure of the President. Such officers are the immediate agents of the President, and to give him entire control over them was necessary to the efficient discharge of his duties. To cripple an executive by depriving him of the means of ridding his official family of a disagreeable, or incompetent, or hostile person, would have been the destruction of the independence of a separate department. To avoid the corruption of patronage dispensed for party purposes, and repudiate the mischievous maxim that "to the victors belong the spoils," the President was required, in all other than cabinet and diplomatic removals, to report to the Senate the removal, with the reasons therefor. The very language of one of the bills recommended in 1828 was transferred to the Constitution. As the advice and consent of the Senate are necessary to an appointment, the Confederate Government so far associated the Senate in the act of removal as to require a statement of the reasons of the Executive, so as to enhance executive responsibility and to prevent displacement of public servants from mere whim or caprice, or for party advantage.

Some additional restrictions, suggested by the history of our previous legislation, were imposed on the legislative department. The "general welfare clause," the huge Serbonian bog in which have been swallowed up constitutional limitations, was stricken out, and Congress was empowered "to lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts, and excises, for revenue necessary to pay the debts, provide for the common defence, and carry on the government of the Confederate States." Bounties from the treasury were prohibited, and duties were not to be laid "to promote or foster any branch of industry." The angry controversy about protective tariffs which, in 1828-1832, came so near dissolving the Union, was settled by a stroke of the pen. The General Government was to perform national functions, and not discriminate in its le-

gislation by fostering or oppressing local and sectional interests and industries. Congress was also inhibited from making appropriations for internal improvements except for lights, beacons, buoys, improvement of harbors, and removing obstructions to navigation, "in all which cases" such duties were to be laid on the navigation facilitated thereby as might "be necessary to pay the costs and expenses thereof." When any river divided or flowed through two or more States, they might enter into compact to improve its navigation.

Such was what Castlereagh would have sneeringly termed "the ignorant impatience of taxation" among the framers of the Confederate Constitution. The Post Office Department was required to be self-sustaining. It was not considered just to put upon tax-payers the burden of conveying newspapers and private correspondence. It was hoped also that a self-supporting department would necessitate the abolition of the franking privilege and the diminution of Government printing.

Bills appropriating money were to specify the exact amount in Confederate currency, and the purposes for which made, and no extra compensation was to be granted to any public contractor, officer, agent, or servant, after such contract should have been made, or such service rendered. Every bill was to relate to but one subject, and that was to be expressed in the title.

Whatever may be said of the wisdom or expediency of these amendments of our Constitution, the purpose is most manifest to guard the people from excessive taxation, to define and limit the powers of the government, to keep all constitutional checks on misgovernment in the highest state of efficiency, and to furnish every possible security for purity and integrity in the administration of public affairs. The history of mankind shows that a government always spends as much as it finds it possible or safe to extract from the people, and that, as Hallam said, "time changes anomaly into system, and injury into right; examples beget custom, and custom ripens into law; and the doubtful precedent of one generation becomes the fundamental maxim of another."

J. L. M. CURRY.

THE OUTSIDE OF THE CUP.

IT was a handsome, impertinent face—one of those faces in which the *retroussé* arrangements of all the features seem at once to challenge and to insult the gazer. These faces, however handsome, are intolerable to other women, but are sometimes very provoking and beautiful to men.

Such a face stopped Alfred Clover on his way through the ball-room of Mrs. Mayfair, and such a face proved his ruin.

"A beautiful dancer, too," whispered his companion, a fellow senior at college, who immediately introduced Alfred to Miss Maria Milburn. On such slender cobwebs hangs our destiny.

Alfred was a handsome, dear fellow, with a voice—a tenor voice—and a fortune. Are not these things enough to ruin any man? Not the treatment of a poor Indian baby packed in early papoose-dom between two boards, that he may grow up an aristocratic flat-head, is more fatal to a natural development of beauty than is the early possession of these advantages to the young American man. It seems a foregone conclusion that to be successful in the great American race one must start like the Greek athlete, unencumbered. If the genii of whom we read in the Arabian tale, who are suspended over our world, holding crowns to drop on lucky heads, ever drop one on the head of a boy who has started with these great apparent advantages, it is as rare as is the handsome flat-head. Alfred therefore started in the race heavily encumbered; his popularity made him diffuse, bee-like in his dissoluteness, which his refinement prevented from becoming dissipation. He was beyond, above the necessity of *work*, he thought; but his natural cleverness brought him a ready and easy superiority in his classes. His beautiful voice made him only too welcome to his gay midnight tempters. He tasted too early of that sweet cup, flattery. One man whom he had rescued from his own worst enemy, himself, one who had been shut up in the close casket of a shy diffidence, George Sullivan, was alone his true mentor, his unfailing friend. He

sometimes, although he worshipped Alfred as a Persian does the sun, ventured to say a warning word over the rash prodigality with which Alfred wasted his gifts. He followed him not only through college, but after they left, with occasional warning words; but they did not reach the butterfly in time to save it from the winter winds.

When a man means or is destined to go to destruction, how he seems to hurry on à *pas de géant*. This was Alfred's pace. First some of his money went; then he followed the foolish and impertinent face to the altar. The low-class English have a very disagreeable way of pronouncing that word. They call it a halter! A narrow mind and a cold heart, an envious soul and an egotism which shut out all other objects—such were Mrs. Clover's claims to consideration. Had she been a trifle larger intellectually, ~~or more in-~~ tense, she would have been dangerous; as it was, feebleness of mind and body came in to save the world from a monster, while it completed the disorganization of poor Alfred's household and fortunes.

George Sullivan, with the slow and sure tread of the tortoise, had gone on and on straight to the goal. He had married a good woman with a large fortune and all the virtues, except, perhaps, the doubtful one of being charming. He wanted but one thing to make him happy, which was the love and companionship of Alfred Clover; but Mrs. Clover interfered and broke up this. Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan, with their superior prosperity, were her "Mordecai at the gate." A small mind needs a convenient hatred for its nourishment, as a larger soul craves love; and it is not a difficult matter for a wife to interfere with and break up a masculine friendship.

Alfred went on, becoming more and more an accomplished failure. Every kind of success awaited him but successful success. He failed professionally for want of persistency. He failed in business perhaps for want of meanness; at any rate, he failed.

Finally he lost his character. No mat-

ter how, we will merely look at what he lost.

There is a darkness too deep to be described, and that was the cloud into which Alfred descended, with no heart or soul near him large enough to speak one comforting word. What can be more demoralizing in such a moment than a wife of small soul? What companionship more maddening to the unhappy than a selfish nature which has to it neither reach nor breadth of vision? Is it wonderful that he looked longingly at his pistol case, and measured the depth of the dark, peaceful river? Yet he said to himself, even in this hour, "I will *not* go to the next world with the legend on my brow, 'Ran away from his last place.' Bad as this world is, I will stay and see it out."

Mrs. Clover had meanwhile kept the family cradle very active. While no olive branches descended on the house of Sullivan, the Clover fields were decorated with blossoms.

Mrs. Clover had never aspired to become a candidate for admission to Harvard College, nor had she clamored for the ballot—let this last be set down to her credit; but she had performed her legitimate function with rare and admirable fidelity. She was one of Napoleon's greatest women. Alfred Clover in his day of ruin looked around on seven little children, and on a wife whose only form of consolation was, "Why have I been so unfortunate, and not the Sullivans?"

So thinking and so feeling, nigh unto despair, Alfred Clover sat watching into the night, not knowing what the morning would bring forth, when he heard a quiet ring at his door. He opened it himself, to see standing there George Sullivan, the man whose life had not been a failure.

The sight of this familiar face, associated as it was with his early life, its brilliancy, its hopes, its joys, and its successes, was now, in the hour of his miserable failure, inexpressibly painful.

But he found strength to say:

"George, this is kind."

It is the misfortune of misfortunes that they reveal to us the weak spot in our best friends. We receive a visit of condolence when perhaps some unexpected disgrace has fallen on our house; we find, to our eternal amazement, that the friend on whom we have leaned, as on a rock, is delighted to roll our sorrow as a sweet

morsel under his tongue. He tells us, with a tone in which lurks an ill-concealed note of triumph, how much we have suffered in public estimation; how much we have lost; how we must hide for a time from the public gaze! Our grief, which has been formless before, like the smoke which came from the genie's box, takes form and becomes a giant, and no magic ring which we can rub will ever induce the giant to go back again to the box; he remains, a shadow between us and the officious friend.

Truly, "*le malheur des consolations surcroît d'afflictions*," in many and in most cases, but it was not to be so in this case. As the magic lantern is turned sometimes by accident on the audience, we all know the curious metamorphosis of familiar faces. The beautiful become ugly, the ugly beautiful; Mephistopheles becomes Moses, and Moses Mephistopheles; the little, insignificant, pug-nosed, freckled face in the corner shines forth with something of an angel light, while the grand, serene face of our sample philanthropist shadows forth the hitherto hidden malignity of his soul.

So with misfortune: if it takes away a dear delusion, it often shows us a new, unexpected, and unrealized blessing. Some friend, whom we have ignored, perhaps, has been loving and trusting us. It is only our short-sighted gaze that is wrong, not the eternal goodness.

Alfred, from the depths of his sorrow, had imagined that George Sullivan had grown parse-proud and indifferent; he did not know, he could not fathom the reason of his visit.

And poor George's constitutional awkwardness favored for a moment the idea that he had come to triumph. But as the sun of spring unlocks the ice, and sends it down in floods of clear water over the awaiting meadows, so the warm heart underneath cleared away all obstructions, and the man found words to utter:

"Alfred, I have come to help you."

And then followed one of those interviews which can never be told. Language is not rich enough for that generosity which puts all, even character itself, at the disposition of the unfortunate. The man who is true and faithful in such an hour is like that ray of sunlight which penetrates the chinks of the prisoner's deep dungeon. He is a messenger

from the eternal goodness, an ambassador from on high.

"Alfred," said George finally, "I have never forgotten the hour when I, an awkward boy away from home for the first time, cursed with this embarrassment which clothes me still like a garment, saw you leave the band of my tormenters and come to my rescue. You were the god Apollo to me, with your beauty, ease, and popularity. In that hour, and in your subsequent kindness, you turned my heart from hatred to love. You altered my whole career. You saved me from that scorn and loathing of the human race which was rapidly taking hold of me. I registered a vow then and there, that should you ever need help, and I could give it, I was yours, body and soul. You have been slow to claim that aid; but through the complications of fate, the hour has come. Receive then the first installment of an old debt."

The light had come through the chink, and the prisoner was reprieved.

Alfred began a new life in a new city. The terrible lesson had struck deep. This diffuse and gifted man learned to confine his gifts in narrower channels, not forgetting to use them, as he always had done, for the pleasure and enlightenment of all around him. We must all learn that lesson from physical nature, that the stream which turns the mill and grinds the corn cannot go roaming at its own sweet will among the buttercups and daisies; it must be confined in a narrow, prosaic, and definite channel.

As for Mrs. Clover—reader, have you ever cultivated geraniums? Have you ever noticed the effect of transplantation? Even the humble varieties, yon scraggy old fishtail, or the common sweet-scented, are all benefited by a "change of base." The beautiful pelargoniums become splendid and the fishtail is a blaze of blossoms; while the "sweet-scented" has become a tree almost, and affords you a delicious background for your bouquets.

The new soil of a Western city improved that feeble growth known as Mrs. Clover. Torn from the supports of old hatreds and old jealousies, which had fastened like ugly cankers around her very roots, Mrs. Clover put forth unexpected shoots of energy; and perhaps that pale face and that bowed figure of the man associated with her early admiration and

her early triumphs, had touched the muscle which served her for a heart. Certainly Mrs. Clover improved. Her brood of children were better taken care of; the breakfasts were eatable, and her tone less querulous.

It would do us all good could we read the letters written at this time by Alfred to George Sullivan. But who has written out the eloquence of those prayers which mothers breathe beside their children's cots? or who has copied that sublime poem of despair which every heart pours out over its dead? Who has caught that noble language of gratitude which the saved pour forth to the benefactor? The best part of literature is that which is unwritten.

It was enough that the old affection was renewed, the old friendship rehabilitated. It was enough for George Sullivan to find that his trust had not been misplaced. It is not always the worst man whose sins find him out. Alfred's real integrity was unshaken. That diffuseness which had been his bane was now gone; a steady, hard-working life was crowned with its appropriate success. Men honored and trusted him; his wife, if she was not a comfort, had ceased to be a torment; he had health and hope. If the brilliant promise of his youth had turned to ashes, out of those ashes had risen the Phoenix of a better and more unselfish existence.

Life is apt to be a very mixed drink at best. All we can ask of it is that it should not be too dreadfully bitter for our tender palates. Alfred Clover did not rise into an atmosphere of happiness at once; perhaps he never did.

I slept, and dreamed that life was beauty;
I woke, and found that life was duty.

Like most of us, Alfred ceased to live for himself, and began to live for his children. It came to him suddenly one day that he had some beautiful daughters. The combination had been a happy one physically, and the Clover children were all handsome, clever, and good. Gertrude, the eldest, was from her earliest years a wise little woman, a great comfort to her father, and, as are the children of feeble mothers often, a perfect little orderly housekeeper, and a guardian angel of the younger children. She shot up into a dark-eyed beauty at eighteen, rather pensive and grave, but very pleasing, and was immediately wooed and won

by the best match in Urania, and went from her mother's nursery to her own much better furnished one, which in due time she proceeded to fill, though not with her mother's talent.

Then came Alice, graceful, coquettish, with streaming curls, eyes like a startled fawn, and complexion with a mild rose blush in it. Grave and sombre Mr. Delaplaine, member of Congress, rich and important, plucked this flower, and wore it proudly.

Then came, in fulness of time, tender Magdalena, a heavenly blonde. Her eyes were so blue, her brow so fair, her hair so gloriously golden and beautiful, that everyone said, "She outshines them all." She was a joyous and loving creature, as radiant as her own coloring. The world was a gay and serene place to Magdalena, so she appropriately married rather a heavy Americanized Teuton, Mr. Campenhausen, as rich and as proper as possible. If Magdalena had to interpret a joke to him sometimes, she but carried out the fable of Hebe, who bore the sparkling cup to the heavier and sleepier deities. It is apt to be the function of a wife to catch the up-floating bubble of subtle thought before her lord thinks anything about it. Happy he and happy she if she carries the conquered cup to him alone.

Then came her father's favorite, Louise. She was the Madonna-looking girl, a quiet, perfect face, with auburn hair which rippled like that of Titian's Flora and some of Raphael's women. She was the St. Cecilia of the family. A true, and touching, and powerful voice, with a keen sense of the divine art of music, had brought this child very near to the heart of the musical father. He loved them all boundlessly, but even in his prayers he felt that he loved Louise best. And she had another claim on his love. Of all these splendid women she alone had an imperfection. She was lame. An attack of inflammatory rheumatism had shortened one limb, and while the Graces danced Euterpe sat and sang. How Alfred loved to have her lean on his arm; and how her big brothers protected, loved, and comforted her! She was always safe from their rough jokes. Perhaps no one is ever entirely unconscious or unsaddened by a personal defect; but if ever any one had the grief softened and the sting taken out, it was Louise.

Before Alfred Clover was an old man, he found himself in the position, almost wholly, of a "father-in-law." It struck him sometimes whimsically, that he derived his importance and prosperity thus vicariously. He had not ceased to be the refined, charming, cultivated man, always holding his own place, and perhaps a better place than any of his sons-in-law, in society; but there was still over him the shadow of the old disgrace; there was the scar visible of that iron which had entered his soul. His oldest son-in-law, Mr. Russell, who had married Gertrude, was a man nearly of his own age, and had known his whole history. Perhaps no gentler, truer, nobler gentleman than this son-in-law existed, but Alfred did not feel happy in his house. He preferred (and he despised himself for doing so) the coarser-grained Delaplaine and the obtuse Campenhausen. Some wounds are irritated by a tender touch.

Thus traces of the immortal sorrow, which is our legacy from the Garden of Eden, pursued Alfred in the days of his hardly-earned prosperity. Old debts were paid up, the great disgrace was rubbed out—all debts but that of gratitude to George Sullivan, and that went on accumulating interest for all time.

The old friends met but seldom, but these successive handsome daughters had been sent as *les ambassadrices* from one house to the other. Mr. Sullivan's hearth remained lonely, and the Clover girls were his great pets and darlings. Mrs. Sullivan took to the boys, as motherless women are apt to do, and tipped them so generously that they considered her Mrs. Pluto in disguise.

It was to Louise, then, that the haunted man turned for that perfect peace which the soul of man desireth. She loved her father understandingly; they were of one kind. But Mr. Paulison, the young rector of the highly ritualistic church of Saint Humbronius, cast his fine eyes one day in the direction of Mr. Clover's pew, and saw Louise standing in the glorified light of a stained glass window, and concluded that if ever maiden was a representative of the middle ages, there she stood. He saw all the pictures of Fra Angelico, all the straight young saintesses, all the fair women bearing lilies, of his ritualistic dreams, realized. Then he heard her voice chanting after him, and he was moved beneath his chasuble, cope,

surplice, and cassock. All his church millinery fluttered wildly over his beating heart. As he walked home behind Mr. Clover and his lame daughter, he regretted to see her limp; but he bethought him, not without a smirk of complacency, that it would be a very interesting and lovely act of humility to marry a lame wife, and it would almost make him—Paulison—a saint before his time.

Going to dinner with one of his wealthy parishioners, whose daughters had strong candlestick propensities, he began to talk of the Clovers. Mr. Parkinson, the wealthy parishioner, had just heard a very interesting rumor, which was to the effect that "Mr. Sullivan, the rich George Sullivan (such a friend of the Clovers, you know, wife), was to make Louise Clover his heir. It had always been supposed, you know, that he would give his money to some of them; but in consideration of her infirmity, and from the delight her singing had given him, it was said that Mr. Sullivan intended to endow Louise with all his fortune; immense, Mr. Paulison, I assure you—millions."

If there is anything straighter than a bee line, if there is any geometrical term indicating the shortest distance and the straightest line between two given points, use it, dear reader, to define the direction of Mr. Paulison's Monday morning walk.

He sped in his wooing. I am sorry to say, he was handsome; he seemed to be earnest; he had much of that delightful middle-age lore at his command. He could talk about Saint Elizabeth and her roses, the mystical number seven; he could draw all the crosses, from St. George down; and as for sacred monograms, he was unquenchable. Symbolism, that lovely and unending subject—he could talk beautifully on *that*, and he was young, and he was in love!

Alas! alas! for Alfred, his pet lamb was taken from him. He could urge no objection to Mr. Paulison. He had talent, he had the noblest of professions, he had the best of characters from his bishop, but the father's heart told him that Mr. Paulison was a deception and a fraud.

"Is it because I love her better," thought the miserable father, "that I hate to give her up? I did not love William Russell, yet I gave him my Gertrude gladly. I knew he would make her happy. I do not care for the society of my political Delaplaine, yet I knew he

would tenderly guard my wild rose Alice. I found Campenhausen stupid and heavy, yet I knew he would make Magdalena a good husband; she was bright enough for both. Now here is a man more educated, and more apparently the equal of Louise, than are any of the other husbands, and I reluct at him, I dread him, I *hate* him! It must be jealousy—I do not want to lose my Louise."

The months of her engagement were full of torture to her father. To see her listen for another footfall, to lean on another arm, would have filled her father with sadness in any case; but to see her love a man whose atmosphere filled him with incredible distrust was dreadful.

Mr. Paulison finally got a call to a great city. Urania gave up the brilliant young light of ritualism, and he went onward and upward, even to George Sullivan's city—the city of the wise and learned and prosperous. Of course he went freighted with letters to George Sullivan, "and went but to prepare a nest for his future bride!" Louise had grown constantly more beautiful; her voice rang out (as does the voice of the happy woman always) with a tenfold power. She had always been religious; her nature grew upward as a flower seeks the sun. It was a life beyond any other dear to her imagination, that of a clergyman's wife, with its work and its renunciations.

Mr. Paulison's letters were very sweet and savory. He had been very kindly received by Mr. Sullivan, but he wrote thus to his affianced: "But, my dear Louise, imagine my disappointment when I learned that Mr. Sullivan is *low church*. All his great wealth and power are thus lost to the most glorious work. He gives his money indiscriminately, I hear, to the poor, here and there, instead of allowing it to go through the proper channels of the 'Absorbent Brothers.' I heard the other day that he was educating the son of a Presbyterian widow, who *may* become a clergyman, and he has given largely to a Baptist college! He absolutely would have the children of heretics learn science! He has refused to give a very necessary sum to the purchase of vestments, and he objected to the antiphonal procession. Let us hope, dear Louise, that his wealth may *some time* descend to those who will *better* know how to use it, and that *he* may see the errors of his ways."

Mr. Paulison meanwhile was growing in reputation and power. His beautiful eyes had called forth a poem from one of his female parishioners, beginning:

Orbs of my night! my soul in ecstasy
Doth see ye gleam, above the chancel rail!
Mine ears do hear that voice of melody
Which upward bears my spirit, poor and frail.

Mr. Paulison began to fear that he had been precipitate in giving so much—namely, himself—to a little lame girl in Urania. Still he was not quite prepared to forget her; and then there was Mr. George Sullivan and his millions. Who knew but that he, Paulison, was destined to be the high and noble intelligence which should devote that money to its legitimate and proper conclusion, the decoration of the outside of the cup and platter?

Suddenly, from the midst of her lonely prosperity, Mrs. Sullivan died, and in a few short months her husband followed her. The great city paused a moment to read the rich man's will. It contained for Mr. Paulison some important items and one grand omission. He gave to Alfred Clover one hundred thousand dollars, which at his death, if he chose to do so, his friend desired that he should bequeath to Louise; he gave each of the boys five thousand dollars, which he wished them to spend on their education, "to make them worthy American citizens"; to the other daughters he left pictures and pieces of silver; to his "dear friend Maria Clover, wife to Alfred Clover," all his late wife's camel's-hair shawls, and diamond pin; and he declared, with many expressions of affection, that these bequests to the Clover family were dictated by the great love he bore the father, to whom the sum of one hundred thousand dollars was but part payment of an old debt.

Then, with many wise provisions, he willed the rest of his money not at all as Mr. Paulison expected or approved. His will read thus: "As much of my large estate was derived from my beloved late wife, I desire to record my gratitude and respect for her by investing it in such a manner that it may perpetually keep in mind and memorialize her virtues. I give it, therefore, as she desired. . . I, therefore, give and bequeath the whole bulk of my fortune," etc. The upshot of which was that he gave two millions to educate poor children, without distinction of creed or country.

Mr. Paulison was furious. He walked home a deeply injured man. "A paltry hundred thousand to Alfred Clover—not an old man, or a prosperous man, particularly—with a reversionary interest (entirely at his own will and pleasure) to his daughter Louise! some foolish pictures and old shawls to the rest of the family! five thousand apiece to those horrid boys! Pooh! not a cent for a chasuble, a cope, a stained glass window, a reredos. Bah! not a penny to the Absorbent Brothers."

Mr. Paulison remembered that the saints of the middle ages sometimes used profane language; but being an Absorbent Brother, he wisely determined not to follow their example. But he had been wronged, he had been swindled! he would not stand it—no!—not the hero of "Orbs of my night," etc.

Louise had not been happy of late. Her lover's letters had been growing colder. She had not relished his first abuse of the time-honored family friend; but hers was an humble, constant, and hopeful nature, prone to excuse those she loved. Her father noticed that she sang less, and that she leaned more heavily on his arm, and that when she knelt in prayer—Heaven help her!—she knelt longer and pressed her hands more closely over her eyes. The stained glass window made a cross on her as she knelt. It was not one of Mr. Paulison's crosses, but rather like one of those which threw its long shadow over a weeping world, from that Hill of Calvary. Henceforth she was to walk under its shadow forever. Help her, thou gracious Presence, who hast made the emblem dear and sacred! help her, for she, of all thy creatures, will need it most, and deserve thy dear arm around her and about her forever more!

This was Mr. Paulison's last letter:

MY DEAR LOUISE: I feel that I have need at this moment of all your most tender sympathy; for I am constrained by *conscience* (ever, as you know, my tyrant), to say to you that our engagement, on which I founded such hopes of future happiness and spiritual growth, must come to an end. I have long doubted whether your spirituality was such as I must demand in a wife, and whether my union to you was one which would redound to that inner growth which I feel it is my blessed duty to foster in myself. I have perceived a growing carelessness in your mind about high days, which has wounded me sorely. But while a union with me might have led you onward and upward, I have had the mortification of finding that you have deceived me—yes,

wantonly deceived me! I have found that early in life your father was a resident of this city; that *here* he disgraced his name, and sought shelter in a distant town. Could you wish to drag *me*, who must ever be a shining light, an object to whom the world looks ever for guidance and support—would you drag *me* into a union with the daughter of a dishonored father?

Then I was led to believe (I think by some member of your family) that Mr. Sullivan intended to redeem the errors of his life by making you his heir. Had he done so, and had I, forgetting and forgiving all else, become as your husband the custodian of all this wealth, to use for the benefit of those High Church principles to which my life is to be devoted, I might, although despising earthly dross (as such), have consented to become the vehicle through which it would have gone forth to bless the world! But having been led to consider myself as *entitled* to it, and now to find myself *wronged* and *cheated*, I must say I have reasoned with myself in vain as to allowing the charms of your beauty, which once filled my carnal eye, to prevail against the higher instincts of my soul, which tell me that renunciation is the first duty of the saints, and that I, who follow, an humble Absorbent Brother, in their footsteps, must renounce *even you*, who were the light of my eyes and the joy of my soul. When I remember how I have been deceived, I cannot forgive your father! although I hope to forgive *all men*, as part of my saintly profession. And so commending to you that humility and patience which you have so often heard me *preach* (I trust with edification), I remain, your crushed and broken fellow sufferer,

AMBROSIUS PAULISON.

Louise was one of the younger members of the family, and she but dimly remembered the days of trouble. It was reserved for her lover, that man who had sworn to love and protect her, to breathe to her for the first time anything against her beloved father.

That heartbreak which is so much more of a heartbreak that the idol itself is broken, was the heritage of Louise. Her father and herself had read this precious letter together, hand in hand. Something had taught them that Mr. Paulison's letters were to be dreaded, and they went forth to meet them together, as leagued against a common danger. Neither of them had expected all that came. The storm came hurtling down on a very unprotected pair of heads. Each suffering more for the other than for himself or herself, they yet found a certain comfort in being together; and if there had been danger that a maiden love for Mr. Paulison should linger in the breast of Louise, the attack upon her father brushed it away, and forever.

None of her prosperous and happy sisters could enter into her feelings. They all, dear, handsome, prosperous women, with average gifts and average sensitiveness, had found the course of true love very smooth. It was to the highly gifted, the delicate, the more precious heart, that the message of disappointment was sent.

Whom the Lord *loveth* he chasteneth.

Her father sat with his fond arm around her through the first hours of blinding grief. He found it the best service he could do her to tell her the whole story of his life—its weaknesses, its failures, its regeneration, and successes; how he had lived down disgrace, and sorrow, and heartbreak, but to meet them again and again in life, not as conquerors, as once they were, but now as slaves, who came to tell him of his victories. In this, and in her father's dear love, in the consciousness that she was all in all to him, and in her prayers, Louise found peace.

Mrs. Clover, who looked very pretty in the camel's-hair shawls and diamond pin, had finally forgiven Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan for being more prosperous than she; and as age came on she constantly improved. She had been a nice-looking *chaperon* for her beautiful daughters: inanity in black velvet and point lace, with pink roses in its curly gray hair, is a more attractive object than inanity in a soiled dressing gown and neglected *chevelure*. She was always treated by Alfred with protecting tenderness, and by her daughters with profound respect. The only proof they ever gave of their limited belief in her was, that they never carried her any of their troubles—an immunity which she very much enjoyed. She had various little ailments, which she enjoyed intensely, talked about freely, and nursed conscientiously. Her later life was singularly happy, showing that while it takes a great nature to meet adversity well, almost anybody can manage prosperity. She had adored Mr. Paulison, and felt the breaking off of the engagement as a personal grief to herself; but she confided quietly to Gertrude that she was not much surprised, for she had never understood why so fine a young man wanted to marry a poor lame girl like Louise. "For consider, Gertrude, how beautifully I used to dance when your father fell in love with me."

M. E. W. S.

DRIFT-WOOD.

THE LECTURE SEASON.

In the amusement column of yesterday's paper were these two attractive advertisements :

GREAT LECTURE.—Miss Myrtle de la Hooke Boone aged sixteen years, will lecture at — this evening, on *Her Experience as a Canvasser, and other topics.*

LECTURE EXTRAORDINARY.—Frank Massey will lecture this evening at, etc., on "*His Experience as a 'Lord' at Cape May.*" Our fashionables will flock to hear him.

These, I think, embraced all the lecturing resources of that evening in the city. Puzzling choice, accordingly, for mental food, between the experience of a sixteen-year-old canvasser and that of a confessed swindler ! In the hall where the sham lord displayed himself, Dr. Schoeppe had discoursed some time before, for the reason that he had been convicted of murder and pardoned ; and we all remember that when Mrs. Fair, the slayer of Crittenden, was acquitted, she at once delivered a lecture on "*Wolves in the Fold,*" at Sacramento. Should Stokes and Tweed outlive their sentences, they will of course be ready to moralize in public on "*My Prison Experience,*" like a pair of Silvio Pellicos ; and the convict jackets might be shown, to draw a larger audience :

We laugh at these absurdities, but they are no worse than the parade of women whose only claim to be heard is a couple of yards of "store" hair, a green velvet riding habit, and a pair of white gloves. There is small sense nowadays in the Spanish saw that "a woman and a hen are soon lost by gadding abroad ;" and even from the earliest ages women have thought, wrought, and fought as worthily as men—and talked, too, for that matter ; for, if Socrates "lectured," so did Xantippe, the Mrs. Caudle of antiquity. All I mean to say is, that a lecturer's sex, or the cut of her garments, is hardly ground enough for her asking an audience. The platform is equally overrun with masculine notoriety hunters. People there are who think it glory enough for one life to figure as the central actors in a divorce suit, and to have their private letters published in the newspapers ; and

such people naturally flock upon the lecture stage, in order to be seen, trying to crowd off the learned, wise and illustrious.

The popular humorists are, taken as a class, probably the dreariest in the army of lecturers—though there are splendid exceptions, like Artemus Ward. I must say that even the printed wit of many professional clowns of literature, such as the eccentric Si. Slocum and the droll Tommy Topkins, is to me not very diverting ; for when jokes must be misspelt lest they be missed, or separated into one-line paragraphs to provide them with point, they become somewhat obtrusive. Nevertheless, as the jesters come daily, with hop, skip, jump, and somersault, before the public, it is plain they amuse, and amuse, too, week after week, year after year, with the same musty tricks, the same stale gibes, spelling of "ov," and writing 2 in place of "to," with kindred witticisms. They are the Tom Fools of current literature, never saying a word without a grimace, always appearing in patches and paint, earning like other mountebanks an honest livelihood by a trade that gives innocent mirth to multitudes. But when the humorist, mounting the rostrum and doffing the mask, speaks from his undisguised personality, he loses the old coigne of vantage and encounters novel drawbacks. His actual phiz may be anything but funny—like Pantaloon's with the daubs off ; his voice may be—generally is—weak, husky, harsh, or squeaky ; his gestures may be awkward, his whole manner unpleasing ; and since no art can make the spoken "of" as ludicrous as if it were "ov," nor the spoken "to" as if it were "2," his strongest prop may be cut from under the hapless humorist at the start.

Skill in mimicry is a fortune to the lecturer ; for, as many people, having conscientious scruples against the theatre, rely on lectures for their fund of dramatic entertainment, it is found that good "readings" compel large audiences, and that theatrical orators are admired. Such an orator is Gough, who, I suppose, may be taken as a typical lecturer, since "to him," says the Rev. Dr. T. L. Cuyler, in

a sketch written for a religious newspaper, "belongs the unique distinction of having addressed more human beings than any man now living on our globe. For thirty years no man has commanded such crowds." The secret is "his most dramatic voice and gesticulation; for it may seem presumptuous to say it," continues the divine, "but I have often thought that Gough is the only real rival of Garrick. He has often been a mother, a child, a pleading wife, a brutal husband, a plantation negro, a Scotch deacon, a Frenchman, a raw Irishman, a pompous coxcomb, and a poor, besotted toper, all in one hour's address. And he excelled in every character. Truly, God made a wonderful creature when he made John B. Gough." As the most apathetic hearer of this versatile person must own his oration to be "good as a play," his value to those who cannot frequent the stage is specially great.

Since lecturers, like travelling actors, having learned a piece, perform it in different cities the year round; so, like the comedians, their chief need is, after the first success, to work a bit of *couleur locale* or "gag" into each night's entertainment, so as to carry it home to every audience. The brazen impudence of pretending to a familiarity with neighborhood history is not resented by the hearers, who, on the contrary, heartily relish the spectacle of even a stranger's being drawn into the mad vortex of village sensations. In the lack of town-meeting squabbles or other excitements, a compliment to the local grocery is effective. I remember a chemist lecturing in our "Phœbus Course, Second Series, B," at Milldale, who took the precaution to purchase an acid for his experiments at the drug-store, and called the shop by name during the address—in fact, it was Mix and Caulkitt's—"and by the way," he carelessly added, "it is the best sulphuric acid I ever got anywhere." I have a suspicion he said the same thing the next night at Jenkinsville, eleven miles further down on the pike.

When the Hon. Philemon Fulmen, M. C., came to address our Milldale Philoglossian Society, and honored his youthful friend, the secretary, by a preliminary afternoon stroll through the town, the Congressman begged me, I remember, to narrate him some local event which could be woven into his exordium; and was so

bent on introducing the town-pump for that purpose, that I could only dissuade him from handling it by protesting there was no legend whatever clinging to that ornament of the cross-roads. But I gave him one of our dear old traditions of the fight around Indian Rock, pointing out the very spot where Big Knife was wont to show himself at midday with insulting gestures to the townsmen in the block-house, until one noon an ancient Milldaler, Richard Alden, picked off the hideous savage with his musket—a long shot from the old mound that still runs the boundary line of Squire Garrett's meadow. You may fancy the neat, historic preface of Fulmen's evening harangue.

To revert to the opening reflection. Let us confess that the shams who rush to the lecture platform on the strength of their abnormal conceit or their criminal notoriety, only show by their repeated failures the good sense of the people. Laura Fair had finally to talk in a beer-hall, without entrance fee, in order to draw an audience. It is really odd that where thieves, wife-beaters, or cut-throats would trade on their notoriety, though court-houses may be thronged for their trials and a million newspapers be bought to read the story of their crimes, yet when, after acquittal or pardon, they present themselves as lecturers, they prate to empty chairs. At best, they are visited by the frivolous and curious, twice or thrice; whereas the faithful listeners, night after night, winter after winter, generation after generation, are for wit, culture, useful experience, eloquence, or learning.

THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

CONGRESS has been bombarded with petitions to examine and regulate the liquor trade. To purge that traffic would be a godsend, for the people who drink spirits or brewed beverages are legion; but such work would hardly be attempted by Congress. The temperance clubs, those noble friends of mankind, could put the world still deeper in their debt by waging war against the poisons now sold as good liquors, and causing that only sound wine and pure spirits should be made and vended. In these times, tradesmen need an eleventh commandment: "Thou shalt not commit adulteration." The official story of the Madeira wine made on the afflicted island during the past twenty

years shows that its scanty crop might partly supply Madrid or Paris; but when all Europe drinks Madeira, and every American grocery has it on tap, from here to Arizona, the sham becomes absurd. Our marketed sherry, port, brandy is mostly physicked with baneful stuff; even France, land of vineyards, has its *tord-boyaux*, or "bowel-twister," to rival American "rot-gut." How many men have been killed by these vile drugs, heaven only knows.

Again, the abuses of the license laws are shameful, and the laws are shameful. Gunpowder and prussic acid can usually be sold only by men of good sense and some character; but every rowdy may open a grog-shop and peddle his fiery mixtures to sots. When we authorize the shopman to sell to urchins dynamite from his magazine, strychnine from his jar, we may praise the liquor trade as it is now conducted. It would be a blessing to the great cities were three-fourths of their groggeries shut, and in their stead a few licenses given to reputable citizens, who might even be put under bonds, if needful, to dispense pure liquors in place of noxious compounds, and whose licenses should be revoked, with an absolute prohibition of renewal, on proof of their wilfully furnishing strong liquors to drunkards, to boys, or, in a word, to anybody who palpably ought not to have them. Add to the clearance of grog-shops and the stringent qualifications for license, skilful inspectors to watch the traffic, and we might hope for increased health in the community and decreased tenantry in the jails.

CENTENNIAL MUSIC AND POESY.

PERCHANCE the gentle reader will recall the famous "Poems of the Prairies," by BROWN, published in 1869 by Redhead of Des Moines, and bearing on their title-page this immortal sentence of W. C. Russell: "We care not whether his verse be rugged or not, so long as it is American." I remembered having noticed the volume for "The Galaxy," when pondering the other day the great question, Who shall be the poet of the Centenary? Will it, I asked myself, be Brown of Des Moines, or Redhead, or Russell? Of course we all know who it ought to be. It ought to be no less a minstrel than Walt Whitman. Walt would put forth a barbaric yaup to make Europe wriggle on

all her mouldy thrones. Whosoever he be, our centennial bard must be distinctively American, and no mistake, like Honeywell in Kavanagh, whom "Nature made with her shirt-sleeves rolled up." The other month a Drift-wood essay spoke of the distinctively American order of architecture which a genius had invented for the Centennial Fair, and which, with the usual neglect of genius, the judges had cast aside for the less revolutionary plan of Mr. Vaux. But other distinctively American triumphs in art and literature are preparing for 1876, and among them is an ode which I take to be a specimen of many that we shall produce betwixt now and then.

Everybody, I suppose, has heard of the American Euphradean Institute. Representing that school (through whose teaching "twenty-one girls from the lower classes of the Philadelphia Normal School were prepared to read any piece of music, in any signature, from the natural to twelve flats or sharps, in the discipline of a single day"), J. Saunderson, LL. D., propounds to the Philadelphia Board of Education a system of American music for 1876. "Gentlemen," says his letter, "the Centennial approaches, and as our fathers were the actual projectors and the original founders of the Pandemic or Public System of Schools, should not our systems and precepts, on that occasion, bear the instinctive impress of an American intuition? can it be flattering to our presumptions and pretensions to be informed by Europeans that our Precepts and Principles have been piratically purloined from the pages and paradigms of their own professors?" Now, proceeds the doctor—whose assortment of words in *p* would be priceless to Mrs. General, with her prunes and prisms—now we have in existence an American system of musical elocution, in precepts not only endemical and original, but more explicit, laconic, complete, and unique than is elsewhere found in the archives of the age; a system, too, of a social, patriotic, and moral cast, well calculated for a general expansion of our perceptive and reflective powers—nay, of "the ideas of consciousness, areas of usefulness, and vistas of happiness." Nor let the scoffer decry the Euphradean idea as a raw one. Its author reminds us that the Hebrews, the Greeks, and the Romans, "those Seers, Philosophers, and Commentators of the ages, while tying the foreigner to the

teaching of his own vernacular tongue, gave to Musical Elocution, in their Social, Patriotic, and Moral culture, the first position in their systems of education." It is true, the writer confesses, that those ethnical alogies, exotic anomalies, and idiomatic isms, that, through an inadvertence of the Philadelphia Board of Education, have impressed an outlandish orthoepy upon the city schools, in the grammatic usages of our Anglo-Saxon tongue, will require some time for a complete relegation. For example, the mere misuse of the liquid *l* leads to 2,700 perversions—speaking grammatically, to so many barbarisms; and how, asks Dr. Saunderson, italicizing the question—*"how will this sound at the Centennial?"* I fancy that in this query the great national Grundy question of the next two years is started. We are going to ask ourselves at every point with fear and trembling, How will this look, how will it sound, at the Centennial? Between that agonizing thought and the resolve to do everything on a distinctively American plan, we shall hardly have a serene task in arranging the Fair.

But our music, at any rate, need give us little trouble. J. Saunderson, LL. D., says that despite these 2,700 perverted, *l*'s, he can revolutionize and reconstruct the musical system of Philadelphia schools by April 19, 1876. "Gentlemen," he ejaculates, "we believe in the development of the Western World; we believe in the independence of the United States; and we believe in the genius and gumption of Philadelphia; not only to make her own Music, to have her own Hymns, to prepare her own Precepts, and to devise her own Discipline; but to supervise her own Schools, and to supply her own Systems, by her own vernacular vigor and virtue; and that the present is the time for Patriotism to be made a Policy, and Prudence a Precellence." The school board, if not floored by the logic, was surely annihilated by the alliteration of this appeal; but it was the mere play of genius, in practising for the specimen centennial ode, which the writer proceeds to offer, casually remarking that he can supply an extended variety of the same sort of thing, arranged for schools and embracing almost every species of composition. Here is one verse of the ode, whose title is "Gems of Loyalty and Germs of Liberty":

Pale of the Pilgrims, where sojourn'd subjection,
The Fane of the Fair, and the Firm of the Free,
We, as the People of Pith and profection,
Would, rousingly, raise our devotion to Thee;
Strong in the strength of thy drone-eas dominions,
And rich in Republics, yon one hundred years,
Leader of lightnings, and pristine opinions,
In honor, we hail Thee, the School of the Spheres.
August and Aulic our Anthem shall be,
Pale of the Pilgrims, the Pride of the Free;
August and Aulic our Anthem shall be,
God and our Genius, the Guide of the Free.

Think of a system which tosses off four such stanzas, and has a great variety of them left! In the second verse we begin "Weal of the Westward!" and have "brood of the brave" instead of "fane of the fair"; in the third verse, we find "the frere of the free" instead of "the ferm of the free," and "we *chirmingly* chant our devotions to thee," while "leef and leodic our legend shall be, nation of nations, the nide of the free." This is American. Let us try a bit of the closing stanza:

Sov'reign of Sov'reigns, in wisdom and wonders,
The Grith of the Great, and the Ferth of the Free;
We, as the Tongues in the Twangs of tall thunders,
Would, swarmingly, swell our devotion to Thee;
Matchless in Modules, in Maxims and Measures,
With Emblem of Empire, the Red, White, and Blue,
Thronelessly thrallless, tremendous in Treasures,
In wonder we hail Thee, the Tribes of the True.

I regret that the printer cannot do justice to the music to which the ode is set; but its nature will easily be understood in learning that it "has an alternate, and consists of seven melodies; each of which, in Elocution, expresses the sentiment, and may be chanted as a solo; any two, a duet; any three, a terzet; four, a quartet; five, a quintet; six, a sextet; the seven, a septet, or a chorus of Melodious Harmonies. It is a species of composition, of which we have no European examples." So we go on, preparing artistic American things wherewith to astonish the rest of mankind; and there are still two-and-twenty months to the beginning of the Fair. Long ere then, plain and pandemic our psœan will be, weal of the westward and ward of the free.

PHILIP QUTLIBET.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

MINING COAL BY MACHINERY.

At the late meeting of the British Association, Mr. William Frith gave a sketch of the progress made in England in the matter of coal-cutting machinery. The first attempt in this line of which we have any record was a coal-cutting machine patented in 1761 by Michael Menzies of Newcastle. Menzies proposed to give motion to a heavy iron pick, made to reciprocate by means of spars and chains, carried down the pit, and with wheels and horizontal spars on rollers extended to the working places, and there to "shear" the coal exactly as now. In the same patent Menzies included a "saw" to cut the coal, and though nothing came of his labors, he deserved success by the mechanical knowledge he displayed. During the hundred years that followed, over a hundred other coal-cutting machines were patented, but none of them came nearer to success than that of Menzies.

In compressed air, however, in so far as the moving power was concerned, every requirement was found, and certain experiments made with this agent at West Ardsley in 1862 undoubtedly settled the question. The elastic property of air under compression had long been known, but until these experiments had been completed, its value was but imperfectly understood. The engine for compressing the air was generally placed on the surface, near the top of the shaft, a receiver being fixed in close proximity to it, and the air was taken from the compressor to the receiver, thirty feet in length and four feet in diameter. The density was generally of about three atmospheres. Iron pipes then conveyed the compressed air in every needed direction through the roads and passages of the mine. An india-rubber hose connected the cutting machines with the air pipes.

With well-constructed machinery forty-five to fifty per cent. of the steam power exerted would be available in the shape of compressed air at a density of three atmospheres. The cost of working is stated to be as follows: Taking a forty-horse

power boiler to consume ten pounds of coal per hour per horse power, the cost would be sixteen shillings per day. That boiler would drive an engine of sufficient power to supply four coal-cutting machines, and each machine would cut more coal in a given time in an ordinary seam than twelve men. Incidentally the use of compressed air tends to reduce the temperature of the mine, and the air pipes can readily be turned into water pipes, for the purpose of flooding the mine in case of fire.

Compressed air is also coming extensively into use for hauling purposes. Small engines could be set up wherever convenience or necessity might require; they are portable and removable at a trifling expense, and available where no other mechanical power for tractional purposes could be obtained. It is also valuable for pumping water and drilling the holes where the coal has to be blasted or broken down by the hydraulic press.

FRANK BUCKLAND ON SEA SNAKES.

APROPOS of a recent appearance of the "sea serpent" in Scottish waters, Mr. Frank Buckland writes to the London "Times" offering several conjectural explanations of the phenomenon. An eyewitness describes the monster on the present occasion as being forty or fifty feet long. It was seen "rushing about near the shore, and raising its neck about four feet above water. Color brown or light yellow." If the object seen was alive, Dr. Buckland thinks the appearance was probably caused by porpoises or seals. Turtles also, he adds, migrating in mid-ocean, have been taken for sea snakes. Again, the appearance might have been caused by fish of some kind, and possibly this Scotch sea snake was a gymnetrus, or Bank's oar-fish, which sometimes measures fifteen feet in length. The wake caused by the oar-fish in swimming swiftly through the water would give the idea that it was of much greater length than it really is.

But if the Scotch sea snake was composed of inanimate objects, it was proba-

bly a log of timber, a bit of wreck, such as a ship's mast, or a tree covered with barnacles or seaweed. "A friend of mine," writes Mr. Buckland, "tells me that he came across a sea snake in the North Pacific. He wisely examined it, and found that it was composed of a mass of seaweed rolled by the action of the tide into an immense cable. As the waves passed under it, it had the appearance of an immense snake swimming." It is also possible that large halibuts coming up to the surface of the water might give the appearance of the sea snake, and would especially account for the convolutions of the "snake," not being on the same plane with the water, but like a rope placed on the floor and then shaken up and down. Finally, Mr. Buckland says that he has twice seen at Herne Bay what might easily have been mistaken for a sea snake—namely, a long line of sea birds at considerable distance from the shore, swimming swiftly just above the surface of the water.

TREE HABITATIONS IN THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

AMONG the papers presented to the British Parliament relating to the South Sea islanders, is a report by Captain C. H. Simpson, of Her Britannic Majesty's ship *Blanche*, giving an account of his visit in 1872 to the Solomon and other groups of islands in the Pacific ocean. While at Isabel Island, Captain Simpson, with a party of officers, went a short distance inland to visit one of the curious tree villages, peculiar, he believes, to this island. He found the village built on the summit of a rocky mountain, rising almost perpendicularly to a height of eight hundred feet. The party ascended by a native path, and found the extreme summit a mass of enormous rocks standing up like a castle, among which grew gigantic trees, in the branches of which the houses of the natives are built. The stems of these trees rise perfectly straight and smooth, without a branch to a height of from fifty to one hundred and fifty feet. In the one Captain Simpson ascended, the house was just eighty feet from the ground; one close to it was about one hundred and twenty feet. The only means of approach to these houses is by a ladder made of a creeper, suspended from a post within the house, and which, of course, can be hauled up at will.

The houses are most ingeniously built, and are very firm and strong. Each house will contain from ten to twelve natives, and an ample store of stones is kept, which they throw both with slings and with the hand, with great force and precision. At the foot of each of these trees is another hut, in which the family usually reside, the tree house being only resorted to at night and in time of danger. In fact, however, they are never safe from surprise, notwithstanding all their precautions, as the great object in life among the people is to get each other's heads. Captain Simpson found a row of twenty-five fresh human heads fastened up across the front of a chief's house. Raids are made to get heads and to eat the bodies. The heads of men, women, and children are all taken, and the wonder is that the island has not become depopulated.

The people of this and other islands are not, however, noted for their courage. Such a thing as a stand-up fight between tribes is almost unknown, but they prowl about for prey, attacking whenever they have a victim in their power, without risk to themselves. In some of the islands the men have long hair, which they wear in fashions like those adopted by the other sex in civilized lands, the favorite modes being the chignon or loose down the back; the women, whose hair is shorter than the men's, wear it loose and undressed. "In their clothing there is not at present opportunity for European or any other fashions."

LEAD PIPES AND WATER SUPPLY.

THE question whether water is poisoned by flowing through lead pipes was lately discussed in the French Academy of Sciences, with results that are calculated to quiet the apprehensions of those who get their water supply through such pipes. M. Dumas stated that in his chemical lectures he had long been accustomed to employ a very simple experiment for the purpose of showing that water corrodes lead only under special conditions. He takes distilled water, rain water, spring water, river water, etc., and drops into each pieces of lead. It is found that only the distilled water acts on the lead, the salts of lime in the rest of the specimens preventing the reaction. M. Belgrand read to the Academy a memoir giving the results of his investigations into this sub-

ject. The ancient Romans employed lead water pipes on a large scale, but yet no Latin medical writer says anything of lead-poisoning produced by the water. According to M. Belgrand, one-sixth of a grain of calcareous salts to the quart prevents the dissolution of the lead. He exhibited to the Academy pieces of lead pipes which had been in service from the time of Louis XIV., without showing any sign of corrosion; and analysis of water that has passed through a long line of lead pipes showed the complete absence of lead.

CLAY-EATING.

A WRITER in the "Food Journal," discoursing on strange dishes, communicates some interesting notes as to the employment and mode of preparation of that strangest of all edible substances, clay. Humboldt, on the 6th of June, 1800, spent a day at a station occupied by the Otomacs, a tribe of clay-eaters on the Orinoco. He describes the earth eaten by them as an unctuous, almost tasteless clay, true potters' earth. This is carefully picked, and kneaded into balls of from four to six inches in diameter, which are then baked before a slow fire, until the outer surface becomes of a reddish color. The earth is said to possess different kinds of flavor, and it is selected by the palate almost as carefully as our more dainty provisions. Before being eaten the balls are moistened with water. The Otomacs, however, do not appear to adopt this article of food from choice, nor do they eat it the whole year round. When the waters of the Orinoco and Meta are low they subsist on turtles and fish: but during the periodical swelling of these rivers the Otomacs devour enormous quantities of clay balls, which are kept piled up in heaps in their huts. Humboldt was informed that an Indian would consume from three-quarters to one and one-quarter pound of this food daily, without any appreciable injury to health.

The Otomacs are by no means singular in their adoption of earth as an article of food, for the same practice prevails among several other tribes, chiefly in the tropics. It has been stated by Humboldt and other travellers that the women employed in the small village of Banco, on the Magdalena, in burning earthenware pots, continually fill their mouth with large lumps of clay.

At San Roja an Indian child was observed which, according to the statement of its mother, would hardly eat anything but earth. The negroes of Guinea are also in the habit of eating a yellowish kind of earth called *caouac*. While the slave trade between Africa and the West Indies was in existence, these negroes on their arrival at the plantations would endeavor to procure some similar species of food, maintaining that the earth they devoured was harmless. It was found, however, that the *caouac* of the West Indies had a deleterious effect on the health of those partaking of it, and its use was strictly forbidden.

In Java the same practice prevails. In 1847 some edible clay was sent for analysis from Samarang to Berlin, and was found to be a fresh-water formation deposited in tertiary limestone, and composed mostly of animalcules. According to Labillardiere, the natives of New Caledonia eat lumps of a friable kind of soapstone, in which Vauquelin detected a certain quantity of copper. Among some northern races, too, clay-eating prevails. A careful analysis of the earth food of the Laplanders showed that it contains a large portion of organic matter from the *exuviae* of infusorial animals. Among the lower animals the earthworm and some others are known to feed upon earth; and the *Spatangus* (heart urchin) and *Arenicola* (sandworm) fill their stomachs with sand. The chief use of clay in the human economy would appear to be for producing a distention of the walls of the stomach, which seems to allay the pangs of hunger.

IRON FILINGS AND TEA ADULTERATION.

A FEW figures as to the tea-export of China, given by Mr. W. Mattieu Williams, F. C. S., in the "Chemical News," will show how senseless is the outcry now raised about the adulteration of tea with iron filings. The total delivery of tea in the port of London during the first ten months of 1872 was about 142,500,000 pounds, and during the corresponding period of 1873 about 139,000,000. Of this some 8,500,000 pounds in 1873, and 10,000,000 in 1872 were green, the rest black. This would give in round numbers 160,000,000 pounds per annum, of which above 140,000,000 come from

China. Reckoning now the consumption of black tea by the Russians, who are greater tea-drinkers than the English, and also that of the United States and British colonies as well as other nations, the total export from China may be estimated at 400,000,000 of pounds. Now supposing only one-fourth of this to be adulterated to the extent of five per cent. with iron filings, how much will be required? Just 5,000,000 of pounds per annum.

It must be remembered that coarse filings could not be used, for they would at once be detected as rusty lumps, and would shake down to the bottom of the chest; neither could borings, nor turnings, nor plane-shavings be used. Now if the China tea-growers were to put the whole world under contribution, this quantity could not be got. A little practice with a fine file on a piece of soft iron will show how much labor it requires to produce a single ounce of filings. It must also be borne in mind that fine files are very little used in the manufacture of iron. In fact, as the price of a commodity rises when the demand exceeds the supply, the Chinaman would have to pay more for his adulterant than for the leaves to be adulterated.

Recent analyses show that the iron found in tea leaves is not in the metallic state, but in the condition of oxide, and confirm the conclusion of Zöller that compounds of iron naturally exist in genuine tea. It appears, however, that the ash of many samples of black tea contains more iron than naturally belongs to the plant. To account for this, we must remember that the commodity most in demand is black tea, and that ordinary tea leaves dried in an ordinary manner are not black, but brown. Tea leaves, however, contain considerable tannin, and a portion of this when heated in the leaves is readily convertible into tannic acid. Thus a sample of tea rich in iron would, when heated in drying, become much darker than ordinary leaves by the combination of the tannic acid and iron.

But suppose the leaves to be deficient in iron, then the grower would naturally try to give them a black color artificially. This is done by stirring in among the leaves red hematite, some varieties of which are as soft and unctuous as graphite. This would give the product the

desired black dye, or "facing." But is this an adulteration, properly so called? If so, then all other operations of dyeing are also adulterations, for the dyers, like the Chinaman, add certain impurities to the silk, wool, or cotton, thus giving them the false facing their customers demand. In darkening tea the Chinaman only increases the proportion of one of its natural ingredients, without adding anything that is in the least injurious to health.

DEATH BY INHALATION OF COAL-GAS.

DEATH from the inhalation of coal-gas would seem to be painless, from the fact that the victims of it are generally found in some attitude of repose, their countenances retaining all the placidity of slumber. "The sufferers," says the "Lancet," "do not seem to be tormented by the terrible sensations of suffocation, for it has been observed that it is rare to find any indications of an attempt to escape the impending fate. The most noxious ingredient of coal-gas is stated to be carbonic oxide, of which most samples of gas contain from seven to eight per cent. by volume. That this gas is extremely poisonous—far more so than carbonic acid—is well known; it is in fact supposed to be the most poisonous of all the gases properly so called."

M. Tourdes has shown that an atmosphere containing one-fifteenth of its volume of pure carbonic oxide will kill a rabbit in twenty-three minutes, and that half this amount produces death in thirty-seven minutes. According to Claude Bernard, death is in this instance produced by a paralysis of the red corpuscles, which brings to a standstill their power of absorbing and carrying oxygen. Professor Christison, in his work on poisons, states that the powerful odor of coal-gas, when it accidentally escapes in the night time, generally awakes very soon those who are exposed to inhale it. It is fortunate that this is so; and this and similar facts are strong arguments against the introduction of inodorous gas for illuminating purposes.

The symptoms of poisoning by illuminating gas are, great general discomfort, inclination to vomit, convulsive movements of the muscles, cold surface, and irregularity of pulse and inspiration. Exposure to the fresh air, and measures

that will promote its free entrance to and exit from the lungs, are the best remedies that can be applied.

ADAPTATION OF GUN-COTTON TO FIRE-ARMS.

THE use of explosives other than gun-powder in fire-arms has hitherto proved impracticable on account of their sudden and violent action, ordinary charges bursting the gun before the *vis inertiae* of the projectile is overcome.

Many attempts have been made to get over this difficulty, particularly in the case of gun-cotton, but none have heretofore succeeded entirely to the required extent. It is now claimed, however, that Mr. S. J. Makie has contrived a method by which gun-cotton is readily adapted to the requirements of small arms. After preparing gun-cotton in the ordinary way, the material is brought into a granulated condition by suitable apparatus, grains of any required size or density being produced as desired. This granulated cotton gun-powder is to be used like other powder, and is said to be equally free from the danger of bursting the arm.

CHARCOAL-BLOCK FILTERS.

ATKINS'S porous charcoal blocks are intended to obviate the principal disadvantages attending the use of animal charcoal for filtering purposes. The method of forming charcoal into porous blocks is as follows: The purest animal charcoal is first reduced to a fine powder, and is then mixed with Norway tar and other combustible materials, in a state of fine powder. The mass is then kneaded into a plastic condition with liquid pitch, and is afterwards moulded into blocks of any required size or shape. The blocks are then exposed to great heat, by which means all the combustible ingredients are burnt out, leaving the pure carbon in a solid form. The block is, as a consequence, perfectly porous throughout, the pores being the cavities whence the combustible material has been burnt out.

When the filter becomes clogged by organic impurities, all that is necessary is to wash the block in warm water, and its purifying power is again restored. If its surface becomes incrustated with salts of lime, these can be easily removed by scraping when dry.

Hitherto these blocks have been used for

filtering water on a small scale only, but Mr. Atkins recently patented an application of his system to water works. This arrangement, says "Engineering," consists of brick tanks of a size proportioned to the amount of filtration to be performed, and divided up into a series of chambers. The water is admitted into the first or settling chamber, whence it flows horizontally through a bed of sand held between two walls, composed of perforated or porous materials. After it has percolated through the sand, which deprives it of its chief mechanical impurities, it has to pass through a series of walls formed of solid carbon plates twelve inches square and about two inches thick, set in an iron framing, like panes of glass in a window frame. The frames are placed about eighteen inches apart, and the number of these walls through which the water has to pass is governed by the amount of purification required as well as by the character of the water. After passing through the last of the charcoal plates the water is conducted from each tank into a storage reservoir, whence it is taken for distribution.

The filtering capacity of each square foot of carbon plate is from three hundred to five hundred gallons per twenty-four hours; and thus, the distribution being known, the filtering area can be readily adjusted to meet the requirements of the supply. It will be seen that as soon as the surfaces of the solid carbon blocks become incrustated with organic or other matter, the water ceases to pass through, and thus the inert condition of the filtering media is at once indicated. The remedy is that already given, viz.: washing with warm water to remove organic impurities, and scraping to remove incrustations of lime salts.

THE EUCALYPTUS.

THE following notes on the eucalyptus tree we find in the "American Chemist." There are some thirty species of eucalyptus. They are natives of Australia, and were introduced by Ramel in 1856 into other lands in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. The tree is of very rapid growth, attaining often a height of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet in fifty years, and a diameter of fifteen feet or more. The wood is said to be excellent for ship-building and railroad ties. Some

species of eucalyptus produce resins, others oils, which have an industrial and therapeutic value. The foliage is beautiful, so that the tree is ornamental as well as useful. The leaves of some species contain cavities filled with an aromatic, ethereal, and very penetrating oil, which is believed to have a powerful influence in counteracting the effect of malarial exhalations and preventing fevers. Districts in Algeria where fevers prevailed before the introduction of the eucalyptus have suffered but little since. The ash of these trees is very rich in potash, containing some twenty-one per cent., a quantity more than double that found in the elm or maple.

COPPER IN FEATHERS.

MR. J. J. MONTEIRO had some of the beautiful red feathers of the "plantain-eater," an African bird, chemically analyzed, with results showing that the pigment which gives the feathers their color contains quantities of oxide of copper corresponding to about eight per cent. of metallic copper. "These lovely birds," says the author, "are common on the west coast of Africa, between 5 deg. S. lat. and 15 deg. S. lat. Over the whole of the coast, and for a considerable distance inland, copper is found in great abundance as malachite, or green carbonate. It is supposed that small particles of this copper are swallowed by the plantain-eaters, with the gravel, etc., which they, in common with all birds, consume with their food." This theory is confirmed by another writer, who three or four years ago made the following analogous observations. He kept at that time two Australian love-birds of the variety called *Melopsittacus undulatus*, small parakeets with grass-green plumage. The birds were often allowed to fly about the room, and it was observed that they preferred brass fittings to any other perch, and that they used to sit and peck at the brass-work. On asking an Australian friend as to the habits of these birds, the author was informed that they abound chiefly in the districts where copper is found. He collected seven or eight of the feathers, burnt them, and extracted the residual ash with nitric acid. On adding solution of potassium ferro-cyanide to the filtrate, a distinct precipitate of copper ferro-cyanide formed. Probably a

green pigment, with copper as a constituent element, may be extracted from these feathers.

INSANITY RARE AMONG SAVAGES.

"If we may rely on the observations of travellers," says the "Journal of Mental Science," "there has always been comparatively little insanity among savages." Admitting this to be the case, it is not difficult to guess at the reasons of their comparative immunity. In civilized society there are three principal causes to which we may trace nearly every mental disorder, viz., hereditary predisposition, intemperance, and mental anxieties. Now, savages are almost exempt from the operation of these three causes. They do not poison their brain with alcohol until the white man introduces it to them. The weak in mind and body are not carefully attended to and kept alive as among civilized people; if they are not actually destroyed, by natural or artificial means they are got rid of, so that they do not themselves swell the numbers of insane in their own generation, nor increase them in the next generation by propagating their kind. Again, savages do not intermarry in the same family; among them the prohibition of marriage extends often to distant relatives, persons having the most distant blood affinity being forbidden to marry. It can scarcely be doubted that the reason of such prohibition was their experience of the evils resulting from the intermarriage of relatives—an experience which, distinct as is the lesson which it teaches, has not yet availed to check the intermarriages of first cousins among civilized people.

Lastly, the savage has few and simple wants springing from his appetites, and these he gratifies. With him there is no eager straining beyond his strength after social aims that are not intrinsically worth the efforts they cost, no disappointed ambition from failure to compass such aims, no dejection from the reaction which follows the realization of an over-rated ambitious passion, no anxious sense of responsibility; he has no lifelong hypocrisies to keep up, no tormenting remorse of conscience, no painful reflections of an exaggerated self-consciousness; in short, none of the passions that constitute the chief wear and tear of civilized life.

DESTRUCTION OF FISH BY CROCODILES.

A GREAT famine is now threatening Bengal, owing to the failure of last year's crops, and measures of relief have to be taken without delay, else millions of Hindoos will perish of starvation. Meanwhile, owing to the indolent habits and the fatalistic creeds of the people, crocodiles are suffered to increase and multiply in the rivers of India, destroying the fish which otherwise might supply food for man. Dr. Day, in his report on the fisheries of India, gives an interesting notice of the extent to which the crocodiles destroy fish. There are in that country two distinct genera of crocodiles. The first of these is the true fish-eating crocodile (*Gavialis gangeticus*), which attains upwards of twenty feet in length, and is found in the Indus, Ganges, and other large rivers. This genus has a long and slender snout; it is usually timid of man, except when the locality where its eggs are laid in the sand is invaded. In 1868 it was deemed one of the sights at Cuttack to watch these enormous reptiles feeding below the irrigation dam, which was impeding the ascent of the breeding fish. Their long, brown snouts would be seen rising to the surface of the water with a fish crosswise in their jaws. Their prey was flung up into the air by a toss of the head, and descending head foremost fell into the captors' comparatively small mouths.

They are very prolific. A single gun has been known to destroy sixty-nine of one brood, in three hours' shooting. But some fishermen, when asked whether they ever kill the crocodiles, at once protested against such a course. "Are we not both of the fish-destroying race, and how could we be so cruel as to slaughter them?" Dr. Day thinks the best means of reducing the number of these destroyers is by offering rewards for the destruction of their eggs.

The common crocodile (*crocodilus palustris*) also abounds in India, and though usually termed man-eaters, they assist in depopulating the waters of fish. In some of the irrigation canals one or more of these creatures may usually be seen below the locks, where there are pools stocked with fish, and when the latter fail they will turn their attention to the cattle. Dr. Day in 1868 noticed four below a large weir at Cuttack; six weeks

later they had increased to nine, besides many little ones; and he calculated that the fish they were then consuming day by day would be worth more than twenty-two rupees (eleven dollars). His suggestion to give five rupees apiece as a reward for the destruction of these animals was disregarded; and supposing that these nine crocodiles had not increased, and that the young ones never lived to grow up, they would still have consumed fish to the value of about fourteen thousand dollars in the three and a half years to the middle of 1872.

SIR SAMUEL BAKER IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

WHEN Sir Samuel Baker's expedition reached Gondokoro, on the White Nile, he opened out to the chiefs the objects that had brought him to their country, viz., the suppression of the slave trade, and the establishment of commercial relations between their people and the rest of the world. To one chief he "preached almost a sermon" upon the evils of the slave trade, and the chief appeared to be profoundly affected by the discourse; his emotion, however, was but transient, for at the end of the sermon he offered to sell his son for a spade, which, in the dearth of iron in that country, is an article of considerable value. This story Sir Samuel Baker gives as an instance of the people's obtuseness; the best proof of friendship is, in their estimation, that you should help them to kidnap the women and children of some other tribe.

At Masindi Sir Samuel found about eight thousand men, among whom could not be seen a single woman. This was regarded as a bad sign, for whenever you saw plenty of women among the natives you were pretty sure of peace; the absence of women was a sure sign of hostility. Accordingly the king, a very bad fellow, behaved most treacherously, killing some men who had been sent back to Fattiko, and sending into the camp jars of a sort of native cider, which was poisoned. The result was that forty of the troops were lying on the ground at one time, suffering acutely. The next morning the expeditionary force was attacked by seven or eight thousand negroes. Baker's men—four hundred Egyptian troops—being well drilled, protected the camp effectually, and the fifty Snider-ri-

fles with which they were armed saved the expedition. With their rockets also they set fire to and destroyed the whole town. Unfortunately the king escaped. This young man had distinguished himself by murdering his family under these circumstances: When a king dies, his body is placed in a sort of huge gridiron, and is then toasted by a fire kindled beneath. The body then lies in state unburied, and is the signal for civil discord. The sons fight until one of them is victorious, and he sticks his spear into the body of his parent as a symbol of victory. Then the funeral rites take place, corresponding with those recorded of the ancient Scythians.

A large pit is dug in which some of the deceased king's wives are put, and the corpse is lowered down till it rests on its knees. Then there is a raid on some neighboring villages, and the people captured are brought to the brink of the pit, where their arms and legs are broken, and in this mutilated condition they are thrown down to the corpse beneath. Then the earth is piled upon them, the people stamp it down upon this mass of writhing humanity, and the horrid rites are complete. Such had been the ceremony observed at Masindi, and the son who had succeeded to the throne then invited his relations to dinner and caused them all to be massacred.

On their arrival in the territory of Rionga Baker Pasha "exchanged blood" with the chief—a process which consists in drawing blood from the arm of each of the contracting parties, who takes a drop of his friend's blood on his tongue. This ceremony not only gives you an ally, but renders him faithful unto death; you belong thenceforth to his family.

SOUND WAVES AND THE SAFETY LAMP.

WHILE studying the conditions on which safety lamps give security against explosions, Mr. R. Galloway found that if a Davy lamp be burning tranquilly in an explosive atmosphere, the transmission of a wave of sound, produced by a slight explosion of gunpowder, is sufficient to determine the communication of flame from the lamp to the surrounding atmosphere. Hitherto it has generally been assumed that the occurrence of a colliery explosion, after firing a shot, is due to

actual communication of flame from the gunpowder to the fire-damp; but Mr. Galloway's experiments show it to be much more likely that the explosion is determined by the noise of the shot being propagated through the galleries of the mine to the safety lamp. This point was very ingeniously illustrated by Dr. Spottiswoode in a recent lecture at the Royal Institution, London. A lighted Davy lamp was surrounded with streams of coal gas issuing from a number of jets around its base. One extremity of a long tin tube, open at both ends, was placed in connection with the lamp, while a pistol was fired at the other end, a caoutchouc diaphragm being interposed in the tube to prevent the transmission of a direct current of air. The sound wave generated by the report travelled along the tube, and as soon as it reached the flame caused ignition of the surrounding atmosphere, the lamp being immediately enveloped in flames.

EXPLOSIVE LIGHTNING DISCHARGES.

At a recent meeting of the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society, a member offered the suggestion that the explosive effect of lightning, when trees and other objects are struck, is due to the conversion of moisture into steam. This hypothesis appeared so very probable that another member, Professor Osborne Reynolds, was induced to put it to a practical test. First of all he tried to burst a thin slip of wood damped with water by discharging a Leyden jar through it, the wood being so arranged that the discharge should be of the nature of a spark. This was done by making the wood to form part of a discharging rod, with balls on the end. The experiment was successful.

Professor Reynolds next tried very small glass tubes, passing wires from the ends of the tubes until they were within half an inch of each other. These tubes burst both with and without water. He then used a larger tube—about one-tenth of an inch bore—in a similar manner. The discharge without water now produced no effect, even when repeated several times; but with the tube full of water, the ends being open, the first discharge shattered that part of the tube opposite the gap in the wire. Next he tried a tube of $\frac{1}{4}$ inch bore and $\frac{3}{4}$ inch external diameter. It was capable of sustaining

a pressure of probably 10,000 lbs. and certainly 5,000 lbs. on the square inch. It was about 14 inches long, and bent in the form of a square-ended syphon. The gap in the wire was $\frac{1}{2}$ inch, and the water extended about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch on each side of the gap. The ends of the pipe were open, and the jar charged with about 100 turns of a 12-inch plate machine. The jar had a surface of about half a square foot, and the discharge, when effected with the common rod, took place through about two inches of air. The tube was shivered at the first discharge, that part opposite the gap and for some distance beyond being completely broken up into fragments, as though crushed by a hammer.

It is not easy, observes Professor Reynolds in conclusion, to conceive the precise way in which a pressure of probably 1,000 atmospheres could be produced and transmitted in a pipe of water the ends of which are open. It might have been caused by the sudden formation of a very minute quantity of steam, or by the expansion of the water; but whichever it was, its effect was due to its instantaneous character. When we consider the great strength of this pipe—it might have been used for a gun without bursting—and when we see that it not only burst, but that the interior of the glass was actually crushed by the pressure, and all this by the discharge of one small jar, we must cease to wonder at the bursting power of a discharge from the clouds.

PRESERVATIVE FOR WOOD AND STONE SURFACES.

ONE of the most recent inventions for painting or coating surfaces, says the "Journal of the Society of Arts," is a new paint brought out by Mr. Thomas Griffiths of Liverpool, which has the property of forming a firm, impenetrable enamel on the surface to which it is applied. By this means the surface is rendered absolutely waterproof, however porous it may have been in the beginning. The material is consequently intended not only for decorative purposes, but to be applied as a waterproof coating to the walls or foundations of dwelling-houses, railway arches, bridges, tunnels, viaducts, and other structures of brick, plaster, wood, or iron. It is also stated that the paint is well adapted for covering the bottoms of vessels or submerged structures of any

description. Various trials have been made of it. At Portobello it was tried on some iron plates, and these were immersed for three months in sea water. At the end of that time the plates were taken up and examined, when it was found that they looked fresh and clean as ever, and quite free from seaweed. On some of the enamel being scraped off, the metal showed no signs of rust, although similar plates, coated with other kinds of paint, and immersed in the same way, were both foul and greatly oxidized.

As a second test some of the paint was applied to the steamers trading to Africa from Liverpool, and these also showed no corrosion on their return.

A NEW comet was discovered on November 10, by M. Coggia, at Marseilles, in the constellation Hercules.

ACCORDING to "Iron," the English government has decided to await the results of the Challenger expedition before granting aid for future Arctic explorations.

A NUMBER of eminent naturalists of Great Britain have united in a petition to the authorities, to separate the natural history from the library and art collections of the British Museum. They claim that the usefulness of the collection will be greatly augmented by placing it under a separate management.

A SIMPLE indelible ink may be made by taking equal parts of copperas and vermillion, powdering and sifting them, and afterward grinding the powder in linseed oil. The whole is finally pressed through linen. The paste obtained can be used either for writing or printing on wool or calico. It resists bleaching.

THE University of Edinburgh has issued a regulation requiring every candidate for the degree of doctor of science to submit a thesis containing some original research on the subject of his intended examination, and this thesis must be approved before the candidate is allowed to proceed to the examination.

THERE was a large increase in the importation of tobacco into England last year as compared with the preceding one. Last year the declared value of unmanu-

factured tobacco was £2,392,596, against £1,264,883 in 1872. The value of manufactured tobacco and snuff imported in 1873 was £1,182,299; in 1872 it was £917,511.

WHILE studying the respiration of frogs, W. Müller has found that of two similarly organized animals of the same weight, the more voracious one consumes the most oxygen. He also states that frogs frozen up in blocks of ice for over eight hours were alive and breathing normally as soon as they were thawed loose from the ice.

At the recent meeting of the Italian Scientific Congress, held in Rome, two Neapolitan physicians submitted for examination a liquid preparation designed for stopping instantaneously the flow of blood from wounds of every description. A commission of physicians, according to the Roman "Fanfulla," have been experimenting with it in the anatomical theatre of the Santo Spirito, and have reported on it as one of the happiest of recent discoveries, and as particularly serviceable on the field of battle.

THERE was a great "fungus show" at the Royal Horticultural Society, London, in October. A new economical use for this class of plants was indicated by the Rev. Mr. Berkeley, who produced a cap made out of the beaten-out interior mass of *Polyporus fomentarius*, the amadou, or German tinder of commerce, which he described as both warm and light. It is stated that large use is made in Hungary of this material for caps and waistcoats, and it is also used for calking boats.

In the "American Artisan" we find a brief notice of the recent discovery of traces of some ancient race on Isle Royale in Lake Superior. Traces of ancient mining are very frequently found all through the Lake Superior copper region, but on this island, and on a single spot of less than two thousand acres of land, a greater amount of labor is said to have been performed by these unknown workmen than has been expended by a large force of men during twenty years, at one of the oldest and largest of the modern copper mines in that district. Who were these men, and for what purpose did they procure the copper?

A SENTIMENT worthy of analysis is the strange disgust felt by the poor for certain articles of food. During the famine in Ireland people would almost starve rather than eat "Indian meal." Australian preserved meat is an abomination to the inmates of British poorhouses. The female paupers in the Cardiff workhouse, to show their dislike for this kind of food, lately rose up in revolt and assailed the house officials. The visiting committee, having partaken of a repast consisting of Australian mutton prepared as an Irish stew, declared it was "exceedingly palatable."

M. TRUCHOT has lately shown that the proportion of carbonic acid in the air is greater at night than during the day, but not sensibly greater in the town than in the country. In the neighborhood of plants with green leaves, the proportion varies considerably according as these green parts are illuminated by the sun, or are in shade, or quite in darkness. The proportion also varies with the altitude, being greatest, according to this authority, in low situations, and diminishing as we ascend. In regard to this latter point, Truchot's results are directly opposed to those of Saussure. In thirteen observations, made on mountains varying from one thousand to thirteen thousand feet in height, Saussure found that in eleven cases the air of the mountain contained more carbonic acid than the neighboring plain.

MR. BAIN is in favor of substituting electrical shocks in place of the common punishments employed in prison discipline. By such shocks and currents, says he, any amount of torture might be inflicted; and the gradation might be made with scientific precision. The punishment would be less revolting to the spectator and the general public than floggings, while it would not be less awful to the criminal himself; the mystery of it would haunt the imagination, and there would be no conceivable attitude of alleviating endurance. The terrific power exercised by an operator, through the slightest finger touch, would make more deeply felt the humiliating prostration of the victim. If capital punishments are to be permanently maintained, much could be said for discarding strangulation and substituting electric shock.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

"JESSAMINE. A novel." By Marion Harland. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.

This is a tale of thrilling interest though of simple plot. The heroine, Jessamine, is engaged; she has a sister, while the man to whom she is engaged has a friend. The gentleman to whom the heroine is engaged is obliged to go abroad, and very imprudently leaves his betrothed in the care of the friend, who is an accomplished flirt, and possessed of all the base and cruel as well as fascinating qualities peculiar to his tribe. He is determined not to let friendship stand in his way; and indeed such friendship as professional flirts feel is not of a kind likely to stand in their way very long in any case. At first Jessamine does not fancy him; but he is so accomplished, so brave, so self-forgetful, so eager on all occasions to act towards her as a protector, so respectful, that she finds herself gradually falling, to her horror and shame, into his power. As he sees her losing her foothold he makes himself surer and surer of his prey. She hears a strange story of his being engaged to some one else, and also learns something about hereditary insanity in her own family; which leads her to think that she ought to break off her engagement. At length the flirt saves her life. There is a dreadful scene, in which she confesses her love, and he confesses that he too is no longer the possessor of his heart, for Jessamine he loves, and to another young lady he is engaged. Jessamine's sister, we ought not to forget to mention, is herself in love with the flirt, so that there are other complications in the story besides the main one. Two letters have been written by Jessamine to break off her engagement, the first on the ground of hereditary insanity, and the second on that of what we may call original sin—though in reality none of hers. Her lover receives the first, and immediately hurries home to assure her that she is entirely mistaken as to the insanity, and to marry her immediately. She supposes that he has received both letters, and is therefore acquainted with the state

of her affections; but the second letter, disclosing them, he does not discover till after their sad marriage has taken place. Then he sees it all, though he does not suspect his friend, who is meantime married to a rich, and, we are glad to say, silly woman, who makes him ridiculous. Jessamine and her husband now cease to live together as man and wife, though they keep house together, and her husband treats her with all the tender consideration of lover and brother in one, though with a distant courtesy, which, as she soon begins to fall in love with him again, becomes after a time a little too distant. Meanwhile the married flirt has attempted to resume his old relations of intimacy with both husband and wife, but he is treated with natural disdain by Jessamine, who knows him now to be mean, cruel, and malignant, and a corrupter of youth, as well as a coward—as all flirts, it is needless to say, at bottom are. He is foolish enough to suppose that he can play the new part of seducer of his friend's wife; that she will forget what has happened, he imagining that her love still continues. But she, whose love, on the contrary, is reviving for her husband, scorns him, and the whole story ends with a charming reconciliation of husband and wife, and the discovery and humiliation, if such creatures can be humiliated, of the flirt.

"JOSEPH THE JEW. The Story of an Old House." New York: Harper & Brothers.

Why this story is called "Joseph the Jew" is a matter rather difficult to discover; for Joseph Rost, who appears in the early part of the story as the hero, dies at page 45, there being some one hundred and twenty pages in the volume. Nevertheless, as the tale is not a masterpiece of fiction, such trifling blemishes as this are of small consequence. The story is one of Jews, jewels, and love, in which, after many adventures, the jewels, which had been stolen in the old buccaneering days, are restored to the rightful personal representatives of the person who lost them,

under the statute of distributions ; and one of the heroes of the story, Nelson Thorne by name, marries the young lady known to the readers of the book as "the little sister," while John Raines, who has married the other, and presumably less little sister, Ethel, and with both of whom married life had gone rather less smoothly than, but for certain circumstances for which we must refer the reader to the book, it would—John Raines, we say, learns to know and understand and love his wife, a fact which leads the author to make this very suitable reflection : "The metal, silvery bright, which dances and floats on the water surface, a tiny globe, and the imponderable vapor, seek each other through all nature, embrace, and their individuality perishes in the formation of a crystal. May not two souls blend, and, never the same again, form in union the crystallization of a better life?" As a specimen of the interrogative climax this is certainly unequalled. We cannot advise any one to read "Joseph the Jew," but to any one who attempts it we would merely say that it makes but little difference whether the reading begins with the death of Joseph, at page 45, or at some previous or later portion of the narrative

"NANCY." By Rhoda Broughton. New York : D. Appleton & Co.

The first novel of Miss Broughton's which attracted much attention either in England or America was, we believe, "Red as a Rose is She." It was a novel which was entitled to all the vogue it had; for, to say nothing of the vast amount of reality it contained, it had besides quite enough sentiment, of a kind well known to the readers of novels written by women, to make it unreal, if not absolutely a work of the imagination. This, at least, is the verdict which many middle-aged and unimaginative men would unhesitatingly have pronounced upon it; while to those in the heyday of youth, of either sex, there was that in the book which convinced them of its truth to nature; or in other words, there was plenty of love of an unmistakable and unveiled sort—love of that dark and mysterious and passionate kind said to be natural between the realistic but intense man in the prime of manhood, and the equally intense but poetic girl of twenty who

worships him, and longs to be absorbed into his being—a sort of love-tale that we suppose must have its justification somewhere in actual life, though ordinarily affairs of the heart with gentlemen who have come "to forty years" are apt to be, on their side, of a more calm and practical, not to say calculating nature, than such as would furnish proper material for the adventures of ardent young women who are red as a rose, or who come up as flowers, and who generally love not wisely but too well. Then to people of refinement the book was extremely vulgar; while the greater number of the reading public did not observe that it was vulgar at all—a negative proof, of course, in the eyes of the people of refinement, that their criticism was correct. There was not wanting sensationalism either in the book itself or in the title, which was one of the first of its now widely multiplied species; and altogether there was every reason why many persons should read and enjoy, many others read and pretend to dislike and disapprove, many others really dislike and profess disgust with "Red as a Rose"—every reason why the novel should be generally criticised, and, in short, be a momentary success. That it was not, however, a *succès d'estime*, must probably have been apparent to the author herself; and perhaps such a success was the last she desired. At any rate, it was the audacity of "Red as a Rose," as much as anything else, which secured it in popular favor for a time; and of course audacity is a rope which a writer, even when a woman, soon finds herself at the end of. The age is itself audacious and accustomed to audacities; and it would require a daring of no ordinary kind which could so far better Miss Broughton's first books that they would still continue to excite interest without creating disgust. On reading the earlier books by Miss Broughton, and observing her great taste for really good poetry, and the untamed character of her imagination, there seemed some reason to believe that she might prove the inspired person, for whom the world has been now waiting many a long year, who should at last break free from the shackles imposed by modern civilization upon her sex, and write Anacreontic verse. Why is it, we have often thought, that the writing

of erotic poetry should, since the days of Sappho, have been reserved as a right peculiar to man? Of course, here and there, there have been exceptions. Here and there a woman has torn asunder the chains and treated of the eternal subject of love in verse. But these have only been exceptions. There have certainly been few Swinburnes among women. Women have generally seemed to prefer to deal with the subject in the form sanctified by tradition as the novel. There is no reason that we know of that they should; and certainly in reading Miss Broughton's earlier books it must have occurred to a good many people that her attempt to confine her genius to prose would be vain; that sooner or later she would burst into song—not such song as that written by the author of "Adam Bede," but tumultuous heart-throbs of the sort which in prose she knows so well how to describe. But the indications are at present the other way. Miss Broughton's imagination looks not so untamable as it did a few years ago. In "Nancy" we have the loves of a girl under twenty and a man of about fifty; or rather we have their marriage, and in the end of the book their reconciliation, with other intermediate affairs thrown in between. We miss the fire of the earlier books in this, and fear that Miss Broughton by not daring all has dared not enough. It would be indeed a pity if this extraordinary writer were in the end to cease to be startling by becoming respectable and uninteresting, but we do not expect so much.

"A PRINCESS OF THULE." By William Black. New York.

If we were to attempt to enumerate the peculiar qualities of Mr. Black, we should be at a loss to know how to begin; and when we had ended we should feel considerable hesitation lest we had ended too soon. Perhaps on the whole it would be more true of him than of most writers to say that he is really a *capable* man—a man of cleverness and ready wit, equally well fitted for any emergency, and not endowed with a divine aptitude for any. Certainly he has a great range. In the "Strange Adventures of a Phaëton," his scenery is English, where of course he might be expected to be at home, and three of his characters are English; but the fourth is a Prussian lieutenant, and

the Prussian lieutenant is drawn in so life-like a manner that whether the picture is correct or not, we certainly feel it to be so in reading the book, and should probably be inclined to measure Prussian officers whom we might after reading it meet in real life by the standard derived from a perusal of the "Strange Adventures," rather than reverse the process and test Mr. Black's hero by what we might see for ourselves of Prussian military men in the flesh. In the same way, in the "Princess of Thule," the description of the scenery in the Shetland Isles is so vivid that we are almost tempted to say that it must be true to nature, because from its vividness and naturalness we feel it to be true to something; and the King of Borva is obviously the King of Borva, just as his daughter, the Princess, is certainly what we have always known the daughter of such a king to be. In this novel we have the Shetland Islands and London in the season, both done with all the minuteness of a man who is thoroughly familiar with what he is writing of, and in some respects quite as good as anything in the "Strange Adventures." The story of the Princess is this: Lavender, a London artist, who has an old aunt from whom he is expecting a nice property, goes down to the Shetland Isles with his friend Ingram, a man of mature life, the latter having undertaken to introduce him to the King of Borva and the Princess. Whether or no Ingram was in love at this time with Sheila, does not clearly appear, and this certainly is a blemish in the story, though mystery is intended perhaps as an additional attraction; at any rate, they go down to Borva, and are welcomed there with truly royal hospitality. Then follows a charming description of life there; the scenery; the growing interest of Lavender in Sheila; at length his acceptance as her lover. They are married, and Sheila goes to London, and tries to live her husband's life; but she cannot. The artificial life galls her, and, moreover, she becomes in a measure jealous of a certain American woman, a Mrs. Lorraine, a widow, whose society the gay and reckless Lavender much frequents. They become gradually estranged, or, to speak more accurately, he becomes cold and indifferent and neglectful. Ingram becomes interested as her friend, and remonstrates with him; this

of course aggravates matters, and so things go on from bad to worse, until, on the occasion of the visit to London of a cousin of Sheila's from her home in the north—this cousin being also a dependent and servant—an unfortunate difficulty arises, in which Lavender treats his wife in a manner well calculated to rouse the bitterest feelings, and she leaves his house. This dreadful step taken, there ensue terrible scenes, which end in a reconciliation of husband and wife, and their life-long happiness. Ingram marries Mrs. Lorraine, Lavender repents and atones for his past behavior, and everything comes to a happy termination. The novel strikes us as pretty in parts, but rather ineffectual. It wants "constitution" very much. It seems to be built up chapter on chapter, with the future of the people left very much to chance. Whether this is so or not, however, it is an agreeable book to read.

We notice in this book the same pleasant trick, if we may call it so, that is to be observed in the "Strange Adventures"—that of making the heroine gifted with the power of singing a number of songs of an unusual and beautiful character, the words of which without the music can be introduced. The author shows, too, the same power of delineating character—as in the King of Borva, his daughter Sheila, Mairi, and the old aunt of Lavender.

"THE GILDED AGE. A Tale of To-day." By Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner. Fully illustrated from new designs by Hopkins, Stephens, Williams, White, etc. Sold by subscription only. Hartford: American Publishing Company.

Mr. Samuel Clemens and Mr. Charles Dudley Warner are both American humorists; and if we did not know it already, we might infer as much from their preface, which begins by saying: "This book was not written for private circulation among friends; it was not written to cheer and instruct a diseased relative of the author's; it was not thrown off during intervals of wearing labor to amuse an idle hour. It was not written for any of these reasons, and therefore it is submitted without the usual apologies.

"It will be seen that it deals with an entirely ideal state of society; and the chief

embarrassment of the writers in this realm of the imagination has been the want of illustrative examples. In a state where there is no fever of speculation, no inflamed desire for sudden wealth, where the poor are all simple-minded and contented, and the rich are all honest and generous, where society is in a condition of primitive purity and politics is the occupation of only the capable and the patriotic, there are necessarily no materials for such a history as we have constructed out of an ideal commonwealth."

They say also that they do not object to criticism, and they "do not expect that the critic will read the book before writing a notice of it;" they "do not even expect the reviewer of the book will say that he has not read it," but they express the hope that if he "ever happens to peruse it in some weary moment of his subsequent life," he may "not be the victim of a remorse bitter but too late." It would be a sheer waste of time to read every line of a production heralded to the world in this way, particularly as we observe the work is given a consistently burlesque air by quotations from non-existent languages at the beginnings of chapters. Nevertheless we have looked into it, and can say that it is a work which no library should be without; for it is the production of two humorists whose names are well known throughout the United States, and who, if they seldom succeed in being funny, have at least the reputation of always being so—which comes to very much the same thing.

"SATAN: A Libretto." By Christopher Pearse Cranch. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Mr. Cranch calls this poem a libretto, because, he says, "as in a cantata, opera, or oratorio, the verses may suggest or accompany a music they only in part embody. A libretto is too often a mere thread on which the composer strings his pearls—a text for some work of art nobler than itself. While this poem makes no claim to be full-strung, it may perhaps serve to awaken a few snatches of a music containing some vital symbolic conceptions of the grandest of all harmonies—the divine order in creation."

After this disclaimer, on the part of the poet, of any ambitious attempt, we do not feel inclined to quarrel with his some-

what extraordinary poem. Mr. Cranch's "Satan" "is not what he seems"—i. e., to "finite minds"—who think him

—that fallen angel who seduced
From their allegiance the bright hosts of heaven
And men,
and who now reigns

The lord of doom.

He never indeed fell, strictly speaking, at all—

But ever was and ever shall be thus—
Nor worse nor better than the Eternal planned.
I am the Retribution, not the Curse ;
I am the shadow and reverse of God,
The type of mixed and interrupted good ;
The clod of sense, without whose earthly base
You spirit-flowers can never grow and bloom.

He is a Satan who is not happy, to be sure, but neither is he wretched. He is not even a "personal will," nor an "influence bad or good." He says :

I symbolize the wild and deep
And unregenerated wastes of life,
Dark with transmitted tendencies of race,
And blind mischance ; all crude mistakes of will

And tendency unbalanced by due weight
Of favoring circumstance ; all passion blown
By wandering winds ; all surplusage of force
Piled up for use, but slipping from its base
Of law and order ; all undisciplined
And ignorant mutiny against the wise
Restraint of rules by centuries old indorsed,
And proved the best so long it needs no proof ;
All quality o'erstrained until it cracks—
Yet but a surface crack ; the Eternal Eye
Sees underneath the soul's sphere, as above,
And knows the deep foundations of the world
Will not be jarred or loosened by the play
Of sun and wind and rain upon the crust
Of upper soil. Nay, let the earthquake split
The mountains into steep and splintered chasms—

Down deeper than the shock the adamant
Of ages stands, symbol no less divine
Of the Eternal Law than heaven above.

In short, Mr. Cranch's Satan is eminently a Satan belonging to the latter half of the nineteenth century—a developmentarian who is in advance of Huxley or Darwin, avowing theories which might make the shade of Agassiz desire to revisit the glimpses of the moon ; an extraordinary and novel devil—no Miltonic fallen angel, nor yet legendary sneering Mephistopheles, but a peculiarly blameless imagination of his own ; a devil of whose acquaintance we might all well be proud, who means well even when he is acting most ill ; a devil whose admirable character makes it seem almost possible that those respectable people who have for so long been in the habit of crying, " Good lord, good devil,"

may not have been so far in the wrong after all. It may be that the creation of this queer devil is justified by the exigencies of modern science, but we cannot ourselves believe in him, or understand him, except as explained by a feebleness on the part of Mr. Cranch, the consciousness of which (revealed in the preface) ought to have warned him away from such a dangerous attempt as a new explanation in verse of the origin of evil or of its real nature. There are, to be sure, many beauties in Mr. Cranch's poem—beauties of versification, of imagination, of fancy ; but they are almost all isolated ; they occur in single lines, words or verses, which it is impossible to take out of their connection. But it is quite obvious that in dealing with the mysteries of the Cosmos, he is out of his depth. Nevertheless this "Satan" will be found much pleasanter reading for the summer afternoons than "Paradise Lost," and while it may afford dissatisfaction to those who still retain their belief in the old-fashioned devil, they may console themselves, after all, with the reflection that it will in the end tend to the benefit of the truth, for Mr. Cranch is optimistic. His obliteration of hell, and the certificate of good, unobjectionable character he gives Satan, will (by giving a false feeling of security to the great enemy's prey, and thus hastening their destruction) in the end make it evident who has been in the right and who in the wrong.

"POEMS OF TWENTY YEARS." By Laura Winthrop Johnson. New York : De Witt C. Lent.

This volume can hardly be called a very interesting collection of poems, though here and there occur verses or parts of verses of a good deal of beauty. Many of the poems are half religious in character, and being half religious and half simple poetry, lose the effect they might have had if the poetry had been more subordinated to the religion, or if the religion had been left out altogether. In the verses called "On the Bay," for instance, the description of the bay itself, whether in the first stanza or the second, is so much better than the religious reflections which occur in these two and the third, that one cannot help feeling a regret that the whole seems written for the sake of them. As an instance of a really good religious

poem, we may cite that called "Out of the Depths," page 103, which has neither of the faults that may be found in "On the Bay."

"THE RED FLAG, AND OTHER POEMS."
By the Hon. Roden Noel. London:
Strahan & Co. 1872.

On first beginning the perusal of Mr. Noel's poems the reader, if his experience repeats our own, will begin to fear that he has once more come upon a writer of poetry who has brought the immature reasoning power of youth and the unregulated imagination of an excitable temperament to the treatment of a number of world-old stock questions, altogether too hard for such solvents. For a time it looks as if what one is to get from Mr. Noel is unmetrical versified disquisition on such problems as why God permits woe and want to afflict the human race; why despots are allowed to sway the destinies of their fellow men; why doubts as to a future life beyond the grave are suffered to torment and tantalize the mind. We do not say that of all this there is not in reality something, as well as something more in appearance. And we still, after reaching the end of the volume, suspect our author of youth. But his book by and by reveals a wisdom of the head, and still oftener and more convincingly a wisdom of the heart, which secures for him our respect; while his strictly poetical merits, balanced against his poetical faults, are sufficient to give a decided pleasure.

The poem from which the volume takes its title, "The Red Flag," is not the most prepossessing poem that it contains; nevertheless, it is rather better than it looks. For many pages it threatens to be a hot defence of the Communists; and this on the ground that many a poor girl has been seduced by some rich man, and her babe then treated by political economists as "surplus population"; that many a poor hunger-bitten workman has received from the wealthy capitalist no warmer comfort than that "enlightened self-interest" is responsible for this condition of things, and that no one is at all to blame for it. But Mr. Noel, although not without heat on the subject, turns out to have too much sense to approve of a lunatic's method of reorganizing society simply because, as it

happened, it was ill usage that made the man mad. At the end he shows us the poor workman and the poor sewing-girl soothed and cheered by the friendly and brotherly kindness of the good, and suggests that the cure for the misery of man must come not from without—from pantarchies and divisions of property under the red flag—but from within; in short, that the kingdom of heaven is within you.

Of the other poems, as of this one, the faults, speaking generally, are diffuseness; the vagueness which is characteristic of the verse of the age; a consequent apparent tenuity of the thought and feeling; a diction too violent and too patchy; a frequent want of music, sometimes amounting to a sort of infantile halting in the movement of the verse and sometimes to a jolting roughness; and finally some imitativeness, as of Poe's manner for instance. Indeed, Mr Noel must be called a rather unmelodious and inharmonious versifier. It is not "numerous verse" that he writes, despite the many metres in which he indulges himself—sometimes three or four in one poem. But on the other hand—and this is a main thing and a rare thing—our author has in him something of the real root of the matter; he is a poet—has some imagination, some of the poet's emotional susceptibility and range, and some genuine power of so saying what he sees and feels that we also see it and feel it, and are moved to an elevated pleasure. As regards his emotional susceptibility, we would remark that, so far as concerns his poems, it appears to have been hitherto for the most part expended upon pensive or mournful subjects. Its expression seems to have the true ring, however, and it is not in his treatment of such subjects that one would find ground for suspecting that it is still with Mr. Noel the season of youth—the season of the luxury of woe. We find nothing at all morbid or unsimple in the book. A brief passage taken from a poem entitled "A Christian's Funeral" may convey an idea of what he is when doing his best kind of work, or very near it:

Against a wall of rustic church I lean,
In a small graveyard, where the grass revives
Now from the restful, unaspiring green
Wherewithal under winter snow it lives,
And stirs about the marble of two graves,

One large, one small white stone, two grassy waves,

One longer for a woman gray, and one
Small for a child who used to love the sun.
Nigh unto these a silent multitude.

In sombre mourning garb, hath gathered now,
One human cloud on earth's rejoicing mood,
About an open grave with shadowed brow;
Many a cottager to see the end
Of one who was a master and a friend;
Through a long life a just, a righteous man,
A tender, human-hearted Puritan.

All we around him wear a seemly woe,
But one upon her heart received the blow;
And as she bent above her mother's tomb,
The while her sire we gathered to the gloom,
Now winter laid a hand upon her hair.
Full many a weeping peasant standing there
Averred that he, beholding her to-day,
Seemed to behold her mother passed away.

“**CAMEOS SELECTED FROM THE WORKS OF
WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.**” By E. C.
Stedman and T. B. Aldrich. With an
Introduction. Boston: James R. Osgood
& Co.

It seems singular indeed that some collection of the poems scattered through Landor's writings should not have been made before now; and it seems not equally singular perhaps, but certainly to be regretted, that the collection should not have fallen into other hands than those of Messrs. Aldrich and Stedman. Not that they have not made a very nice collection (though they have left out a few poems which might well have been inserted), but they have in their introduction succeeded in throwing a false air over the whole, and in making more erroneous criticisms in the short limits of a dozen pages than we had imagined could by the utmost ingenuity have been crowded into so small a space.

To begin with, they say that “Landor's minor poems bear a relation to his more extended work similar to that borne by Shakespeare's songs and sonnets to his immortal plays. Yet they are not songs, because not jubilant with that skylark gush of melody which made so musical the sunrise of English rhythm. They address themselves no less to the eye than to the ear; are the daintiest of lyrical idyls—things to be seen as well as to be heard; compact of fortunate imagery, of statuesque conceptions marvellously cut in verse. Are we not right in designating them as **CAMEOS**? And from what other modern author could a selec-

tion of rilievos be made so flawless in outline and perfect in classical grace, for the delight of both the novice and the connoisseur?” In reply to this question we must say that without going into the discussion, which would perhaps not be very fruitful, of the legitimacy in general of comparison between arts so different as gem-carving and poetry, the selection of the word cameos as a characteristic term for such selections as these from Landor's verse strikes us as eminently absurd. The common idea of a cameo—and in making a book for general reading it is with common ideas we have to deal—the common idea of a cameo is that of a gem in which refinement is carried to the highest pitch by the reproduction, in a new, artistic, and more exquisite form, of a design already consecrated to art under another form and by another method. We are not in the habit of thinking of cameos as representations of natural objects, but of objects which are already artistic possessions. There may be such things as cameos with scenes from modern life, but they are certainly not familiar; and when we hear the word cameo it suggests a gem of which the design is taken from a work of art already in existence. Under these circumstances, we hardly conceive of any good poetry which would naturally suggest a cameo; and we cannot help thinking that the collectors have been carried off their feet by the sound of the word.

But they would perhaps reply to this that they did not intend to use the word with strict accuracy; that in collecting as well as in writing poetry there is a certain amount of license which may be taken; that they merely wished to convey the idea that Landor's poems are models of expression; that what they call these “metrical carvings” were perfectly finished and elegant—a mistake of a very grave character. Landor's verses bear everywhere the marks of improvisation, and his well-known impatience of character exhibited itself quite distinctly in them. His verses are apt to be, with all their beauty, uneven, with changes, in unexpected places, from one kind of poetry to another—from classical to English, from English to classical, and with many minor changes difficult to put into words, but which are nevertheless perceptible enough to the ear. For instance, in what

is the best known of them all, the beautiful verses—

Ah, what avails the sceptred race?
Ah, what the form divine?
What every virtue, every grace?
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and of sighs
I consecrate to thee—

who does not feel that the extreme simplicity and tenderness pervading the beginning of the verses is marred at the end by the introduction of the remarkably cold and memorial character of the last two lines? The associations of a "night consecrated to memories and sighs" are all with mausoleums, urns, and the paraphernalia of classical, poetic bereavement. The main feeling in the poem is pathetic grief. It is always so with Landor. He has not the repose of the greatest poets; and his sense of language was by no means so perfect as it might have been. These imperfections are treated by Messrs. Stedman and Aldrich as non-existent, and we must infer that they have not observed them.

But it is not merely on this account that we object to the introduction. It is written in a most stilted style, and contains a strange medley of remarks. "His epigrams," for instance, "are by turns playful and spleenful, and pointed as those of Martial; but among these, and in the lightness of his festive or amatory strains, there often is little of that emotion which takes the heart captive. You are not moved to tears, as by the passion of Mrs. Browning, the devotion and aspiration of Whittier, the pathos of Thomas Hood." But why, in the name

of heaven, we involuntarily ask, should his epigrams, or his light festive or amatory verses have the extraordinary effect of moving us to tears? Or if they did, why should the tears shed for such a cause be like those caused by the passion of Mrs. Browning, the devotion and aspiration of Whittier, or the pathos of Thomas Hood? Why should not Burke, or Cicero, or Demosthenes have been added to the list?

It is not necessary, however, to dwell upon the defects of the introduction. The collection itself is a good one, and contains some of the most charming poetry of its kind in English.

"TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY. Threading my Way." By Robert Dale Owen. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

Mr. Owen has certainly written a very readable account of his life. In looking over his pleasant reminiscences one is at a loss to know what part of them to single out as better than another. He has the gift of narration to a very considerable extent, and whether he is telling us about his early or his later life, his ancestral home on the Clyde, among the cotton mills in which Arkwright's inventions had begun to roll up wealth for the manufacturers of the last century, his childish adventures and misdeeds, his unsuccessful attempt to convert his father, his college life at Hofwyl, or any other of the thousand different matters the book contains, all is well and evenly done. So it is indeed throughout the book, which is light and "reminiscential," but none the worse for that.

NEBULÆ.

— Most persons have in their minds some idea of the character and appearance of the *lusus nature* which is known to the literary world as the critic. He has been so often described by authors who were not themselves critics, his motives have been so keenly analyzed, and his hypocrisy so thoroughly exposed, that we feel him to be an old acquaintance. When Disraeli says of the critic that he is one who has failed in literature, or when Sydney Smith hints at his practice of reviewing books before he reads them, for the sake of impartiality, or when Thackeray exhibits to us the interior of the office of the "Pall Mall Gazette," we all recognize the picture, though we may never have known a critic in the world. The successful critic become editor is not difficult to recognize either—the gentleman, who, to quote a recent description (drawn, it is hardly necessary to say, by one now deceased, who was neither critic nor editor)—the gentleman who, in conversation, runs "with lively glibness over the principal topics of the day—the last scandal, the last new book, the reform of the army, the reform of the turf, the critical state of Spain, and the *début* of an Italian singer"; who seems (he is editor of that well-known periodical "The Londoner") "an embodied journal, including the leading article, the law reports, foreign intelligence, the court circular, down to the births, deaths, and marriages." This gentleman's "implements for writing" were (like concealed weapons) "not apparent, except when required"; for "they lay concealed in a vast cylinder bureau, French made and French polished," within which "were numerous pigeon-holes and secret drawers, and a profound well with a separate patent lock. In the well were deposited the articles intended for publication in 'The Londoner,' proof-sheets, etc.; pigeon-holes were devoted to ordinary correspondence; secret drawers to confidential notes, and outlines of biographies of eminent men now living, but intended to be completed for publication the day after their death." "No man," continues the author, "wrote such fu-

nereal compositions with a livelier pen than that of" the possessor of this Pirate's armory we have been describing—Mr. Chillingly Mivers—a name not unnatural or inappropriate—"and the large and miscellaneous circle of his visiting acquaintances allowed him to ascertain, whether by authoritative report or by personal observation, the signs of mortal disease in the illustrious friends whose dinners he accepted, and whose failing pulses he instinctively felt in returning the pressure of their hands; so that he was often able to put the finishing stroke to their obituary memorials, days, weeks, and even months before their fate took the public by surprise." We all feel the truth of this character, just as we do that of Caliban, or let us say of the "mild-looking man who was one of the most merciless contributors to 'The Londoner,' and no unimportant councillor in the oligarchy of the clique that went by the name of the 'Intellectuals.'" "Well," Mivers is reported as saying languidly, on the entrance of the mild-looking man, "I can't even get through the book; it is as dull as the country in November. But as you justly say, the writer is an 'Intellectual,' and a clique would be anything but intellectual, if it did not support its members. Review the book yourself—mind and make the dulness of it the signal proof of its merit. Say, 'To the ordinary class of readers this exquisite work may appear less brilliant than the flippant smartness of'—any other author you like to name—but to the well educated and intelligent every line is pregnant with," etc., etc. By the way, when we come by and by to review the exhibition at Burlington House there is one painter whom we must try our best to crush. I have not seen his pictures myself, but he is a new man, and our friend, who has seen him, is terribly jealous of him, and says that if the good judges do not put him down at once, the villanous taste of the public will set him up as a prodigy. A low-lived fellow, too, I hear. There is the name of the man and the subject of the pictures. See to it when

the time comes. Meanwhile, prepare the way for onslaught on the pictures by occasional sneers at the painter." This monster of *naïve* iniquity, who sits quietly in his chair giving orders for the ruin of the reputation of people he has never seen and the value of whose works he does not pretend to know, and for the bolstering up reputations which he knows ought to be bad, and who, at the same time, with the most charming candor, goes out of his way to explain to his associate fellow conspirator and subordinate the extraordinary vileness of his real motives—this curious combination of ignorance and wisdom, malignity and languid indifference, this man of letters, who, as a man of the world, despises literature, and as a man of letters despises the world, and in the completeness of his own individuality looks down on both, is certainly our old friend the critic turned editor, and taking his revenge upon the world for the many centuries of wrong he had suffered at the hands of lampooning authors while yet the cheap press did not exist and criticism was of the Grub street kind.

— It would probably be a good deal more difficult to depict a musical critic. At least, we do not remember that it has been done or attempted in English, though of course on the continent there may be a type as well known and recognizable (however imaginary) for musical people as Chillingly Mivers is for people familiar with books. But there are reasons why the musical critic is unlikely to make such a high place for himself in public attention for some time as the critic of literature has done. To the greater number of people there is no considerable difficulty in understanding what is meant by Pope's remarks about his contemporaries—or at least there was not any difficulty at the time the "Dunciad" was written; nor is there much that is unintelligible in Thackeray's allusions to Bulwer, nor in Byron's "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers;" but with music the case is different. If one person writes a symphony in the Wagnerian manner, and any other let us say in the manner of Schumann, the number of people, either in England or America, who are competent, we will not say to tell which is which, but to say which composer is the most successful student of his particular style,

is very small. How many people there are in England or America who have arrived at that point in musical education that they can tell when an instrument is out of tune, and where it is out of tune, what sort of a voice a singer has, and whether he or she sings true or false, we do not undertake to say; but the number of people who have any distinct tastes in music is unquestionably small, as may be inferred from the fact that the public will willingly listen to and applaud to the echo music of radically different and conflicting styles—apparently without being at all conscious that they are doing anything more than expressing their approval of what it is well known cultivated people ought to approve and try to encourage. But at any rate if the musical critic says of Wagner, that he is an ass and knows nothing of music because he introduces the trombones in a certain passage from which they might better have been left out, or ought to have introduced the triangle where he has introduced nothing at all, or objects to the peculiar characteristics of his harmony, or the want of relation between a first movement and a second, or a second and a third, he may certainly be right or he may be wrong, but we cannot feel the deep interest and pleasure in what he says that we do feel whenever the battle between the critics and the authors in literature begins to rage.

— It seems, however, that in Chicago this is not true. In Chicago they have a school of musical criticism as deeply interested in the divine art as any stock operator is in "margins," or any farmer is in cheap transportation. This school has recently been devoting itself to the study of the art of Mme. Nilsson, and of her foil Capoul, and the controversy is a singular illustration of what we take it must for a long time be the difficulty of musical criticism in this country. Mme. Nilsson, it seems, had been singing in "Mignon" and "Marguerite," and most of the criticism turned upon her representation of these characters. We have not at hand the original remarks of the Chicago critic, but we have Miss Nilsson's reply, and from this it appears that he accused her in plain words of not knowing what she was acting; of not understanding her part; of making the

same sort of mistakes that a person might make, for example, who in acting Richard III. reminded his audience of Macbeth. Now we confess that we ourselves have many private objections to Mme. Nilsson's performances. The world does not perhaps itself fully know what differences of opinion exist in its own mind on the subject of Mme. Nilsson. But as we only desire here to call the attention of the public to the difficulties of musical criticism in an unmusical country, we may say Mme. Nilsson, being approached by a Chicago interviewer, delivered herself in reply to her critic in this way: "Your critics are not really bad, you know, but they are not catholic. The school in which they are bred" (the primary schools of Chicago) "is necessarily one of very limited observation. Your good singers all go away to be educated. Why do not your critics?"—a very fair question, and one to which the only reply that could be made would probably be that the musical critic is not usually a man of sufficiently large wealth to travel far. If he were, he would possibly not be a musical critic. It will be noticed, however, that the reply, though well put, is hardly conclusive; for it consists in replying to a man who says that you are a bad or not thoroughly good opera singer, that he is an uneducated ignoramus. And we find this difficulty with Mme. Nilsson's general reply to all her critics, which is this: "They do not seem to understand the individuality of an artiste. Each one wants me to play his Mignon, his Marguerite, and does not realize that each artiste, unless she be a brainless imitator, has her study and her ideal of these. The 'Times' critic quoted Carlyle at me, and said I do not play Goethe's Mignon. Well, I have read every page of 'Wilhelm Meister.' I know Goethe's Mignon, if years of study can teach it to me. I know Ambrose Thomas's Mignon, if he is capable of imparting his ideal in music or in conference. I have studied Goethe; I have practiced and performed directly under Ambrose Thomas's eyes; and thus, after painstaking that nobody knows anything about, *I have created* the character of Mignon in music. I do not play Lucca's Mignon; I certainly do not; that would be playing Lucca; but I play 'Mignon.'" For this reply, eloquent as it is, consists

of saying after all that she *does* play and sing the character correctly. As to "Marguerite," she says that it is the highest impersonation which she has ever made. "This claim has been tested again and again before the most critical audiences of the oldest cities of Europe, and I am perfectly justified in making it. There are vulgar impersonations on the stage which assume that Marguerite has fallen before she comes upon the stage! That is not the true Marguerite. She is pure and simple-minded; but her simplicity is that of innocence, not of stupidity, much less of vulgarity—least of all, of sin. I do not slap Faust's face, nor push him away; nor let him play with me. No modest, timid girl would do any of these things. A grisette or a Gretchen might, but a Marguerite would not. I am reproached with coldness in Faust's love-making. Very well; every good woman who has ever been wooed knows that therein I have my hand in nature's. Is an innocent, guileless girl to play with such a suitor in his advances, as if she were no better than he? After Marguerite falls in love with Faust she shows it; but here again I am called cold. Well, I think I know the difference between love-making and vulgar love-making. I shall never be vulgar on the stage. That is neither art nor morals. Do you think that after receiving the congratulations of all Europe on my Marguerite, it is not a little piquante to have a Chicago critic assure me he would not like to see me in it a second time—in fact, that he would like to inform me as politely as possible, that it is not good?" Here, too, it will be noticed, that although it may be true that Miss Nilsson's "claim" may have been tested again and again before the most critical audiences of the gayest capitals of Europe, and that there are vulgar impersonations of Marguerite, which assume her to have fallen before the curtain rises, and though this may not be the true Marguerite, who is pure and simple-minded, but not stupid or vulgar, or naturally bad; and though she does not slap Faust's face, nor push him away, nor let him play with her (is it the incompetent and audacious Lucca who does these things, which no modest, timid girl would do, but which a grisette or a Gretchen might?); and though it may be that she ought to be cold in the love-making scenes, and though she

may know the difference between love-making and vulgar love-making, and though it be neither art nor morals to be vulgar on the stage, and she is quite right in intending not to be, and though indeed it must be "a little piquante," after receiving the congratulations of all Europe on such a part, to have a Chicago critic make a public statement to the effect that he would rather not see it a second time—still, we seem to be approaching but slowly the point—not whether the critic in question is or is not an ignoramus, but whether Mme. Nilsson is entitled to all the praise she receives for her Mignon and her Marguerite.

— WILL such questions ever be settled? Never, we imagine, while the world goes round. It seems to be one of the conditions of civilized life that whatever is done, there shall be a noise about it. There are people who like to write novels, and there are people who like to write about writing novels; there are people who like to write symphonies, or to sing in opera; there are people who like to write about hearing symphonies, and to communicate to the public the impression made upon their minds by the singing of an opera. More strange still, there are a large number of people who like to read what these people like to write. In the good old times, before there were any critics, and when the world was all artists and authors—there must, we suppose, even in that golden age, have been people who communicated to each other, by word of mouth, how they liked or disliked a book; how fine or how poor they found a picture, or how much

or how little they liked a concert. But they did not publish to the world what they thought and felt. Now, however, we live in a reading and writing period. Our orators are dying out; the "talker" is almost an extinct species. But we all read and we all write. Public opinion is in the hands of the press, or the press is in the hands of public opinion, whichever way we put it, and what cannot get itself published is naught. Criticism is a part and parcel of our daily lives, and is not a thing that can be crowded out. It may be a chilly atmosphere, but we doubt if any really great man was ever prevented from being great by criticism. But we are wandering far away from our original subject, which was merely the difficulties of musical criticism in Chicago, and the controversy between Mme. Nilsson and her critics as to her merits. The matter does not seem to be quite settled yet, and indeed it would appear to have taken a new turn, which may lead to questions more insoluble than any of those to which we have already alluded; for in reply to a German critic, who said of Capoul that "he was born a lunatic, and in his lighter moments is an idiot," she explained this extraordinary statement (which we confess we should have taken ourselves for American humor) as "a German's opinion of somebody who is not a German," and added: "I suppose it arises from his panting in getting a full breath. There is an impression that his pant is dramatic intensity. It is not, I assure you. It is nature—mere nature. He cannot breathe any other way. Do not credit that to his art. He cannot help it. It is constitutional."

THE GALAXY

Miscellany and Advertiser.

SECRETARY WELLES's new book, "Lincoln and Seward," which Sheldon & Company will publish about the end of this month, will doubtless have a very large sale. Every intelligent man will be glad to read anything new about these two historic characters, and who can tell so much which the public will be glad to know as Mr. Welles, who sat with Mr. Seward at Mr. Lincoln's council board for four years, and at Mr. Johnson's with him four years more?

OLD Bob Jackson owned a horse and carriage in a country town, and made many an honest dollar letting his team to his neighbors when they had occasion to hire a conveyance. He was always ready to accommodate, provided he felt satisfied that the horse was in good hands and would not be driven over fast, and whenever he let it, even to the most careful drivers, he always exacted this promise from them. One day a man came to borrow Bob's team, and after exacting a promise from him that he would not drive fast, he hitched up the horse. As he was driving out of the yard, Bob hailed him, and going up to the carriage, said:

"Now, remember what I said to you; don't you drive this horse too fast?"

"Pshaw! I am going to a funeral, and this horse has got to keep up with the procession or die," replied the man, as he whipped up and drove away.

WHEN the waiter passed Spicer some very old cheese at the hotel table, the other day, he responded: "Not a mite."

IN a letter to a friend, a young lady of Illinois states that she is not engaged, but she sees a cloud above the horizon about as large as a man's hand.

OF Judge Grier this "personal" is related, of how he set aside the unjust verdict of a jury against an unpopular man. Said he: "Enter the verdict, Mr. Clerk.

Enter, also, 'Set aside by the Court.' I want it to be understood that it takes thirteen men to steal a man's farm in this court."

THEODORE HOOK was at a musical party at which a certain young lady attempted to sing a very difficult song, which she gave with exaggerated feeling and a great many blunders. "Don't you adore her singing?" asked a gushing old lady who sat next to Hook; "it's so full of soul." "Well, madam, for my part," answered the wit, "I think there seems more of the flounder than the sole about it."

A LADY asked a veteran which rifle carried the maximum distance. The old chap answered: "The Minie mum."

THE Cabinet organs of Mason & Hamlin took the highest medal and diploma of honor at the Vienna Exposition. This compliment was well deserved, for these instruments are, without doubt, the best made anywhere in the world.

NEAL & PRAY was the title of a house in New England, of which both members were anything but religiously inclined. "Robb & Steel" was another firm in which both members were noted for their honorable character—quite as much as "Wright & Justice," who were their neighbors. "U. Ketchem & I. Cheatham," is a well-known incongruity; but the marriage of Benjamin Bird, aged sixty, to Julia Chaff, aged twenty, showing that "an old bird may be caught by chaff," is not so familiar; nor is the marriage of George Virtue to Susan Vice. These collections of familiar names are "odd" enough; and so it is when we find in a newspaper paragraph that John Makepeace has been arrested for instigating a riot, or when Parson Playfair is charged with cheating at cards.

CONTINENTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.
—Our columns contain the annual state-

ment of the executive management of the above company for the year to January 1, 1874, to which we refer our readers. Since the organization of the company in 1866, a little over seven years ago, it has established successful agencies in all the principal cities and towns throughout the country—at, of course, necessarily, a heavy yet judicious expense, in view of its future prosperity—returned to its policy-holders, or their legal representatives, for death claims, dividends, or surrendered policies, \$5,019,928 19, beside the payment of all taxes (State and local), commissions, original renewal, and commuted, advertising, printing and stationery, law and office expenses, etc., yet has \$6,539,325 62 of accumulated assets, January 1, 1874. After laying aside a “reserve” or reinsurance fund of \$5,698,830, with \$161,214 for reported unadjusted losses, and \$7,640 for small claims, making a total liability of \$5,867,684, yet the company has a surplus as to policy-holders of \$371,641 62 for dividends. This official record establishes the successful and judicious management of the company

“PROFESSOR,” said a student in pursuit of knowledge concerning animals, “why does a cat, while eating, turn her head first one way and then another?” “For the reason,” replied the professor, “that she cannot turn it both ways at once.”

ONE of the readiest replies we have heard lately was made by an Irish laborer. A gentleman travelling on horseback “down East” came upon an Irishman who was fencing in a most barren and desolate piece of land. “What are you fencing in that lot for, Pat?” said he; “a herd of cattle would starve to death on that land.” “And sure, yer honor, wasn’t I fencin’ it in to kape the poor bastes out av it?”

J. W. JOHNSTON, the great shirt maker, announces that he bows to the “logic of events,” and has reduced the prices on his standard shirts. His factory is 260 Grand street.

A FRENCH writer has described a young lady as a creature that ceases to kiss gentlemen at twelve and begins again at twenty.

PRINCIPAL LEE, of Edinburgh University, was frequently complaining of his health, and seemed to take a pleasure in expatiating on his ailments. He was met by Professor Robertson, who expressed a hope that he was well.

“Far from well,” said the principal; “I’ve had no sleep for a fortnight.”

“Then, principal,” replied the professor, “you’re getting better: when we last met you had not slept for six weeks!”

WHATEVER the wind may do in winter, it cannot be denied that in spring “it turns over a new leaf.”

W. J. PAILLARD & Co. are the leading importers of the now celebrated “Music Boxes.” The perfection to which these instruments are carried would astonish any one who has not visited their store.

A SAILOR dropped out of the rigging of a ship of war, some fifteen or twenty feet, and fell plump on the head of the first lieutenant. “Wretch,” said the officer, after he had gathered himself up, “where the deuce did you come from?” “An’ sure I came from the north of Ireland, yer honor.”

ONE of the irresistible bores who profess to know every literary man in London met a well-known writer for the press the other day and claimed acquaintanceship. “We supped together one night last Christmas,” said he—“if you remember, there was a stuffed turkey.” “I remember the turkey very well, but I cannot say that I remember you,” was the cutting reply.

AN elderly lady, who was handling a set of false teeth in a dental office, and admiring the fluency with which the doctor described them, asked him, “Can a body eat with these things?” “My dear madam, mastication can be performed with a facility almost equal to nature itself,” responded the doctor. “Yes, I know; but can a body eat with them?”

THAT was a very singular mistake made by Digg at a wedding, who, when introduced to the bride, wished that she might enjoy many returns of the present happy occasion.



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LINLEY ROCHFORD.

By JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

CHAPTER XV.

SINDA'S BROTHER.

LINLEY awoke next morning with a stupefying sense of privation and pain. Once for all, she had lost Rochford. In the bewildering misery of her position that alone was clear. He did not love her as she would be loved, and he was not the man she thought she loved. It might be that there was nothing serious in his sudden demonstration of affection for Miss Courcelles; it might be that sensible men and women of the world would think little of an unpremeditated and involuntary ebullition of old sentiment under such circumstances toward an old flame; it might be that as the world went Rochford's wife had no ground for any serious grievance; all that might very well be. Also it was likely enough that a goodly proportion of happy, loving, and now well-beloved wives, would not have been the wives of their present husbands if the husbands had not seen them soon after a quarrel with some former idol. Linley turned over these considerations in her mind more or less vaguely, summoning them up partly from her reading and partly from what she remembered having heard sensible people say. But these thoughts in no wise altered her position. Her loss was all the same. Her husband had never loved her with what she would have called love; and he was not, never had been, never could be, what she was once too proud to believe him. Nothing on earth could change or conjure away these realities.

Even at what seem to be moments of great heart-crises, mere littlenesses sometimes come to occupy the foreground. Linley was conscious all through her melancholy reflections, through all her dismal recognition of her life's bereavement, that she dreaded meeting Rochford alone, and did not know how to talk to him.

She might have spared herself any trouble on that subject. Rochford was in manner just the same as any other morning, except that perhaps he was a shade more attentive and gentle in his bearing to Linley—to whom, indeed, he was ordinarily gentle and attentive enough.

"Tuxham is coming here this afternoon, Linley. He begs that you will take him to the Academy and point him out the pictures that he ought to see."

"I didn't think Mr. Tuxham cared much about pictures."

"He doesn't care about them. But he likes to show you by ever so many reasons how bad they are, and how little each particular painter understands

of his own style of art. Show him one by Millais and tell him it's Leighton's, and he'll demonstrate that Leighton's manner is wretched, and that Millais is the only true artist."

A card was brought in from Mr. Platt with a message to say that Mr. Platt particularly wished to see Mr. Rochford, but would come at any time in the day Mr. Rochford would appoint, if Mr. Rochford was engaged just then.

"Let's have him now," said Rochford. "I had rather he came while you were here, Linley. You can ask after his wife, and all that sort of thing—show some interest in him—better than I can."

"I like him very much," said Linley. "He is so unselfish and sincere."

"My dear child, everybody must have some good quality. What in the name of heaven could we do with Platt if he were selfish and insincere?"

Mr. Platt entered the room with one or two awkward bows and an air of fussy importance. When he saw Linley he became more awkward still, and a deeper flush of modesty came over his homely red-bearded face.

"Mr. Rochford, sir, I have taken the liberty to trouble you this early—in fact, immaturity, as I may say; but I didn't mean—far from it—to trouble Mrs. Rochford too."

"Shall I leave you for a while, Mr. Platt? shall I be in the way?"

"Oh, please, ma'am, Mrs. Rochford, not at all; quite the reverse, I'm sure. I have come to ask for your good husband's advice; but your advice too, Mrs. Rochford, will be a favor. In fact, it is just one of those situations in which the delicate sentiment and—and—the noble instincts, ma'am, of a woman—that is, of a lady—will be highly appreciated and esteemed a favor. But you won't think, ma'am, I beg, that in anything I'm about to say there is any ostentation or pride."

"I don't think any one, even an enemy, Mr. Platt, would suspect you of ostentation," said Linley smiling—"I mean if you had an enemy."

"Which the best of us may have, ma'am—the best of us may have. If you try to do good in the world, it's quite surprising the number of enemies that spring up. Life is a battle, some poet says, Mr. Rochford, I think."

"I think a good many poets have made the remark," Rochford answered carelessly.

"Well, sir, that only confirms the truth of it. In the multitude of counsellors we ought to have wisdom, I'm sure; and when the counsellors agree—which they don't often, Mrs. Rochford—we have a right to believe them. But I am consuming in idle remarks your valuable time. Let me come to my point."

Rochford nodded his head encouragingly.

"Well," said Mr. Platt, laying one hand on each of his knees and looking fixedly on the ground, "a great honor has been paid to me. It's an honor, Mr. Rochford—and Mrs. Rochford—of which I never could have dreamt; not to say when I was a boy, sir—and ma'am—but when I was a middle-aged man. We live in a constitutional country; in a country of representative institutions, as you know well, Mr. Rochford—and your good lady too does not need to learn of me; and I believe it's generally accounted that a man in this country cannot attain to a more honorable position than that of representing his native city in Parliament?"

Rochford looked up a little surprised, and contracted his eyebrows.

"No doubt it's a very honorable position, or at least it ought to be." (Rochford had himself sometimes had impulses to seek a seat in Parliament, but

always put away the idea, or perhaps allowed it to float away. He felt a little irritated now at thought of the honor being actually offered to such a person as Mr. Platt.)

"Yes, Mr. Rochford, as you say, it ought to be. I am well aware that it ain't always—I mean that it is not always—kept as honorable as it ought to be, nor yet acquired by the most deserving persons. A profession, I have heard it said, never disgraced a man, but a man may disgrace any profession; and likewise a parliamentary position. Still, the position in itself is honorable, and to which honorable men do aspire."

"Quite right, quite right; there is no reason whatever why you should not turn your attention that way, Mr. Platt."

"Excuse me, Mr. Rochford; hear me out, sir—and Mrs. Rochford. Well, sir, I've been invited to stand as candidate for the representation of my native town—the town where me and Mrs. Platt worked in the same factory, ma'am; and where many a time we went about the streets barefoot, if I may be allowed to say so. Well, that's something of a compliment to be paid to a man; and we're all mortal. But, Mr. Rochford, I know well that the compliment ain't paid to me. It's paid to the cause, sir, of which I am the humble advocate; the cause of some of our poorer brethren, ma'am, which the Lord has graciously permitted me to advocate."

"Perhaps you can advocate the cause all the better by having the letters M. P. added to your name," said Rochford quietly. Rochford was not given to sneering, but he loved to detect little human weaknesses, and he felt convinced he had found one in this instance. He glanced at Linley as if to invite her attention. Rochford of late seldom lost a chance of inviting Linley to observe that men were not usually heroes.

"There it is, Mr. Rochford! There you've hit it, sir; and with all your usual acuteness! You've just come to the point, sir."

"I thought so."

"That's what we've been talking over—me and Mrs. Platt—all the morning. If I could serve the cause better. Ah, yes; but suppose I couldn't—how would that be? Now that's what I've come to talk to you about, Mr. Rochford, and very glad I am that your good lady is here too. Mr. Rochford, sir, I've got it into my head lately that I've been only sent on earth to make the voice of that class of my fellow beings heard all through the length and breadth of the land. Why shouldn't I have a mission, sir? Every one has, I hope."

"I haven't found mine yet," said Rochford.

"Time enough, sir. It will come, you may depend upon it. Well, ma'am, what other mission could I have? I'm not a clever man, nor a scholar; and why did I get so much money—why did things prosper with me? Mrs. Platt and me, we haven't any children, and don't want much money anyhow. How did I touch the hearts of the crowd at Exeter Hall? I am no speaker. I tried to prepare a speech, I own, but I didn't say a word of what I meant to say when the time came. Because it's made my business and my mission to advocate that cause, and because that's my appointed duty in life."

"Well, one can't have a better platform than the House of Commons."

"Now that's just what I don't know, sir, and what I want you to advise me about. It would be a good platform for you, I don't doubt. You could talk to gentlemen like a gentleman. But how about me, Mr. Rochford—and Mrs. Rochford? Suppose I make a speech there, and get out in my grammar

or my pronunciation—wouldn't they laugh at me? That wouldn't matter neither; a man mustn't heed being laughed at in a good cause. But how if the unworthy advocate makes the good cause seem laughable? wouldn't that be spoiling the very work I have in hand? That's what me and Mrs. Platt have been asking ourselves. That's what I want to ask you both now, taking the liberty to assume that we are real friends."

The question was certainly not an easy one to deal with. Rochford began with some commonplaces about Mr. Platt overrating his own deficiencies, but Platt gravely interposed:

"Mr. Rochford, sir, I do beg that you'll treat me quite as a friend. I beg, sir, therefore, that you won't think of me so much as of the cause I have at 'art. I'm sure, sir, if I was to ask you whether you thought I was skilful enough to jump out of this window and come safely on the ground fifteen feet below, you wouldn't let me break my legs for the sake of pleasing my vanity as a jumper. You'd say frankly, Platt, my good fellow, you're too heavy for that sort of thing, and you've not had the training—don't do it. Well now, sir, believe me, I'd rather break my legs than bring any ridicule on the cause of these pore fellow creatures that it's my duty to advocate."

"I don't think any House of Commons, if it's composed of gentlemen," interposed Linley warmly, "could mistake you, Mr. Platt, or fail to do you justice."

"Mrs. Rochford, ma'am, it's one thing to know a person, and to know that he means well; it's another thing not to know him and only to hear him speak. You, ma'am, are kind enough to overlook my defects—you're not a person to turn a friend into ridicule (Linley winced a little under this praise); but how could I expect the House of Commons to be so considerate? But that isn't the thing, after all. I shouldn't mind their laughing at *me*. But would that last, and would it injure the cause of my pore people? I'm told, and I have read, that once a thing becomes ridiculous in Parliament it hasn't got any chance. I'm sorry if that's so; but if it is so, I ain't a going to run the fifty-fifth part of a risk of damaging my cause for the vanity of representing my native city in Parliament. Now, Mr. Rochford, sir, I throw myself upon you as a friend, and a gentleman, and a learned man, and all that, to advise me."

Then Mr. Platt rubbed his forehead, cleared his throat, and looked from one to the other.

"Which way does your own instinct lead you, Mr. Platt?" asked Linley, as Rochford remained silent.

"Well, ma'am, two ways—according to the way of considering it. I don't think I'm fit for it, and yet I don't say I shouldn't like the honor of it. But I put all that away, and I only ask how shall I best serve my cause?"

"I am about the worst person in the world to advise any one," said Rochford. "I never could see that any one course in life was sure to have much advantage over any other. I should give you the advice offered to Panurge when he wanted to know whether he ought to marry."

"But that was a different case, sir. That only concerned the gentleman himself—and the lady, of course; and I think they might have made up their minds for themselves without consulting anybody. Me and Mrs. Platt didn't ask for any advice, you may be sure; and I dare say, Mrs. Rochford, ma'am, you didn't consult any adviser but your own 'art."

"No, Linley consulted no adviser—that is quite certain," said Rochford in a low tone.

"She hadn't need to, sir. But what advice did the gentleman get—your friend?"

"Well, you see the advice wouldn't apply, Mr. Platt—and it's only a character in a book," Rochford added hastily.

"There it is, now," Mr. Platt said rather ruefully. "These are the mistakes a man makes who isn't a scholar. Suppose I said something like that in the House of Commons?"

"Mr. Platt," Linley remarked earnestly, "I don't know anything about the House of Commons, but I don't see why you need have any fear of that place or any other if you keep to your own subject and speak from your heart."

"Then you would go on, ma'am, if you was me?"

"That I would. But pray don't mind me—I don't know anything about it; and women are always for rushing wildly on and doing rash things."

"Mrs. Rochford has never been to the House of Commons," said Rochford coldly, "and she knows very, very little of the ways of London. My advice would be worth nothing, Mr. Platt, so I don't offer it. You had better ask Valentine; he understands most things, and has a decisive way when he makes up his mind. If you are not pressed for time, I'll send for him."

Rochford rang the bell and bade a servant send to Mr. Valentine's chambers and ask him if he could spare a few moments' time.

"Hadn't I better wait on him?" Mr. Platt suggested; "won't he think it strange our sending for him?"

"No," replied Rochford; "he knows all my indolent ways, and he delights in going about."

Linley thought that if she were a man she would hardly relish being summoned so cavalierly even to the presence of a friend.

"Mr. Valentine is very good-natured," she said aloud, "and remarkably patient."

"He seems a truly devoted friend," Mr. Platt observed.

"And he has nothing to do," said Linley. She felt a certain spice of malignity in her toward the friend whom no fault could affect, and who was always willing to come when sent for.

"Lucky for *me*," Rochford remarked; "I shouldn't know how to get on without him."

"You don't happen to know," Mr. Platt asked, "of any young man that wants a situation as secretary, Mr. Rochford?"

"Were you thinking of Mr. Valentine?" Linley interposed. "I fear his time is all engaged, Mr. Platt."

"Oh, no, Mrs. Rochford. Not of a gentleman like that, surely. But some young man, clever, and a good scholar, and poor of course, to whom such salary as I could give would be an object—somebody, you know, who could write letters, and talk French, and help me in getting up meetings; somebody with a suggestive mind, Mr. Rochford, a suggestive mind, which I don't hesitate to say I haven't got myself."

"I don't know anybody," said Rochford.

"I only wish I knew some one, Mr. Platt," said Linley. "I think one could hardly serve a better cause or have a better employer. I wish I were a young man."

"Ah, ma'am, yours is a happier and a brighter destiny than us men could have," said Mr. Platt.

While they talked Mr. Tuxham presented himself and was made acquainted with the subject of controversy.

"Good!" said that decided arbitrator. "Do so, Platt, by all means. Go into the House of Commons and crown your career by adding one more talker to that mob of talkers. It's a mob, the House of Commons, and the worst kind of mob—a well-dressed, wealthy, snobbish, dinner-eating, white-choker-wearing mob! Go in there, Platt, and have the comfort of knowing that after all you are only a bawler on the edge of the mob, and that you hardly belong to it at all. Go into the House of Commons—that's what comes of philanthropy!"

"You are hard, Mr. Tuxham, but you mean it well, and I don't deny that I have now and then thought something of the same kind."

"Then why do you go to make a fool of yourself at your time of life? Where is your wife? why doesn't she teach you better sense?"

"You don't think of the cause, Mr. Tuxham."

"Bosh!" said Tuxham.

"For shame!" exclaimed Linley; while Rochford laughed, greatly amused. "Mr. Platt, I hope you won't be talked out of your good purposes by any ridicule or discouragement. I respect and admire you for what you are doing."

"Thank you, ma'am, very much. I am proud to have the ladies on my side. I'm not discouraged, ma'am—I couldn't be; for I know that I have a mission."

"Have a what?" Tuxham asked, turning sharply round.

"A mission—from Providence, sir."

"Oh, then, I give you over altogether, Platt. A man with a mission—a man who can have the self-conceit to suppose that Heaven has specially chosen him out——"

"I hope Heaven can choose even the humblest of us out as instruments," Mr. Platt began.

"I dare say it can," said Tuxham; "but I don't believe we generally know it when it does. I thought to have a mission was a woman's part."

"Submission I should have thought was a woman's part in your judgment, Mr. Tuxham," said Linley.

"Mme. de Staël said so, madame, and she was a very clever woman; but she didn't make puns—certainly not bad ones."

"Are we not rather wandering away from our subject?" Rochford suggested.

Luckily Mr. Valentine came to bring them back to it. He heard the whole case stated by Mr. Platt, and thought it over, holding his beard in one hand the while.

"What is the opinion of the general public?" he asked—"I mean as represented in this room."

"I have no opinion," said Rochford. "I am for Mr. Platt doing whatever he likes. He is certain in any case to wish afterwards that he had done the other thing."

"I have an opinion," Tuxham said—"I am in the habit of forming opinions. But I shan't tell you what I think just yet, Valentine, because you would be sure to take the opposite view out of sheer contradiction."

"I have an opinion too," said Linley, "but it is formed, like most women's opinions, without knowing anything about the matter; and so I shall keep it to myself, Mr. Valentine."

"*Oh, si sic omnia*—I mean *omnes*—I mean all women; I suppose they are not neuter—I wish they would all show as much discretion," Tuxham remarked.

"Your Latin, Tuxham, your fresh and original quotation," said Valentine, "suggests a way out of the difficulty. Let us appeal to the fates. Let us consult the *sortes Virgilianæ*."

"Who are they?" Mr. Platt asked.

"Here's a Virgil," Valentine went on without offering any explanation. "Let's open it anywhere—first line on the left page. Here you are, Platt, my good fellow :

Qui vita bene credat emi quo tendis honorem.

'There's a spur to your intent! Many a man, sir, would think the honor you are driving after cheaply bought with his life! Go forward, Platt, and die a member of Parliament. The oracle has spoken!'"

"But you are mistaken, Mr. Valentine; *that* don't apply to me. I don't want the honor—at least I don't care so much about it as all that comes to. I want to know if I can do any good."

"Open the book for yourself, then," said Valentine, "and see what will come of it."

Mr. Platt took the book half-reluctantly, and with an expression of puzzled good-humor. He had such a veneration for the scholarship he lacked that he was not prepared to deny to the Latin poet the possibility of divination, while at the same time the whole proceeding seemed rather childish. His good-humored nature prevailed, and he opened the volume at random.

"Why, look here!" Valentine exclaimed. "It's as clear and encouraging as—as Tuxham's face." (Mr. Tuxham was frowning darkly at all this foolery, and now turned to the window in utter contempt.) "Listen: '*Missus in imperium magorum.*' Sent into the Imperial Parliament."

Platt shook his head with a good-humored smile.

"I'd rather have your own opinion, Mr. Valentine. I'm afraid Virgil didn't quite understand all the circumstances of the case."

"I fear you are not likely to get much assistance from any of us here, Mr. Platt," Linley said with a certain bitterness in her tone. "Your interests are too serious for us. We have nothing to do, and we only want to amuse ourselves."

"I'm sure that can't be said of you, Mrs. Rochford, ma'am," the kindly Platt hastened to declare. "And as for our friend Valentine here, I know his ways, and I know he's only just trying to get time in this way to give the thing another thought or two. I don't mind him, bless you; I can wait till the spirit moves him."

"Platt," said Valentine, "you are a sensible fellow, and I have made up my mind. Go into the House of Commons by all means, since you have the chance of getting in there on such honorable terms and without fawning or bribing. Talk on your own subject when there's an opportunity; talk right out from your heart, and don't talk too long. The House, with all its faults, is a mob with a manly heart—it will understand a sincere man. I am prepared to bet any nameless amount, with Tuxham or any other cheap cynic, that you get a hearing."

"Then you really think I shan't injure the cause—and get laughed at?" Platt asked with beaming eyes.

"Somebody laughs at everybody—that's a law of life. But there will be

no laugh that you need care about. The House—as a House, mind—will understand you, Platt, and your cause will go ahead. Lucky fellow to have a cause!”

“A good heart finds a good cause,” said Linley, who still felt rather vexed at the manner in which Mr. Platt had been received. Then she grew abashed, and thought her axiom must have sounded like a line from a school-girl’s copy-book.

“I’m much obliged to you, Valentine,” Mr. Platt said. “Your words encourage me. I’ll report progress to Mrs. Platt, and we’ll talk it over.”

A servant brought a message to Linley just as Mr. Platt was rising to take his leave.

“Will you kindly remain a moment, Mr. Platt?” Linley asked. “Here is a visitor in whom I should like to interest you, if I could—if he deserves your interest.”

“Any one, ma’am, in whom you——” Mr. Platt began, and stopped there, thinking he had made his meaning clear enough.

“Louis, this is the young man of whom I told you—whom I met yesterday—the brother of my little Sinda. I don’t know anything of him, but I should like to give him a helping hand if we could—and if he deserves it. May we see him here?”

“Yes, Linley, if you wish it. I should be only too glad to have a chance of helping him.”

Mr. Rochford spoke with unusual emphasis, and he was quite sincere. He longed for a chance of doing anything which could please Linley, and he knew it would be of no avail to make her a present of a new bonnet or a bracelet. He wished too to seem not quite mean and ignoble in her eyes. The turning up of this new protégé of hers was therefore opportune. Mr. Rochford was resolved to find merit in the protégé, whatever he might prove to be, and to favor any whim of Linley’s regarding him. He had a vague impression that Linley would perhaps wish to have him employed as a page, or a groom, or a gardener.

Mr. Rochford certainly was not prepared to see the well-dressed, gentlemanlike young man, of graceful form (though very short) and perfectly easy manners, who now presented himself, and who went up to Linley with the air of an ordinary visitor, only perhaps bowing a little lower than is the custom of our unconcerned British youth of to-day.

Linley hastened to present him to her husband. His name she had only learned for the first time when she received his card, on which was added in pencil, “Sinda’s brother.”

“Louis, this is Mr. Albert Marzell, of whom I told you—Sinda’s brother.”

“Mr. Rochford will know me best as Sinda’s brother,” said the new-comer. “His unparalleled kindness to her is my excuse for asking Mrs. Rochford to allow me to pay this visit. How can I thank you, Mr. Rochford?”

“I am only afraid I don’t deserve any thanks; it was all my wife’s doing, not mine. I am very glad to see you, Mr.——.” Rochford had not quite caught the name.

“You don’t want to be thanked,” the young man said with a smile in his bright eyes. “All the better for me. How could I say half what I feel? As for Mrs. Rochford, I can only thank her as one thanks a patron saint—I mean as people do in other countries—in silent prayer.”

“Why, this is a morning call,” Mr. Tuxham muttered.

"You have come from abroad, Mr. Marzell?" Linley said, wishing to give a turn to the conversation.

"I have been beating about Europe for many years."

"As a courier, probably," grumbled Tuxham, thus harmlessly relieving his mind; for he took care that his comment was not heard by anybody but Valentine.

"Not as a traveller—I need hardly say that, I suppose; but only trying to make a living and to push my way. Ours was a hard struggle, Mrs. Rochford, and a melancholy story, but I'll not trouble you with it now. It was in Paris I heard of the crowning misfortunes which had at last befallen us, and brought us to the dust—or would have done so but for the powerful protectors who appeared so unexpectedly."

He paused, and Linley again came to the rescue. It was easy, she thought, to understand his emotion.

"These are gentlemen," she said, "who know your sister—and neighbors of ours in Dripdeanham—Mr. Platt and Mr. Tuxham."

Both gentlemen bowed, and Mr. Platt said, "I am very happy, sir, to make your acquaintance. One in whom Mrs. Rochford, sir, takes such an interest cannot but be interesting to me."

"Mr. Tuxham I have heard of from my sister—I have heard of the great pains he has so kindly taken in helping to instruct the poor little orphan, and of the generous manner in which he has aided her with his time and his learning."

"Oh, there's nothing in that," said Tuxham, a little propitiated, nevertheless; "your sister's a very clever little thing. Pity if somebody didn't take her in hand."

"My sister is the most fortunate child in the world to have found such protectors. But pardon me, Mrs. Rochford—I am still rather a stranger to my own country—and I think you spoke of this gentleman as Mr. Platt? Not surely *the* Mr. Platt? The great philanthropist? Mr. Platt of Dripdeanham?"

"I'm Platt of Dripdeanham," said that gentleman with a broad smile. "As for the rest of it, I'm a very plain man who only wants to help his fellow beings all he can—that's about the whole of it."

"Your name is known all over Europe, Mr. Platt, and your good deeds are spoken of wherever people care about good deeds at all. I am proud of having met you, and there is a peculiar reason why I should feel so. I belong in one sense to the very class you have served so well."

"How's that?" said downright Platt, looking at the small gloved hands of the youth.

"My poor mother was once a factory worker, Mr. Platt. I am not ashamed of it. I wish no other member of the family had brought on it any greater discredit."

"I'm very pleased to make your acquaintance, sir," Mr. Platt said once more. "I'm glad to know a man who isn't ashamed of his beginnings when he has risen above them. I wish you would give me a call. Mrs. Platt will be pleased to see you. Mrs. Rochford, ma'am, I've taken up your time in a way that don't admit of excuse. Good morning, ma'am—and much obliged, Mr. Rochford, sir. Good morning, Mr. Valentine; you have given me new courage, and I thank you. Good day, Mr. Tuxham."

So Mr. Platt left them.

"I wasn't a factory hand," said Tuxham, "but I'm not ashamed to acknowledge it. People seem only proud nowadays of having begun life in a garret or a ditch. I knew something—not much—Mr.—ah—Mr. Marzell, about your people, and I never heard that your mother was a factory hand. She didn't look like it."

"She was a handsome woman," said Marzell in a low tone. "It would have been happier for her if she had never left her original sphere."

Mr. Tuxham stared, but said nothing. He did not know what to make of all this, and the boy's gentle manner defeated him.

Linley felt deeply for the young man—his part at present was so difficult to play, and he seemed to perform it with such simple and manly dignity. He had come there avowedly as one needing a helping hand; as the brother of the poor little outcast child whom Rochford's house had sheltered; he so frankly and simply acknowledged his condition, and yet bore himself so like a gentleman—so like a man. She felt sure his history would honorably explain all that now seemed strange, and that he had been pushing a way for himself in some creditable path, until the news of his family sufferings reaching him, drew him back at once to England. She was convinced that some of the things said that day must have wounded him deeply, though he was too proud to wince at the wound; and she was herself so unhappy that she felt herself of kin with all the unhappy. For all the time that she stood there and talked and smiled, a miserable sense of loneliness and of hopeless disappointment was present, like the pain that makes itself felt through a dream.

Mr. Valentine had not taken any part in the conversation since the stranger had entered. He leaned against a chimneypiece and watched the scene with blended curiosity and melancholy. He had observed certain changes gradually foreshadowing themselves in the household, which he could not understand, and which he interpreted into discouraging omens. We have heard him already express his fear that Rochford had not found the woman whose character was qualified to improve and strengthen him. Now, the night before he had walked out to his sister's house after leaving Rochford's, and he heard of Linley's visit. But he had heard at Linley's own table that she was with her husband and Cynthia Courcelles in the Row. That story was clearly untrue. What did the untruth mean, and why should Linley have taken part in it? Once Louis Rochford was incapable of any manner even of suggested untruth. Valentine looked now into Linley's youthful, sympathetic face, and he wondered that such clear eyes could cover prevarication. It was not much of a deception, and was probably quite innocent in its purpose; but still it was deception, and Valentine felt grieved. Now he observed with renewed curiosity the apparent sympathy of Linley for this new-comer, toward whom he began at once to feel the most unreasonable dislike. Valentine felt certain that when the young man so much impressed Mr. Platt it was by a *coup de théâtre* and a pure fiction.

Linley looked up and saw Valentine's eyes resting on her. She turned away; she began to regard Valentine as the too easy friend who tolerated Rochford's failings. Valentine came from his place by the chimney corner, and rather abruptly took his leave.

Rochford, whose life was a prolonged lounge, had so completely trained all his closer acquaintances to his own habits, that everybody lounged who visited him at unceremonial hours. They lounged in and lounged out, *sans gêne*. Valentine sometimes looked in at midnight. Therefore the fact that

he, usually so talkative, sometimes dropped out of the conversation and took his leave without any particularly apparent motive, did not surprise Linley.

Tuxham, too, prepared to go.

"I thought you wished to go to the Academy, Tuxham?" said Rochford.

"To-morrow," answered Tuxham; "that is, if you are not all too much occupied. To-day you seem busy, and I see you have no time for me. What with people falling off their horses, and other people going out of their minds—I mean into Parliament—we have no time for pictures. But perhaps to-morrow."

So he too took his leave discontented. He overtook Valentine in the square.

"What did you think of that fellow?" he asked abruptly.

"What fellow?" Valentine was not thinking of fellows just then.

"That little humbug that has got hold of the Rochfords now."

"Oh, that fellow? Well, Tuxham, to tell you the truth, and not say anything uncharitable of a fellow creature, I shall merely remark that I don't like him."

"A regular humbug, sir! Did you observe the plant at that thick-headed Platt? That young fellow's mother was no more a factory worker than you or I. She was a girl of decent family, sir, and deuced bad taste, who married the quadroon fellow because he had fine eyes, and pretended to be an Indian prince, or something of the kind. I found out that much at least about them. That young fellow is a liar, and I shouldn't wonder if he were to turn out a thief."

"Come, now, Tuxham, isn't that carrying prejudice rather too far?"

"I never have prejudices. Prejudice! If I have good sight and can tell the time of day by that clock in the church yonder, before you could see that it is a clock, is that prejudice too? Same thing in judging of human beings. I have better sight than others, that's all."

"I wonder," said Valentine gravely, "which would please you better, that the young man should turn out all right and prove you to be all wrong, or the reverse? Most of us, I fancy, would rather hear that the earthquake did swallow up the city than that we were mistaken when we foretold the earthquake."

Mr. Tuxham was offended, and dropped the conversation.

CHAPTER XVI.

CONDONED.

"MR. TUXHAM is a little eccentric," Linley explained apologetically to her new acquaintance when Rochford, he, and she were left alone. "You must not mind him. Nobody does; he says things that he doesn't mean."

"He has nothing to do in life," Rochford added smiling, "but to play at cynicism."

"I know too much of Mr. Tuxham's goodness to feel offended at anything it pleases him to say. I have heard from my sister how kind he can be. And now—I know I have no right to take up your time—but may I say something about myself? You have both been so kind—the only generous friends I have ever known—that I feel as if you ought to know something of me, and why I am here."

Sinda's brother when Rochford, of his own unsolicited inclination, invited him to luncheon. Any dreary bore might be asked to dinner; but this cosey, unimportant meal was quite a different thing. Its own business and pleasures could never supply the lack of an agreeable talker. Also Rochford liked to have as little as possible of the presence of servants at luncheon, and Linley therefore made herself generally useful.

A more easy, self-possessed, and helpful personage never sat to an unfamiliar table than young Marzell. He seemed to have mastered the ways of the house in a moment, as by instinct. He divined Linley's wishes and purposes before she could move to accomplish them. Of two kinds of sherry he chose the particular one which Rochford esteemed the most, and gave with frank composure his reason for liking it best, in a manner which filled Rochford with wonder and respect. Linley watched him, too, with a certain surprise bordering on admiration. She could hardly believe sometimes that he really was the brother of the poor little Sinda. He talked of anything and all things; he started new topics of conversation as old ones flagged; he talked a great deal, but always with fluent gentleness, and never interrupting anybody else; he applied himself to his cutlet, tasted his dry sherry, and relished his caviare. Nothing interested Linley, as a student of life from upper boxes, more than to observe the delicate and almost imperceptible shade of deference in his manner toward Mr. Rochford and herself—especially to Rochford. It seemed to say, "I am the equal of anybody as far as merit goes, but you two are my benefactors, and thus distinguished from everybody else and entitled to my especial homage."

This decidedly told on Rochford. In another way the manner of the young man told also on Mrs. Courcelles; for it ought to have been said that the meal was graced by the presence of Mrs. Courcelles. Miss Cynthia was getting on well enough now to allow even the fondest of mothers to quit her bedside for an hour with a quiet heart. Mrs. Courcelles was greatly perplexed by the presence and manner of Mr. Marzell, whose name she hardly caught, and of whom she could make nothing. Linley was malignly amused by the clever lady's efforts to make out something of the stranger, and the instinctive skill with which he baffled her attempts. Mr. Albert Marzell was so easy, conversational, and attentive, that Mrs. Courcelles assumed that he must be somebody, and she did not observe at first that in any case he was not nearly tall enough for Cynthia. The game was decidedly amusing. Usually Mrs. Courcelles treated strangers of whose position she was not quite sure with a cold and distant urbanity, which kept them firmly off, and intimated that until they showed themselves innocent of poverty and humble position, they must be dealt with as guilty thereof. But this young man made himself so easily at home, and put himself so promptly on a conversational level with Mrs. Courcelles, whose name he knew in a moment, that she assumed his social position as self-evident.

"You seem to have travelled so much," she said at one point of the conversation. "How delightful travelling, for people who have health, and nerves, and all that."

"I don't know that I have travelled so very much," he answered coolly. "Living in several foreign capitals in succession is hardly what you would call travelling, Mrs. Courcelles. I was always tied for the time to the one place and the one set or sort of people."

"I thought so!" Mrs. Courcelles said to herself in triumph. "In the dip-

lomatic service!" Then she asked aloud, "Did you know Lord Blossom? But of course you did; I needn't have asked."

"Lord Blossom? No, as it happens, I don't know Lord Blossom at all. He wasn't in Vienna in my time; when he was in Vienna I was in Paris—no, in Turin."

"I knew I was right," Mrs. Courcelles again thought. "Young men have often complained to me about living so long out of England," she said—"a young man with property and fine prospects, for example."

"Ah, yes—just so; but those who were born to have nothing, like myself, must rub on where they can."

"A younger son! I am glad I have found that out," the lady thought. "The diplomatic service is not what it was, I am told," she said aloud. "They are cutting everything down so."

"Indeed? Yes, I think I have heard so; but I have been so long out of the way of English politics."

Mrs. Courcelles was at sea again, and her face showed it to Linley's eyes. "Then what on earth is he?" she inquired of her own soul.

"Is not Dripdeanham a beautiful place?" asked Linley. "Did you find it much changed?"

"I don't know that it was much changed, Mrs. Rochford, but I hardly remembered it. It is a beautiful place; but it was rather dreary to me. There was nobody there."

"Oh, of course nobody is in Dripdeanham just now," Mrs. Courcelles struck in. "I am wrong, though—I believe artists sometimes go there about this time of year." For a new idea took possession of her mind now.

"Do they? I shouldn't have thought it, but I don't know; I have often wished to be an artist."

"Mrs. Rochford draws beautifully," the benign Mrs. Courcelles observed, gaining time for a new conjecture. "But she does everything well in the artistic way. I often tell her she ought to study hard at something or other and develop something."

"Oh, no," said Linley; "I am condemned to hopeless amateurism—if there is such a word."

"She writes poetry, I am sure," Mrs. Courcelles said in a semi-confidential tone. "She could write a novel if she liked, I am sure she could—a satirical novel. My dear Mrs. Rochford, I do wish you would try a satirical novel. Rochford, do persuade her to try! It would be so delightful. Are you a judge of novels, Mr.—ah—?"

"Marzell, madame. No, I hardly think so. At least I could not judge of one of Mrs. Rochford's. I should be far too prejudiced a critic. I owe Mrs. Rochford too much to look at anything she does with impartial eyes."

"Oh! Then they are old acquaintances," Mrs. Courcelles mentally observed.

"Don't you think we have enough of women's writing novels already, Mrs. Courcelles," Rochford asked, "without our urging Linley on to add to the number?"

"Women—yes, perhaps; but ladies, like Mrs. Rochford, not at all, I think. My dear Louis Rochford, tell me what do the women who write novels now know of English society?"

"They certainly haven't all had my advantages in that way," Linley gravely remarked. "I have been—let me see—three whole months in London;

but then, of course, under good instruction, one can learn more in that time than in a life—I mean than less fortunate people could."

"Oh, it isn't *that*, my dear Mrs. Rochford; but you're so very clever and quick. You can do anything. Some women can. I never could, nor Cynthia. She follows me in that way. To be sure, she is fond of mathematics; but she never professed to be clever. But you are so different. It's odd, too; Rochford used not to like clever women. Are you an admirer of clever women, Mr. Marzell? But first of all, now do tell me—you must have met so many remarkable people—did you ever meet George Sand?"

"Yes, Mrs. Courcelles, I have often met George Sand."

"Then do tell me—now really do tell me something about George Sand."

So there was for a short time a talk about George Sand, which was only started because Mrs. Courcelles thought Marzell was probably an author, and that the fact would come out, and she was reminded of George Sand as a divining rod simply by having seen a volume of "*Mademoiselle Merquem*" lying on a table. But nothing came of it except evidence that Mr. Albert Marzell was not an author. Then she made up her mind that he was a former lover of Linley's, with which theory she angled so artfully that she at last drew up to the surface the fact that this was the second time he had seen his hostess.

Mrs. Courcelles always lingered rather long over her luncheon; but at last it was over, and Rochford and his guest went to the billiard-room to play a game and smoke a cigar.

"Now do tell me who is that young man," Mrs. Courcelles began. "He is so clever and looks so distinguished. He must be somebody."

"Oh," Linley said demurely, "I am so glad you like him. I want to interest everybody in him. He is the brother of little Sinda."

"Little who—little what, dear?"

"The little girl I have been teaching and bringing up in Dripdeanham."

"The beggar girl? The pauper child? You are not serious, my dear Mrs. Rochford? This is some pleasantry—I know it is; but I am so dull."

"Indeed, Mrs. Courcelles, that really is her brother, and that is why I feel such an interest in him. Mr. Rochford means to do something for him."

"Then we have been actually taking luncheon with a—with a person like that! You dear, odd, eccentric creature, what things you do! Now, nobody in the world but yourself would do a thing like that. Of course you know I don't mind in the least. But to think of it!"

"Mr. Rochford asked him to stay," said Linley. "Of course I don't ask gentlemen in that way."

"Don't ask—gentlemen, my dear?"

"He seems to me a gentleman," said Linley. "I don't care about his poverty—or I do care—that is what chiefly interests me in him. But I think him a gentleman; and Mr. Rochford likes him, and you know that I always defer to his judgment about people," added Linley demurely.

"What a dreadful little republican and radical you are!" Mrs. Courcelles said with a sweet smile. "You fairly take one's breath away. What things do happen! Why, my dear, you are quite for the rights of man."

And in her heart she hated Linley, and felt firmly convinced that this was a deliberate insult put upon her. More than ever now was she assured of Linley's low, base origin and bringing up; more than ever was she resolved to find her out and punish her.

"You are fortunate, Cynthia," the good lady said a few minutes after, as she stood by her daughter's bedside and needlessly arranged her coverings with flurried fingers. "You are to be seated, my love, on being unable to leave your room at present. If you were my dear, you would have been seated at table with a pauper."

"With a pauper, mamma?" the fair Cynthia said, turning her eyes and herself around in something like genuine surprise; for her idea of "pauper" was somebody with short hair and a gray jacket.

"Just a pauper, dear—the brother of a beggar girl; one of madame's new favorites; a new whim of the little upstart below. It's a shame, a positive shame, to see a man like Louis Rochford, a gentleman, made a fool of by such a creature."

"But do please explain, mamma. What is it all about? You forget that I don't know anything of it."

"Well, my love, there was a person at luncheon with us—a young man who was introduced to me, and allowed to talk to me; and he turns out to be the brother of the little beggar girl whom my lady below is bringing up out of a whim; and she wants Rochford to get a situation for this young fellow—as a valet, I suppose—and she invites him to sit down to table with me."

"How strange, how very strange! Did she really mean it, mamma, do you think?"

"Mean what, love?"

"Mean it as an insult to us?"

"Of course she did; I am sure she did. She hates us."

"I wonder Mr. Rochford would allow it."

"Oh, Rochford—as to that, he is completely under her feet. I think I never saw a man so changed. I do wish I could find out something about her. I wonder can this young fellow be a former lover of hers—or a poor relation? Her brother perhaps? I always thought the bringing up of that little girl was a very odd affair. People don't do such things, you know, without reason. I shouldn't wonder at all if that little girl was her sister."

"She is not a bit like her," said Cynthia, whose serene mind never allowed prejudice to color her recognition of facts.

"Stepsister, perhaps. You may be sure there's something in it. I'll find out. Oh, I'll find out; you may rely upon that."

"I really think, mamma, we ought to leave this place. I am almost quite well; I could go to-morrow, and I don't see why we should stay here to be insulted. What do we want here?"

"But I'll not be driven away by her in that manner. No, that I'm resolved on. It's not her house, it's Louis Rochford's house; and if you had been less silly, Cynthia, she would never have been here at all."

"Mamma, what is the good of talking in that way now?" Miss Cynthia murmured, with an uneasy and petulant movement of her limbs under the bedclothes.

"Well, I have not done with her. When you are well, Cynthia, I particularly want you to be very civil to this young man, if he comes here."

"To that young man—to him that you call the pauper?"

"Yes, love. I shall make a point of being very civil to him. She shan't think that she has it in her power to offend us; and besides, I have a strong conviction that out of this young fellow I could get all I want to know about her."

Cynthia had long been losing faith in her mother's artifices and stratagems. Indeed, she was an honest girl who had no particular art about her. She merely loved to be flattered, and hoped that Providence would send her a rich husband as the legitimate spoils of her beauty and her grace. She did not share in her mother's dislike of Linley, or of any one, and even still was inclined to feel skeptical about Linley's premeditated insults. She was, as we have already said, a perfectly proper girl, beneath whose stays no wrong emotion ever could find a place. But she assumed, as a matter of course, that after a while Mr. Rochford must begin to be sorry that he had married Linley and not her; and though the loss of such a match was a vexation to her, yet when the thing was done and could not be undone she was not disposed to waste any regrets over it. So she only endured her mother's grand plots, and passively aided them when she could, rather than be scolded or talked to.

"I detest her more and more every day," Mrs. Courcelles declared.

A tap at the door was heard.

"May I come in?" said Linley's sweet, clear voice.

"Come in, you dear Mrs. Rochford. Cynthia has been longing to see you all this morning, but I told her how much engaged you were. Is she not improving? Doesn't she look ever so much better already?"

When Linley came from Miss Cynthia's bedside she went into the drawing-room, and she saw that the sofa on which the young lady's fainting form had been laid was no longer there. She asked the housekeeper what had become of it, and was told that Mr. Rochford had ordered it to be taken out of that room, saying that he hated it there and would not have it there any longer. When asked where it was to go, he said he didn't care what they did with it as long as it was out of his sight; and he seemed vexed somehow, the housekeeper thought.

A little touch of melancholy pity came into Linley's breast. This was Rochford's almost childish eagerness to remove from her sight any memorial of that unlucky ebullition of emotion. Better he had left things as they were, and done nothing, she thought. If there was anything to remember, that would not help me to forget. It was nothing after all—only it has changed our lives somehow.

"That's a wonderfully clever young fellow, Linley," her master said to her shortly after, "and I like him very much. He's a capital talker, and knows a great many odd stories about people everywhere. I think he is just the man to make an invaluable secretary for Platt, if Platt will persist in thrusting himself into Parliament. I shall recommend him strongly, and if Platt can't have him we must find something for him somewhere. If I had any inclination for political life, he is just the sort of secretary I should like to have. He is sure to get on. Meanwhile, I have asked him to stay here until we find an engagement for him. Tell Mrs. Blount to find him a bedroom, Linley, will you?"

Linley thought this was being perhaps a little precipitate, but she did not say so, for she knew why Rochford had become thus suddenly and actively benevolent. Her heart was too generous to allow her to pass unacknowledged any offering of good will.

"This is all to please me, Louis, I know," she said; and then a little pang went through her. Oh, why was there any need of his endeavoring to propitiate her? Why was he not still her master?

"My dear, should I not do something to please you? I am going for a drive in the park, Linley. Will you come with me?"

"I? Yes," Linley said, coloring a little; "I'll come."

"Linley!" He took her hand and spoke in a low voice. They were standing now in that same drawing-room on the hearth. "Linley, will you kiss me?"

"Why not, Louis?"

Her cheek, usually so pale, now crimsoned; she turned her eyes away and kissed him. "That is reconciliation, Linley, is it not?"

"Oh, yes," she answered in a low tone, and she meant it in honest good faith. Thus she reconciled herself to her husband and her life. Thus she sealed the bond by which she pledged herself to put illusions away, and to conquer disappointment and enter with quiet and cheerful soul upon her new existence.

WHY ?

WHY is the wrong so strong,
And the right so weak and poor?
Why goes black bread to the patient man,
And gold to the evil doer?

Why dies the noble cause
We perilled life to save,
While the baleful growth of an upstart sin
O'ershadows a nation's grave?

Why died that widow's son?
He was all she had to bless.
The children crowd round the selfish heart,
And gain but a cold caress.

Who reads the riddle right?
And who can answer why
These clouds sweep over our mortal life?
Not you, brave priest, nor I.

Why came a throbbing pain
To that heart so firm and fair,
While the crown of wealth and of blithesome health
Some lesser angels wear?

Why went that young life out
On honor's perilous road?
The carping tongue and the jealous mind
Stay here to wound and goad.

A picture once I saw—
Three crosses against the sky;
And the heaviest cross was the highest one:
Perhaps that answers why.

To wave the banner and wreath
Was the privilege of the Jew;
But the boon to carry that heavy cross
Was reserved, dear Lord! for you.

M. E. W. S.

A VISIT TO TOURGUÉNEFF.*

I BELIEVE Carlyle is right when he thinks that the spirit of hero-worship is lurking in all of us, and that not even the stanchest republican is altogether free from it. At all events, since I read "Liza" and "Fathers and Sons," I have no longer classed Tourguéneff with ordinary mortals; he has been to me a kind of a hero; my imagination has pictured him in various disguises, but always with an ideal halo about his head, and I have had to struggle hard to keep cool if anybody confessed to me, as many have done, that they did not like his books. Dickens, Scott, and many of my other favorites, I have often heard reviled, and it has cost me no great effort to preserve my equanimity; but Tourguéneff had gained admission into one of those remoter chambers of my heart, where footsteps are rarely heard, and whither the voices of this outer world but seldom reach.

I had lived so long among books until books became living beings to me. Somebody has said that the Scandinavian nations have a strong tendency toward personifying whatever they see, be it living or lifeless. And I believe that this must be true. At all events, I never read a book with a strong individual coloring, that did not ever afterwards present itself to my mind with all the qualities of a living personality. I thought of it as of an old acquaintance, to whose intercourse I owed many a delightful moment, who had a place in my heart and an eternal claim upon my gratitude. And imagine, then, my delight when Tourguéneff confessed to me that books affected him in a similar way.

I started for Europe last June, and rambled over the continent in an easy vagabond-like way, carefully shunning guides and other disturbers of peace. And at last my good fortune led me to the German critic and literary historian, Dr. Julian Schmidt, whose works had formed part of my studies during the past year, and with whom I was consequently a welcome visitor. The second time I sought him I found him in excellent humor; he had just sent off the last proof-sheets of his "History of French Literature," a new edition of which was just to appear. The conversation naturally turned upon France, and the doctor told me several interesting anecdotes about French authors, many of whom were his personal friends. He at last handed me an album filled with the portraits of literary celebrities. He kindly gave me the names, and occasionally threw in a dry, humorous remark, while I leisurely turned the leaves.

"And this," he said, pointing to a fine, somewhat equine countenance, "is, in my opinion, perhaps the greatest author now living."

"Not Tourguéneff?" I cried.

"Yes," he answered, somewhat startled at my sudden enthusiasm, "it is Tourguéneff, the Russian. He is a very dear friend of mine."

I saw the doctor several times after that day, and as I came to bid him good-by, and he heard that I was going to Paris, he gave me a letter of introduction to the Russian novelist. But on my arrival in Leipsic, I received an American paper which suddenly plunged me from the pinnacle of hope into

* I have the author's own authority for spelling his name as I do.

the deepest gloom. It announced that the great Russian author was no longer to delight the world with his writings; he was at present in a state of abject despair, having lost his wife and his only daughter, and, to crown the cup of bitterness, his favorite nephew had gambled and had been imprisoned for debt. A few days later a German paper related that Tourguéneff had broken his leg at the Vienna exposition, and that he was at present dangerously ill in Carlsbad. Under such circumstances it seemed hopeless to set out in search of him; and I submitted to fate, although reluctantly, and even persuaded myself that I felt resigned.

In Paris, one morning early in December, I stood gazing at that wonderful study head of a young girl, by Hippolyte Flandrin, in the Palais du Luxembourg. The longer I gazed at the picture, the more the impression grew upon me that I must have seen it before, although I could not recall when and where; but the supposition seemed absurd, for I had never been in Paris until now, and the painting had probably never been out of the city. Then the recollection flashed upon me that it was Tourguéneff's Liza who had to my fancy assumed the features of this maiden; an irresistible desire to see my hero took possession of me, and I rushed out, determined not to be baffled, even if the bulletin board of the "Journal Petit," which I had to pass on the way, should glare out upon me with the announcement of the poet's death. While hurrying onward the ghosts of the dead wife and daughter haunted me, and with an uneasy conscience I rang the bell and entered the court of the old-fashioned mansion in the Rue de Douai. I asked if Mr. Tourguéneff was at home, and an old, austere-looking man, with a gray beard and a red Turkish cap on his head, went up stairs to announce me.

The house had a strangely Oriental look. A vague delicious perfume as of an Oriental legend (which, however, I suppose existed nowhere but in my own imagination) gently wrought upon my nerves and filled me with a delightful sense of adventure. I felt, as it were, transported into a scene of the Arabian Nights. I cannot distinctly recall at this moment whether the house was all that my fancy made it; I only remember the soft carpets and the rich heavy curtains which draped the doors, suggesting to my eye all manner of romantic possibilities.

The servant soon returned and conducted me up a flight of stairs, at the head of which I saw a tall, somewhat robust man, with a gray beard and a very winning smile on his handsome, clear-cut countenance.

"Ah," he exclaimed, grasping my hand, and his voice had a fine manly ring, in such perfect conformity with his countenance and bearing, "you come from my friend Dr. Schmidt; I am very happy to see you."

I murmured something about Dr. Schmidt, that he was very well, that he wished to be kindly remembered, etc. He gently pushed me through a door into what I conceived to be his study, the most prominent objects of which were a large writing-desk and a fine life-size picture of a nude woman. As I afterwards learned, he is a great connoisseur and lover of pictures. I sat down on a low divan under the painting, and he at the desk opposite. And he began to talk—I think it was about America—and I answered, I hardly know what. I only know it was a luxury to talk with him, not so much for what he said as for the way he said it. There was a rich tranquil fulness in his utterances which irresistibly charmed the ear and the sense, which made you feel strangely at your ease, as if you had known the speaker from your earliest childhood. I am not sure but the chief charm of that conversation was the

perfect confidence it implied, the free and natural flow of clear, vigorous thought, and the total absence of anything like effort and strained brilliancy. And still it was no soliloquy; on the contrary, it was a real fireside talk. My ideas seemed so unconsciously to supplement his own, that I doubt whether either of us at the time we parted would have been able to assign each single utterance to its proper source. In the mean while I had a fine opportunity for observing more closely Tourguéneff's features. The impression grew upon me that there was something equine in the large, generous cast of his countenance. His blue eyes had a beautifully benevolent expression, but the eyelids hung perhaps a little too far down, which gave him just the slightest touch of indolence; and this is, according to his own confession, a marked trait in his character. The gray hair, which was brushed up in front, displayed a high, massive forehead, and the prominent brow indicates (if we may trust the phrenologists) a strongly developed artistic sense. As I rose to go he gave me a most cordial invitation to return.

"If you have no other plans for to-morrow," he said, "then why can't you come and spend the day with me? If you will be here, for instance, at ten o'clock, I shall be glad to see you. You will run no risk of disturbing me, and we shall then have a chance of talking over many topics of common interest."

As I found myself once more in the street, I could not but wonder that the loss of those who were dearest to him seemed to have affected him so little. He did not look to me like an afflicted man; neither could his equanimity be the result of innate stoicism—that is, if I had understood his character aright. Under such meditations I reached the Rue St. Lazare, where an immense crowd of excited people had gathered about the depot of the Chemin de Fer de l'Ouest. The throng was just breaking up, and I could distinctly hear the word "*La mort, la mort,*" passing from mouth to mouth. I stopped and inquired of a policeman what was the matter, and learned that it was the news of Marshal Bazaine's sentence which had just at this moment reached the city. I had quite unexpectedly got a glimpse of the characteristic side of Parisian life. But how little did I appreciate it! How the noise jarred on my senses! how wild and irrational this flutter and excitement appeared to me! My reverery was spoiled. I had been forcibly reminded of the stern reality of life, or perhaps rather of its fleeting uncertainty.

The next morning, at the appointed hour, I again entered the Tourguéneff mansion. While I stood in the hall waiting for the servant to announce me, I heard a light prelude on a piano, and then the voice of a woman singing a well-known air from an Italian opera. It was a clear, young, joyous voice, flung forth in "full-throated ease," as Keats would have said, and suggestive of boundless stores of melody. I wondered who she could be, this fair unknown, and again the Arabian Nights sensation stole over me. But there stood the servant ready to accompany me, and from the top of the stairs I heard Tourguéneff's voice bidding me a hearty good morning.

"I have long wished to meet an American," he said, as he ushered me into his study, "and especially one who was acquainted with the literature of the country."

I answered that I was certainly an American citizen, but by choice and not by birth or accident, as one of our Presidents has termed it. But if a thorough sympathy with American institutions and a hearty appreciation of the historical mission of our nation were what constituted a true American, I should venture to call myself one.

He replied that he was quite ready to accept that definition.

"It has always been an *idée fixe* with me," he went on, "to visit your country. In my youth, while I studied at the University of Moscow, my democratic tendencies and my enthusiasm for your republic were quite proverbial, and among the students I was nicknamed the American. Indeed, I have not yet given up the idea of crossing the Atlantic and seeing with my own eyes what I have hitherto only been watching from a distance; but when a man has once passed fifty he begins to feel that he has roots under his feet, and he can no longer move about with the same ease as before. At all events, it always costs him more of an effort to conquer the *vis inertiae* and get started."

I remarked that many authors, as Moore, Marryat, and Dickens, not to speak of Hepworth Dixon, had visited our country, and either because they came with a head full of prejudices, or because they had not been gifted with that keenness of sight which penetrates below the surface, they had discovered little except corruption and abuses, and had returned home, written books, and done their best to revile us. "Ah," he exclaimed, "you are quite right in saying that it requires but little ingenuity to discover abuses, and I am quite ready to believe that in a country where there is freedom of thought and freedom of utterance, they will never fail to appear on the surface. However, if I came to America, my prejudices would be all in your favor. And this reminds me of an incident which came to my notice during the Crimean war. Then our generals repeatedly committed the most fearful blunders; but our press was muzzled, and no one dared to speak. The English, too, made mistakes, and immediately their newspapers raised a cry, and our pseudo-patriots laughed in their sleeves, pointed their fingers at them, and gloried in their own delusions, imagining that we were so much better off. In both cases the abuses existed; the whole difference lay in the fact that in one instance they became generally known, in the other they were concealed."

In the course of the conversation he happened to mention Björnstjerne Björnson, the Norwegian poet, whose works he had read and admired. Ibsen he only knew by name, and asked me to give him some idea of the nature of his works. Having spoken at some length of the great merits of this author, I alluded to my recent visit at his house in Dresden, and expressed my surprise at his despotic tendencies and his great admiration of the late Emperor Nicholas and the Russian form of government.

"It is a curious fact," remarked Tourguéneff, "that so many men living under free institutions admire despotic governments. It is a very easy thing to love despotism—at a distance. Some years ago I had the pleasure of visiting Carlyle. He also was loud in his denunciation of democracy, and was very unreserved in his expressions of sympathy with Russia and her Emperor. 'This grand moving of great masses, swayed by one powerful hand—that,' he said, 'brings uniformity and purpose into history.' In a country like Great Britain it was wearisome to see how every petty individual could thrust forth his head like a frog out of its swamp, and quack away at his contemptible sentiment as long as anybody had a mind to listen to him. Such a state of things could only result in confusion and disorder. I replied that I should only ask him to go to Russia and spend a month or two in one of the interior governments, just long enough to observe with his own eyes the effect of this much-admired despotism. Then, I thought, he would need no word of mine to convince him. In my opinion he who is weary of democracy because it creates disorder, is very much in the state of one who is about to commit

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suicide. He is tired of the variety of life and longs for the monotony of death. For as long as we are created individuals, and not uniform repetitions of one and the same type, life will be motley, varied, and even disorderly. And in this infinite collision of interests and ideas lies our chief promise of progress. To me the great charm of American institutions has always been in the fact that they offer the widest scope for individual development, the very thing which despotism does not and cannot do. It is my own life-long experience which has taught me this lesson. For many years of my life I have been an exile, and for nearly an equal period I was, by special command of the Emperor, confined to my own estate, and have not been permitted to leave a certain province. So you see I have had abundant opportunities to watch the effects of absolutism, and I need not say that my observations have not turned my mind in its favor."

I remarked that Ibsen's admiration of the Russian government naturally arose out of a certain pessimistic view of life; that a true democrat, whatever be his opinion of individual men, must have perfect faith in his kind, and that it was this very faith which in Ibsen was lacking. He thus repeatedly asserted that the minority must invariably be in the right, and that he should lose his respect for himself if he should ever find that in matters of vital importance he held the same opinions as the majority of mankind.

"I have no doubt the man is consistent," Tourguéneff answered. "And I should say that there is always a possibility that the minority may be in the right. But that is the exception rather than the rule. It is a law of nature that sickness can never prevail over health; if a negative principle were to become predominant in the world, mankind would no longer have sufficient vitality to continue its existence. You may have observed," he added after a while, "that I have no philosophical mind. I merely see, and draw my conclusions from what I see. I seldom indulge in abstractions. And even abstract things persist in suggesting themselves to my mind as concrete pictures; and when I have succeeded in reducing my idea to such a picture, then I feel that I am master of it. That these pictures are often quite irrational is very possible; but they have a sensuous form and color to my eye, and then they are no longer abstractions, but realities. Europe, for instance, I often think of as a large, dimly-lighted temple, richly and magnificently decorated, but with the dusk hovering beneath its arched ceilings. America presents itself to my thought as a vast fertile prairie, at first sight somewhat barren, but with a glorious dawn breaking on its horizon."

And now followed a long and delightful conversation, of which I hardly know how much I am justified in reporting. I had not the opportunity of writing it in my journal until several days later, and although the sentiments expressed are still fresh in my mind, I will not in every instance vouch for the words in which they are clothed. Every man has his own style and his own nose, as some one has said; and Tourguéneff's style does not present many of those startling points which are so easy to catch and easy to render. It is a peculiarity of good talk as of good writing that it is difficult to imitate. Our theme was American literature. Of all our authors he loved Hawthorne the most. In him he had hailed the first literary representative of the New World; in the "Scarlet Letter" and the "Twice-Told Tales" he had found that true flavor of the soil which proved them to be the products of a new civilization. The "Marble Faun" and the "House of the Seven Gables" bore the same impress of a great and powerfully original genius. Longfellow he had

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read with pleasure, and was ready to recognize his worth as a poet; but his literary antecedents, he thought, were European, and he had failed to discover the distinctly American character of his writings. Lowell he had met lately at a dinner of the Academicians, and hoped soon to have the opportunity of renewing the acquaintance; he yielded him hearty praise as an author. Walt Whitman's writings had once greatly interested him, and he still thought that they contained some good grain amid a great deal of chaff. Bret Harte had many sterling qualities, and had the possibilities of something great in him; but he feared that prosperity had spoiled him, and that he was in danger of losing his self-criticism.

"I am sincerely interested," he continued, "in everything which goes on over on your side of the Atlantic, and have always wished to keep up with your literature. If I have neglected anything of importance, I hope you will let me know."

I mentioned Howells and Aldrich, and grew quite enthusiastic in their praise. At his request I gave him the titles of their books, and the next time I visited him I had the satisfaction of seeing "Venetian Life" on his table.

I had long been anxious to have some expression of his in regard to his own writings, and I took this opportunity to tell him how many warm admirers he had found in America, how our reviews and magazines had received him as hardly any other foreign author since Dickens's time, and how he had been hailed with ardent enthusiasm in the literary circles of Boston and Cambridge. I hardly supposed that I was telling him anything new, but to my surprise I found that no rumor of this had reached him.

"Indeed," he exclaimed with great vivacity, "you do not know how pleasantly your words fall upon my ear. I always rejoice when I hear that my books have stirred a sympathetic heart, and that they should have been received in this way in America, that is really delightful."

Here I could indeed no longer contain myself; I felt that the topic was not uncongenial to him, and my gratitude to him personally and the great loyalty I felt for his genius gave force and fervor to my words. I told him how "Liza" and "Fathers and Sons" had been my constant companions during the past year; how they had entered as new elements into my life, until I could no longer distinguish between the impressions which I had derived from these tales and those which belonged to the material world about me.

"You make me very happy indeed," he answered, while a bright smile lighted up his features. "As awkward as it is to be praised for excellences of whose existence you have not been conscious, as charming it is to hear you have succeeded in doing the very thing which of all you have desired to do. I never try to improve upon life; I merely try to see and understand it. And if my success has been so complete as you seem to think, I shall regard myself as a very happy man."

"Then I hope," I broke forth, "it is not true that you have laid away the pen never to resume it."

"I have been very lazy of late," he answered, "and for the past six months I have scarcely accomplished anything. Until this last year I have hardly known what ill-health is, because my constitution has been so perfect that the question never occurred to me whether I had any constitution at all. But some time ago I had an attack of gout, which threatened to settle in my stomach; then last summer I fell and hurt my knee at the Vienna Exposition, and had to keep in bed for several weeks, and finally leave for Carlsbad without having seen either Vienna or the Exposition."

"I saw that reported in a German paper; but it seems that our American journals must have seen your mishaps through a magnifying glass. They state that you are no more to delight the world with your writings; that sorrow and family misfortune have prostrated your faculties, and so forth."

"Indeed, I have met with a severe loss in my family," he said, but to my surprise he smiled as he said it; "my only daughter has married. Still the loss is not severe enough to have such an effect as to make me give up literature forever. A family sorrow I should hardly call it; on the contrary, it prepared me a great family joy the other day; it made me a grandfather. But there is always some truth at the bottom of such reports; and the fact is that I have been rather lazy. I never can persuade myself to write, unless an internal impulse compels me to do it. If I do not thoroughly enjoy it, I immediately stop; if it should weary me to write a book, I have no doubt it would weary others to read it; and as I think that all things have their natural causes, I accepted the situation as it was, and made no effort to conquer myself. But a short time ago my longing for work returned, and I then went on with the novel which I have here in my desk. It has eleven characters, and is at least in bulk the greatest of any I ever undertook."

I could not help giving expression to the joy I felt at hearing this. Tourguéneff, evidently pleased with my youthful fervor, again smiled (and I believe I have never seen a more beautiful smile), and I continued: "What a tremendous creature that Irene in 'Smoke' is! In spite of all her breaches of conventionalism and morality, one cannot but admire her. And with me the admiration is not merely an artistic one; in spite of my better judgment, I find a strange affection for her lurking in some corner of my heart. There seems to be a dark background of destiny, in the old Greek sense, to the whole picture, and one is not disposed to blame Irene and Litornof; one merely accepts their characters and their actions as natural and inevitable. How much nobler is she not than for instance that plotting, sensual coquette, Varvora Pavlovna in 'Liza!'"

"That character of Irene has a strange history. It was suggested to me from life. I have myself known her. And still it is not altogether the same; it is she, and still not she. I hardly know how to explain to you how characters develop in my mind. Every line I have written has been inspired by something which has happened to me or come within my observation. Not that I copy actual scenes and lives of actual persons—no; but they teach me a lesson and furnish me with the rough material for building. So also with a character. I seldom find it suitable to my purpose to copy directly a person of my own acquaintance, because it is but rarely that one finds a pure type. I then ask myself what nature intended with this or that person; what this or that trait of character would be if developed to its last psychological consequences. I do not take a single feature or a single peculiarity and make a man or a woman of it; on the contrary, I endeavor not to give undue prominence to any one trait; even if ever so characteristic, I try to show my men and women *en face* as well as *en profile*, and in fact in every attitude which has at the same time natural and artistic value. I cannot pride myself on strength of imagination; I have not the faculty of building in the air."

"What you say seems to me to explain the fact that your characters also assume distinct features to the mind of the reader; at least I know it has been the case with me. Bazaroff in 'Fathers and Sons,' and 'Irene,' I know as well as I do my own brothers; their faces are familiar to me; I look upon them as old friends and acquaintances."

“And that is the very way I look upon them too—that is, as men and women whom I have once known intimately, but whose acquaintance I no longer keep up. While I was writing about them, they were as real to me as you are at this moment. When a character is suggested to me, he immediately takes possession of my mind; he haunts me continually by night and day, and will leave me no peace until I have done with him. When I read, he whispers his opinions in my ear; when I walk, he persists in making his criticism upon everybody I meet and upon everything I see and hear. Then at last I have to yield. I sit down and write his biography. I ask who was his father and who was his mother, what sort of people they were, and of what kind of a family they came, how they looked, and what were their habits. Then I inquire into the particulars of my hero's education; what was his personal appearance, how and in what kind of a town or country did he spend those years of his life in which character is especially moulded. Sometimes I go still further, as, for instance, in the case of Bazaroff, the nihilist. He had taken such a powerful hold on me, I had to keep his journal, in which he wrote his opinions on all the leading questions of the day, religious, political, and social. The same I did in the case of another rather inferior figure in ‘On the Eve.’ . . . Well, I hardly remember his name this moment.”

“Paul Shoubine,” I ventured to suggest.

“Exactly—Paul Shoubine,” he cried with visible delight; “why, you seem to know my character better than myself. Yes, it was Paul Shoubine. I have just been burning his posthumous papers lately; and they were bulkier by a good deal than the volume I published. These things I merely regard as preparatory studies; as long as there is anything misty about any of the figures, as long as their faces do not stand clear and distinct before my mind's eye, I can do nothing at all with my story.”

“What you say about your inquiring into the pedigree and family history of your heroes, and even writing whole books about them, not intended for publication, reminds me of a very interesting article which appeared in the ‘Atlantic Monthly’ some time ago. The author, Mr. Lathrop, there proves that Hawthorne very soon abandoned the idea of publishing his romance ‘Septimius Felton,’ and that he looked upon it merely as a study, as an indispensable block in the pedestal which was to rear that exquisite though unfinished work of art, ‘The Dolliver Romance.’”

“Yes,” he said musingly, “Hawthorne was a man of energy and determination. I rather work *con amore*. Only to give you an instance of how involuntarily I often stumble upon a plot, I shall only mention the way in which ‘Fathers and Sons’ came into existence. As I was walking one day, I happened to think of death, and immediately I saw a scene at a death-bed. It was Bazaroff dying. The scene made a strong impression upon me, and then afterwards the characters gradually developed.”

The conversation was continued for several hours, and many other topics were brought up for discussion. As we parted Tourguéneff made me a present of the German edition of those of his works which I did not already possess. Of “Spring Floods” and the one last written, “The Nobleman of the Steppe” (not “The Lear of the Steppe”), he gave me the French edition.

The next time I visited him our talk was mostly on art, and on the collections in the Louvre and the Palais du Luxembourg. I was of course not surprised to find his criticisms delightfully sympathetic; his keen eye had never failed to detect the characteristic feature of the artist, and his strong

natural similes always brought the object picturesquely up to your mind, catching as they did the most fleeting tinges of poetic thought and sentiment. In the end they always left me wondering that I had not thought of saying the very same thing myself. Seeing that the subject was interesting to me, he requested me to follow him into another room, where he kept some of his own pictures. I especially remember two very fine Van der Neers, and the large nude figure already mentioned, painted by Blanchard, and rewarded with the gold medal at the exposition of 1870. He also called my attention to a most excellent portrait of himself by the daughter of M. Viardot, in whose house he is living.

The last time I saw Tourguéneff was the evening previous to my departure for this country. His last words to me were: "*Au revoir* in America."

As I have come into possession of several facts relating to Tourguéneff's personal history not generally known to English and American readers, it may not seem inappropriate to subjoin to the present article a brief sketch of his life. Most of my information I have from the author's own mouth, and for the rest I am indebted to Julian Schmidt's excellent essay, published in the second volume of "*Bilder aus dem Geistigen Leben unserer Zeit*."

Ivan Tourguéneff was born November 9, 1818, in the government of Orel, one of the interior provinces of Russia. Judging from his habits of composition, I cannot but believe that the dreary childhood of Lavretsky in "*Liza*," as that of Arkad Kirsanoff in "*Fathers and Sons*," in the main contains the scenes and impressions of his own earliest years. The broad, cheerless expanse of the steppe was the first sight familiar to his eye, and its gloomy uniformity, its vast ocean-like distances have given to his mind that tinge of sadness which is so perceptible in all his writings. A nature like this allows no confidences; it determines the mood of the observer, and is not determined by him. It takes possession of him and compels him to feel its power. Hence that brooding passiveness which, according to Tourguéneff, is so prominent a trait in the Russian character.

In his twentieth year our author went abroad, and in Berlin studied German literature and the Hegelian philosophy. For three years he remained in Germany, and mastered the language to perfection. French he speaks like a native, and in English he has acquired great facility of expression; his foreign accent is just slightly perceptible in his use of rising and falling inflections, but his pronunciation is faultless. With his return to Russia in the year 1841 begins his literary career, although he is at present not disposed to acknowledge the poems which date back to this period as legitimate children of his brain. He gives the critic Belinski the credit of having opened his eyes to a truer appreciation of nature and of his own mission as an author. The time from 1846 to 1850 he spent in Germany, France, and Italy, and during this period appeared, besides a series of short stories, as "*Petuschof*," "*The Jew*," "*Three Portraits*," and "*The Swaggerer*," that work which struck, as it were, the dominant chord of his life, and pointed out the direction of his whole future activity—I mean "*The Journal of a Sportsman*." Here we find for the first time that deep, unconscious sympathy with nature, and those marvellously vivid and truthful pictures of the life of the serfs, which were to exercise so great an influence upon the future of Russia. The book seems to have burst upon the world like a shower from a cloudless sky. When the author in 1850 returned to St. Petersburg, he was the hero of the day. But the Emperor Nicholas, to whom the literary value of the work was a matter of merely sec-

ondary importance, did not wish to establish the precedent that a subject should have the right of expressing his opinion on matters which chiefly concerned the government; and in the midst of his triumph Tourguéneff was banished from the capital and ordered not to cross the boundary of his own estate without the Emperor's permission. Five long years did he spend as a hermit in this lonely region. At regular intervals a police officer came to look after him, and on such occasions handed him a sheet of soiled paper containing his instructions, and asked him what he had to do. "Do your duty," Tourguéneff would invariably answer, and at the same time fold up a five-rouble piece in the paper, whereupon the august servant of the crown would make a deep bow and hastily betake himself away. Shortly before the death of the old Emperor the author was again set at liberty, and his son and successor, although by no means always gracious to the bold truth-teller, has acknowledged that it was he who first revealed to him the terrible effects of serfdom, and thereby gave the first impulse to the great reform which marks an epoch in Russian history. And this consciousness is the glory and pride of Tourguéneff's life, and, as Julian Schmidt says, to tell the world of to-day and the world of the future what serfdom means, was the historic mission of Ivan Tourguéneff.

In connection with this, I am disposed to translate a brief paragraph from the above-mentioned essay of the German critic; it may have special interest to American readers:

The North American abolitionists thought they could serve their cause by surrounding the victims of slavery with a false halo of virtue. "Uncle Tom," a book which has been very widely read, raises the negro slave to such a height of magnanimity that the archangel Gabriel might well bend his knee before him. Tourguéneff shows with terrible fidelity how the institution of serfdom demoralizes all men, the masters as well as the serfs: how it makes them helpless and incapable of any purpose the masters no less than the serfs: even native goodness does not in this state of lawlessness restrain one from committing the basest deeds; native energy grows torpid in a state where all things are aimless. . . . In Russia everything goes on monotonously, without excitement; they flag and ever continue flagging. But the chief evil is the perfect waste of all mental powers through absolute lawlessness. Man is before the law looked upon merely as a thing; but a thing he cannot be, and instead of that he becomes a brute, master as well as slave.

I hardly know of any short story which has made so powerful an impression upon me as "The Antschar," a novel of Tourguéneff's which appeared in this magazine about a year ago. It was written during the time of his forced retirement in the country, and that deep, shuddering gloom which pervades it indicates the state of the author's mind. "The Journal of a Superfluous Man" expresses a pessimism which rivals that of Schopenhauer. "Mumu" is a masterly sketch, the pathos of which is painful. It is the simple story of a deaf-and-dumb serf, whose lonely heart concentrates all its affection on a dog; but the dog growls at "the gracious lady," and it has to be killed. The *motif* is very slight indeed; but if any one should wish to see how a trifling, everyday occurrence may be treated so as to outdo in impressiveness the most ambitious romance, I should advise him to read "Mumu." "The Bread of Mercy" (*Gnadenbrod*) and "The Inn on the Highway" treat of subjects of a kindred nature. The best known of all Tourguéneff's writings, "Liza" and "Fathers and Sons," belong to the years 1860-1862. In 1863 appeared that strange, half allegorical *fantaisie*, "Apparitions." "Dimitri Roudine" (1855) has lately been translated into English; and of the numerous shorter sketches and stories, "On the Eve," "Three Encounters," "The Adventure of the Lieutenant Jergunof," and "An Unfortunate One," deserve special mention.

Since the year 1856 Tourguéneff has made his home with the family of Vi-

ardot-Garcia, with whom he is still living. M. Viardot, to whom he stands in a relation of the most intimate friendship, is a man of extraordinary artistic and literary culture, and has translated several of his friend's works into French. Their principal places of residence are Paris and Baden-Baden; about once a year, however, the Russian awakens in the author, and then he hastens back to St. Petersburg and his own home on the steppe.

I have often heard it said, and probably with good reason, that the Russians have much in common with Americans. Both are nations of the future; both feel great possibilities within them. We have long accustomed ourselves to think that our society presented no fixed or striking types, and that the mobile, ever-billowing surface of our life is unfavorable to artistic effects, if not incapable of artistic treatment. No doubt the Russians thought the same until Tourguéneff came and showed them that this so-called dreary monotony of their existence was, on the contrary, a grand, striking, and animated picture. And when our great novelist comes—as surely he will—he will teach us a similar lesson. But as yet Russia is one step in advance of America, for we have no Tourguéneff.

HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

AT PEACE.

I.

GREEN trees, and quiet fields, and sunset light,
 With holy silence, save for rippling leaves,
 And birds that twitter of the coming night,
 Calling their mates, beneath my cottage eaves—
 These Fate hath granted for a little space
 To be companions of my pilgrimage,
 Filling my grateful heart with Nature's grace.

II.

Not unremembered here the garish stage,
 Nor the wild city's uproar, nor the race
 For gain and power in which we all engage;
 But here remembered dimly, in a dream,
 As something fretful that hath ceased to fret—
 Here, where time lapses like a gentle stream,
 Hid in the woodland's heart, and I forget
 To note its music and its silver gleam.

III.

But never, never let me cease to know,
 O whispering woods and daisy-sprinkled grass,
 The beauty and the peace that you bestow,
 When the wild fevers of ambition pass,
 And the worn spirit, in its gloom and grief,
 Sinks on your bosom and there finds relief.

WILLIAM WINTER.

MY PRIVATE GRIEF AGAINST GEORGE SAND.

IT has often been said that the classical romance is always a failure from one of two causes: either it is stuffed so full of learning that the "cram" buries the story, or, if the author's imagination is sufficiently vivid, and is allowed its full play, he commits anachronisms which render his work ridiculous to scholars. This statement is correct in a rough way, as far as it goes, but it does not convey the whole truth. The dilemma which it proposes is far from exhausting the difficulties of the task. In the first place, it is not so much the excess as the misplacement of learning which makes it an impediment. The antiquities have not been digested and are crudely reproduced. Let us suppose some little sketches, some studies of manners, written by two men, one of whom has passed a few months in a country, the other several years. It is not improbable that the work of the former may contain more local words and phrases, but that of the latter will certainly be more impregnated with the local color. It is the same with the distant country of antiquity. The Latin of "The Last Days of Pompeii" has become a standing jest to classical students; Bulwer knew as little about the regimen of Latin cases as the editors of some of our weeklies know about the regimen of English cases. Yet the grammar might have been correct, the idiom faultless, and the Latin still incongruous because unnecessary or misplaced.

Next, we observe that the knowledge required is quite as much negative as positive; to know what there was not in a given age is even more necessary than to know what there was, since everything that there was cannot and ought not to be included, but nothing that was not can be admitted. At the same time we must allow that anachronisms in themselves are not enough to condemn a work of the imagination; else what would become of Shakespeare? Yet even here we may remark a certain limit, a *modus in rebus*. No one is particularly shocked or struck by the striking of the clock in "Julius Cæsar;" but when Ben Jonson makes officers of Alexander's court wear coats and carry pocket pistols, the incongruity is too ridiculous, and it is exaggerated rather than diminished by our recollection that Jonson knew better. Now if we look more closely into this matter of anachronisms, we find that though it expresses itself in what we may call ignorance of negatives, it depends on something more than a want of special knowledge, namely, a fixed habit of mind and thought. Even in different countries of our own time, we see an analogous distinction. Thus, the errors which a Frenchman makes in judging and describing an Anglo-Saxon society, are due less to his ignorance of facts (though of course that counts for something) than to his *à priori* conceptions of society, founded on different social traditions and a greater sensuousness of character. As we change the age, we must expect greater changes in this respect. Before the revival of classical literature, the impress of feudalism had been so strongly stamped upon Europe that to the men then living feudal institutions appeared to have existed forever. They pictured to themselves Cæsar and Alexander as sovereigns who held tournaments, and had great barons for their retainers. It was not merely that they were ignorant of ancient history; they could not conceive a state of things on earth different from that which surrounded them. But the curious reader may find isolated

cases nearly as startling in the present century among the writings of very learned and able authors. Many persons have doubtless remarked that in his "Lays of Rome" Macaulay anticipated the De' Medici by bringing the buffalo into Italy, but I suspect few have noticed that one of his youthful poems introduces parks and squirrels into the age of Cain. These two blunders from the same writer illustrate the two sources of anachronism.

When we go back to the classical period, a physical illustration may give us a more vivid idea of the intellectual difficulty. How many of us moderns could accustom ourselves to the classical habit of reclining at meals—not in a supine attitude, like an invalid on a couch or bed, but nearly prostrate and resting on one elbow? What to them was luxury would be to us the extreme of discomfort. It must be almost or quite as difficult to put ourselves mentally in the place of people who, to go no further, lived before Christianity was revealed—or, as some persons would choose to say nowadays, invented.

Some critics of reputation have decided that this mental and moral self-transposition is impossible even to a poet. I must beg leave to differ from them. I believe that Walter Scott (notwithstanding the low estimate of his learning formed by those prodigies of erudition who write in the "Saturday Review") possessed the requisite knowledge, imagination, and psychological discernment to reproduce for us the middle ages; and in such things it is the first step that costs: if we can bridge over *that* gulf, we can cross the larger chasm that separates us from antiquity—admitting that the chasm is larger at all points—a question into which we need not enter, for fear of too long a digression.

No, the thing is not impossible; but it is certainly difficult, and one difficulty has not yet been noticed. It would not occur to every one, and may seem to some readers a mere hypercritical fancy, but my observation convinces me that it is very serious. In the effort to throw himself back to the required standpoint, the author may have a partial success which will result in general error, giving a picture which is inaccurate because its shadows are too deeply marked.

It will generally be admitted, for instance, that our modern civilization is more humane than the civilizations which preceded it. There is less cruelty. Many proceedings which in former times passed without attention as matters of course, or with approbation as commendable acts, would now be denounced as barbarous. Hence a general impression on the student that the further back we go the more we find cruelty the order of the day, and a corresponding tendency in the writer to represent the ancients not merely as moral savages, but as absolute demons. In contemporary romance even a Frenchman will hesitate to represent the whole world as lying in wickedness; but to depict antiquity as a scene of unmitigated horror seems almost a compliment to modern progress. Thus the blood and murder business is overdone, till Horace's *incredulus odi* takes effect in a larger sense than the poet intended. The representation is all the more hateful because it is incredible.

But now the adventurous reader who has followed me thus far may be ready to exclaim, "What has all this to do with the title? How about George Sand?"

George Sand? Well, I never saw the lady in my life, never had any communication with her, and have not the slightest reason to suppose that she is conscious of my existence. Nevertheless, I have a private grief against her.

It is this: Her last book, "Impressions et Souvenirs," did, by a very adroit

puff, induce me to buy and read three retrospective romances of her son Maurice.

Maurice Sand, a fantastic and not unmeritorious draughtsman of the Doré school, was previously known to me, as to most Americans, in his literary capacity, by two works, one very bad, the other pretty good—"Miss Mary," perhaps the absurdest of all the absurd books which foreigners have composed on American themes, and "Calirrhoë," a semi-classical fantasy which has a flavor of his mother, a flavor of Mérimée, a *souçon* of De Nerval, and withal something of his own.

Wisely leaving out of consideration his American failure, Mme. Sand proceeds, in her fascinating way, partly to assert, partly to imply, that her son, having found his true vein in "Calirrhoë," had followed it up; having imbued himself with all the requisite knowledge, and discovered the secret of transporting himself to the given standpoint, he had reproduced, in "Raoul de la Chastre," the France of the thirteenth century; in "L'Augusta," the breaking up of the Roman empire; and in "Le Coq aux Cheveux d'Or," the prehistoric age. Against all ordinary booksellers' puffs I hold myself impregnable; but when a writer like George Sand "makes the article" for her son, a little credulity may be pardoned—say to the extent of six or seven dollars currency, and four or five days' time.

Well, of "Raoul de la Chastre," I should say that it is a very fair *pastiche*. A knowledge of his epoch the author certainly has, but it looks as if he had taken it at second or third hand—not from original researches, but from other novelists and poets. from Balzac, and Gautier, and Hugo, not excepting Dumas senior, who has himself laid so many others under contribution. The book is readable enough, but a very moderate acquaintance with French romantic literature makes you feel that you have read no small part of it before. "L'Augusta" shows more serious study, and is a more ambitious work. There are some striking passages in it, but on the whole it leaves a feeling of disappointment. The Christian religion is presented from the weakest and worst points of view; this was perhaps to be expected. Of course the author has tried his hand at Attila, that great figure so often attempted. In spite of Mme. Sand's dictum to the contrary, I cannot see that her son has improved on the efforts of his predecessors.

But the "Cock with the Golden Hair!" The story of fabulous times! How can I give the innocent reader an idea of it? The scene is laid in Plato's Atlantis, which is placed in the Euxine. This fundamental conception is the best part of the book, for there is good reason to believe that the Pillars of Hercules were originally—that is, down to the Homeric age and later—at the Bosphorus, and were transferred by a later myth to Gibraltar. But conception is one thing and execution another. In this world before the flood we may pardon a few anachronisms. We can forgive the writer for acknowledging the existence of letters and papyrus long before Homer. *Passe encore*, if he fancies that when he gives a Greek name to an occupation or a utensil, he has thereby thrown us back into the remotest antiquity. The French are generally as bad Hellenists as they are good Latinists, and our popular phrase, "It's all Greek to you," has a legitimate application in full force to many of their literati. We may even, considering the French tendency to make sensation at any cost, pardon his introduction of certain habits to which our sense of propriety permits only the remotest allusion, and which are not characteristic of primitive times, but the corrupt fruit of a more advanced stage of ma-

terial civilization. All this and more we might tolerate were not the Sandian Atlantis a preposterous *pot-pourri* of all countries, climates, and ages. It is like the sweepings and shakings of a cyclopædia of natural history, or the note-book of a very miscellaneous reader about *fauna* and *flora*, with a top dressing of classical dictionary,

Here are *some* of the ingredients of this *olla*. To give them all I should have to read the book a second time. *Excusez!*

1. Gods in the likeness of men, Saturn, Vulcan, Thor, etc.
2. *Cannibales*, or ghouls from the Arabian Nights and the Latin poets.
3. Lesbians.
4. Swallowers of gems from the mines of Golconda and Brazil.
5. Two-sworded princes from Japan.
6. Squadrons of cavalry. (Please remember that in Homer's time horse-back riding was only known as a species of circus art.)
7. Wild asses from the deserts of Arabia.
8. Gorillas, from Hanno, Du Chaillu, and Africa.
9. Woolly mammoths from the Siberian fossils.
10. Vampire bats from South America.
11. Scorpions that migrate in colonies of an acre at a time, as the black ants of Africa do.
12. A statue that kills a man, from "The Last Days of Pompeii."
13. Læthe, from the old mythology.
14. NOAH'S ARK. The hero and heroine do not patronize the ark. Like the ancestor of the Highland chief, they have a boat of their own.

Taken as a burlesque, the absurdity of the book provokes a laugh. Taken seriously, it is a greater insult to the reader than any of Charles Reade's works.

Not having kept up for many years my acquaintance with French periodical literature, I can only wonder what the Parisian critics said of this golden-haired cock when he crowed six years ago. Perhaps they said little or nothing. Their friendship for the mother may have made them lenient to the son. Anglo-Saxon readers and writers are under no such obligation, and therefore I have taken the liberty to ventilate my indignation at being "done." And the moral thereof is this: Never buy a book on the recommendation of an interested party, even if that party be a genius.

CARL BENSON.

SUMMER NIGHT.

VARIATIONS ON CERTAIN MELODIES.

I.

ANDANTE.

UNDER the full-blown linden and the plane,
 That link their arms above
 In mute, mysterious love,
 I hear the strain!
 Is it the far postillion's horn,

Mellowed by starlight, floating up the valley,
 Or song of love-sick peasant, borne
 Across the fields of fragrant corn,
 And poplar-shaded alley?
 Now from the woodbine and the unseen rose
 What new delight is showered?
 The warm wings of the air
 Drop into downy indolence and close,
 So sweetly overpowered:
 But nothing sleeps, though rest seems everywhere.

II.

ADAGIO.

Something came with the falling dusk,
 Came, and quickened to soft unrest:
 Something floats in the linden's musk,
 And throbs in the brook on the meadow's breast.
 Shy Spirit of Love, awake, awake!
 All things feel thee,
 And all reveal thee:
 The night was given for thy sweet sake.
 Toil slinks aside, and leaves to thee the land;
 The heart beats warmer for the idle hand;
 The timid tongue unlearns its wrong,
 And speech is turned to song;
 The shaded eyes are braver;
 And every life, like flowers whose scent is dumb
 Till dew and darkness come,
 Gives forth a tender savor.
 Oh, each so lost in all, who may resist
 The plea of lips unkissed,
 Or, hearing such a strain,
 Though kissed a thousand times, kiss not again!

III.

APPASSIONATO.

Was it a distant flute
 That breathed, and now is mute?
 Or that lost soul men call the nightingale,
 In bosky coverts hidden,
 Filling with sudden passion all the vale?
 Oh, chant again the tale,
 And call on her whose name returns, unbidden,
 A longing and a dream,
 Adelaïda!
 For while the sprinkled stars
 Sparkle, and wink, and gleam,
 Adelaïda!
 Darkness and perfume cleave the unknown bars
 Between the enamored heart and thee,
 And thou and I are free,
 Adelaïda!

Less than a name, a melody, art thou,
 A hope, a haunting vow!
 The passion-cloven
 Spirit of thy Beethoven
 Claimed with less ardor than I claim thee now,
 Adelaida!
 Take form, at last: from these o'erbending branches
 Descend, or from the grass arise!
 I scarce shall see thine eyes,
 Or know what blush the shadow stanches;
 But all my being's empty urn shall be
 Filled with thy mystery!

IV.

CAPRICCIOSO.

Nay, nay! the longings tender,
 The fear, the marvel, and the mystery,
 The shy, delicious dread, the unreserved surrender,
 Give, if thou canst, to me!
 For I would be,
 In this expressive languor,
 While night conceals, the wooed and not the wooer;
 Shaken with supplication, keen as anger;
 Pursued, and thou pursuer!
 Plunder my bosom of its hoarded fire,
 And so assail me,
 Till coy denial fail me,
 Slain by the mirrored shape of my desire!
 Though life seem overladen
 With conquered bliss, it only craves the more:
 Teach me the other half of passion's lore—
 Be thou the man, and I the maiden!
 Ah! come,
 While earth is waiting, heaven is dumb,
 And blossom-sighs
 So penetrate the indolent air,
 The very stars grow fragrant in the skies!
 Arise,
 And thine approach shall make me fair,
 Thy borrowed pleading all too soon subdue me,
 Till both forget the part;
 And she who failed to woo me,
 So caught, is held to my impatient heart!

BAYARD TAYLOR

LINGUISTIC AND LITERARY NOTES AND QUERIES.

V.

CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED.

THE readers of "The Galaxy" will learn, if they have not already learned, with sincere sorrow that one of its contributors, known to all of them as "Carl Benson," and to some of them as Charles Astor Bristed, will write no more. He is gone *ad plures*; and among the fewer who remain behind him he has left a sincere mourner in every one who knew him well. Of those there are not many, for he was in no sense of the word a popular man. True-hearted, of a rare kindliness of nature, and of genuine courtesy, he yet never sought popularity, although he did not quite shun it, but was content with such favor from his fellow-men as they gave to him spontaneously—to him showing himself always to them no other than just what he really was. And by popularity I do not mean that unreasoning acceptance by the unknowing many which, by men in public life, is so often won without merit and lost without fault; but that no less indiscriminated liking of him whose indiscriminating smoothness makes him a general favorite in society. Social success, which is a big name for a very poor and a very little thing, is too often attained by toleration of those whom we dislike and flattery of those whom we despise. Anything to be gained in that way, Mr. Bristed was more than willing to be without. His liking he always showed; his disliking he was too outspoken to conceal, except by avoiding occasion of offence. He was too sincere for many friends, and never went about tickling the vanity even of those whom he loved best. His sympathies were wide and warm, and his charity large; his cool antipathies ran in a narrow current, but deep and strong. He liked everything that was manly, and simple, and true; and although a man of the highest cultivation, social and intellectual, and of singularly fastidious taste, he set honesty before all else in his admiration. He disliked chiefly narrow intolerance, asceticism, phariseism, and hypocrisy of all kinds; and with all his fastidiousness would tolerate that which was coarse rather than that which was false. To the general public he was known chiefly as an occasional writer upon social topics, treating them with a rare mixture of common sense and sharp satire, and always with an effort for the introduction of a higher and happier life, material as well as moral and intellectual. For although on his moral side he was a Stoic, with regard to the body, that here too much neglected part of man, he was, in the best sense, an Epicurean. Few writers upon the subjects of his occasional contributions to periodical literature and to journalism have drawn with firmer or more discriminating hand the line between that sensuous happiness which, as tending to the perfection of man's whole nature, is elevating, and that sensuality which is degrading. Such, with a mingling of humor and kindly cynicism, was "Carl Benson;" but to scholars Charles Astor Bristed was known as a scholar who, if fortune had not placed him beyond the necessity of such a life, could have filled with distinguished honor the chair of Greek or Latin at any university, and who, if he had added firmer health to more ambition, would have won a conspicuous place among philologists. To thorough and accurate scholarship he added what many men of

greater learning unhappily lack—that clearness of perception and balance of faculties which we somewhat unreasonably call common sense. He was candid, conscientious, independent, and never thought or wrought at second hand. Never hesitating to question the judgments or to dispute the positions of any other critical scholar, however high his reputation, he was always courteous and respectful to those whom he opposed, and, of late years at least, neither embittered his own discussions with personality nor slyly said that which provoked it in others. Such men are rare in this country; most rare among those who from their youth up and through all their lives are placed, as he was, beyond the necessity of work, either for gain or for the attainment of social position. Our literature lost by the indifference which he could afford to feel as to the result of his studies upon his own reputation; but society and literature itself would gain much if we could feel the constant influence of a body, however small, of independent unprofessional literary men of his high aims and thorough cultivation. He was a fine specimen of a kind of man so uncommon in our society that he stood almost alone. After a few years of failing health he bore a final attack of agonizing illness with a fortitude and a sweetness of temper which endeared him more than ever to his friends, who found him at his best in that sharp trial, and he died preserving his serenity of soul and the clearness of his intellect up to his last moments. It has been already said that we could much better have spared some much better known man.

Mr. Bristed would have been brought to my mind, even if literature and society had not to mourn his loss, by the publication of the following letter, the inquiries in which might much better have been addressed to him than to me. It is published because it sets forth a difficulty which is not peculiar to its writer, but which must be encountered by very many other persons who fill official positions like his. For obvious reasons all names mentioned in it are suppressed, as well that of the place whence it came as those of all other places and persons to which it refers:

THE PRONUNCIATION OF LATIN IN OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

January, 13 1874.

DEAR SIR: Although an entire stranger, I beg leave to consult you in reference to a matter as to which you are doubtless fully informed. I am a member of the Board of Education of the public schools of —, and chairman of the Committee on Books and Teachers; and in that capacity it becomes my duty to advise the teachers, to a certain extent, as to the manner in which they shall instruct their scholars.

Quite recently the question has come up, whether in our high school we shall adopt the continental modes of pronouncing the Latin and Greek, and I have felt much at a loss what to advise. As our teachers seldom remain longer than a year or so, and as almost every teacher seems to have a different mode of pronouncing these dead languages, it has been thought advisable that we should decide upon some uniform mode of pronunciation, and thus relieve the scholars from the confusion resulting from such a variety of pronunciation. It has always seemed to me that we should conform as nearly as possible to the original mode if it could be ascertained, and that as the Italians are the direct descendants of the Romans or Latins, their mode of pronunciation in regard to Latin should be adopted. But, as you well know, in England and in this country, the Latin has been mainly pronounced in accordance with English rules of pronunciation, giving the language when spoken so different an expression, that continental scholars could not understand an English or Irish scholar when attempting to communicate in Latin. You remember the story of an Irish scholar who called on one of the Scaligers (the elder, I believe), and commenced addressing him in Latin, but such was his pronunciation that Scaliger interrupted him and informed him that he did not understand Irish. Now, it seems to me that if a language is worth learning at all, it is worth learning correctly, and that correct pronunciation is an important element in the study. But the question comes up whether, after so many years of incorrect pronunciation in England and America, it is worth while to try to work a reformation. In nearly all our colleges there is no attempt to follow the continental, and especially the Italian method of pronunciation,

and the teachers themselves would have to become scholars if the continental or Italian method were prescribed as a rule. To use a mercantile phrase, "would it pay?" Our teachers of Latin and Greek come generally from — college, where I find that the purest English forms of pronunciation seem to be in vogue. For instance, *anabam* is invariably pronounced *ay-may-bam*, the broad Italian sound of *a* being in all instances disregarded. Again, the sound of *e* is similarly abused, *doces* being sounded as if written *docees*, and so in every syllable when the *e* occurs at the termination. I think we should at least conform to the most generally received continental usage, as the people there certainly conform more nearly to the original pronunciation of the vowels than English-speaking people do. The same incorrectness is observable in regard to the *i*, and in fact with all the vowels. If you should advise any attempt at reform in regard to pronunciation in the two languages, can you refer me to any work where this subject is properly treated, and where clear and satisfactory rules and signs are given for ascertaining the true modes of pronunciation? I am told that at Cambridge an attempt has been made within the last few years to correct the pronunciation both of Greek and Latin, and I see that Max Müller and Grote, with many others in England, have adopted the true Greek spelling of proper names.

The Board of Education in — is desirous to elevate our schools to the very highest standard of scholarship, if it be possible, so far as we go, and we should feel under great obligations for your views and advice on this subject.

You doubtless have a very extensive correspondence, . . . but I trust that you may still find time to reply to my letter.

With great respect, your obedient servant,

The position of this school officer is indeed perplexing, and it seems that his way out is far from being clear. The first obstacle is one that must lie in the way of bettering our public and high schools all over the country. The teachers generally remain about a year. What hope is there of establishing a system of instruction under such circumstances? what reasonable expectation of education? The insertion of a certain number of facts, or the knowledge of them, into the brains of the pupils, is possible; but of real education, mental training, intellectual development, there can be none. That comes only by systematic discipline, by method; and system and method imply relation, proportion, the adaptation of parts, the preparation for one step by the firm planting of the one before it; in brief, a symmetrical progress. Such education is impossible when the teacher remains but a year, unless, indeed, each teacher is followed by another who was bred in the same school as his predecessor, and who works upon the same plan. This, however, is almost impossible in a country which swarms with colleges, so called, the graduates of which seek employment as teachers only for a year or two, while they are looking about for something better. It is not strange that under such circumstances our high schools and public schools, with a few exceptions, have a succession of teachers, each one of whom has a different system, or lack of system. The bad effect of this upon the scholars can hardly be overrated. Instead of education and discipline, they have only mental confusion and heterogeneous cramming. From this slough there seems to be no hope of deliverance except in the diminution of the number of our so-called colleges on the one hand, and the adoption of teaching as a profession, a permanent life occupation, by a body of thoroughly trained men, on the other—events of which the present material and social conditions of our country give us no very encouraging prospect.

And supposing a system of Latin pronunciation determined upon, how, with a yearly change of teachers, could such a system be put in practice? Pronunciation, English or Latin, once acquired, is not to be unlearned in a year. The college fledgling has acquired his pronunciation by at least four years' daily training and practice on one system, very probably by seven. His pronunciation of Latin and Greek has been worked into his brain until it has become an unconscious part of himself. He cannot lay it aside at word

of command; and thus, even if the teacher should be willing to go himself to school to the Board of Education, he would be ready to flit just about the time that he began to be able to give his pupils the benefit of his new learning.

As to the pronunciation to be adopted, the question is not easy of decision. But it would seem that it is at least safe to say that the system which gives us *ay-may-bam* as the pronunciation of *amabam* is the one which is to be avoided. To me *ay-may-bam* seems barbarous; but that, perhaps, is because I never heard it. My correspondent is, however, in error, I believe, in his implication that such is the pronunciation of Latin by Irish scholars, as he is in making the scholar whom Scaliger could not understand an Irishman. The story is thus told in Ben Jonson's conversations with Drummond of Hawthornden: "Scaliger writtes ane epistle to Casaubone, wher he scornes his Englishe speaking of Latine, for he thought he had spoken English to him." In Scaliger's time an Irishman's pronunciation of Latin, or even an Englishman's, would have been much more like that of continental scholars than it would be now; and the likeness lasted longer in Ireland than in England. There is hardly room for doubt that three hundred years ago there was far more likeness between the sounds given to *a* and *e* and *i* in England and on the continent, than there is in our day; and this change was long in crossing the Irish Channel, even if it has yet quite got over. An educated Irish gentleman of two generations ago, uncontaminated by foreign travel, spoke English far more as it was spoken by Spenser, and Sydney, and Raleigh, and Shakespeare, and Jonson, and even by Milton, than an Englishman of corresponding position did. Evidence of this is plentifully (but not "bountifully") furnished in Mr. Ellis's book on "Early English Pronunciation," etc.; and those who have not time or patience to master the intricacies of that elaborate and exhaustive work, may find sufficient proof in my seven years' previously published "Memorandums of English Pronunciation in the Elizabethan Era."

To return to our question—what pronunciation of Latin shall be adopted? This I own my entire inability to answer, even to my own satisfaction. A uniform pronunciation would indeed be an advantage to all scholars; but it would be very much less so now, when Latin is spoken and even written so little, than it would have been even a hundred and fifty years ago, when it was "the universal language" and the common medium of communication between scholars, and when treaties were written, orations publicly "pronounced," and theses "maintained" in it before learned bodies. But until the Roman pronunciation of Latin can be ascertained to the general satisfaction of scholars, what reason, other than the arbitrary one of convenience, is there for the adoption of one pronunciation rather than another? And that the Latin pronunciation can ever be ascertained seems, to say the least, very doubtful. The subject has engaged and is engaging the attention of scholars and linguists of the highest ability and the greatest acquirements; but as the pronunciation of any modern living tongue three or four centuries ago, since when books of all kinds, including dictionaries, grammars, and works upon orthoëpy, have multiplied, can be but approximately ascertained, and then only by the most painful process of research, comparison, and induction, what is the probability of success in this regard as to a language which has been "dead" for more than a thousand years, and as to the sounds of which we are entirely without the aid of rhyme? It must be remembered, too, that the Latin of Cicero, of Virgil, and of Horace was a literary language, and was not the tongue that was heard even in the streets of Rome, much less in the provinces.

We may, indeed, be pretty sure upon certain points: that *a* was *ah*, that *e* was our *a* without the *e* sound with which we close it, and that *i* was *ee*; that some of the consonants, *l*, *p*, *s*, and *t*, for instance, had the force which they now have in England and on the Continent; but as to others, even *c*, *d*, *g*, *l*, *m*, and *r*, there is still much uncertainty. We English-speaking folk have doubtless been quite wrong, for instance, in pronouncing Cicero *Siserow*, but shall we say *Kick a row*, *Chick a row*, or *Tsits a row*? And what pronunciation of the final *m* was it that made possible the hexameter with which school-boys make an early acquaintance,

Monstrum, horrendum, informem ingens cui lumen ademptum,
and which they are taught to scan,

"Monstro' 'or | rend' in | form' in | gens cui | lumen a | demptum?"

Was there a nasal pronunciation of *m* final like that of *n* final in French? It seems possible at least. But these are points that could not be here thoroughly discussed, even if I were as competent as I feel myself incompetent to their thorough discussion. The subject of the ancient pronunciation of the Latin and Greek languages is one that a profound scholar might investigate for a long lifetime, without arriving at certain conclusions. I have given but a superficial hint or two as to its difficulty. Even the Greek language—which can hardly be called "dead," modern Greek being very much more like ancient than modern English is like early English, and a modern Greek being better able to read Homer, who sang his unwritten song nearly three thousand years ago, than an Englishman of average education is to read Robert of Gloucester, who wrote his rhymed chronicle only about A. D. 1300—even this language has undergone such a radical change in its vocal utterance that it has become a language of accent instead of one of quantity. But whatever the difficulty of this subject, it would be well, it seems to me, and easy, to avoid such pronunciations as *ay-may-bam* and the like; for even if *amabam* were an English word, we should not give it that sound, which to a continental scholar would be *emebam*.

This topic, and the mention of the change which the Greek language has undergone, bring up the inquiry of a correspondent, apropos of my mistranslation of *opera* in Catullus (the occasion and the manner of which I set forth long ago), who some months ago asked me to explain "how it is that *opera* in one place can have one meaning and in another place another; and above all, how the mere poetical pronunciation of a word can affect its meaning." I passed by this query, as I am obliged to pass by many of those addressed to me, as not of sufficiently general interest to the readers of a popular magazine, who do not care to take elementary lessons in Latin prosody. But some of them may like to learn, what so many of them already know, that the measure of Greek and Latin verse is regulated, not like that of verse in modern languages, by accent, but by quantity; that is, by the so-called length of the vowels. What this quantity was *in effect*, that is, whether "long" and "short" referred to the time taken in pronouncing the vowel, or to the kind of sound that was given to it—for example, to use an English illustration, whether the *i* in *brightly* should be regarded as long, and that in *pilfer* short, the time taken to utter each being the same—I confess that I have not been able to find a satisfactory decision. But let that pass. As to what syllables were long and what were short, there is no doubt. The question is settled by pro-

* I heard of a doltish fellow's being beguiled into translating this line: "A horrid monster informed the Injuns that his eye was out."

sodic rules which are well established, and which all grammar-school and college boys have, more or less, to master. According to these rules, the quantity of vowels is determined by what is called "nature," or by "position"—i. e., their position before other letters. And, to be brief, it happens that a vowel in the same word, or rather the same combination of letters, may be long in one case and short in another. There should be no such difficulty in any intelligent person's understanding this as my correspondent seems to have found. In English, for example, *pérfume* means a substance, and *perfúme* an act; and the poet who should write a line requiring the accent "a perfúme" would be guilty of what corresponds to false quantity in Latin prosody.

In the line in question,

Tua nunc opera meae puellæ,

the measure requires a long vowel in the sixth syllable, which is the first of a foot called a trochee. Now *opera* may be either the accusative case plural of *opus*, or the ablative singular of *opera*; but as in the first case the *a* is short and in the second it is long, it must be the latter. Not thinking of the scansion of the line, I mistook *opera* for the accusative plural, and thus lost a finer rendering, to which prosody would have led me; and not only prosody, but the consultation of any good translation of Catullus, had it occurred to me that such precaution was necessary.

My correspondent's inquiry is answered; but upon this point I may be pardoned, on the present occasion, for referring to a criticism by the distinguished scholar with a notice of whose death I began this article. In a paper upon "Some Exaggerations in Comparative Philology," which was read by him before the Philological Association at its meeting in July, 1872, a copy of which, printed for private circulation, he was kind enough to send me in the spring of last year, he discussed with characteristic knowledge, nicety, and frankness this question of Latin prosody; and in the course of his discussion he did me the honor of censuring me in the following passage, which I shall make no apology for quoting entire, at risk of a charge of egoism and vanity. Insisting upon the syntactical importance of prosody, he thus held up his frightful example:

Let us never forget that this knowledge is not merely an *elegance* of scholarship; it is necessary to the safe construing of the poets. Mr. Grant White's mistranslation of Catullus shows how a man of much etymological attainment may come to dire grief by ignorance of prosody. Moreover, at the risk of being accused of finding a very large mare's nest, I must ventilate my belief that the peculiar neglect of prosody in New England has encouraged a habit of laying the stress on the syllables of a word at random, and has a great deal to do with the tendency of even the best educated New Englanders to misaccentuate every language with which they have to deal, emphatically including English.

It will be seen that the discussion has a direct bearing upon the related subjects of the letters of both of my correspondents. The soundness of Mr. Bristed's position is not to be disputed; and the justice of his criticism was seen by no one more clearly than by him who had ministered occasion for the censure. His philological paper and a privately-printed book lay for some time unacknowledged among the *agenda* of a busy and procrastinating man, who has trusted too long to the soundness of a maxim evolved from the depths of his moral consciousness—Punctuality is the Thief of Time. But both were at last acknowledged in a letter from which, by the kindness of Mr. Bristed in lending it to me shortly before his death, I am able to give the following extract:

NEW YORK, June 6, 1873.

DEAR BRISTED: . . . I lit on your book yesterday. . . . —you spoke of me as "igno-

rant" of prosody, and particularly of the hendecasyllabic metre. *De non apparentibus et non existentibus*, I know; but careless or neglectful would have been the truer word. Why, because a man is not a scholar of your grade, it doesn't follow that he hath not the humanities. Prosody was ground into me daily from the time I was eleven years old until I was graduated (to speak of myself as if I were a thermometer) with some honor. But since then I have let it (with much else of the minutiae of what I learned) go to the winds. And one reason why I did so was because the scansion of almost all the metres, except the hexameter, not only failed to satisfy my ear, but positively offended it. To this day I cannot *feel* that we are sure about those metres. It must be all right, I suppose; but all the more am I sorry for the poor Greeks and Romans—the latter particularly—because they had no better rhythms. My ear always resented such as

"Mācē | nās ātāvis | ēditē rē | gībūa,"

and

"Pērsi | cōs ō | dī pūēr ād | pārātūs,"

I believe that is right, but I haven't looked at the *prosody* part of a Latin grammar for twenty-five years, and don't own a Latin grammar now, having sold my Madvig with the rest of my books. But of the most of these classical rhythms I can't help thinking, or rather feeling, as disparagingly as I do in regard to all that I have been able to discover about the Greek music; as to which it seems to me either that it was not what we mean by music, or that we know nothing about what it was. And so I dismissed scansion from my very cognizance long ago; and when I read a classical lyric, which I do once in a while, I read right on for the poetry, the thought, and let the form go, although in poetry the form is so much a part of the thought. That's the real truth of the matter. Of course I am consequently at loose ends sometimes. What a barbarian you must think me! . .

The very line in question from Catullus would have furnished me with an illustration. The Phalæcian verse—a variety of the trochaic metre of Greek origin, and used among the Latin poets chiefly by Catullus—consists of a spondee, a dactyl, and three trochees; and consequently this line is to be read,

Tūā | nūnc ōpē | rā mē | æ pū | ellā.

Now in this rhythm, if rhythm it may be called, I can find neither melody nor symmetry. My ears, which any one who pleases may therefore liken to those of Midas, are better pleased by reading the lines, in defiance of prosody, with the accentual rhythm of three dactyls and a trochee, which I think would be more natural and agreeable to any English-speaking person, or in fact any modern reader, who would but try it oblivious of "longs" and "shorts."

Tua nunc opera meæ puellæ,
Flendo turgiduli rubent ocelli.

Observe, too, apropos of a remark made above, that according to the requirements of the measure the æ final of *meæ* is long, and that of *puellæ* short. But diphthongs are always long, and this difficulty is got over by a license or exception as to the last syllable of a verse, called *anceps*; but how the last syllable of *puellæ* was, in effect, any longer than the first, or how the *u* in *puellæ* was short in effect, and that in *nunc* long, I confess I cannot understand.

In reply to my letter, I had the pleasure of receiving one which I have unfortunately mislaid, in which Mr. Bristed, to my surprise, I will confess, agreed with me partly in my feeling of uncertainty as to our knowledge of the effect of some of the Latin and Greek lyric measures. He specified, I remember, the Sapphic Adonic; a measure occasionally stranding, even under such a pilot as Horace, upon such rocks as,

Grosphæ non gemmis, neque purpura ve-
nale, neque auro;

which Ben Jonson imitated, and which Canning burlesqued in his "Knife-Grinder":

Weary knife-grinder! little think the proud ones,
Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike-
road, what hard work 'tis crying all day, "Knives and
Scissors to grind O!"

and which sometimes produces an effect hardly less absurd than old Ennius's dislocation of brain and language,

Telo

Transfixit pectus, saxo cere- comminuit -brum.

I quote from memory my example "*ex stercore Enni*" and may not be exact. Shakespeare, however, has a line with a dislocation something like this, which I believe was first pointed out in my edition of his works:

Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle, hour.

—Son. 126 ;

which seems to be explicable only as a monstrous inversion, for rhyme's sake, of,

Dost hold Time's fickle *hour-glass*, his sickle.

need hardly be said that Mr. Bristed insisted none the less upon the importance of prosody to a right construing of Latin poetry; but such an admission as that which I have mentioned was all the more significant from a man of his scholarship, taste, and judgment. As to the pronunciation of Latin, I have no doubt that his decision would have been either in favor of what is called the continental manner or of giving the letters their ordinary English sound; certainly he would not have listened with sufferance, although certainly with suffering, to such an utterance as *ay-may-bam* for *amabam*.

RESTIVE OR RESTY.

In "Words and their Uses" the meaning of *restive* is said to be "standing stubbornly still." It was remarked that, in opposition to this proper meaning of the word, horses that are restless are frequently called *restive*, the reason of the mistake being probably that restiveness is one sign of rebellion in horses; whence the word *restive* has been frequently assumed to mean exactly that kind of rebellion which it does not mean. Upon this a critic of that book thus delivers himself:

Very few instances, I apprehend, can be produced, from our literature, of that use of *restive* which Mr. White thinks to be the only right one; and most of the extracts which the dictionaries cite under the word illustrate a signification of *restive*, the sole signification it has long borne, which the lexicographers do not distinctly recognize. Even the passage which Mr. White takes from Dr. Johnson is nothing to his purpose. Among old meanings of *restive* are "disposed to draw back," and, much more rarely, "quiescent," "sluggish." The ordinary sense of the word has always been "unruly," "intractable," "refractory." Proofs are subjoined from Lord Brooke, Dr. Featly, Fuller, Milton, Jeremy Collier, Samuel Richardson, Burke, Coleridge, Mr. De Quincey, and Landor.

The astonishing fact should first be mentioned that of the ten examples quoted as "proofs" only four are in point. All the others are instances undeniable of the use of *restive* in the sense of sluggish or stubbornly inactive. But for the sake of brevity this is passed by at present without further notice. An examination of the point such as was not professed or intended to be made in the book in question, will show how trustworthy the assertions of this critic are as to usage, and also how entirely those who use the word to mean violent, fractious, frisky, have perverted it from its true sense. The original meaning of the word may be surely gathered from old dictionaries. Turning to those, we find that Florio¹ in his Italian and English Dictionary, 1598, Minsheu² in his Spanish and English Dictionary, 1599, Cotgrave³ in his French

1 *Restio*—reastle, as some horses are, idle, lazle, backward, slowe, slug, slack.

2 *Haronear*—a restle jade. *Harona bestia*.

Haronedr—to be restle, to be lazle or slothfull. *Harona bestia*—a restle jade, a dull lazle beaste. *Haron*—an idle, lazle fellow.

3 *Restif*—reastle, stubborne, drawing backward, that will not go forward.

Chien restif—a hound that, seeing his game once started, pursues it no further, but stays until he be beaten on.

Restivé—made or grown restle—*for* slowed, protracted, stopped, or drawn back.

Restivement. Restily, stubbornely, backwardly, slothfully.

and English Dictionary, 1611, Minshew¹ again, in his "Ductor in Linguas," 1617, and Skinner² in his "Etymologicon Linguae Anglicanae," 1671, all not only give a disposition to stand still, to *rest*, as the meaning of *restive*, but give as the secondary meaning laziness, dullness, sluggishness. Cotgrave even shows that it was applied to a hound that had to be beaten on to the pursuit of game, and Skinner, to a horse that would not move his hoofs. Bullokar's "English Expositor," 1616, is quoted by Singer in his edition of Shakespeare (Vol. ix., p. 87) as giving a like definition of the word. How indeed could a word coming through the French *restif*, now *rétif*, from the Latin *restare*, have any other meaning? The assertion as to the rarity of the use of the word in its proper sense was certainly ventured upon by this critic more from an over-hasty desire to impeach the credit of his intended victim than an impelling knowledge of the correct usage of English writers. The translator of Calvin,³ 1561, uses it to express a readiness to go backward; Chapman,⁴ 1598, a shy refusal to move, thus translating *δειλὰ τε μαχηθεὶς*; Shakespeare⁵ couples it with sloth; Bacon⁶ makes restiveness a synonyme of "stonds" that check the movement of the mind, all possible doubt as to his meaning being estopped by the use of *impedimenta* in his Latin translation of the passage⁷; Jonson⁸ always means by it mental or bodily inaction; Fulke Greville⁹ applies it to a man who will not move because he cannot run; Milton¹⁰ expresses by it that proud dislike of exertion which made the Turk like to have his dancing done for him; Browne¹¹ calls the weaker and inactive side the *restive* side; Etherege¹² calls a *resty* jade

1 *Restie*—as a horse drawing back that will not go forward. G. Restif, I. Restiv, a *restando*.

2 *Resty*. Equus contumax: hoc a *restando* seu *restitando*, adeo ut calcaribus promovere non posset.

3 And would to God we were not like kicking and *resty* horses, more ready to go backward than forward.—Calvin, "Four Godly Sermons," 4.

4 ———Under whom they will be much more shy
And fearing my voice, wishing thine, grow *resty*, nor go on
To bear us off. —*Iliad*, v. 284.

5 Weariness
Can snore upon the flint when *restie* sloth
Finds the down pillow hard. —"Cymbeline," iii., 6.

6 The Spanish name *desembottura* partly expresseth them, when there be not stonds nor *restiveness* in a man's nature, but that the wheels of his mind keep way, etc.—*Essays*, "Fortune."

7 Scilicet: cum non inveniuntur in natura alioquin obices aut impedimenta; sed rotæ animi ad motum rotarum fortunæ versatiles sunt.—*Sermones Fideles* xxxviii., *De Fortuna*.

8 ———and therefore we that love him devise to bring him in such as we may now and then to breathe him. He would grow *resty* else in his case: his virtue would *rest* without action.—"Silent Woman," ii., 1.

You cannot tell: perhaps the physic will not work so soon upon some as upon others. It may be the rest are not so *resty*.—"Cynthia's Revels," v., 3.

Because one of our greatest poets (I know not how good a one) went to Edinburgh on foot, and came back: marry, he has been *restive*, they say, ever since, for we have had nothing from him; he has set out nothing, I am sure.—Jonson, "The World in the Moon."

9 ———be not *restive* in their weak stubbornness that will either keepe or lose all; but think what folly it were for a man in the natural decades of age not to goe because he cannot runne.—"Letter to a Noble Lady," Works, 1631 p. 286.

10 In state perhaps they may be listed among the upper serving men of som great household, and be admitted to som such place as may stile them the servers or the yeomen ushers of devotion, where the maister is too *restie* or too rich to say his own prayers or to bless his own table.—"Eikonastates," Sec. 24.

11 Palsies oftenest happen upon the left side: the most vigorous part protecting itself and protruding the matter upon the weaker and *restive* side.—Browne (*apud* Jonson).

12 Count. I should have never consented to that, Frank:

Though I am a little *resty* at present, I am not such a
Jade but I should strain if another rid against me. I
Have e'er now lik'd nothing in a woman that I have
Loved at last in spite only, because another had a mind
To her.

—"She Would and She Would Not," iv., 2.

one that cannot be driven to exertion even by rivalry; Dryden¹ connects it with slumber and obstinacy; Palmer² couples *resty* and *stubborn*; Roscommon³ uses it to express national immobility; Scott⁴ couples restiveness with idleness and opposes it to action; the editor of the "Manual of Essays," 1809,⁵ uses "unready" as a synonyme of "restive," for which he substitutes the former in one of Bacon's essays; and Boswell⁶ the younger, in 1821, is very specific upon this word, saying, "Restive or restiff, when spoken of a horse, does not mean shifting its posture, but refusing to go on." The assertion as to the rarity of instances in which restive is used to express stubbornness of inaction, and also the other, that the ordinary sense of the word has always been unruly, intractable, refractory, may be dismissed without further notice. They are merely additional evidence that a man may read a great deal, and read in vain, because he does not read in the right places and in the right way; and that a presuming and an insolent man often furnishes the occasion of his own discomfiture. And this he does yet again by his remark:

Resty is marked, by Dr. Webster's editors, as "obsolete." I have often heard it from Englishmen and Englishwomen, in conversation, especially in the form *rusty*. "But they paraded the street, and watched the yard till dusk, when its proprietor ran *rusty*, and turned them out." (Mr. Charles Reade, "Hard Cash," ed. 1863, vol. III., p. 190.) This corruption, as Dr. Johnson shows, is not modern.

Who has not heard *rusty*, particularly from "ye British swell" when he is somewhat fast! But this is slang, vulgar slang, as the critic should have known, without learning it from Grose⁷. To "ride rusty," however, has now yielded to another phrase, equally elegant and significant, "to cut up rough." *Restive* has, however, been used, and by writers of distinction, to mean refractory or actively rebellious; that very misuse of the word having been the subject of my criticism. It is a characteristic example of the perversion of a word to a usage quite at variance with etymology and common sense. It crept in through a careless use of *restive* to mean merely rebellious and ungovernable, which we find even in Locke,⁸ and Dryden,¹⁰ and Swift¹¹; and then

1 *Restiff* and *slumbering* on its arms.

—Dryden (*apud* Jonson).

The archangel when discord was *restive* and would not be drawn from her beloved monastery — Dryden, *Pref. to Juvenal*.

2 At what age to begin [to bend a child's will] depends upon a wise observation; for some children are naturally *resty* and stubborn, even at three or four. — "Moral Essays on Proverbs," 1710, p. 18. 3 Labour'd to draw three *restive* nations on. — Roscommon, *Chalmers's Poets*, 1711.

4 Such an *idle, restive* presence as this is utterly inconsistent with such active perfections — "Christian Life," Part II., chap. 4.

5 Young men . . . and that which doubles all errors will not acknowledge or retract them; like a *restive* horse, that will neither stop nor turn. — Bacon, "Of Youth and Age," "Manual of Essays," London, 1809.

And, that which doubleth all errors will not acknowledge or retract them; like an *unready* horse, that will neither stop nor turn. — "Essays," 1625, Ed. Aldis Wright.

6 Variorum Shakespeare, vol. xiii., p. 138.

7 *Rusty* (out of use) — to nab the rust, to be refractory, properly applied to a *restive* horse and figuratively to the human species; *to ride rusty*, to be sullen; called also, *to ride grab*. — "Dic. of Vulgar Tongue," 1785.

8 "Now, Ingram," said the young man in penitential tones, "don't cut up rough about it." — "A Princess of Thule," chap. vii.

9 Try it in a dog, or an horse, or any other creature, and see whether the ill and *resty* tricks they have learned when young are easily to be mended when they are kind; and yet none of these creatures are half so wilful and proud or half so desirous to be masters of themselves and others, as man. — "On Education," p. 299.

10 —but dismounted from the saddle when he found the beast which bore him began to grow *restiff* and ungovernable — *Dedication to Georgics*.

11 "Yet I am of opinion this defect ariseth chiefly from a perverse, *restive* disposition." — "Houyhnhnms," chap. viii.

"That as the Yahoos were the most filthy, noisome, and deformed animal which nature ever produced, so were they the most *restive* and indocible, mischievous, and malicious." — *Ib.*, chap. ix.

the word, of which the radical inherent sense is that of rest, of immobility, was perverted, thoughtlessly by some persons, ignorantly by others, to the expression of an active resistance to command. This is a kind of secondary and inflected meaning, which being the result of no analogy, but being on the contrary abnormal, vague, and confusing, should be resisted as tending to enfeeble and obscure language.

JEWELRY NOT "JEWEL-LER-Y."

No paragraph in "Words and their Uses" was subjected to more scornful treatment than that in which the proper meaning of *jewelry* was set forth as being, first, the place where jewels are kept, and thence jewels in general. This assertion, and the censure of the use of *jewelry* to mean the particular jewels worn by a lady, was scoffed at with great elaboration of contempt both by the Yankee in New England and the Yankee in Old England who so kindly gave themselves to the work of my destruction.¹ "Superficial philology" and "ignorant pretension" were the mildest judgments passed upon it and its author. But the distinction that I drew and advocated in usage is, I find now (for previously I had not examined any dictionaries but Johnson's, in which the word is not, and Richardson's, in which it is not defined), merely that which is drawn by all lexicographers, from the first appearance of the word in an English dictionary, which was within less than twenty years of the earliest instance of its use hitherto brought to light;² even from Webster in his first small dictionary, published in 1807, where *jewelry* is "jewels and trinkets in general," and his own great edition in 1828, where *jewel* is "an ornament worn by ladies," and *jewelry* "jewels and ladies' trinkets in general," down to Stormonth, 1871, where *jewel* is "an ornament, a gem," and *jewelry* "jewels and ladies' trinkets in general." This is exactly, and only, the distinction that I insisted upon; no other.³ Of my historical position as to the original meaning of the word and the course and causes of its deflected meaning⁴, I felt quite sure. This was, that *jewelry* was a noun of place, being a place where jewels were kept, as *treasury* was, and is, a place for keeping treasure; and that the former word is not formed upon *jeweller*, as some other words in *ry* are formed, "by adding *y*, a euphonic shortening of *ry*, to the appellative of their appro-

1 He in New England renders his criticism naught by this radical misapprehension or perversion: "As it is a mark of low caste to use *jewelry* as meaning a collection of jewels, it follows logically that he must be a literary pariah who speaks of *cavalry*, for that means a collection of horsemen," and so forth and so forth throughout the dictionary. This was actually written by a sane man, although what I had said was that a collection of jewels is exactly what *jewelry* does mean: See "Words and their Uses," 1st edition, p. 131. He in Old England entirely misrepresents the use made of the word by Burke, Macaulay, and Ruskin, whom he cites against a distinction which they support.

2 By Burke, at the trial of Warren Hastings in 1788.

3 The following are characteristic examples of the correct and the incorrect and vulgar use of *jewelry*; the first from one of William Black's charming novels, the last we owe him; the second from Mr. Wilkie Collins's last novel:

"Passing through the clean and bright little town, Mackenzie suddenly pulled up his horses in front of a small shop, in the window of which some cheap bits of jewelry were visible."—"A Princess of Thule," chap. II.

"Always remarkable for the taste and splendor of her dress, Lady Janet had on this occasion surpassed herself. There she stood revealed in her grandest velvet, her richest jewelry, her finest lace."—"The New Magdalen," chap. xxix.

In the last—I say it with reluctance—the use of the word well suits the tone of the passage, and of the book in which it appears.

4 See "Words and their Uses," p. 133.

priate tradesmen," as one of these critics ignorantly assumes, and so is not *jewellery*, but *jewelry*. But as I was unable at the moment to lay my hand upon the evidence (which, indeed, I had partly forgotten), I said nothing about it, except to point out the word *joyaulrie* in Cotgrave, 1611, where it is defined as "the trade and mystery of jewelling." This was met only by the sneering remark: "It is a beautiful word; it is an imposing word; it impresses us with an indefinable awe. Mr. White assures us that it meant 'the trade and mystery of jewelling'; but the delicate processes of logic by which it is made to explain the perversion of the name of a place to the name of the article for sale in that place, are kept from our view." Now that I have at hand books and memorandums then inaccessible to me, I can be more specific. Looking somewhat further back, we find that *jewelry* comes from, or at least is an analogous formation to, the Italian *gioelleria*. Thus Florio, 1598:

Gioelleria, the arte of jewellers or lapidaries; also a *jewel-house*.

In the edition of 1690, edited by Torriani, we have "a jewel-house" given as its first definition, "the arte of jewellers," etc., being secondary. Minshew in his Spanish dictionary, 1599, gives no corresponding word in his vocabulary; but in his "Dialogues in Spanish and English," of the same date, we find the phrase "Aora vamos á la *joyería*—Now let us go to the *place where they sell jewels*." Finally—to produce an absolutely English authority of the first importance—as to the proper form of the English word, *jewelry* (not *jewellery*), and as to its meaning, a place where jewels are kept, Chapman in his "Blinde Beggar of Alexandria," published in 1598, about two hundred years before the date of the earliest instance of the use of this word known to the compilers of dictionaries, or to the author of "Recent Exemplifications of False Philology," has the following passage:

*Out of my Tressurie chuse the [thy] choyse of gold
Till thou finde some matching thy hayre in brightness ;
But that will never be, so chuse thou ever.
Out of my Jewelrye chuse thy choyse of Diamondes,
Till thou finde some as brightsome as thyne eyes ;
But that will never be, so chuse thou ever.*

The delicate process of logic by which the word meaning a jewel-house, or a place where they sell jewels, came to mean that which was kept in those places, is the process, known to all students of language, by which the containing is put for the contained; as, for example, *poultry*, first a place where fowls were kept for sale, and *pastry*, first a place where pies were stored. Yet at dinner we do not ask a lady if she will have a wing of the poultry, nor does a boy beg for a second piece of pastry.

Sneering is not a good way in which to meet facts or arguments, or even the mere opinions of a fairly reasonable man. It does not require the highest ability, nor does it necessarily imply the most thorough knowledge. Most often it waits on blind presumption ditchward, as pride goes before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall:

RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

A BREAKFAST WITH VICTORIEN SARDOU.

THE playwright is of slight frame, and a trifle under the medium height. His hair, black and abundant, is thrown back without any attempt at parting. The eyes are dark blue, the mouth is rather large, and the complexion has that paleness which comes from sedentary occupation. In repose the face is somewhat heavy, but in conversation it undergoes such a change that one wonders that the first and second face should belong to the same person. In one position it resembles that of a faun. The voice is agreeable, and Gallic gesture is its natural accompaniment. There is wit in the smile, and a touch of malice. He has the gift of speech, and his volubility and cleverness usually turn others into listeners, who in this instance were the Count de Najac—a playwright of some note—and myself, the repast being triangular.

His *mots* are occasionally heard about Paris, and the following is a specimen: A well-known journalist asked him one evening in a tone of raillery, between the pear and the cheese, why the government had made him an officer of the Legion of Honor; and he replied imperturbably, "Il le fallait."

The manner of working coming under discussion during breakfast, M. Sardou gave the routine of one of his days. All his labor was done at Marly, his place in the country. After a cup of chocolate at eight in the morning, he worked in a light general way, like a painter who carries out details, until ten, and during these two hours did not feel in the best disposition for work and seldom accomplished anything of importance. At ten he opened his letters and wrote the answers which were absolutely necessary; for letter-writing was one of his aversions. He received many foolish letters, which were consigned without further thought to the waste basket. After this he glanced at the newspapers of Paris, and at eleven descended to his garden to see how his flowers and plants came on, and have a chat with the gardener. Between eleven and twelve he ate a substantial breakfast, with wine, and finished with black coffee. This repast had a stimulating effect, and as soon as disposed of, he felt in excellent condition for work, and often began to write before he finished his coffee. Whatever merit was to be found in his plays, said he, came from work done between breakfast and about half past two in the afternoon. In these two hours he thought most of his best plots and situations had originated, and it was certainly during this time that he had done his hard work. When two or half past two arrived, he was fatigued, tired of the sight of ink and paper, and resigned the pen for the day, and could hardly be induced to resume it to write a simple note. Then he became Mayor of Marly, husband, and father, for the rest of the day, and enjoyed himself in rural pastimes.

According to the other *convive*, when seen at Paris, he was always hurrying to get away to his place in the country; and M. Sardou himself said that if it were not that his presence was necessary at the rehearsals—a more serious proceeding than in America or any other country—he would come to Paris very seldom. He usually went by private conveyance to his home, through the Bois de Boulogne—a delightful drive of two hours. He had been residing at Marly ten years, and thought he would die there. The country was attractive to him, and one of his favorite subjects of conversation. When

he got away from friends of the city he spoke of his duties as an agriculturist, and occasionally, with a Voltairian smile, referred also to those of the Mayor of Marly.

In response to my suggestion that he should make a tour in America, or at least visit a few of the towns of the Atlantic coast, he gave several reasons not valid. He did not like to leave his wife and child. He could take them with him. His wife dared not encounter the sea. He might absent himself for a visit of six weeks; and I referred to the Count de Najac, who had travelled with Edmond About in Egypt up to the second cataract, and had also been to America, and expressed a desire to go again. Whereupon he said that M. de Najac had departed from the habits of his people, and was no longer a Frenchman. What struck him in Americans was their way of talking about a run across the Atlantic of five or six weeks; in France such a thing was an episode. I was constrained to add confirmatory testimony to this in a scene which had come under my observation the previous day at the railway station: a family in tears hung around a youth on the point of taking his place in the train—an emotional group which suggested a departure for the ends of the earth, when it turned out that the young man's destination was Havre.

The playwright, in his character of host, expressed solicitude from time to time as to the interior welfare of his guests, and thought their food was not sufficiently moistened with the juice of the grape. This must be attributed to M. Sardou's politeness, for the *convives* exercised due diligence in this respect, and required no urging. Toward the end of the repast versatility of talent was exhibited by my companions in a disquisition on cheese in its relations to wine—that is, the properties of different kinds of cheese in bringing out the best qualities of wine. The theory having been thus exposed, a practical application was made, satisfactory to all.

M. Sardou dislikes to let the public into the secrets of his work before the public representation. On one occasion—the rehearsal of the “*Maison Neuve*” at the Vaudeville—an indiscreet journalist furnished an account of it before it was given to the public, and the author's susceptibilities were so touched that he withdrew the piece, avowing his determination to keep it out of the theatre altogether. As the play was made under contract, the manager of the theatre entered suit in the courts in defence of his rights, and M. Sardou was obliged to yield. This was one of the topics of Paris at the time, and had the effect of a great advertisement for the play, although the author was doubtless guiltless of such intention.

As he is more sensitive on this point perhaps than any other, his rehearsals are conducted with as much secrecy as possible. The first night of a public representation the critics appear in full force, and their judgment, published the following day or two, forms to some extent that of the public; hence the desire of the author to enjoy all the advantage of his effects, in light, costume, and good acting, on the minds of these professional observers. These *first nights* are held to be important by the Parisians, and tickets of admission are much sought, but few or none are sold, being usually given to critics, friends, and official people. Like most successful playwrights, M. Sardou is exacting as to the way his plays are put on the stage, and exercises personal supervision over every department. For the time he takes possession of the theatre as a pilot takes command of a ship. He is a good reader, and always reads his play to the actors himself. When he read the “*Merveilleuses*,” which has

recently been represented, he played it from beginning to end, laughing and weeping according to the requirements of each part; then gave Hamlet's advice to the players, with numerous amendments and reiterations. During the rehearsals he directed everything, placed the furniture and decorations, instructed each one in movement and speech—in short, was a professor of comedy whom all obeyed, even the manager. More time was occupied by the author in hunting up costumes and *bric-à-brac* of the Directory epoch for the "Merveilleuses" than in writing the play, which has little merit of invention, being mostly a compilation. He himself painted one or two of the signs used in the piece, not being satisfied with the work of the scene-painter.

The usual place of this professor of theatrical art during the rehearsals is alongside the prompter's box, on the front of the stage, where he sits and notes every detail, jumping up at intervals and running from one side to the other to give instruction, sometimes compelling a player to repeat a simple sentence a dozen times. In the *gavotte*—a dance under the Directory in the "Merveilleuses"—an experienced ballet-master was employed to lead it. After going through it twenty times, M. Sardou still expressed dissatisfaction; when the irate master of the ballet put on his hat and told him he might lead his ballets himself, since he pretended to know everything. Amid general surprise, the author left his chair, placed himself at the head of the dancing troop, and executed the *gavotte*. *C'est le théâtre incarné!* was the exclamation of the manager.

M. de Najac once collaborated with M. Sardou in the production of a play, during which he passed eight days with him at Marly. As is generally the case in dual play-writing, the better portion of the time was devoted to stimulating and suggestive discussion. The play was mostly constructed as they sat upon fences and walked through the woods, the proprietor of Marly emphasizing the situations with a great stick which he usually carried, and assuming the rôles himself—the naïve maiden, the sighing lover, or the irate parent, as the case might be.

A critical night for the author is naturally that on which his play is first given to the public. The elder Dumas placed himself in the most conspicuous box of the theatre, smiled benignly down on the spectators and the stage, and as the play progressed naïvely manifested admiration of his own work. When it proved to be a success, his face grew radiant, and he looked as if he expected an ovation. The son is the reverse of his father, disliking public situations and manifestations. M. Sardou does not remain in the theatre—not even behind the scenes—but goes to a neighboring café, where people bring him tidings from time to time of the progress of the play.

Molière may be said to have created the profession of dramatic author, and, in a certain sense, to have elosed it to those who came after him, in leaving a standard so high as to be unattainable—doing for comedy what LaFontaine did for the fable. Brilliant as some of those were who came after Molière, they cannot be compared to him in any one quality of the dramatic author. The French have always occupied themselves more with the theatre than any other people, and in their literary history it usually has the first place. It is the most attractive field to those ambitious of literary honors, and is one of the most thorough schools of training for those who adopt writing as a profession, whether in journalism or book-making. Requiring as it does the exercise of the best qualities of the writer, the path to triumph is proportionately difficult, which renders it all the more attractive to the lover of art. It is compara-

tively easy to induce a publisher in Paris to print an octavo volume, involving an outlay of about \$200, but it is a different matter to persuade the manager of a theatre to bring out a play which requires the spending of thousands. This gives an idea of the greater obstacles which exist in the way of the dramatist. On an average, there are about twelve thousand publications every year in Paris, while at the most not more than two hundred new plays are introduced at the theatres; which gives an idea of the difficulties attending the pursuit of this profession. Half the young men who pass through the colleges of the Latin Quarter try their hand at play-writing—especially of tragedy in imitation of the classic Greeks—and fail. In a word, the typical Frenchman, at least while young, entertains the conviction that he can write a play.

Although M. Sardou writes plays which make the most money, he is not the best playwright. Emile Augier, Jules Sandeau, and Alexandre Dumas the younger, for instance, judged by the rules of art, are superior to him. Augier, especially, possesses depth, philosophy, and style, in none of which is Sardou distinguished. But the movement and life in the latter invest him with an attraction not often found in his contemporaries. His faults are hidden under the action, hurried on to the *dénouement*, with hardly a breathing spell. There is an audacity in the scene which scarcely any one else could maintain; the brilliancy of the dialogue is irresistible, and the types—when French—are usually well defined and richly colored. Reason may object to many of his situations as untrue, but it gives way before the action.

One of the principal faults of M. Sardou is a disposition to employ small means to produce his effects. He resorts to the old and worn tricks, such as the “dropped handkerchief with the initials,” the “lost letter,” the “thrusting of people under sofas,” and others of the same character, known in the language of the theatre as *ficelles* and *trucs*. His fondness for these little twists and turns to create surprises lessens his force in the estimation of the trained critic, however much they may please the people. These *trucs*, taking them for what they are worth, are prepared by him with great care; yet prepare them as he will, he cannot always prevent us from seeing the trick before it is played. If a handkerchief is dropped, we have a pretty clear idea as to what hand it will fall into. If the lover is thrust into the wardrobe, we know in advance that he will *nearly* be discovered by the legitimate party in order that our suspense may be played upon. The talent which he employs in very small things—these little snares to catch our surprise—is remarkable, and suggests a prestidigitator, with all his paraphernalia of wands, cards, and mirrors. It is evident that he attaches too much importance to this branch of his art, to the neglect of more important features. Although Ingres painted the best pictures of his time, nothing interested him like the violin. It is possible that M. Sardou’s *ficelles* may be his violin. Sardou’s strength lies, in addition to his *dramaturgie*, in his studies of character, and in the invention of new French types. And yet this invention does not extend to plots, for in seeing his plays they recall others to the memory, with sufficient distinctness to subject him to the charge of plagiarism. Another objection to Sardou is his abuse of what the French call the *tartine*—a short, spicy harangue on some subject supposed to be occupying public attention. He does this lightly, brilliantly, but often with lack of judgment. This seems like an ostentatious intrusion on the part of the author, and however well these “hits” may be received by the public, their indulgence constitutes a departure from the rules of art. There is an illustration of his harangues in the “Ganaches,” in his

usual style of the attack and the reply; for instance, the attack and defence of the old and the present society, the happiness of the past and of to-day, the simplicity of the past and of the present century. Each of these harangues has special reference to an existing state of things, on which it depends for applause, and for this reason there is danger that the pieces which treat of such subjects will go out of fashion in course of time.

In scenic invention and details, as well as that wonderful movement and life which have been referred to, M. Sardou is unequalled. The sparkle and attraction almost induce one to believe for the time that he is the dramatic author of the age; but reflection shows, after the lights are out, that he is deficient in that profundity of analysis and largeness of idea which belong to a great author. If I may be pardoned an illustration from the race-course, I should say that M. Sardou has brilliant action without much bottom; that he is good for a short and showy race, but not equal to a long one. In other words, he is not up to a sustained, strong effort, although he gave promise of it in one or two instances—especially in the “Patrie.”

It may be encouraging to young dramatists to know that the first piece which M. Sardou persuaded the director of the Odéon to undertake was a failure of the gloomiest description. The situation was aggravated by poverty, and he was thirty thousand francs in debt. He says now, in his prosperous days, that what surprises him most is, that he should at that time have found people willing to trust him to such an amount. The failure of his first play at the Odéon—“La Taverne”—was such as to shut the doors of all the theatres against him. His future was as dark as the little back shop in which he toiled, in one of the cheap quarters of Paris; but elasticity and hopefulness were his aids, and they lifted him over the obstacles which stood between him and success. It was nearly ten years before he succeeded in persuading another manager to run the risk of representing one of his pieces, and this in a small theatre in one of the out-of-the-way quarters of Paris. Mme. Déjazet was the name of the manager who at length consented to a second trial, in the theatre named after herself. Here M. Sardou tried the public again in “Les premières Armes de Figaro,” in three acts; and had this also failed, the probability is that we should never have heard of him again. The play met with a favorable reception. This was the entering wedge to an opening career, and in a short time afterward he obtained footing on a more conspicuous scene—that of the Gymnase theatre, where his “Pattes de Mouche,” a comedy of three acts, was his first really brilliant triumph.

As in the case of Scribe, his disastrous beginning did not indicate anything meritorious behind it—nothing, in short, which showed that its author would afterward make such plays as “Patrie” and “Nos bons Bourgeois.” In this respect he was also like Balzac, whose first books furnished no light to the “Peau de Chagrin” and “Père Goriot” of subsequent years; but here the resemblance begins and ends between M. Sardou and that remarkable man.

After his first victory, the way became comparatively smooth; and of the thirty battles he has since fought behind the footlights, two only have been defeats, and one or two what may be called drawn battles or *succès d'estime*. The names of the defeats were “Les Diables Noirs” and “La Papillone.” The first was the worse of the two; the public flatly rejected the “Diables Noirs,” and they took possession of their author in consequence for a time. This play was a new departure—an *olla podrida* of passion, violence, melodrama, and broad comedy—screams, tears, and laughter; an inflated thing.

which the pen of the critic punctured at sight, and it at once collapsed. The other piece, the "Papillone," was given at the National Theatre, the first and last time that M. Sardou appeared on the bills of that establishment. His success at the Vaudeville in "Nos Intimes" had been so great as to induce the society of the National Theatre to ask him for a play, to which he responded with the "Papillone"—probably one of those he had made in earlier days, when the ears of managers were deaf. It was a broad comedy, adapted to a theatre like the Palais Royal, but unfit for the classic place into which it was introduced, and it was received with murmurs and hisses.

These are the only two serious checks that he has met with. The "Maison Neuve" was the most ordinary of his successes, approaching to something like half a failure, for an author of M. Sardou's prestige. From a pecuniary point of view, the most brilliant triumph was the "Famille Benoiton," whose characters, sayings, and incidents became household words all over France. Here was a group under the Empire, painted in strong colors, which showed the author's remarkable talent for seizing the actuality of Parisian life—a picture of feverish, material existence, during the latter part of Napoleon's reign. Getting money and spending it is the pivot on which the play turns; in its dizzy whirl are exhibited slang, magnificent toilets, and worldly actions, and under these turns a parasitic drama which in the end turns into a comedy. There is throughout pyrotechnic display of slang wit and crispy dialogue. One of its most original features is the character of Mme. Benoiton, who is always out. Some of the sayings in the play are still current on the boulevard, although the toilets which it inspired have some time disappeared in accordance with the caprices of fashion.

He has had more success in creating or disseminating popular phrases than any other. Dumas endeavored to put "elle a de la ligne" into circulation as the description of a well-made woman, but with indifferent success. Sardou seldom misses in this field. "Et ta sœur" struck the popular fancy in the "Famille Benoiton" the first night, and has been in vogue ever since. The *mots* employed by Dumas are apt to be finical, and in the upper strata of language; those of Sardou are something lower down, and come within easy comprehension of the people.

M. Sardou, like Marivaux and Beaumarchais, paints the manners and customs of his time, but he never gets exactly to the bottom of a subject. He is possessed of observation in everything relating to the exterior man, but has difficulty in getting inside of him. His aim is rather to amuse the public than to move it, and in this and some other respects he bears a resemblance to Scribe, after whom his work is modelled. The opinion of Scribe's contemporaneous critics was more flattering than that of his critic of to-day; in a word, Scribe has lost ground, and this will be the case with Sardou when the actuality with which his work is filled shall have passed away. Both these authors once or twice seemed to rise to a higher level, one in "Adrienne Lecouvreur," and the other in the "Patrie" and "Ragabas." Both were on the point of seizing that divine spark of genius which would have immortalized them, and both missed it. Scribe wrote plays when the time was big with events, and yet he never succeeded in putting any of them on the stage. Sardou almost wrote the play of his age in "Ragabas," and yet failed. He has not given the best account of the talent with which he is endowed. He does not possess a pure love of art; that is, he does not seem to love art for art itself, but rather regards it as a means to an end, and works too much and too quickly to put a complete and symmet-

rical story on the stage. Through haste, he fails to develop, step by step, certain acts to logical endings. In the interest of art, every one must regret that "Ragabas" was put so quickly behind the footlights; that it was not allowed to repose a month or two in a drawer, to be perfected by the author with a calm judgment and a mind refreshed. In writing this play, if he had only possessed the patience and industry in modelling, touching, and retouching of Alexandre Dumas, it would have been the distinctive play of the last two decades—a complete tableau of one side of contemporaneous history. One opinion is that this haste arises from a desire to reach immediate, material results; but I think that it is rather a defect of artistic organization. I am persuaded that work long on his hands brings about a revulsion; that the sight of it after a time is almost nauseating.

Sardou is *malin*, apparently, without desiring to be anything more. It is rarely that an author goes over the heads of his audience like Molière in the "Misanthrope" and Racine in "Britannicus." Sardou never does. He has no pretension to instruct, no theories to develop, no philosophy to explain. The ordinary spectator walks hand in hand with him and sees all that he sees. There are no summits to climb, no depths to sound. He is the interpreter of passing events, and seldom fails in his rendering of surface pictures. Where he does fail, as in the "Maison Neuve," in which he presumed too much on the melodramatic sympathy of his audience, he corrects himself in the work which follows. Thus, if he trips, no man recovers himself more quickly. When he arrives at the point of seeing exactly what the people want, no one is more audacious than he in supplying the want. He follows the taste of the people, and does not attempt to lead it. He made several efforts to lead when less experienced than he is now, and these efforts were not attended with success. One of these was in the idea of combining tears, emotion, and broad laughter in "Les Diables Noirs," in imitation of some of Shakespeare's work, but it was very crude. It is not likely that he will ever make another mistake of the kind. He has so studied the people that he has arrived at a pretty just estimate of what they will accept and what they will reject. He knows, for instance, that in his pictures of to-day there may and ought to be emotion, but on condition that it be not romantically tragic; he knows that the exhibition of any kind of virtue is admired, provided the form be beautiful, and that the abstractly beautiful of ugly form may not be written; he knows that romantic heroism has had its day and is now dead—not but what the people are still fond of emotion, but it must be clothed in new forms. No one is more alive to the fact than he, that the classic heroes of Racine and Corneille are tiresome to the modern theatre-goer; that, in type and dramatic action, such a thing as the flight of Nero, in Roman gear and dignity, is *rococo*. The dramatic representations of the classic French authors were grandiose; those of to-day are and must be different. The arts of play-writing and painting have walked together in abandoning the classically heroic for the easel picture and the light society play.

M. Sardou reflects the tastes of his time. If the drama is in its decadence, he will follow it in each downward step, though it should end where it began, in the informal burlesque in honor of Bacchus, sung in the midst of the grape vines, in costume of Satyr and Silenus. If it is progressive, he is as ready to rise with it and do better work. If it is to continue in its present path, he will follow it with the same tenacity. The saying so often applied to Napoleon III. may also be applied to him—he understands his epoch.

His quickness in noting the course of public opinion is illustrated in his manner of treating America and Americans, to understand which it is perhaps as well to know that a change has taken place in France in this regard during the last few years. Before the Mexican campaign of Napoleon, *la libre Amérique* was something Arcadian; Laboulaye's flattering tribute to America—"Paris in America"—had a vogue; the names of Lafayette and Washington were still coupled together; according to popular tradition, France had put America on her legs, had patronized and befriended one of her most gifted sons—Franklin; America was the promised land, and Frenchmen generally were friendly to all Americans. This was the rose-water period. When the American government, in accordance with the idea of the Monroe doctrine, insisted on the withdrawal of the French troops from Mexican soil, there were some shakings of the head. During the French-Prussian war opinions and sympathies in the United States were divided, which was a surprise to Frenchmen, who had expected that America entire would extend to them at least a hearty moral support. Here there was some talk about ingratitude. Rich Americans began to come to Paris in great numbers, and furnished a type which was not according to that pattern of republican simplicity and unselfishness which had been held up as something peculiarly American. Our countrymen—as they had the right to do, since they paid for them—secured the finest equipages, apartments, and hotels; outbid the natives in pictures, laces, and robes. Thus, through their coming, according to Frenchmen, prices of living generally advanced. They discovered that the civilization of these rich Americans—from their point of view—did not correspond with that of French people in similar circumstances. They looked at them too superficially to discover that as a nation of workers they had not the time to cultivate the graces; that their civilization was in the interior man, deep-rooted and growing, of a vitality that could hardly be impaired by any event, good or bad, in the history of their nation. French observers saw men who could not play the piano, nor sing, nor appreciate objects of art, and who chewed tobacco, wore beards in hard lines athwart the cheek, jostled people without asking pardon, lounged in free and easy fashion over the furniture of neighbors, and sat on the counters of shops. Politically they were not republicans for others, but only for themselves. The American government had no word of sympathy to offer to the young and struggling republic of France. They observed, too, that many American families were not as faithful to their republican principles as they had believed at an earlier day. They saw American fathers and mothers paying down so much money to the owner of a title to induce him to marry their daughter, without submitting the man's moral character to a proper examination. They occasionally heard young girls express a preference for a monarchy in America, and saw them going out alone with young men, and exhibiting in their intercourse with them a behavior that seemed reprehensible. Seeing these things, the Frenchmen drew their own conclusions; for it is difficult to give them a true insight into any foreign customs. A reaction took place, and reached the other extreme, which is always the case in France. The American way of bringing up young women was considered dangerous, and French mothers did not wish to see their daughters with their American sisters. The custom of many American wives living here, with husbands absent in the States, struck them as singular and improper. The Americans were too free in throwing open their doors to all comers, some of whom were people who might not visit what is considered a good

French house. These considerations, a part of which rest on little foundation, induced the French to draw aloof from American society. Hence it is that the French woman is rarely seen in the house of the American; the men may be found there naturally, as they go everywhere, but their presence has nothing to do with fixing the social status of those they visit.

Sardou noted these changes, and utilized them in the drama. Any allusion made touching America, in his character as a playwright, during the early period, was in the old complimentary vein about "*libre Amérique*." Down to the time of "*Rabagas*," one of his characters therein, Eva, was drawn with a flattering hand—a handsome, practical young American, who likes the republic at home but not abroad. Indeed, she was drawn and colored too flatteringly for an American, according to the changed opinion of Frenchmen, and Sardou saw it quickly; for he is like a physician with his hand on the popular pulse. Then came "*Uncle Sam*," in which he gave his patient, Paris, a pleasing potion. He will not go counter to current opinion, and his popularity in Paris is not to be weighed in the balance with anything else. "*Uncle Sam*" is made up of truth and error. Sardou, to write his play, took up the *brochures* of several young Frenchmen who saw the United States in a month, and gathered his ideas from their crude and superficial accounts.

He did this ingenuously and carelessly, without suspecting that half of his theatrical construction had nothing to stand on. But with a playwright like him, the question of truthfulness of manner, custom, and geography—except in so far as it concerned his own country—was of secondary importance. He knew, according to the prevalent feeling in a certain class of Parisian society, considered intelligent and fashionable, that some hard knocks administered to America would be well received; and to him this reason was sufficient. Besides, writing strictly with a view to Parisian popularity rendered him careless as to the opinion of foreign critics.

It is hard for a man to admit his errors once published, and M. Sardou finds it so. That he has corrected some of his opinions about Americans since the representation of "*Uncle Sam*" in New York, through the criticisms of the press, is doubtless true, but he would hardly make the admission. To Americans this play has shown that a Frenchman may be familiar with the affairs of his own country, and strikingly ignorant of those of the United States.

The theatre absorbs much of the literary talent of France, this department being more lucrative than any other. The playwrights of Paris, during the representation of one of their plays, receive from ten to twelve per cent. on the gross receipts, which vary from three to seven thousand francs a night. Taking five thousand as an average, ten per cent. would give to the author five hundred francs, or one hundred dollars, per night. Other terms, a trifle lower, exist for the provincial theatres, regulated and enforced by the *Société des Auteurs Dramatiques et Compositeurs de Musique*. Thus the author is sometimes in receipt of his percentage from several theatres at the same time. He is also the recipient of a small profit from the sale of the printed play. The author of the one-act farce with which the performance usually begins receives two per cent. of the whole receipts, ten being for the author of the principal piece. M. Sardou's plays are generally of such length that they do not admit of the farce; hence he is paid the twelve per cent.—the amount allowed for the whole evening's performance. This privilege is only accorded to two or three of the most successful authors. M. Sardou has made from his plays as much as \$40,000 a year.

It is now a much more lucrative business than formerly. Scribe, who is cited as the most successful playwright of his time, received for one of his pieces in 1812 one hundred francs, in 1816 one hundred and fifty for another entitled "L'Ecole de Village," and two hundred for the "Comte Ory," in 1818 four hundred for the "Visite à Bedlam," and three thousand for "Valérie." The price continued to advance until, in 1834, he was paid twenty thousand francs for the "Passion Secrète," which was considered at that time something fabulous in the way of remuneration. The "Menteur" of Corneille probably never reached such a figure as this. M. Sardou realizes from a popular play something in the neighborhood of one hundred and fifty thousand francs—\$30,000! The dramatic authors of France are indebted for the prices which they now receive in a great measure to the existence of the association into which they have formed themselves—La Société des Auteurs Dramatiques et Compositeurs de Musique, which is much like a trades union—advancing the interests and defending the rights of each individual member. Naturally, all the playwrights of France are members of this association, the affairs of which are managed by a selected committee of fifteen, the committee appointing two of their number as president and secretary.

The French playwright has an advantage over those of any other country, in having superior actors to represent his play. This was illustrated in the case of Sardou's "Patrie," which proved to be almost a failure in America, and was a triumph in Paris, where it is considered to-day one of the best pieces its author ever wrote. It is one of those which require a brilliant *mise en scène* in order to conserve its theatrical effects.

The American playwright has comparatively little to do with the *mise en scène* of his play. The stage manager and the players take his work out of his hands, and represent it according to their idea. Their self-sufficiency hardly brooks advice from him who made it, and they take umbrage at corrections, and insist on having their own way. Their professional jealousies disturb the harmony of the general effect. In France there is more devotion to art. The author, director, and players enter into a kind of family arrangement to give the most artistic expression to the work. As there must be a leader to all concerted action, the author is properly recognized as such, and his explanations are listened to and his instructions obeyed, unless there should be some good reason for not doing so. On the other hand, the author asks the advice of director and players, and avails himself of their knowledge of stage business. The players naturally have their professional jealousies here as elsewhere, but their love of art neutralizes these, and disposes them to make sacrifices where the interest of the play demands them.

In the French theatre there are some things worthy of remark, as differing from the customs of the Anglo-Saxon theatre. There is gentle handling of each other among the players. When one strikes another with a stuffed stick, it is a very light tap; with us it is apt to be a blow. If there is slapping of the face, it is the merest touch; with us it is too often a spank. If there is a drinking bout, it is gay and airy, and nothing more; with us it is too frequently a drunken, unsightly sprawl. The French woman never does any ungraceful falling to create amusement; her Anglo-Saxon sister often humps down on the stage in a most unlovely manner, for this purpose. Finally, the love-making on the French stage, from an æsthetic point of view, is very clever, and should be studied by all our theatrical young people whose lines lie in this direction.

ALBERT RHODES.

AUSTIN CHASUBLE'S LOVE CHANCE.

“**O**NE should try to be contented, Mrs. Bosely. We are all given what is needful for us, you know.”

“So we be, sir, so we be; but the draught do come in at that 'ere door dreadful, it do. I feels it across my lines like the stroke of a stick, no less.”

“Well, you must speak to your landlord; and if he won't do anything, be patient. Patience is, etc., etc.”

Thus I, curate of St. Stephen's-in-the-West, to Mrs. Bosely, ex-laundress and present out-door pauper, in No. 3 Jinks alley, sitting on one of Mrs. Bosely's bottomless cane chairs, and uttering weak platitudes by way of soothing Mrs. Bosely's complaints. Do not sneer, my reader. Is it not the special province of a curate to utter the said mildly moral sentences, and sit on bottomless chairs, for a given period out of every twenty-four hours? “Silence the complaint by relieving the want!” My friend, every old woman in the parish has a draughty door with which she would not part for the diamond mines of Golconda. Were I to give Mrs. Bosely a shilling, and bid her have her door mended, she would spend it in snuff and go on complaining. Were I to send a man to do it—I don't know, but I think she would resist actively, and, if overcome, would possibly take cold and die.

And, meanwhile, Mrs. Smith, and Mrs. Jones, and Mrs. Black have each their draughty door.

For all these reasons I quietly balanced myself on my purgatorial chair, and said that which was expected from me. Mrs. Bosely's room was about six feet square, and smelt strongly of herring and cabbage: result, probably, of Mrs. Bosely's dinner. The window—two panes of sooty glass—was shut and wedged, my hostess objecting on principle to fresh air. I had had no dinner, no lunch even, having been “visiting” since breakfast. My feet were in a pool of water, which had oozed in from under Mrs. Bosely's door. Something nearly allied—unless my shrinking senses deceived me—to the Norfolk Howard family, was leisurely patrolling the back of my neck. The preserved per-

fumes of dinner and Jinks alley made me feel sickish; but it was Mrs. Bosely's day for ten minutes' clerical comfort, and ten minutes she must accordingly have.

“And my rheumatics, sir,” pursued the dame plaintively, “they be that dreadful I can't abide 'em. They crockles one all up like, they does.”

“Your share of this world's afflictions, Mrs. Bosely,” said I, settling my Roman collar—for the ten minutes were nearly up. “Rheumatism is a very painful thing, but one ought to count it a privilege to bear the crosses which——”

I had got thus far when I was interrupted by a sharp knock at the door.

“There's the taxes, drat 'em!” cried Mrs. Bosely, forgetting her pastor's presence in natural irritability. “Come in, do.”

And accordingly there came in—not the taxes, but a beautiful girl, about nineteen; a girl with big, blue, lambent eyes; with a sweet, flushed face, oval-shaped, and dimpled like a baby's; with parted dewy lips, and great masses of glossy bronzed plaits coiled away under the sweeping plume of her broad felt hat; a girl to take away your breath, and make you curse the mud on your boots and the missing button on your ecclesiastical waistcoat.

“Lord ha' mercy!” quoth Mrs. Bosely, “if 't isn't my young lady. An' how be you, my dear?”

“All right, thanks,” said Mrs. Bosely's young lady in a cheerful, rather loud voice—as, without glancing at me, she shook the dame's stiff, wrinkled fingers in her small, lavender-kidded hand. “How is the rheumatism?”

“Mortal bad, miss, mortal bad!” replied Mrs. Bosely, delighted to begin all over again to a new auditor. “I can't abear 'em, an' that's the truth I tell you. They does crockle one up like.”

“Ah, just what they were doing the last time I saw you, grannie,” said the young lady coolly; “and as they are no better, and that ‘crockling’ propensity must be very unpleasant, I'll tell you what I'll do. Have you ever heard of a Turkish bath?”

"A what, miss?" asked Mrs. Bosely, to whom the word "bath" sounded very much as it might to one of those hydrophobic hounds with whom Mr. Grantley Berkeley used to bore us so much a little while ago in the "Times."

"A Turkish bath," repeated the girl, with cheerful distinctness, while I sat in silence—and did *not* laugh. "My uncle is older than you are, and has just had several, which have done him no end of good. You're put into hot water first, I think, and then cold is soused——"

"Water, m'm!" gasped Mrs. Bosely, almost speechless with natural disgust.

"Water, of course," replied her visitor. "What else? And then you're rubbed, and beaten, and your joints are cracked; and—I don't quite know what else; but you come out beautiful!"

Mrs. Bosely groaned faintly.

"I should come out dead," she said solemnly; "it 'ould kill me on the spot."

"It would cure you," retorted the young lady. "You say the rheumatism is killing you now; so you must want to be cured, and I'll just bring a cab——"

"Look'ee here, miss," said Mrs. Bosely coaxingly—she evidently had reasons for not offending her visitor by too abrupt a refusal—"that 'ere—*cure* 'ould cost mints."

"It costs something, of course," replied the girl; "but I shall pay that; and——"

"Miss Julit!" cried Mrs. Bosely, almost driven to desperation, "I couldn't let you. It 'ould be wrong. There, now! We must all ha' patience, you know, miss, in this vale o' tears; and as my clergyman was just a sayin' to me, one 'ad ought to count it a privilege to carry the crosses as is sent us."

"Oh, nonsense!" interrupted the girl curtly. "It's all very well to carry crosses if you can't get any one to carry them for you; but if you can, drop them and be thankful."

"An' then, miss, I do think as the rheumatics is betterin' a little—I do, indeed, miss. They ain't so fixed like in the bones; an' I don't believe as I'd 'ave 'em at all if 'tweren't for that 'ere draught door, as the draught do cut me in 'alf, it do."

"Why, Mrs. Bosely, I sent some one to mend that door."

"Ah! an' indeed 'twas very good o' you, miss. A boy, he did come; but he

made such a jawin' an' clatterin' round, I knowed as he couldn't do nothink; an', not to deceive you, m'm, I'm that shaky I can't abear worritin'."

"Why, you troublesome old thing," cried the girl merrily, "he would have done it all right. Let me look at it."

And then she turned round, and espied me in my dark corner by the door.

"Why, who's this, Mrs. Bosely?" she asked quickly. "Your widowed granddaughter? How do you do, my girl? and why don't you come and take care of your poor old——"

This was *too* much. I had already been shocked to the soul by this girl's levity; but to be taken for an ill-conditioned young woman! Anathematizing from the bottom of my heart my classically hairless face and rigidly lengthy coat, I rose up, while Mrs. Bosely exclaimed:

"Why, lor bless you, dear! that be Mr. Jasible, my minister."

"I hope I am not in your way," I said stiffly, seeing she had the grace to blush, but relenting because the blush made her so wonderfully pretty.

"I beg your pardon, Mr.——Jezebel. I——"

"Chasuble," I corrected, rather warmly.

"Mr. Chasuble, I really beg your pardon; but that corner is so dark, I could not see you properly. Perhaps you can tell me what is to be done for Mrs. Bosely's door."

Her manner was deliciously frank. I suggested that something nailed against the crack——

"The very thing!" she said, promptly. "A capital idea. One of those red flannel sausage things that men carry round in the snow. Now, Mrs. Bosely, where can I get one?"

"Oh, don't 'ee trouble, miss," replied that individual, very uncomfortably. "It don't matter, the door don't. One gets used to 'em, somehows; and——"

"She likes it!" exclaimed the girl, indignantly. "She likes a draught. Mrs. Bosely, how can you? and at your age, too! Why, how old are you?"

"Sixty-eight, or som'ereabouts," Mrs. Bosely mumbled. "Now don't 'ee worrit, Miss Julit, dear. There aint no doin' nothink with that door nohow, there aint."

"Sixty-eight!" repeated Juliet (what a pretty name it was), "and you don't know how to stop a draught yet! Mrs.

Bosely, I'm ashamed of you. And now I think of it, I saw some of those red sausage things in a little shop at the corner. Mr. Chasuble, would it trouble you to buy some for me? I would go myself, but I see it is drizzling, and rain takes all the curl out of my feather."

She extended a little velvet purse as she spoke; and of course I had to take it. It was hardly consistent with the dignity of a priest of the Church to be running errands for strange young ladies; but when those young ladies wear white ostrich plumes, liable to be uncured by rain, drooping over their shining braids, and when they issue their commands in a sweetly royal tone, and smile on you so as to show two little, rosy dimples at the corners of their mouths, he would be hardly human who could refuse to sacrifice his dignity to their pleasure.

I did not refuse. I went out meekly, and I bought some of the "red sausage things" at the little shop. Had I not been senior curate, I would have carried them off like a coil of gigantic bloodworms over my arm. As it was, I made the shopboy carry them, and accompanied him back to Mrs. Bosely's. I don't know that there was any necessity for me to return there—except to return the purse; I forgot that. Of course I was bound to return the purse to its owner.

"Have you got them? Thanks. Well, you haven't been long" (very condescendingly); "and now we had better nail them up at once. I found some nails in Mrs. Bosely's cupboard. Oh, fancy her keeping her butter in a blacking pot!—and here's a flat-iron for a hammer. I think you had better get up on the chair, and do the top part."

The ease with which this young lady delivered her commands was superb. I demurred feebly.

"I am afraid it will hardly hold my weight, Miss—Miss——. Perhaps the boy——"

But the boy had put his burden down and disappeared.

"Try," said the girl, with monosyllabic severity.

And I tried. What else could I do? The crazy article creaked terribly, and then gave a portentous snap.

Mrs. Bosely groaned.

"You had better get down again," observed my tyrant, calmly. "I did not know you were so heavy. Never mind.

I'll do it, and you can hold the chair, and give me the nails."

She sprang up as she spoke. There was only a gentle creak this time. I thought of St. Anthony: but how shut my eyes now when I had to hand her the nails? Such a pretty little, plump hand, too, as took them! It went to my heart to see how often the flat-iron came down on the soft, taper fingers instead of the refractory nail. Mrs. Bosely groaned at intervals. She was evidently in the depths of depression. Three uncombed male heads blocked up the sooty little window without. Audible comments on "whatever parson wor up to with that 'ere swell girl" floated on the air. I felt hot, red in the face—not happy, by any means; and yet I was almost sorry when the task was done, and stepping down from her perch as lightly as a sparrow, she began to draw on her gloves with a triumphant—

"Doesn't your door look beautiful, Mrs. Bosely? Now, don't you ever complain of a draught again."

"No, miss, that I never won't," said Mrs. Bosely, with prompt fervor.

"And if your rheumatism keeps bad, tell me, and we'll try the Turkish baths."

"Don't 'ee talk on't, miss. 'Taint nothink to speak on, it aint."

"All right. Good-by, then, or I shall be too late for our 'At home.' Good afternoon, Mr. Chasuble. Much obliged for your help."

And so with a shake of the crone's hand and a smiling nod to me she was gone. How dark the room looked!

"Ladies never think as they're a keep-in' us waitin' for our teas," grumbled Mrs. Bosely, ungratefully; and seeing her rise and begin to fumble with a big, black kettle, I took the hint and departed likewise.

I also wanted my tea, or rather my dinner; and yet I was not so hungry now as I had been awhile ago. Out of the puddles of Jinks alley, through the dingy smuttiness of Silver street, past the sunlit bustle of Notting hill, down a modest row of shops, terminating in some equally modest lodging-houses, "giving" (as the French say) on a large dairy, a cab stand, a dissenting chapel, and a music shop; and so into my own abode, the first of the row of furnished apartments.

It had never occurred to me before; but how lonely they looked!

Jane, the lodging-house slavey—a young damsel of plump form and smut-embellished face, clad in a dirty cotton frock, fastened with huge brass pins at the back, which pins had a trick of giving way and bursting out at the smallest provocation, and in a manner which was positively alarming when one regarded the amplitude of her proportions; with a huge chignon, composed of dusty black wool, over which occasional streaks of greasy light hair meandered capriciously, and ornamented by a flapping oval of ragged crochet always on one side—brought me my dinner—i. e., a large fat chop, black without, crimson within, and swimming in a pond of oil and cinders, three humid potatoes, decorated with many black spots, and a segment of cold rice pudding with the mark of her thumb in one side—and spread it on the little square table before the fire. Anglican clergymen are not given to pampering the flesh; but it did not look inviting. Somehow I caught myself fancying the damsel of the white feather and sealskin jacket seated opposite to me, and shuddered at the idea of offering her a half of the gory chop! How would those rose-tipped little fingers like to use these dull, blackish-handled knives? Were they smarting from the flat-iron now? I wondered.

This was too much. Did St. Anthony sit and dream of his temptress after she was gone? With a violent effort I rose, rang the bell, and resolving to banish mine with the dinner things, took up the "Times" and tried—very unsuccessfully—to bury myself in the report of a recent church congress.

I went to see Mrs. Bosely again in a few days—a *very* few days; but it is the duty of a curate to look after his flock; and why neglect this venerable sheep? She was alone this time, and though I stayed three-quarters of an hour no one else entered; and as Mrs. Bosely appeared in low spirits, I tried to cheer her by alluding to that cheerful young person, Miss Juliet.

"My young lady," groaned Mrs. Bosely. "Ah! she be a terrible lively one, ben't she, sir?"

"Very lively, and amiable," I replied cautiously. "You have no draught from your door now?"

"Ne'er a bit, sir. Wasn't that like her now? It be most too stived a' present; an' I might ha' friz here all these

years, and ne'er a one o' my visitin' gentry—savin' your presence, sir, as of course I don't mean you—would ha' thought o' doin' nothink to keep the cold out. Not they!"

This was ungenerous; also, considering the extreme ill-will with which Mrs. Bosely had submitted to her visitor's alterations, it was inconsistent. I smothered my feelings, however, and merely observed, with mild severity:

"Well, I trust you will feel properly grateful for the kindness of Miss Juliet—a—what is her name?"

"Which indeed I don't know, sir, as it's a thing I never can remember, is names: not as I could ever say hern, though she telled it me twice; and I knows as it had a devil—if you'll excuse it, sir—at the end on't."

"A devil!" I repeated, staring.

"Aye, sir, as is just what I said, an' with the self-same look as you has on you now."

I felt flattered. "'Miss Julit,' says I, 'that ben't your name, surely?'"

"'Yes, grannie, it is,' says she; 'and if you want to remember it, just you think of the old gentleman.'"

"'But no, m'm,' says I, 'the Lord preserve me from thinking on any sich person as is a-goin' about here a roarin' lion seekin' whom he might devour. An', ' says I, 'if you'll excuge me, miss, I'll call you by your christenin' name instead,' which I allers do, sir, reglar. God bless her.'"

I too made up my mind to call her Juliet; for how could I—even taking St. Anthony into question—associate those laughing lips and rosy cheeks with the Prince of Darkness?

It was not long before I saw her again. In fact, our visiting routes appeared to coincide, for we were continually meeting, now in one house and now in another, and I cannot say that I was always edified by the words which fell from my fair acquaintance's lips on these occasions. She had a way of riding roughshod over anything which had the slightest approach to what she called "cant," and which was generally the pious sentences of resignation which many of my parishioners were at trouble to bring forth for my approval. She once spoke of Job as a "person of most unfortunately dirty habits;" and hoped that an old crossing-sweeper, with whom we were both ac-

quainted, and who had Mrs. Bosely's objection to baths, both Turkish and otherwise, would not end by getting into the patriarch's condition. She read the Bible in as lively a tone as if it were a novel, and spoke of St. John's epistles as "jolly!"

Once I felt obliged to remonstrate with her, took the book into my own hands, and put it away. She stared at me with a lovely rising blush, and as we went down stairs said:

"Mr. Chasuble, did I offend you to-day?"

"Offend *me*? No."

"Then why——"

"I am afraid of your offending these people's principles by such expressions. Please don't be offended"—and indeed I was coloring violently—"but remember they do not know what you mean as well as I do. You would not like your heedless tongue to harm other people's souls, I am sure."

"Of course not; but——. Who would mind what I say?"

"Everybody who knows and likes you as I—as you deserve to be liked."

When I got out into the street I felt hot and breathless. What had I been on the point of saying? Nothing very dreadful; and yet I was thankful from the bottom of my heart that I had checked myself before saying it. and betraying—what?

Before I went to bed that night I was in love—in love with an irreverent little girl, with blue eyes and a dimpled cheek; and after this I became very unhappy. I loved, and yet I quarrelled with my love, rebuked it, turned away from it; and then, like a weak, inconsistent fool, took it in my arms and hugged it. Of course this latter proceeding was utter madness; for what had I, Austin Chasuble, in common with this wilful, impetuous, richly robed damsel? I did not even know her name, rank, or anything but that her manners were those of a lady, her dress that of one reared in the lap of luxury; and I did know, only too well, that I received a bare hundred a year as curate of St. Stephen's, and an additional fifty from my mother, the widow of the late Very Rev. Dean of Bibchester, and still living with my sisters in a cosy house within the Cathedral close of that town. Now, stretch a hundred and fifty pounds as far as you may, I defy you to make it keep

one person in luxury, let alone two. It might keep two, with painful economy, in some remote country parts; but in London!

What could I do?

The girl had fairly bewitched me; yet, like a madman, instead of avoiding her society, I sought it. I found out the days she visited the poor, and not only devoted those to the same errand, but almost every other as well, lest I might by accident miss one chance of seeing her. Surcingle, the junior curate, said I left him nothing to do outside the church. He was perfectly correct in his statement.

Would I not have walked myself to death rather than let *him* incur the danger of meeting my bonny Juliet in the West End slums? By degrees I grew thin and haggard, between combating with my love passion and trying to devise means for satisfying it—so haggard, indeed, that sometimes the bright eyes would look at me compassionately, and she would say:

"Mr. Chasuble, you look awfully ill. I don't believe you give yourself half enough food or rest. You ought to lay up, and have some one to look after you."

Ah! how gladly would I have laid up if I had had her to look after me: to look in once a week or so, as she did on Mrs. Gridlan, and ask me how I did with that frank, inspiring smile of hers.

Another time she hurt me cruelly by saying, as I was opening her umbrella for her:

"One thing I like so much in you Ritualistic clergymen, Mr. Chasuble, is your not marrying. It makes you so much more useful among the poor. You couldn't give all your time to them, as you do, if you had an *exigeante* wife at home; and I always thought it one of the great advantages the Roman clergy possessed over ours."

It was like a knife through my heart that she should say this, and be glad of it; and with difficulty I commanded myself enough to reply:

"Celibacy, certainly, has its recommendations in some cases; but you must remember, Miss Juliet, it is wholly voluntary with us, not enforced, as with the Roman priesthood."

"Then it is all the more right and sensible of you," she answered warmly; and, shaking my hand, departed.

That night I felt desperately unhappy. It was perfectly true that hitherto I had regarded celibacy as my particular vocation; had extolled the benefits, mundane and spiritual, of that state; and enlarged, both at home and abroad, on the drawbacks and general inferiority of a married clergy. Indeed, if I ever condescended to admit any dreams in which woman took a part, she always appeared as a pale, spiritual creature, with lofty brow, deep violet eyes, and palely-golden hair banded Madonna-wise on either side of her transparent temples—some “rare, pale Margaret,” or heavenly-minded Hilda, whose heart, being already enclosed within the sacred atmosphere of the Church, might make a worthy helpmate to one of the pastors of that establishment.

Such was my ideal—an ideal on which I had more than once expounded in eloquent gravity to my admiring mother and sisters in the cathedral close at Bibeche, and to which I had in my college days inscribed various sonnets of varying excellence—sonnets in which the heroine’s slight, pale fingers, inspired glance, and lily-like complexion appeared on every page. And now behold me! “fallen, fallen, fallen from my high estate,” and hungering mightily for a very flesh-and-blood damsel with saucy eyes and ripe lips—a damsel without a trace of either heavenliness, ill-health, or inspiration about her—a girl of the period, who talked enjoyingly of “delicious whitebait lunches at Greenwich,” told her poor *protégées* that she looked pale of course because she had been dancing till morning at “such a jolly ball,” and insisted, with honest deprecation of a higher motive, that she only visited the poor because it was “fun.”

“One gets so awfully tired of rich, ‘haw-haw,’ sleeky, proper people, you know, Mr. Chasuble. They do get frightfully slow after a time; and so I come down among the slums now and then for a fillip, just as gourmands take a pill or a glass of bitters before dinner.”

I remonstrated warmly against this. Fain indeed would I have made myself consistent by making an angel out of her, but she set down her foot, and would not have it at any price; so as I might not love a saint, I e’en lay down in the dust and worshipped a sinner. Ay, good heavens! how I worshipped her! and I did not even know her name!

One day I betrayed myself.

She had mentioned on one occasion that she always went to see Mrs. Bosely on a Friday. I went to see Mrs. Bosely on a Friday also. Fasting days are, I consider, peculiarly adapted to works of charity; and accordingly we encountered each other one afternoon at the entrance of Jinks alley, just as it was coming on to rain.

“Barely in time for shelter,” she said, without stopping; and I only lifted my hat smilingly in return, and hurried on to get the dame’s door open. She came scudding in after me, laughing and shaking the raindrops off her skirts; and I had taken the umbrella from her before either of us noticed that the room was empty save of ourselves. Mrs. Bosely had gone out; and as our baffled eyes met each other in their return from the vain search, there must have been something ludicrous in the situation, for we both laughed.

“It seems we have come on the same errand,” I said, coloring consciously.

“It seems we are always coming on the same errand,” she retorted. “I was just thinking to-day that I never come to see my old people without finding you too, Mr. Chasuble; but I hardly calculated on finding *only* you.”

“You forget they are my people also,” I said, vexed with myself for reddening still more under her words—“if not more so than yours. It is my business to look after them.”

“Your business and my pleasure. Well, both combined bring us together pretty often.”

“Not so often as to be unpleasant to you, I hope,” I said—as anxiously, poor fool, as if my life hung on the answer.

“Certainly not, Mr. Chasuble—I rather like it, though you do scold me about Job, and trample on all my little pet weaknesses.”

“Not very hardly, I think, Miss Juliet—I hope not, at least.”

“I don’t know,” she answered, giving her head a little wilful shake as she stood drying the soles of her boots at the small fire. “However, I am resigning myself to being trampled on to-day, for I must wait till the rain is over, and I want to wait till Mrs. Bosely comes in. I shouldn’t like to go away without bidding the ridiculous old thing good-by.”

“Good-by!” I repeated vaguely.

Some of the rain must have run down my back just then—such a cold shiver ran through me. “You are not—surely you are not going away!”

She looked up, her blue eyes wide with surprise. My tone must have sounded of the despair I felt.

“Indeed I am. Don’t think I’m tired of my ragged friends; but I leave London next week, and I shall be too busy to come down to them again; so you will have them all to yourself in the future.”

I felt I was growing white as death. I could not speak or look at her.

“I am afraid you are rather glad,” she said, brushing the dried mud stain off her boot with one of Mrs. Bosely’s dusters. “But I haven’t corrupted your flock very much. I think I say worse things when you are here than when I’m alone.”

Still no answer. The words would not come.

“I know I did say, ‘The nearer the church the further from God,’ when Mrs. Gridlan said so long as she could hear St. Stephen’s bells and see you she wouldn’t repine at not going to church,” the girl went on with a sort of mirthful penitence, “and I burst out laughing when that fat old Mrs. Ball told me she felt like a ‘sparrer on a ’ousetop.’ But it is so difficult not to laugh, isn’t it? And how does a sparrow on a housetop feel?”

Some one felt lonelier than any sparrow on a housetop just then, and found it rather difficult not to burst out crying into the bargain.

“You will have to forgive me, now I am going,” she said, drying the other sole with great care. “I feel quite sorry you are not going away somewhere, too. You must want a holiday.”

A holiday when my work was connected with her!

“Are you going for long, Miss Juliet?” I asked rather hoarsely.

“Oh, I am going for good. At least I am not coming back to live in London again.”

“Not at all! Oh! Juliet, shall I never see you again?”

The words broke from me without any will of my own.

It was vain attempting to restrain them; and only when they were spoken I knew by the rush of color to her face what I had done.

“Forgive me, do forgive me!” I stammered brokenly. “I never meant—but it seemed so sudden. To lose you altogether—I cannot bear it. I——”

“Mr. Chasuble,” she interrupted, blushing very much, but speaking in a kind, womanly tone, “surely you are not going to say anything foolish. If you are, pray stop.”

“Is it foolish to love you?” I exclaimed, losing my head altogether

And then in the same moment it rushed over me how utterly foolish—nay, insane—such love was; and I sat down by the rickety little table, and burying my face in my hands, groaned aloud at my own madness.

She came close to me, and said in her coaxing, pleasant voice:

“Mr. Chasuble, pray don’t. Of course I forgive you. You did not mean anything. You are a little over-tired, that’s all. Pray don’t take it to heart.”

Nothing could be more generous, more kindly, ladylike; but I would not take the indulgence. Every tone of her liquid voice fanned my passion; and I burst out again, not looking at her.

“I did mean it. I do mean it. I love you, foolishly if you will, but with all my heart. How could you not see it? Why, it has been heaven even to be near you though I knew I could never win you—a poor curate, without even enough to keep himself. And you so fair, so——” I choked. I was fairly crying like a baby, with my face still hidden. “I know I ought not to tell you. I never meant to. It was enough to see you now and then; but if you go——”

“Poor fellow!” she said, as pitifully as if I had been Mrs. Ball’s rheumatic grandson, and laying her little gloved hand on my bowed head. “I’m so sorry. I never guessed it, indeed. Of course it was very foolish; and how you could—but you’ll soon get over it.”

Her well-meant consolation only stabbed me more keenly. The rain fell in a constant “spit, spit” down the chimney on to the hot coals. A mangy hen sauntered into the room and commenced pecking at my boot heels. The wet from our two umbrellas trickled together in a little pool on the muddy floor.

“I would give my life to win you,” I sobbed out, ashamed to lift my head; “and I cannot, I cannot.”

"No, you can't," she said firmly. Then after a moment, in which I did not speak, "I think I had better go away."

Another silence; then in a softer tone:

"Don't cry. Please, please don't. I'm not worth it a bit, and I'm so sorry! Oh! you poor boy! I wish you wouldn't—I am so very, very sorry!"

The coaxing fingers glided from my head to the hands which covered my face. I felt their kindly clasp for a second; then a light, gentle touch, like the brush of a rose leaf on my forehead, and—she was gone!

Before I could reach the door she was almost at the entrance of the alley, and I knew I had lost her—lost her for ever.

I went home that day feeling like a man who has passed through heaven and lost it for ever. Only the touch on my forehead remained to save me from utter misery. If I had had one grain of common sense, I might have known that it was the seal of my condemnation, the surest sign that she did not and could not love me as I loved her, for one single moment; but I was mad—mad as only a man who loves vainly can be.

A telegram was lying on my lodging-house table. I did not even notice it till evening—I was too wretched; but when the girl came in to lay the cloth, she pointed it out to me, and I tore it open. It was from my mother, summoning me to Bibchester on important business. Of course I hurried off by the first train on the following day; and on my arrival was informed that the rector of Farleycombe—a pretty, rural village about three miles from Bibchester—was just dead; and my mother had prevailed with the patron, an old admirer of her own, to offer me the living.

An income of six hundred a year mine in one day.

Of course I had to stay some days in Bibchester to settle matters. Nearly ten indeed had elapsed before I returned to town to bid adieu to St. Stephen's and seek out Juliet. Yes, come what might, I had resolved to find her, and implore her to try and love me sufficiently to give up her gay London life and share my own comfortable, if quiet home, among the green and sunny Kentish hop-fields. Naturally, with this view, I went first to Mrs. Bosely.

"An' you be a-goin' away, too, sir!"

cried the dame, when I told her the news. "Well, I never! Seems like as I'll be left all alone; an' my rheumatics that bad my legs is swollen right up, an' the perspiration runs off me in streams, it do. Yes, sir, I had to take they things off the door, they did make it so dratted 'eavy, an' stuff the air up so; and now Miss Juliet's gone—God bless her—she won't take no offence."

"Then she is gone?" I asked, half expecting it, and making up my mind to follow her.

"Gone! eh, yes, sir, all the way to Italy, she and her husban': though whatsumdever they wants in that Popish place I can't imagine for the life o' me. Ah! she were a darling, she were! Just 'ee look at the piece o' cake she sent me. Ain't it a big lump? An' there's her letter, which there's summat about you in it, for sure."

I only glanced at the wedge of iced and luscious cake; but I took the thick sheet of creamy paper, and read it steadily through. I was past emotion now.

"Dear Mrs. Bosely," it said, "this is to bid you good-by; for I am going to marry my cousin, Lord Danescourt. We have been engaged for more than a year, and now he won't wait any longer, but insists on carrying me right away from London; so as he is far stronger than I am, I am forced to yield, and shall not see you any more. Don't forget me, and mind to wish me joy over the cake and wine. Also bid Mr. Chasuble good-by for me. I liked him very much. Always your hearty friend,

"JULIET MANDEVILLE"

That was ten years ago, and I am unmarried still. I am more than ever convinced that celibacy is the true and proper state for the clergy, and I make that condition a *sine qua non* with my curates. But I keep Juliet's little perfumed note hidden away in the desk where I write, and the touch of her fresh young lips has kept me from all others ever since. I think it was the innocently cordial, frank manner which led me to fancy her. It may be she was only a heartless coquette amusing herself with a mild flirtation. I only know her's was the only girl-kiss that ever pressed my face, and none have ever brushed it away.

THEO. GIFT.

WOMEN AS WOMEN.

IT is a conceit of Plato that with every soul is born an antitype; that the two are incessantly seeking one another on earth; that only from their conjunction springs perfect love. This would virtually withhold from love fruition and fructification; for the chances would be immeasurably against the desiring and desired union. The thought, however, is symbolically and comprehensively correct. Each distinctive soul needs for enjoyment and expansion, if not a correlative, at least a correlation, which may be found in different individuals and conditions. Sympathy is not limited to pairs: it inheres in kinds; may be discovered in many in varying degrees.

Every soul has its antitypes all over the world; every antitype has its souls. It is the fatuity of romance to imagine that any one man is intended for any one woman; or that the happiness of any woman rests, in the beginning, upon any particular man. There are numberless mistakes in creation, though no blunders so egregious as this. The law of sex is, that "Like looks for like in unlikeness." Likeness exists in classes, and unlikeness in sex. Men and women of the same class, spiritual, not social, are generally adapted to each other; but they must take time, and exercise discretion in their choice. In marriage—meaning integral intimacy—classes may not be crossed with impunity, any more than races. By the finer beings, under normal influences, classes are not apt to be wittingly crossed. But the great mass cannot be fine: they are driven by circumstance, by inner yearning and outward need; they are urged in the direction where fortune has fewest frowns. The superior minority are misled by hope, vanity, imagination; class helping in place of hindering their errors, and rendering their disappointment bitterer to bear.

Wedlock, whether in the same or in separate classes, is always a most important and solemn experiment: its consequences for good or ill are incalculable; its reaches infinite. It is likely to found a race, to begin a world. Centuries hence

may be affected by it; the happiness of millions may depend upon its adjustment. With a deeper than theological significance, it should be a sacrament, and all the gods should be invoked to give it benison. Man's part is, relatively, of minor moment. After creating its miseries, he can escape them. Woman must receive and sustain the brunt. He marries, she is married. He binds, she is bound. Is it strange she feels so much concern for her coupling; for every ceremony, in truth, of a connubial character? Has she been fortunate, she wishes to witness or to learn of equal good fortune to her sisters. Has she been robbed of her just due, she longs to know that others have been fairly dealt with in the game of hearts.

It is inexplicable that the gravest relation of life should be entered into with the least consideration. We treat matrimony as a joke, as it often proves; but it is a very ghastly one. As if prescient of its sadness, we make merry over its beginning, lest we shall have no pretext for after rejoicing. Would it not be wise to defer public observance of nuptials until they were ascertained to be something besides form? Music, flowers, display, and revelry are unpleasantly remembered when they are preludes to distressing divorce, legal or spiritual, or to shallow mockeries of contentment. The advertisement of gladness should come after substantial cause therefor. They would be prudent who should hold weddings in strict privacy, and, ten years later, bid friends to a feast of demonstration. Then there could be no misgivings, no shadows crouching under the radiance, no suggested discords between the bars of melody, as there are when fate is challenged with sounding cymbals.

It is not the custom to dance or junket at funerals, which are not half so sober of import as hymeneal rites. At the one, the end has been attained: regret, trouble, anxiety, suffering have spent their force; the rest is peace and silence. At the other, solicitude should be overflowing: the beginning is pregnant;

dread responsibilities are slipping their leashes to hunt down doom. The bride feels this; the weight of assumption is upon her. Her hope is fringed with fear. She smiles bravely. Her breast is haunted with awe of the unknown. She wants the light, the sparkle, the gayety, for assurance against presentiments that refuse to be allayed. She avows herself happy; but it is an uneasy, tumultuous happiness, which can hardly recognize itself.

The skeleton at the nuptial feast is the sage who thinks, analyzes, compares, forecasts. "May you be happy!" is all he dares to say, and he says it in the tone of philosophic speculation. He has stood by other altars, and he remembers how early the fire, pronounced sacred, went out, and could not be rekindled. He has participated in wooden, tin, silver weddings, and he approves them, if they be genuine, as signals of success in dubious and dangerous enterprises. He may have ground for believing them false shows; though, if well designed, they serve to encourage the many who have failed, with the belief that from the present there is still redemption. The marking of progress is comforting. When we have fallen behind, it is stimulating to know others have advanced.

In the conjugal firm, man ordinarily supplies the capital, and woman is the active and responsible partner. Her interest is ten times his, and, incongruously, her power is ten times less. She is the mother—and maternity is seven-eighths of parentage—without an equal right to her children, who are the father's almost by accident. Does the garden, owned in common, belong to the tiller, the fertilizer, who has put his life into it, or to the careless sower of the seed? Posterity looks to her. The fathers of the race may be inferior, if the mothers be worthy. Leaders, as a rule, resemble her who bore them. But the father, by his conduct, by neglect, suspicion, injustice, tyranny, may mar the mother, and warp the children. He is disposed to domineer and oppress, to interfere with that which in no wise appertains to him. In order to incite her not to meddle with his duties, of which he is ever complaining, he perpetually invades hers. The stream of his domesticity flows through his officiousness. He regulates by introducing disorder; exacts obedience, and secures deceit.

The woman's destiny being in the hands of the man, everything hangs on their compatibility. The doctrines of the Perfectionists might approach realization, could generation after generation be fitly mated. The famous bull, What has posterity done for us? might be seriously answered, What have we ever done for posterity? Not only through ignorance of and indifference to Nature's laws, but by open defiance of them, we have done our best to worsen humanity. Nevertheless, so kind is Nature—never without restraints—that she steadily improves what we strive to impair. At the summit of creation are man and woman, the inheritors of time and its entire fruitfulness. Through them must future cycles be formed, and each individual, however humble, must discharge his infinitesimal part. We are most of us mere automata, incapable of doing any appreciable amount of good; but we can refrain from a certain sum of evil. We should not retaliate for ourselves upon our offspring. If we be unhealthy in mind or body, ill-balanced, selfish, gloomy, positively and palpably deficient in any way, we need not fear that our imperfections shall not be redundantly represented in population. There are a dozen crippled minds to one sound understanding. The maimed are always starting for some prize in life, and are so ugly from inability to win it that they decide to reproduce incompetent runners for the course. We should negatively benefit our kind by refusing to augment its failures; or, if resolved on the risk of transmission, we should try to select as partners those who might measurably amend our inadequacies.

The fact is otherwise. They who should never have been in the world, so far as we can judge, are the most active in filling it. Man, like a weed, grows in proportion to his worthlessness. He fills space that could be better used; chokes products of value by his rankness. He of whom Nature needs copies is slow to furnish them. Comprehending the full responsibility, the uncertain results of paternity, he practises self-denial; yields offspring sparingly. The average man is heedless of posterity. Selecting the most convenient woman—her who offers least resistance—he becomes practically an optimist, without knowing the meaning of his own act. His philosophy is condensed into "It is all right!" though on his

conduct wholesome doubt might hinge. His children are born or die; struggle into wretchedness; slip into disgrace; have some good fortune with much ill. But whatever the warning, he takes it not. He solaces himself at the expense of his family. Its members seem less to him than a matter of dollars and cents. He would give more immediate attention to his horses and cattle than to his own flesh and blood. Those must be zealously looked after: these, as respects him, can look after themselves. It is a phenomenon of our civilization that the product of animals is more assiduously studied than the product of ourselves. Souls presumed to be immortal may not be harmed by neglect. Beasts that perish claim special consideration.

Woman has finer apprehensions, more conscientious principle. Maternity, with her, signifies devotion, absorption. She will sacrifice herself instinctively for her children, but never her children to herself. Her love renders her wise. She would practise an enlightened economy: she would not voluntarily bear what could not be fitly provided for. Usually, however, this is not within her option. She makes the best of what she cannot help; becomes a sharer in imprudence she is unable to check. So stuffed has she been, from her childhood, with fallacious lessons, that when she arrives at maturity she is afraid to hold opinions of her own. She can scarcely tell what she believes. The conflict between assertion and reason, conventionality and intuition, has created chaos in her mind. After many inward struggles, she accepts what is laid down for her: else, she would be peculiar—that is, judge for herself—and peculiarity in her sex is not venial. One of her first instructions is that she must be married—to what kind of man, and under what circumstances, it matters little. If he who first proposes for her hand be not attractive, she declines. Later, she learns that to expect to love a man before he becomes a husband is the wildest romance. After marriage affection, interest, sympathy follow. She is rash to wreck her prospects by refusal. If she wait much longer, she will be an old maid. There is nothing terrible in the words; and she confesses she thinks it better to be such than to wed in cold blood. What a social heresy! Her rectitude is speedily set wrong. To be an old maid is to fly in

the face of Providence, which must be a fearful thing, since nobody knows what it means.

Seeing that those about her do not hold her opinions, nor act as she wants to act, she takes the next man who offers himself, and she is settled—in the saddest sense—for life. The affection and sympathy that were to come, retreat rather than advance. Her heart aches; her eyes grow red with happiness. She is so lonely and wretched, and no one to tell it to. Maternity is prescribed as medicine for her griefs, and not too early. There is comfort in the little stranger, who does not frown, nor chill her impulses fast as they rise. It is her child. She wonders sometimes if it be really his. How frequently it is baptized with tears! Other children come; but the father is no tenderer. Their noise is excuse for absence; and absence would be kindness, were there no return. Children should be born of mutual love, the mother thinks—not of indifference and anxiety, of selfishness and sorrow—and she wishes, therefore, there had been but one. Her beauty and her youth are gone; her spring and spirit broken. She has no hope of winning without these what she could not win with them. She has fulfilled, she is told, the Divine command—as if Divinity were direct cause of wretchedness; as if the greater the misery, the nearer heaven. Unregenerate being that she is, she cannot help thinking she would better have kept her unblighted celibacy; that humanity, on the whole, would have been the gainer.

Thus is woman's individual happiness subjected to generalization. What is good for her under certain conditions is affirmed to be good under all conditions. Undeniably, she is more contented double than single; her life is larger, her future fuller. But she must be mated as well as matched. Her husband should not only begin, but should continue her lover; should be her companion, and, above all, her friend. Such combination is rare; can hardly be expected, though part of it should be demanded. If a husband may not be strong and tender, patient and chivalrous, he should, at least, not be coarse or stupid, selfish or harsh. Every wife has a right to some of the negative virtues in exchange for positive excellence. Obviously, men and women, in the bulk, are suited to one another, class

to class, rank to rank. The evil is in individual selection, and still more in individual acceptance. The right man falls to the wrong woman, or the right woman takes the wrong man. This couple, so jarring, so dissatisfied, that pair, so distant, so unimpassioned, would be new beings with new partners. Had each husband chosen the wife of the other, all four would be contented. This man may be good, that woman may be admirable; but thrust into the improper matrimonial place, he is bad for his wife, and she obnoxious to her husband. Patience before possession, affection instead of passion, knowledge tempering intensity, sympathy above sense, are the preventives of inharmonious wedlock.

Harm results to woman, and, through her, to the race, not by marriage, but by her getting the wrong man for her—a man of the wrong class or kind. That she accepts injudiciously is not at all surprising. Who tells her, "It is far better to stay single than to take a husband you do not love;" "Marriage is good or ill, according to selection;" "It is not unalloyed happiness at best, but it is absolute wretchedness at worst;" "It is often a blessing when it comes; it is oftener a curse if sought;" "Never look to it for material support; any kind of honest labor is preferable to such expectation"?

On the contrary, the falsehood is steadily reiterated, that "Marriage is the aim and end of woman's existence"; and this without qualification. She is forced to believe that it is woman's duty to be a wife, somehow or some time, unless she be a hopeless invalid or an incurable lunatic; that it is more desirable to be conjugally miserable than maidenly contented. She is taught, inferentially at least, that she belongs in some mysterious manner to mankind; that she is the property of the generation; that she is a portion of the census. First and essentially, she belongs to herself. Her individuality is more than sovereign, it is sacred. She has an unconditional right to her own disposal. When she gives herself, she does not surrender the liberty of recaptation. She is a child of heaven not less than a daughter of earth. If custom has made her a vassal of conventionality, Nature has made her beforehand an independent, self-responsible woman.

Every husband, from the character of the connection, is the keeper of his wife's

happiness; and how many men are fit to hold a trust so precious? No man so unintelligent as not to be aware of the immense advantage—seconded by nature, habit, law, and society—he has over woman. He improves it usually to the utmost: its inevitable tendency is to render him a tyrant and an egoist. Knowing that woman, through false education, is anxious to marry, he imposes hard and unjust conditions after marriage. Albeit entirely equal, he yields her a fraction of her rights—keeping the rest himself—and wants to be praised for his generosity. He even takes credit for the proper maintenance of his family, as if to be a buyer of food and raiment gave him a claim to admiration. So accustomed is she to exactions and impositions, that she is barely conscious of subjection to them. More than half the time he fails to suspect his gross injustice to her; and when he does, he imagines it necessary to discipline, or that woman enjoys a goodly degree of oppression. If she would rouse herself and think—as she has begun to do—of what is justly her desert, he would lower his crest. Nothing is so excellent for a tyrant as resistance; and her gentle resistance would transform him to truer manhood and higher husbandship. Her quiet self-assertion, her eloquent plea for equity, within the domestic circle, would alter his view as much as his conduct. Ignorance of what he owes her is the source of his undischarged indebtedness. He is juster than he seems, and would reveal his justice if the need were demonstrated. Marital culture is much required. If he could have a wife less on his terms, more on hers, and have her only so, he would be far other than he is. Woman has already begun to consult her own mind, to listen to her own voice; the gyves of usage are slipping from her form, which, as they slip, is rounded to fresher loveliness. To be the custodian of a fellow creature's happiness, particularly when the creature is a woman, is an awful responsibility. The custodian should give bonds to humanity, in the form of devotion, generosity, gentleness, not to abuse his trust; and he will ere long.

The world moves rapidly. We are applying new tests, elevating our standard. Quantity is less, and quality is more. We are developing the individual, and so improving the race. To have offspring is rising from obligation to privilege. We

are spiritualizing the doctrines of Malthus. We are conceding to the intuitions of woman, invariably above and in advance of our lumbering reason. Advanced couples have fewer children than was their wont: they prefer fineness to number; they think that two or three vigorous, bright, cheerful, self-poised, overbalance six or eight who are puny, dull, dejected, unsteady. Benevolence is commingling with maternity, philanthropy with propagation. Parents are beginning to hold themselves accountable for their progeny, instead of thrusting their personality upon Providence. All this is the slow though steady triumph of woman, the gradual furtherance of her cause. There is superabundant scope for continued progress; but that there has been so much is a cheering sign.

Not many men are adapted to paternity, while woman is innately motherly. With the silent tuition they are receiving from her, their suitableness will enhance. Her mental and spiritual growth is helping them; by it she is transfusing herself so as to create sympathy; they are learning to feel for and with her. She is unfolding herself in divers ways. They frequently fail to perceive it until love's apocalypse is written in a flash. They have abode with her in mood so unappreciative that, looking into her weary eyes, she sees the tenderness so long delayed, and answers with the gaze of a goddess. It has been said that if maternity were interchangeable, there would be only three children to a family. The woman would bear the first, the man the second, the woman the third; the fourth would never be born. Many husbands need parturient experience to enable them to compassionate their wives (it is a pity it cannot be compulsory); but there are others—the gods be thanked!—who suffer what their wives suffer; who in strength are all man, and in tenderness half woman. Even the stolid and insensible will come round to the light in this or another generation. The deities of the household are kindling so many fires on the hilltop, that the reflection must extend to the lowest valley. The sexes are gradually growing into one another, each partaking of what is best in both; but woman is affecting and moulding man more than he is her; for she is the true priestess of progress, the apostle of civilization.

A vast deal is said in these days of the

inferiority, equality, and superiority of woman. She is inferior, equal, and superior to man, as he is inferior, equal, and superior to her. Their equality in the plan of creation, in the scale of humanity, in the affairs of life, in any scheme of the future, is an essential and inevitable postulate. They cannot wisely be considered apart; for they are always together—alternate links in the chain of destiny, different phases of rationality. He presupposes and comprehends her as she does him. They belong to one another as flesh and blood, nerves and brain. They are reciprocally creators both physically and spiritually. What affects him affects her. When he wrongs her, he strikes himself. She is nearer and dearer to Nature than he: Nature is a sort of stepmother to man, and any injustice to her is entailed upon the race. They cannot be enemies: irrepressible instinct mutually attracts them. They only clash to close; quarrel to spice the kisses of reconciliation. Though the sun disclose them bitter as wormwood, the moon shall detect them sweet as honey. The countless wrongs done to her sex by him she divinely forgives and femininely forgets. He has only to make atonement. The barbarism in him is hard to quench; but he is gradually quenching it with the aid of his sister of civilization. Each generation makes them better friends. Earthquakes cannot drive them asunder. Their adherence is superior to convulsion: the estate of continuity is mortgaged to the universe. He or she (she is seldom guilty of such folly) who pretends to hate the other sex is invariably a disappointed lover, striving to hide the desire to be loved in return. Misanthrope is masculine; misogynist is a contradiction.

The holiest not less than the greatest men have owed their best inspirations and noblest acts to woman. Any attempt to leave her out inaugurates chaos. The most constant and devoted companions of Jesus were women, especially Joanna, Salome, Mary Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene. They comforted him in his sorrows; cleaved to him in the darkest hours; were his true disciples. No swerving in them; no subjection to fear. When the apostles fled, they stood firm. They were earliest at the cross and latest at the tomb. But the apostles preached the gospel and told the story of the Prince of Peace. Even in that remote age the

women silently endured, and the men faltered and eulogized themselves. Some of the best of these were rejecters and betrayers; but not a woman was perfidious; not a woman denied her Master.

The canonized sons of the Roman church have been so morbid, so unhuman in ecclesiastical zeal, that they, if any one, would ignore woman in their life and plans. But they have not, nor has their creed. The brides of the church have always been prolific of proselytes. Rome, if bigoted, is supremely shrewd. She invites all women to her arms; impregnates them with theological enthusiasm, and consigns a few to the cloister and sterility.

Chrysostom gained sustenance and strength from Olympias, who, a wealthy and beautiful widow (there is no use of being a saint without beauty), was wrought upon by his oratory to retire from the world. She renounced everything for the church, exemplified by him, and expressed her worship by noble acts of charity. Forced into exile, she would, if permitted, have followed him to the world's end; in the midst of a desert, would have perished joyously clinging to his feet. His golden mouth would have been golden to her had it been voiceless as the grave; for the man more than the bishop had captivated her. Long before cardinals had dreamed of it, her love had canonized Chrysostom. She had made him the deity of her heart.

Jerome was similarly influenced by Paula, and she by him. The descendant of the Scipios and the Gracchi, she exchanged souls with him while he was her ghostly father—properly, her spiritual husband. She built monasteries and prayed and wept, petitioning Heaven to explain, perhaps, her ceaseless conflict between love and its suppression. His letter to her daughter after her death is panegyric's paramount. Doubtless sincere, it is a mixed rhapsody of affection for the woman and veneration for the church. It is the misdirected passion of a monk half smothered in the superstition of his creed.

Never was there a purer or more unnatural man than Francis of Assisi, founder of the Franciscan friars. One of those mysterious voices with which hagiography is penetrated called him to the service of his faith. Surrendering his inheritance, emptying his purse, giving away his clothes to the poor, he became

an eleemosynary monomaniac, an extreme fanatic. He begged in the streets for money to repair churches and convents; he haunted hospitals, nursed paupers, consorted with outcasts that he might convert them. His pride was in his humility. He washed the feet of mendicants, and kissed the ulcers of loathsome lepers. The sternest Spartan was a Sybarite to him: eating ashes with his scanty crusts; bathing in snow to extinguish natural desire; weeping so freely that he would have become blind but for painful searing of his face. Year after year he went from good-bad to better-worse. Zeal rose to rapture; piety to mysticism. His distorted religion killed him at last. His was a slow but deliberate suicide.

Who would think a theologic madman like him would or could recognize sex? Even he had his attraction—monastic it seemed to him—to a lovely and splendid woman, whom his fanaticism had fascinated. Clara gave up rank, fortune, noble suitors, every secular delight, to be his disciple, his immaterial daughter, his unwavering friend. His plaintive eloquence, his sombre ecstasy drew her all to him, and to the priestly career he had espoused. When he received her as she fled from her ancestral home, sheared the golden glory of her hair, covered her rich garments with his coarse habit, and led her to the altar, did not even he regret for a moment the world he had abjured? Did he not inwardly wish it had been a nuptial altar? Did he not secretly kiss the yellow tress he had retained? Did he not long to strain, though but for the fraction of a minute, that fresh and beautiful girl to his arid and starving heart? Emulating him, she established the order of Franciscan nuns, and vied with her beloved master in self-abnegation, ecclesiastic observances, and offices of benevolence. Long after, when Francis's corpse was carried by the convent where Clara dwelt, she begged the privilege of kissing the hands and garments of the dead, and with streaming eyes and throbbing breast prayed for the repose of his soul. The fire of her life went out with his. She still followed her lowly round of noble acts; but she had parted with herself. Ceaselessly she besought heaven to take her home—heaven was twice heaven since he was there; her orisons were answered in mercy, and she went, as she believed,

directly to God, with "Francis" as her celestial password.

Frances de Chantal was another of the saintly spirits who, mistaking the divine for the human, dedicated themselves thereto. Her husband having been killed while hunting, she vowed, though still young and extremely handsome, never to marry again. A new drift was given to her life. She fixed her pleasure in providing for the sick and poor; at the same time educating her children with the greatest care. Little more than thirty, she became acquainted with Francis of Sales, and placed herself under his guidance. Having been informed of his project to establish the Visitation, she concurred in it so eagerly that she first instituted the order at Annecy, and before her death had founded seven-and-thirty of those religious houses. Frances and Francis—the likeness of their names was mirrored in their nature—were complete correspondents. Their biography is as romantic as the tales of Scudéry. They are asserted to have met in visions before they had met corporeally: their whole career, so intimately associated, is a series of temptations, struggles, and self-conquests, the last accomplished by their burning devotion to their creed. This eventually subordinated passion, but only at the expense of moral sanity. She was Hecla beneath its snows, as so many fine, highly disciplined women are—a lake of flame in a rim of ice. Her letters blaze with intensity, throb with disappointment; but the intensity and disappointment are governed by the frenzy of consecration. They are more than instructive, they are illuminating. He who would learn of the contest of fire and frost in a woman's breast—the fire all the fiercer for the frost in the air—and of the final triumph of the frost, should read the written secrets of Frances de Chantal. His self-chastisement had been severer, as may be seen in his "Devout Life"; still, his correspondence with her evinces the ardor of his temperament, the fierce needs of his nativity. He thought of her at the Eucharist: she was the miracle that changed to blood the sacramental wine. She was to him, though unconsciously, the incarnation of the Virgin: she was in idea everything that woman can be to man. He carried her in his soul. She beamed through every moment of the day; she was the companion of his

ecstasies. He called her fellow-worker, sister, daughter, saint; while every fibre of his being must have told him she should have been his wife.

Such examples of cloistered women prove that love, however hidden or disguised, is the pole-star of every woman's heaven. From the cradle to the grave the line of affection is unbroken. It begins with the mother and the doll, and ends with man or God (these are easily convertible to her)—often the God in man, or the man in God. She instinctively and involuntarily idealizes, and from her idealization ascends her worship. supremely personal, she wants personality. If it be lacking, she creates it. Emblems help her to do this; hence she delights in emblems. She hates abstractions: they are meaningless to her. The concrete is the food of her heart: she would not barter a flush of sentiment for a field of science. A slight caress is dearer than a principle of devotion. She is a poet and an artist from her passion for beauty and her joy in form. Manners, modes, graces, colors, perfumes, sounds stir and intoxicate her. She is sovereignly sensuous, and yet profoundly spiritual. Full of outward inconsistencies, she has yet inner harmonies to which man is, in a double sense, a stranger. Her heart and conscience are such neighbors that the troubles of one disturb the peace of the other. Her friendship, reverence, worship, consecration, sacrifice, spring from the same source. Countess Matilda of Tuscany, Mary Unwin, Sophie Swetchine, Bettina Brentano, the Princess de Lamballe were all sisters, moved by a variation of love. *Religieuses* become such because disappointed, bereaved, or longing for a love they fancy earth cannot yield. They either incarnate Divinity, or, like Clara and Paula, divinize humanity. If women considered God impersonal, after the manner of philosophers and scientists, they could not cleave to theology: their creed, but not their faith, would be destroyed. With their mental eye they see Jesus, gentle, sad, beautiful, benignant, as Mary and Martha saw him, wandering and preaching in Judea, and are won to Christianity by his essentially feminine character, by his reflection of their ideals, by his extreme goodness to women. For what they believe of him they accept any dogma they are bred to; remember the spirit of Love, and forget the tenets.

There is no fundamental difference in cultured women's faith whatever their sect. Roman, Mohammedan, Greek, Protestant, Hebrew, they adhere to the spirit, and glide over the doctrines easily and gracefully. It is said that Catholic women instinctively, insensibly, have Jesus in their prayerful thought more than the Virgin, while the men of the church appeal to Mary; which is at least natural, since affinity for sex is the principle of creation. Divinity generally succeeds humanity in the feminine mind, or is a substitute for it. Scarcely any woman can contain more than one strong, engrossing affection at one time, unless it be the maternal and uxorial; and that is prone to interfere with, if not to modify this. When spontaneity is in the retort, the distillation is sexual love. It has been a complaint of theologians that an enamored woman neglects her ecclesiastical duties. A clever abbé has affirmed that he could tell when his sister had quarrelled with her lover, by her renewed interest in the mass. She was in attendance every morning during the estrangements; but when she had made her peace with her gallant, she stayed away altogether. He has further remarked that any woman under the caress of a man grows heedless of the goodness of the Lord. Lisette Lebrun explains the trespass by saying that Man is here, while God is so very far away.

Go where you may, in or out of civilization, you will always find that love in some form or other, secret or avowed, is the impulse and incentive of woman. Herein conjoin the squaw in the wigwam, the queen on the throne, the nun in the cloister, the radical on the platform, the fine lady in the drawing-room, the peasant in the hovel, the pariah of the street.

The dullest or commonest man seems conscious of woman's susceptibility to amatory madness which shall become, in an ideal state, the sweetest sanity. Affectionateness is her strong-weak side, and he unremittingly attacks it. She has a haunting apprehension that in some great prevailing love, thrilling her blood and brain, her nerves and heart, lie her safety and her peace. But she can never anticipate it, or measure its force. It may not come. To many it does not; to others it comes too late; whence agonizing repression, or broken vows—

tragedies without end, sometimes without name. Voluntarily she would wait, vaguely feeling the danger of mistake. But there are so irrational reasons for assuming to be fond. Marriage urged on one hand, proposed on the other—and the price of it the slightest show of preference, or a despondent "Yes." Comparatively few wives who are not disappointed. Still, they are wives—yea, the wifeliest of wives. No matter. It is a turn of the wheel, a plunge in the dark. The wheel breaks; the dark holds unsuspected harms. After all, it might be worse; and yet, ah, dream forever fled! it might be so infinitely better.

The man announces his love, believing the announcement enough to insure reciprocity. The woman tries to think she hears a faint echo in her own heart. She cannot catch it. The original sound is repeated: it is sweeter than before, and grows sweeter each time she turns it over in her mind. "I love you!" in every language, to any woman's ear, is ravishing music. The phrase never wearies—holds freshness to the last. The three monosyllables contain inexhaustible variety to craving consciousness; they are the quintessence of Beethoven's symphonies. She is liable to mistake the longing for the thing longed for. Still, she cannot discover the inward response. Haply, it is there, and she incapable of understanding it. But she is loved. Of that she is assured; and love, she has heard, begets love. She cannot be indifferent. The hour of her fate may be on the point of striking. She yields from indoctrination, against her intuition: her mould is taken, her future twisted.

Woman does not comprehend, in her innocence, that often the love man professes is libidinous; that what rivets her releases him; that dedication with her is to him indulgence. Sad experience frequently fails to teach her. Each new talker of love is likely to be hailed as the atoner of his precursors. In spite of warning, she refuses to distrust fair words and fond promises. All men, she thinks, cannot be false and licentious. Oh, no! but so many of them, from vicious training, are without principle respecting women. If the epic of all who have been unfortunate were written, the argument would be: "He swore that he loved me, and I was so foolish as to believe him. I

suppose, too, I should believe him again. Perhaps he meant better than he did."

It is melancholy as amazing that nearly any inflated fellow can conjure woman's heart with "I love you!" until it shall open like the rose, exhaling its earliest freshness and its last perfume. As love is the fountain of her highest and only permanent happiness, it is, immediately or mediate, the source of her woes. Romantic as it rings, her burdens grow light; her griefs are fleeting while Eros stands at her side. Leaning on the god, her strength returns, and she descries the blue beyond the cloud. To love and be loved is the answer to her questioning of fate; it is her ideal realized, her problem solved. With such possession her lasting discontent is simply impossible.

Man's satisfaction—if he ever attain it—comes through many channels, and goes through more. He wants wealth, power, fame, position, outward worship, inward tranquillity. Having these, he hankers after distinction in new fields; scorns what he has, and values the ungained. Love is sweet, precious—to his vanity—but no given amount is enough. All the love of mature womanhood would barely content him: he would be found impatiently waiting for, fondly expectant of the rising generation. Sometimes he discovers *the* woman: then his fidelity is insured. She is sparse, however. There are not a few of her; but so many are in quest of her, that she is not equal to the required distribution. The class of men who can fill and hold women is twenty times as large as the class of women that can fill and hold men. Woman is satisfied with little, if she can have it long; man is resigned to much, if he can have it short.

Life goes ill with woman, in the main. Nevertheless, her original stock of hope, elasticity, and cheerfulness is so greatly in excess of ours that, in the third, fourth, and fifth acts of the tragic-comedy, hers is the ampler residue. Nature, who allotted her the larger share of suffering, in mercy granted her superior endurance. It is particularly hard that she should be beset in her youth by the hunger of the heart, and persecuted through man by the hunger of the senses. As respects her, no sin so sinless as her fall; and none so inhumanly punished. On him who betrays her through her deepest trust and

holiest feeling, the world yet refrains from placing the responsibility. So foul an injustice cannot withstand much longer the advancing wave of progress.

Woman is continually accused of severer judgment than man has for the cunningly contrived frailty of her sisters. It would be insolent, indeed, if he whose kind were guilty of the wrong should be the louder in denunciation of the betrayed. Woman's harshness springs from her sense of self-protection. She regards her sister's lapse as a possible imputation upon herself, and her indignation, always overstated, is an impulsive effort to avert suspicion. The vestal law was not of her making, nor has any outgrowth of it received her sanction. The enactments and fulminations against violation of chastity came from man, as is evident from his assumed impeccability in a matter in which he must always be the chief sinner. The gentle Nazarene has given his judgment on this subject, and the justice and beauty of his teaching render it immortal. It is singular how Hebrew savagery, Roman barbarity, and monkish superstition have perpetuated an iniquity, and influenced the nineteenth century to their indorsement. Woman knows how man selfishly prizes in her what he is perpetually striving to rob her of, and feels bound to denounce his victim lest she should appear by charity, or even silence, to lay the fault where it belongs.

This is the entire cause of her spoken acrimony; and only upon ordinary women can it be honestly charged. Those who are strong and broad, fine and pure, have no gibes to hurl at the fallen or betrayed. They are the first to shield, and the last to condemn. Their lenity to the error is usually in exact proportion to their power of resistance. They who are themselves above suspicion seldom suspect, or are ungenerous to others. We are least forgiving to that which we feel ourselves likeliest to commit. Men of the world say that women of infirmest reputation have least measure to their wrath against members of their sex in the same category who have been incontestably exposed. Copious revilement is always a bad sign. The feminine smircher of character is apt to be thought indebted to her own garments for the abundant soil she handles so freely and malignantly.

Nature seems cruel to woman in more

ways than one; quite overbalancing her kindness of another sort. If the sharper the thorn, the brighter the crown, she must be some time superbly diademed. Why should she, after falling a prey to a dissolute rover, be forsaken in her misfortune, all the responsibility and result resting on her injured head? That is one of the many problems of destiny which must be reserved for a clearer future. Let us presume it is for the best. The inducement is powerful, to any one not a pessimist, because it now appears decidedly for the worst. One thing is plain everywhere—Nature's prevision and provision for replenishment. In her determination to insure the race, she is careless of the suffering or sacrifice of individuals. Our (man's) feeling is for the individual, especially the Ego, with relative indifference to the race. Perhaps, in some of the worlds to come, by way of compensation, women will be the race, and we the individuals. Then we shall find how we like it. How, in such case, we shall fill the new sphere with maundering and hubbub, and protest against the decrees of the gods in another Titanic rebellion!

Could woman get rid of affection and maternity, as we should desire to under her conditions and limitations, she would be emancipated from the greater part of her trials and sorrows. But since with those would go likewise her consolations and her joys, she would prefer to keep the bitter with the sweet. She has graceful resignation, notwithstanding her refined sensuousness, her fondness for luxury, to haircloth shirts, lonely vigils, punishments of the flesh and tortures of the spirit. We are not, in these self-indulgent days, of the martyr brood or sacrificial school; and we marvel she should be. We declare it is because she is not logical (it is always safe, having no other fault to find, to censure her for lack of logic); and we are ready to admit, besides, that a woman, under provocation, may do anything. Oh, yes; she will even love us; though perfect self-knowledge and candor might compel us to confess the provocation extremely slight.

It were better for woman, in present being, if love were less to her; but, ultimately, she who has held love highest and firmest must be the richest reaper. To lose faith in love is to despair of hu-

manity, and hisetd otrustu niverse. Whatever there be of immortality must spring from love, which is creative, and hence continuous. Haply, woman's vision is clearer than our own. While we draw chords and measure arcs, she may have taken the circle in. The logic which we insist she so sadly needs may be superfluous. Its very absence attests her intuition; denotes the superiority of spiritual wings over material feet. That she so engenders and clings to love, through fortune fair or foul, is testimony of its final excellence for her. Love flows through her in a thousand channels; each stream reflecting the sky under which it glides and glints. That which she pictures she rarely meets with here; but when she does, she breathes, though in a desert, the amaranths of Paradise. Howbeit, in its stead, affections come, which, less exalted and distracting, more fairly fit the mediate mood. These are expressed in kinship, friendship, maternity, acts of benevolence, offices of gentleness, worship of the unknown, cultivation of the good, appreciation of the beautiful, or, all else denied, in the enjoyment of others.

The wretched beggar, old and outcast, will forget her ugliness, her rags, the biting blast, her hunger and her hopelessness, in watching from the frozen street, by the window's flashing light, the pure and happy bride who nestles to the heart she can truly call her own. The poor vagrant is a woman still; all her misery has not quenched the instinct of her sex. She beholds herself—her possible self—in the fair bride, who seems native to another sphere, and is drawn to her by the yearning for beauty that no suffering nor degradation can entirely destroy. She drinks in the scene until she is for the moment purified; and when the rude policeman drives her away with an oath, she lifts her hands to the howling night, and says, "God bless her!"

The might-have-been, even going beyond prenatal causes, never dies in the feminine breast. Woman, losing the love that is her birthright, accepts the poorest substitute with resignation; and yet believes against reason and analogy, believes, too, in her inmost soul, that what time has deprived her of, eternity shall certainly restore.

JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

A BALL AT DELMONICO'S.

IT was in the third year of the war—that year in which the peculiar social developments which grew out of that great national convulsion had reached their culminating point. The hush of horror, the agony of suspense, which at the first outbreak held the nation breathless, had subsided, and a reaction had set in. The war was accepted as a fact; its chances, victories, and defeats had become a matter of speculation, a new field for profit—little more. A new element had risen to the surface of society—not the shoddy aristocracy, of whom so much was said but very little really seen, but an aristocracy of Wall street—the bulls and the bears—men who speculated on the fortunes of the war, and whom a single day made beggars or millionaires. Never was the gambling spirit so frightfully prevalent. Women, as well as men, had caught the infection; and the Fifth Avenue Hotel at night reflected to a late hour the scenes enacted in Wall and Broad streets during the day.

Nor was this reckless spirit without its reflection in the gay world. There, as elsewhere, was found the *luxu effréné* which is one of the worst symptoms of decadence. Those (and their name was legion) who felt that they were to-day rolling in wealth while the morrow might sweep their every possession into the gulf, took an insane pleasure in astounding the world by the splendor of their entertainments, the recklessness of their lives, and their disregard of everything beyond the present moment. Never were the balls more numerous, more splendid, and more thronged; never was society more brilliant, more heartless, more hollow.

With the decay of principle which underlay all this, had grown up the craving for the odd and the exceptional. It was not enough that the toilet of a reigning belle should surpass all others in costliness and beauty; it was nothing if not conspicuously eccentric. The fashions of the last century were revived—powder, patches, and their various accessories; only the powder was of gold and silver, and the head tire perhaps a series of gas

jets blazing on the head of the wearer. In a word, society had become fast—fast in dress, fast in manners, fast in taste—terribly fast in its flirtations; for the moral tone kept even pace with the general social demoralization.

In those days (society in New York changes so rapidly, and in so many respects has changed, we hope for the better, since that period, that we may speak in these terms even of so recent a date) society had its queens—sovereigns of a day, whose reigns, though necessarily brief (for some sudden reverse of fortune, or some novel development of eccentricity in the person of a rival, usually extinguished their career before the close of a second season), were, so long as they lasted, despotic.

The queen of society in the winter of 1863 was Augusta De Lancey. Eight-and-twenty years of age, she had been six years a widow; and this, the second season of her reappearance in the gay world, found her wielding a dominant social influence. It would be difficult to convey by description the idea of a person whose principal fascination consisted in the indefinable charm which some women exert without apparent consciousness, and which defies analysis. A dethroned queen, whom Mrs. De Lancey had supplanted, maliciously described her as a "small person, with insignificant features, and altogether too much hair and eyes." Although this description was literally correct, it altogether failed in its point; for there was that in Mrs. De Lancey which went beyond form or feature. Although rather below the middle stature, she produced the effect of height; the features, which were in themselves not remarkable, became striking from their constant play, and from the perpetual variety produced in them by the different arrangement of her wealth of dark brown hair—hair which was never even in color the same for ten days in succession, thanks to the capricious variety of powders which the fashion of the times allowed. But the great charm of Augusta de Lancey was in her manner—a charm

which was felt and recognized even by her own sex. When she entered a ball-room, every eye was directed to her. Young girls paused in their dancing, married women in their flirtations; while not a few manoeuvred to be in the hall when she arrived, to study the device of the outer wrappings, which she wore with a coquettish grace which rendered them even more irresistible than the rich fabrics they were intended to protect.

Mrs. De Lancey understood perfectly the world with which she had to deal. While fascinating everybody with the graciousness of her manner, having a winning smile and a pleasant word for all, she never allowed herself the dangerous luxury of a female friend. Neither did she aspire to the perilous position of a wit. Although few cleverer women existed in the sphere to which she belonged, she well understood that the perfection of art was to conceal art. Therefore she seldom indulged her natural love of repartee. With her own sex she confined herself to studied commonplaces, but commonplaces which ceased to appear such when uttered by her. The one eccentricity in which she indulged was in the article of dress; and here again she understood the secret of stimulating the interest of those around her by never fulfilling their expectations. If she had dazzled one evening by a toilet of peculiar brilliancy, assured of calling forth a dozen imitations, on the next occasion it was probable that she would appear in a costume of such ravishing simplicity as to tempt every beholder to forswear thenceforth all richness or display in dress.

In a word, Augusta De Lancey was an artist, and, like all artists, never forgot the theatre on which she was to appear or the audience which it was her province to subdue.

Much interest had been felt and expressed as to how Mrs. De Lancey would appear at the grand subscription ball at Delmonico's, which was to be the crowning event of the season. Delmonico's balls were at that time a novelty. People still crowded their dear five hundred friends into houses not large enough to hold half the number, and expected them to find enjoyment in a glare of gas-light, a din of music, and an utter impos-

sibility of locomotion except for the few young and vigorous dancers who held undisputed possession of the floor. To the social martyrs who had habitually done penance in this way, Delmonico's suddenly opened a region of real enjoyment. The large, cool, handsome ball-room, in which spectators may promenade at their ease without the risk of overthrow from the most furious couple in the gallop; the music toned down to softness and beauty from behind its leafy screen; the numerous sitting-rooms, with their *caneuses* and other appliances for those who prefer repose to locomotion; the delicious boudoirs for flirtation, were such a novelty to the party-goers of 1863 that they hardly yet realized their own good fortune.

Of all the admirers who hovered round Augusta De Lancey, there were three for whom so special a preference had at various times been manifested, that the club men (who know as well how to gossip as any of the weaker sex) had settled it in their own minds that the season could not arrive at its close without a decided step in one or the other direction on her part. Colonel Nevins, Mr. Delano, and young Herman Egerton were jocosely styled at the clubs "Past, Present, and Future," referring to their supposed positions *vis-à-vis* of Mrs. De Lancey.

Colonel Nevins, it was well understood, had been an admirer of Augusta Lorimere before she married De Lancey. He had been desperately in love with the young *ingénue*, never for an instant suspecting coquetry in her composition, and was fully persuaded that he had secured a place in her affections. Perhaps he was a little too sure of his happiness; perhaps he did not speak soon enough; for it is certain that he had not yet declared himself in words when Augusta's mother, who had for years past kept her eyes on the rich old bachelor Walter De Lancey, at length succeeded in bringing him to her daughter's feet, and took the earliest opportunity of apprising Nevins of the fact. Nevins accepted the situation, remained the best of friends with the gay young wife, but, when the war broke out with the South, was one of the first to volunteer his services to his country, and departed for the seat of war, perhaps not much caring how soon a Southern bullet might bring his career to a close. His rise in the army was rapid; and when he

visited New York on his first leave of absence, a hero in the eyes of the world if not in his own, the fascinating widow was quite ready to remember their old friendship, and even occasionally to forget her present flirtations, and glide insensibly into a tone of sentiment sufficient to provoke the conjectures of the lookers-on, and the disgust of the lady's more openly recognized admirers.

Alfred Delano was an admirer of a different stamp. Thirty-five years of age, not remarkable for personal attractions, taciturn and reserved in manner, he was one of those men who influence the sex by a hidden strength and fervor of character which seldom appears on the surface, but which a closer acquaintance reveals in full force. Among his own sex he was unpopular; with women scarcely less so, except among the few whom he distinguished by an exclusive devotion, whose very rarity rendered it the more irresistible. Of this devotion Augusta De Lancey had for the past two years been the object. In society he was her recognized attendant—so much so that in the selection of guests for a limited party the hostess invariably said, "We must invite Mr. Delano for Mrs. De Lancey." To him was tacitly conceded the privilege of escorting her to every ball that she attended, of a place in her box at the opera, and of quietly ignoring every other woman without creating offence. It was generally understood that Mrs. De Lancey did not even refuse to accept presents from Mr. Delano—presents, not of trifles like *bonbonnières* and bouquets, but articles of real value, costly personal ornaments which she did not hesitate to accept and wear. There would in fact have been little doubt in society that the intentions of the parties were matrimonial, but for one insuperable obstacle. Though Alfred Delano went into the world *en garçon*, though he had his bachelor rooms at a hotel, dined at the club, and passed his evenings at the opera or in society, it was perfectly well known that he was a married man. He had married in the country; and though it was generally understood that he had a house at Fort Washington, and took rooms at a hotel in town every winter, hardly any one had seen his wife. It was said that she was pretty and attractive, but had no taste for gayety, and preferred the retirement of

the country to the excitements of a town life. Delano's position as a prominent broker necessitated his constant presence in the city, and, it would appear, a considerable amount of social intercourse in which his wife took no part. People shook their heads at his intimacy with Mrs. De Lancey; the ladies pitied her imprudence, while the club men darkly hinted that the affair would probably result in an elopement to Paris—hints, however, cautiously uttered, as Delano was known to be a dangerous man to provoke.

Herman Egerton was a man about town; a youngster who dabbled in stocks and played a little at the broker business, but whose time was principally passed at the ball-room, the club, and the race-course. Though less generally respected than his rivals, his good looks, easy assurance, and social graces made him a universal favorite, and it was a common remark in the gay world that nothing could be done without him. No dancing party was considered complete unless he led the "german," which in a certain class is the test of social distinction. A scion of one of the best families, he had inherited a handsome fortune, which he had by this time sufficiently diminished to begin to think marriage desirable; and he had in his own mind selected Augusta De Lancey as the object best suited at once to his tastes and necessities.

It may appear surprising that Mrs. De Lancey, who with all her love of admiration was not wanting in practical good sense, should have responded to Herman's advances. He was four years her junior, and far more than four years her inferior in intellect and force of character. But about this time Mrs. De Lancey's heart had become conscious of a void which her daily resources were unable to fill. She was beginning to weary of her barren flirtation with Alfred Delano. She knew, or at least strongly suspected, that he condemned himself, and that the thought of his neglected wife was a constant reproach to him in the midst of his apparent devotion; that it rendered him moody and variable, and embittered her enjoyment as well as his own. Her heart expanded at the outspoken devotion of young Egerton, which she could say to herself meant something in earnest.

Herman had not failed to profit by his opportunities; and although he as yet

conceded to Mr. Delano the privilege of accompanying Mrs. De Lancey as her escort, he made it a rule to take possession of her on her arrival, and to remain by her side the whole evening, flattering himself that by so doing he drove Delano to desperation. The gossips in society had generally concluded that Mr. Egerton's attentions to Mrs. De Lancey would result in an engagement, if indeed they were not already engaged. Egerton, when the question was insinuated, was not slow in encouraging the idea that there was an understanding already existing between them. In fact he had made a formal tender of his hand and heart, and received an answer which was not an absolute refusal, and might have expanded into an unqualified acceptance had not the unexpected return of her old admirer, Colonel Nevins, awakened some half-forgotten memories, and rendered her a little uncertain as to the state of her affections.

Herman was one of the first arrivals at Delmonico's on the night of the ball. To tell the truth, he was drawn thither not so much by eagerness to meet Mrs. De Lancey, as by the desire of displaying a peculiarly splendid diamond of which he had possessed himself out of Mrs. De Lancey's jewel box, in defiance of her strenuous objections, and declared his intention of sporting at the ball.

While strolling through the ball-room, and studying the various faces, his attention was attracted by a young lady who sat apart from the company in the deepest recess of the bow window, at the west end of the room. He was attracted partly by her beauty, which was remarkable; partly by the singularity of her position, alone and apparently in a melancholy reverie, entirely at variance with her surroundings; partly, it must be confessed, by the magnificence of her jewelry, especially a necklace of sapphires and diamonds, which his jewel-loving eye recognized as of the first water; but, beyond all, by the discovery which he made, or fancied that he had made, that she was studying him (or his diamond) with admiration. Convinced that he was on the road to a conquest, he took a position in the neighborhood of the platform which divides the bow window from the hall, and, allowing his diamond to sparkle on his ungloved hand, appeared engrossed in the contemplation of the dancers.

"Can I do anything for you, Nevins?" he remarked, as the Colonel passed him, alone and apparently little interested in what was passing around him. "Is there any one here whom you would like to know?"

"No," said Nevins. "I feel like a stranger in these gay scenes, and shall leave them so soon for others of a different character, that I cannot fall into the spirit of the evening."

"That is a pity," said Herman, "as you are a sort of hero at present, and all the ladies are crazy to know you. Have you no curiosity? You must see a great many new faces."

"Nearly all that I see are new," said Nevins; "the familiar faces are the exception. Who is your reigning belle this winter?"

"Mrs. De Lancey, of course," said Egerton. "I wonder that you ask the question; but I have just seen a lady who, if I had the management of her, would come close upon her at least."

Nevins followed his friend's glance until it rested on the lady in the window. He made no comment, but simply inquired, "Who is she?"

"That is the question," said Egerton. "It is an entirely new face; one that has never been in society—at least in our set. I should say some *débutante*."

At this moment Mrs. De Lancey entered on the arm of Mr. Delano. Both gentlemen paused in their conversation, but a furious galop which was in full progress rendered it impossible for either of them to join her for the present. Egerton was the first to resume his comments on the unknown lady.

"How the deuce did she ever get into that corner of the bow window?" he presently remarked.

"How?" said Nevins. "Why, every one of those worthy dowagers on the platform has a daughter or protégée of some sort, whom she comes nominally to chaperon, but really to push forward by every means in her power; one of which is, of course, to crowd out every other woman who is sufficiently timid to be crowded out, and sufficiently attractive to be a possible rival for her daughters. I dare say the young lady commenced her evening on the floor, like the rest of the girls; but every one who stood near her commenced to spread out her skirts, and gradually press back in order to diminish the

standing room in the stranger's neighborhood. Then, when the dancing began, what chances to hustle her accidentally; to tread on her dress; to pause directly in front of her; to crowd her from post to pillar, until in despair she took refuge on the platform. Then the mammas took it up; such a drawing together of chairs; such an increase of confidential communication; such a welcoming of every new arrival, and such pointed regrets expressed that there was not more room in the neighborhood, until the poor girl, moved on from chair to chair, and quite defenceless among all the women who had leagued against her, at last took refuge in the depths of the bow window, where they were careful not to disturb her. *Voici le mot de l'énigme.*"

"She is wonderfully pretty," said Herman. "Did you ever see such blue eyes?"

"Take care, Herman," said Nevins in a low tone, "Mrs. De Lancey is observing us, and I think also studying the young lady."

"I hope that she likes her," said Egerton laughing. "I shall be glad to have my taste approved by so undoubted an authority."

"Herman," said Nevins, changing his tone, "are you able to talk thus lightly?"

"Of whom? of Mrs. De Lancey? Why not?"

"Is it not true that there is an engagement between you?"

"Is there any reason why you should expect to know more than the world reports?" returned Egerton, becoming suddenly grave.

"Yes, the strongest of reasons," answered Nevins earnestly. "Of course you know something of the affair, Egerton, for I know that it was pretty freely canvassed at the clubs, from the ironical expressions of sympathy that I received when Augusta Lorimere married Walter De Lancey. My kind friends took care that I should know that everybody understood that I was attached to her, and had believed her to return my affection. I will confess to you now that when I heard that Mrs. De Lancey had reappeared in society, and laid aside her widow's mourning, I applied for leave of absence and returned to New York for no other reason than to ascertain for myself wheth-

er there were any feeling existing on her part which might justify me in asking her to become my wife. I returned; and the first news that I received was the report of her engagement to you. I see now on your finger the very ring which she wore at a dinner party where we met her a few days ago. Is it strange that I should have believed the report, and made up my mind henceforth to regard Augusta De Lancey merely in the light of a friend? You were formerly a good fellow, Herman, before the brokers and the women spoiled you. Try and be like your old self, and answer me frankly what I wish to know."

"My dear fellow," said Egerton, caressing his moustache and making his diamond sparkle in the gaslight, "I never could quite understand you army men with your heroics. If you want to try your chances with Mrs. De Lancey, why try away. There is a pause in the dancing at present. I must just go and drive away that poor devil Delano, who is ready to burst when he sees me; and then I shall have to give Mrs. De Lancey a turn on the floor. But come up when you like and I'll give you a chance; only I warn you you'll get nothing like *that*," giving his diamond a final flourish as he crossed the floor to join Mrs. De Lancey.

Although this conversation was carried on in a tone little above a whisper, under the protection of the most noisy of noisy gallops, Mrs. De Lancey had sufficiently comprehended their looks and gestures to have her interest excited and her attention directed to the stranger who formed the subject of discussion. The appearance of the unknown was, she felt constrained to admit, well calculated to attract attention. She was apparently not more than nineteen years of age; small and delicate in person, with a childlike grace and beauty, rendered still more attractive by the look of helplessness and sadness "which," as Mrs. De Lancey angrily remarked to herself, "they so well know how to assume." The interest which the stranger appeared to inspire both in Mr. Egerton and Colonel Nevins piqued her excessively, and she was relieved when the conclusion of the dance permitted the former to cross the floor and join her.

So occupied was she at present with the stranger, that for the moment she forgot

her dread of a complication between Egerton and Delano, and permitted the latter to retain his place by her side, instead of making, as she had intended, some excuse to send him away.

Delano stood awaiting Egerton with the calm air of superiority which all the latter's *aplomb* was not proof against; and turning his back to him took a position so directly in front of Mrs. De Lancey as to render it almost impossible for Egerton to approach.

"I wish," remarked Mrs. De Lancey, instinctively foreseeing the complication from the relative positions of Delano and Egerton, "I wish, Mr. Delano, that you would ask Colonel Nevins to come and speak to me. I feel a little curiosity to know the name of a lady whom I saw him noticing at the bow window, and who, I think, must be an acquaintance of his."

Mr. Delano, who was short-sighted, raised his eyeglass, and took a survey of the room, carefully avoiding looking toward Mr. Egerton. The next moment his countenance changed; his arm fell by his side. His cheek crimsoned, then turned pale; and with a sudden movement of impatience he brushed past Egerton and disappeared into an adjoining room.

"He knows her also," thought Mrs. De Lancey, who had observed the direction of his eye.

As Herman Egerton stepped boldly into Delano's vacant place, and her eye caught the sparkle of the ring on his finger, another and more embarrassing explanation of Delano's conduct suggested itself; and she hurriedly whispered:

"Herman, you will oblige me by not displaying my diamond to-night. Another time I will tell you why."

"Is Mr. Delano your escort everywhere?" inquired Herman in a tone of pique.

"He took the trouble to wait in the hall for my arrival," remarked Mrs. De Lancey pointedly.

The waltz struck up. Herman offered his arm, and they were soon embarked on its current. While supporting Mrs. De Lancey through its mazes, Herman continued to feast his eyes on the unknown lady in the bow window. Unconsciously he at last became so preoccupied as to relax his support of his partner; and looking up to ascertain the cause, she soon caught him *flagrante delicto*. With

a feeling of displeasure, she declared herself tired, and proposed to sit down, remarking as she did so, "I requested you to remove your ring."

"I did not hear you," said Egerton.

"It seems to me to-night that you hear nothing and see everything, Mr. Egerton," remarked Mrs. De Lancey in a tone of annoyance.

Meanwhile Colonel Nevins, left alone near the platform, had the curiosity to make his way by little and little to the remote corner where the incognita was seated. As he drew near he was struck not only by her beauty, but by the extreme sadness of her expression, which seemed to indicate a sorrow of years' duration. She was seated next to one of the most vigilant and uncompromising of dowagers—a lady who had three unmarried (and perhaps unmarriageable) daughters on the floor, and who was the instinctive enemy of everything in the shape of a young and pretty woman who came in her way. This lady had placed herself deliberately in front of the stranger, and was closing every avenue of approach with the vigilance of a dragon. The moment that Nevins's intentions became evident, the lady held herself in readiness, and as soon as he came within reach of her voice accosted him with, "A charming ball, Colonel Nevins. You have not been to call on your old friends since you returned from the seat of war. What are the prospects of an action?"

Nevins answered her questions politely, and allowed himself to be drawn into a desultory conversation, trusting that he might be able sufficiently to interest the unknown lady to draw her by degrees into the chat. The stranger, however, seemed little interested by his accounts of the army; but a flourish of Egerton's diamond suddenly attracting her attention, she timidly bent forward and addressing the dowager said, "Will you have the kindness, madam, to tell me the name of the young gentleman who wears that very large diamond?"

"And when does General Hooker expect to move on Richmond?" inquired the voluble lady, resolutely ignoring the questioner.

"We are not informed of the army movements beforehand," replied Nevins gravely. "Pardon me, madam, but you asked the name of a gentleman."

"Yes—of the gentleman with the large

diamond," inquired the stranger. "Can you tell me?"

"That is Mr. Herman Egerton," said Colonel Nevins, "one of my particular friends."

"Is he a particular friend of Mrs. De Lancey?" inquired the lady with eagerness.

"They are reported to be engaged." The stranger turned pale.

"Decidedly," thought Nevins, "Egerton has made a conquest."

"I heard that Mrs. De Lancey was on very friendly terms with Mr. Delano," remarked the stranger.

"They are," said Nevins, "but fortunately for my friend Egerton, Mr. Delano is a married man."

"So I understand," said the lady quietly. "I thank you."

This last sentence was so plainly intended to put an end to the conversation, that Nevins had no alternative but to return to the floor, or resume his task of entertaining his elderly neighbor. Seeing Egerton approaching, he hastily excused himself to the old lady, and joined him at the foot of the platform.

"Well, what luck?" said Egerton, tapping Nevins on the arm.

"Impracticable," replied the colonel.

"*Tant mieux!* there will be the more credit in captivating her."

"Do you really mean to attempt it? in Mrs. De Lancey's presence, too?"

"Not to attempt, but accomplish it, my dear fellow."

"Never."

"Never is a bold word, Colonel Nevins. What will you bet that I don't have her out on the floor in half an hour?"

"It does not seem to me a very fit subject for a bet," replied Nevins gravely. "I would rather not take your wager, Herman."

"What has come over you, Nevins?" exclaimed Herman. "This is the first time that I ever heard of your declining a wager. Come, I won't ask you to risk anything. You know that I had arranged to buy your bay saddle horse as soon as he had been properly valued. Now, if you are so sure that I will not make acquaintance with that young lady and have her dancing before the end of the evening, will you agree to give me the horse for nothing, if I succeed? and if I fail, why you may name anything of mine that you like."

"That diamond on your finger?" said Nevins suddenly.

"No, by Jove!" exclaimed Egerton, recollecting himself. "I would not dare to part with that; but let me see—you shall have my 2:40 team. It's worth more than your saddle horse, but under the circumstances I am not afraid to risk it."

"A 2:40 team would be of little use to me in the field," said Nevins gravely. "I decline your bet, Mr. Egerton."

"Well, you may name your own terms; as I am sure to win, it is of little consequence. Hold on, Nevins," he repeated as the Colonel moved away. "Remember that you have once accepted the bet and can't withdraw from it, particularly as I have left the stakes to you—anything you please except this diamond."

Nevins did not remain to discuss the question with Egerton, but passed into the supper room, where he found Alfred Delano standing near one of the buffets alone, and (an unusual practice with him) drinking heavily. The frightful pallor of his face alarmed Nevins. Notwithstanding his heavy potations, he was perfectly sober—painfully sober, he might himself have said, considering that he was so evidently drinking to drown thought.

"Delano," said the Colonel, advancing to the buffet, "can you spare a glass of champagne from your bottle?"

Delano passed the bottle moodily, but made no remark.

"These balls are a new institution," remarked Nevins. "I don't remember any before I went South."

"I detest them," hissed Delano between his teeth. "Senseless crowds who come to eat and drink and elbow better men than themselves. This is the last at which I will be seen."

"They bring together a great deal of beauty," said Nevins. "By the way, who is the lady in blue who has been sitting all the evening in the bow window? It seems strange to see one of the prettiest women in the room a wall-flower."

A spasm of rage contracted Delano's face, and setting his glass on the buffet, and advancing close to Nevins, he demanded in an undertone, "Colonel Nevins, how am I to understand that question?"

"As you please," returned Nevins in a tone equally haughty. "I see nothing that demands explanation in inquiring

the name of a lady whom it is very clear that you recognized."

"Forgive me, Nevins," said Delano wearily; "I am not well to-night, and not fit for this scene. I think that I will go to my hotel."

"Before you go," said Nevins, "I have no objection to tell you why I asked about the lady. My friend Egerton has become interested in her, and is moving heaven and earth to obtain an introduction."

"If he dare," muttered Delano, his hand closing on a knife which lay on the buffet. The next moment he recovered his composure, and with a curt "Good evening, Colonel Nevins," passed into another room.

On returning to the ball-room Colonel Nevins passed Mrs. De Lancey, whose interest in Mr. Egerton's proceedings, as well as her anxiety about the ring, which she had not yet induced Egerton to relinquish, had by this time passed beyond her control. So palpable was her agitation that Colonel Nevins in joining her had no hesitation in inquiring whether anything had annoyed her.

"Only a trifle," replied Mrs. De Lancey, forcing a smile. "Old Mrs. De Kay passed me a moment since, and whispered that Mr. Egerton would get into trouble if he took so much notice of that little lady in blue over there in the window. I am sure I don't know what she means, and I dare say that it is only a piece of her ill nature; but I can't help feeling that it would place me in a most ridiculous position to see Mr. Egerton, whom the world has seen fit to assign to me (though, I protest, without any reason), involved in an affair about another lady. Do go to him, Colonel Nevins, as you are his friend, and tell him what Mrs. De Kay has said, and beg him not to render me uncomfortable."

"I have just been talking with a gentleman who is ready to blow out his brains if he speaks to that lady. But it would be useless to warn him. Egerton would consider it all the more sport, if it involved a challenge or an *esclandre*. In fact he has forced me into a bet." Here the Colonel lowered his voice.

"Indeed," said Mrs. De Lancey aloud. "Then I hope that he may win it."

"Will you give me this dance?"

"Not this, but the next. I was keep-

ing it for Mr. Egerton, as I did this for Mr. Delano, who appears to have forgotten all about it. At present I am anxious to see whether Mr. Egerton will win his bet."

Mrs. De Lancey was all this time suffering the tortures of purgatory, not merely on Egerton's account, but from the consciousness of the satisfaction that she was affording to old Mrs. De Kay, one of the cleverest as well as the most malicious dowagers in society. There was not a quiver of her lip, not a pang in her heart of which she did not perceive that Mrs. De Kay was as fully conscious as herself. To complete her discomfiture, she observed at last a triumphant smile pass over the old lady's face, as her eye moved gradually away from her until it rested with a look of intelligence on the young stranger, the sudden crimsoning of whose cheek showed her to be not without interest in the scene that was transpiring. Mrs. De Lancey's situation became intolerable, and her annoyance was intensified by perceiving that the glance exchanged between the ladies was not lost on Mr. Egerton, who had been sounding all the dowagers on the platform without success, and now immediately made his way to Mrs. De Kay, confident that, although no favorite with her, he should soon extract from her a solution of the mystery.

To his surprise Mrs. De Kay received him with a gracious smile, and remarked, "I can readily divine to whom I am indebted for the unusual honor of Mr. Egerton's company."

"Can you tell me, Mrs. De Kay, the name of that young lady in the bow window?" inquired Egerton, delighted with the frank manner in which the old lady had herself introduced the subject, which he had expected to be obliged to approach gradually and through a variety of circumlocutions.

"I can," said Mrs. De Kay; "but of what interest can it be to a fashionable man like Mr. Egerton to know the name of a lady from the country, who never goes into society, and whom he may perhaps never meet again?"

"The more reason for making the most of the present opportunity," returned Egerton laughing. "I would ask you to present me; but in any case, if you will even gratify my curiosity by telling me

her name, I will do anything in my power to gratify you in return."

"Your part must be performed first," returned the old lady with a grim smile. "Bring Mrs. De Lancey to me, Mr. Egerton."

With these words she looked so pointedly at Mrs. De Lancey that the latter could endure the suspense no longer, but rising and crossing to Mrs. De Kay, remarked, as she took the seat beside her, "You are so evidently talking about me, my dear Mrs. De Kay, that you must allow me to hope that your remarks are complimentary."

Mrs. De Kay rose, and taking Mr. Egerton's arm, replied in her grandest manner, "Excuse me for a moment. Mr. Egerton was just requesting an introduction to my adopted daughter—the lady in the bow window."

As she spoke she made her way through the serried rank of dowagers (not one of whom dared oppose that awful social power), and addressing the young stranger said in a voice softened to positive tenderness, "Alice, Mr. Egerton requests the honor of an introduction for the next dance."

A sudden flush overspread the cheek of the young lady as she looked up and shyly returned Mr. Egerton's bow.

"You have surpassed yourself, Mrs. De Kay," remarked Mrs. De Lancey with ironical politeness, as the old lady resumed her seat. "To advance a lady who for the best part of the evening has occupied, however undeservedly, a position very like that of a wall-flower, to be the partner of the leader of the dancing set, was a piece of *finesse* of which I should have hardly thought even your talents capable. I trust that the lady is a good dancer. I fear that Mr. Egerton would never survive the mortification of figuring at Delmonico's with an unpractised dancer from the country."

Mrs. De Kay received Mrs. De Lancey's sarcastic compliments with a look of undisguised compassion, and rejoined with emotion, "Poor child!"

The tone of sympathy and interest with which these words were spoken for the moment disarmed Mrs. De Lancey. She was silent, and waited for the old lady to proceed.

"My dear child," resumed Mrs. De Kay, "while studying you during the

last half hour, and observing your sufferings under the mask of gayety, I recalled what I often underwent at your age, and wished that I had then found a friend with my present experience to tell me what I now know too well, and too late. You are making frightful mistakes, and providing for yourself a terrible future. Continue, my child, to make enemies in every direction, and to surround yourself with flatterers, and see what a life is in store for you by and by."

"Ah, madam!" exclaimed Mrs. De Lancey, "why is it that the world cannot forgive a woman the crime of being happy?"

"My dear," said Mrs. De Kay, "it is the choice between happiness and pleasure. A little bird has whispered to me that you thought of marrying Herman Egerton. You will say that it is no affair of mine; nor is it. But I foresee that when you are married to a husband of his calibre—who knows no higher impulses than pleasure, interest, and vanity, and whose experiences in the world have been just sufficient to fritter away whatever heart he had—with such a husband I can see that the best to be hoped is that your career as a wife will continue what it is at present. Had you chosen a different man—a man of heart, earnestness, and character, who could give you an affection to which you could respond, and a heart which you could appreciate—such a man as that, in short" (looking toward Colonel Nevins), "I think well enough of your nature to believe that you would lead a different life."

"Has Colonel Nevins retained you to plead his cause with me?" inquired Mrs. De Lancey, nervously endeavoring to laugh off the impression made by the old lady's words.

"My dear," said Mrs. De Kay gravely, "I know Colonel Nevins only by reputation, and have no personal motive in speaking to you of him. Besides, I have no right to dictate your choice in marriage. Accept Mr. Egerton if you choose, and lead, as you undoubtedly will, the life of a married belle and coquette. But, my dear child, let me earnestly entreat you, do not, for the idle pleasure of a moment or the gratification of a passing vanity, destroy the peace of families, or come between husband and wife. You little know, poor thing, the misery that

you have already occasioned. I have come here to-night to tell you. Yes, I am here expressly on your account. You must still have some heart left. I remember when you were as tender-hearted and innocent as my poor Alice."

"Alice!" exclaimed Mrs. De Lancey, instinctively following the direction of Mrs. De Kay's eye. "Will you tell me who that young lady is? I see that she is a protégée of yours, and I have an idea that she has something to do with what you are saying to me."

"She is the text of my sermon," replied Mrs. De Kay emphatically. "She is my adopted child, the daughter of my dearest friend, and the wife of my nephew, Alfred Delano."

Mrs. De Lancey with difficulty repressed an exclamation of surprise.

"She is your latest victim," said Mrs. De Kay solemnly. "Alice Delano loved her husband, and was happy with him until, in an evil day, you contrived to fascinate him and draw him away from her, that you might lead him about in society as a show. And do you think that he is happy? When not under your influence his life is a perpetual remorse. The sight of his injured wife almost maddens him. Do you know what your vanity has done? It has blighted two lives."

"Look on your work," resumed the old lady after a pause. "There sits my niece, Alice Delano, whose life you have embittered. I have brought her here for you to see. Do you find her attractive at present? Think then what she must have been when her eyes, now dimmed with constant tears, were bright with innocent gayety; when she was still a happy, loving wife and mother."

Mrs. De Lancey lowered her face behind her fan, while she hastily wiped away a tear. When she looked up, Mrs. De Kay had risen, and motioning her to follow led the way into a neighboring boudoir. "And there," she said, "is the husband."

Mrs. De Lancey shuddered as she remarked the haggard eye and disordered dress of Alfred Delano. The wine which he had imbibed had at length taken effect on his brain, and he was leaning from a window gasping for breath, and wiping the perspiration from his fevered brow.

Augusta De Lancey, though thought-

less, was not unfeeling. Claspings the hand of Mrs. De Kay, she thanked her warmly for the lesson that she had given her.

"Your rings are very beautiful," remarked Mrs. De Kay, glancing at the hand which Mrs. De Lancey had ungloved to feel for her handkerchief. "Was the engagement ring of my poor Alice essential to your happiness in addition?"

Mrs. De Lancey trembled. "Oh, Mrs. De Kay," she exclaimed, "if you only knew——"

"Or was it merely worn as a trophy?" said Mrs. De Kay severely. "So I should imagine from seeing it already in the possession of another."

"This is unendurable!" exclaimed Mrs. De Lancey. "Please, Mrs. De Kay, let me tell you the whole story. I may be to blame, but not in the way that you imagine."

The story, when related by Mrs. De Lancey, was a great relief to Mrs. De Kay's mind, in which the gravest suspicions as to her nephew had been awakened. The ring, it appeared, had been left with a jeweller for repairs. On its return to Mr. Delano, he had taken it to show to Mrs. De Lancey a day or two before the ball, and had requested her to take charge of it until he could take it out to Fort Washington, as he did not consider it safe at his lodgings. Unfortunately Mrs. De Lancey went to a dinner party that same day, where Mr. Delano was not to be present. Unable to suit herself in selecting from her own jewelry, she had yielded to the temptation of wearing this ring, which Mrs. De Kay had then seen and recognized. This was not, however, the worst of her complications. Herman Egerton, who was her escort home, had been excessively piqued by the encouragement which he thought that she had given at this dinner to Colonel Nevins. He was accordingly in a very bad temper, which all Mrs. De Lancey's efforts had been unable to overcome, until she thought of flattering his vanity as a connoisseur in jewelry, by requesting his opinion of her diamond. The ruse was successful. Egerton was immediately mollified on being allowed to inspect the ring, and completely subdued on receiving permission to try it on his finger. But what had been Mrs. De Lancey's consternation when he peremptorily refused to return the

ring, declaring that he would retain it until she had danced the german with him at the ball, pretending that he feared that she would otherwise dance it with Colonel Nevins.

"I did not dare to tell him the truth," said Mrs. De Lancey, "and I have been in misery all the evening for fear that Mr. Delano might see the ring. Herman shall give it back to me this very evening, and I will return it to Mr. Delano, and give him such a lecture about his neglect of his wife as he will not be likely to forget."

"By no means, my dear," returned Mrs. De Kay, resuming her seat in the ball-room, to which they had returned. "Only choose a husband for yourself and close your doors to my nephew. Do not even offer him your friendship. No woman will thank you for restoring her husband. She would rather feel that she has recovered him herself. I have brought my niece here for that purpose. The best assistance that you can render is to encourage Colonel Nevins, *que voilà*."

The music commencing, Colonel Nevins hastened to claim his dance. The emergency restored Mrs. De Lancey's composure, and exchanging a friendly pressure of the hand with Mrs. De Kay, she accompanied Colonel Nevins to the other end of the room. Mr. Egerton and Mrs. Delano had preceded them. They were evidently already on quite friendly terms. Egerton spoke in the low, sentimental tone in which he indulged with ladies, while his companion listened with an appearance of interest, which provoked Mrs. De Lancey, who thought that the lady whom she had been so recently commiserating was behaving very like a practised flirt.

As the dance was about to commence, Alfred Delano returned, but Mrs. De Kay promptly met him saying, "Alice is not here; if you will drive home with me, you will find her at my house," and left the room with him, casting over her shoulder a rapid glance of intelligence at her niece.

This glance was intercepted by Mrs. De Lancey, and awakened fresh suspicions in her mind. "Can the old lady," she thought, "have been making a tool of me for her own purposes, under pretence of a grave moral lecture?"

She had little time for thought, for

Colonel Nevins was impatient for his dance. His heart swelled as his arm encircled the form of the only woman that he had ever loved; and she, as she felt herself drawn to him, and supported through the mazes of her favorite waltz, appeared to awake into a new existence. Once more she was the young girl, unspoiled by society, happy in the affection of the manly heart that she had so long slighted. She thought of the men whom she had preferred; of Walter De Lancey, whom she had married without love for the sake of his fortune; of Alfred Delano, with whom she had wasted time and sentiment that he had not the right to bestow; of Herman Egerton, for whom she had indulged an idle fancy, originating in vanity, yet for a time mistaken for love. What triflers they all seemed, especially Herman, who was at that moment making love to a woman whom until that evening he had never seen. That waltz was Nevins's triumph. Although not a word was exchanged, he felt at its close that Augusta De Lancey was his own.

"You are tired, Augusta," said Nevins in a low voice, as the dance drew near its end. "Let us leave this crowded ball-room."

There was a new-born shyness in the smile with which Augusta looked up into his face. "Mr. Egerton has won your horse," she murmured, as that gentleman passed before them with his partner.

"Indeed, I do not regret it," answered Nevins earnestly, as they passed out of the ball-room.

For the present we will leave the lovers to their happiness, and follow Herman Egerton, who, in the full intoxication of his triumph, conducted the lady, of whose very name he was ignorant, but whom he had found more impressible than even he had imagined possible. She had listened to his sallies with interest, and to the tone of sentiment into which he imperceptibly glided without apparent displeasure. He even ventured once or twice during the dance to press her hand, and was satisfied that she had once at least faintly returned the pressure. She certainly smiled with satisfaction when she found herself in a delicious boudoir at the further end of the suite of apartments.

"Here we are alone at last," said Egerton with a half-uttered sigh. "If this evening could only last forever."

His companion slightly blushed as she allowed herself to be conducted to a retired seat.

"Have you enjoyed it?" he ventured presently to whisper.

A faint "Yes" was the only reply.

"And when may we hope to meet again?" said Egerton rapturously. "When is your next ball?"

"Perhaps never," said the stranger, with a sigh.

"Oh, Alice!" exclaimed the young man. "Pardon me, but I know you by no other name. Will you tell me your name? or may I still say Alice?"

A blush was the only answer.

"Then, Alice," said Herman with rapture, "say that this shall not be our last meeting. Name any place, any time; only say that there is some hope."

The young lady was silent.

Stealing a glance at his companion, he surprised a smile so sweet, so timid, and at the same time so earnest, that with a thrill of exultation he softly laid his ungloved hand on hers. Alice's eye rested on his diamond. "That lovely ring," she murmured.

"Let me see it on your finger," said Herman, transported beyond all considerations of prudence.

The lady gently drew off her glove.

"How beautiful," she exclaimed, with a smile of girlish delight, as the ring sparkled on her finger. "I may keep it?"

The directness of this question took Herman completely by surprise. To refuse it would, he felt, be effectually to relinquish his conquest; while from yielding it he was restrained by the awkward fact that it was not his property. But before he had sufficiently mastered his embarrassment to devise a reply, the lady rose from her seat and with a sudden dignity and composure resumed, "I need not request your permission, Mr. Egerton, to retain this ring, inasmuch as it is already my own."

"Impossible," said Egerton in astonishment. "I received it from another lady."

"Undoubtedly," rejoined the stranger. "You desired to know my name, Mr. Egerton. I am Mrs. Alfred Delano. This was my engagement ring. Mr. Delano took it some time since to be repaired, and has not yet returned it. I see now

that he must have left it with Mrs. De Lancey, from whom it passed into your hands. My diamond has simply made a tour and returned to its original owner. See!" and she touched a spring, causing the inside of the ring to open. "This is Mr. Delano's hair."

Herman Egerton remained silent with astonishment and mortification. Mrs. Delano rose, and simply adding, "I thank you, Mr. Egerton, for returning me my diamond," left the boudoir.

A soft laugh echoed from the opposite door, and Egerton, turning in confusion, encountered the amused faces of Mrs. De Lancey and Colonel Nevins.

"You have won my horse, Egerton," said the Colonel with a smile. "Will you have it to pursue your conquest?"

The fop made no reply. He simply bowed to Mrs. De Lancey, and left the room.

"We will keep his secret," said the happy Colonel to his smiling companion.

The secret was faithfully kept, and Mr. Egerton spared the ridicule of his acquaintance.

It was with very conflicting emotions that Alice Delano flew to the dressing room with her newly recovered treasure. Her joy at its recovery was not unmingled with indignation at what appeared to her the baseness of her husband's conduct. Mrs. De Kay had, in fact, recognized the ring on Mrs. De Lancey's finger, and, alarmed at the lengths to which her nephew's intimacy would seem to have proceeded, had resolved to try the effect of an exposure, which must in one way or another terminate the existing state of affairs. For that reason she had driven out to Fort Washington, told her niece plainly all that she had witnessed, and proposed that she should confront her husband at the ball, see the diamond herself on the hand of Mrs. De Lancey, and bring Delano to an explanation, which it was hoped would prevent his occasioning her further uneasiness. The discovery at the ball that the ring was in the possession of Egerton effected a change in their tactics, and Mrs. De Kay hastily suggested to her niece that she should recover the diamond itself by the method which she subsequently put in practice. Notwithstanding the eminent success of her aunt's scheme, the triumph sent a pang to her heart; for she held in her hands the proofs

of her husband's baseness. At one moment pride suggested to abandon him forever; again the old affection welled up in her heart, and whispered that, come what might, she must forgive him.

We can readily imagine, then, the joy with which she read a note, hastily written in pencil, which was handed her in the dressing-room by Mrs. De Kay's maid. This note told the whole story of the ring as related to Mrs. De Kay by Mrs. De Lancey. With a joyous heart she recognized that her husband had been guilty of little beyond imprudence, and in a moment her resentment vanished. Hastily summoning her carriage, she drove to the residence of her aunt, hardly decided what to say or to think, but recognizing with a thrill of joy that her husband was awaiting her in the reception room on the ground floor.

"I must entreat, my dear," said Mr. Delano gravely, "that the next time you take a fancy to go to a ball, you will do me the favor to inform me, in order that I may accompany you. A married woman always appears at a disadvantage going apart from her husband. You excited no little comment in your corner in the bow window."

"Oh, my darling Alfred!" exclaimed Alice, throwing her arms around him, "I was so happy to be with you and see you in the gay world. I went with my aunt; and see! I have brought back my diamond ring, which you gave me when we were first engaged."

Delano was confounded. He saw that everything was known to his wife, and knew not how to justify himself.

"Mr. Egerton returned it to me," said Alice, who could not resist the womanly triumph of exposing her rival. "He had taken it from Mrs. De Lancey, with whom you had left it, and was retaining it, he said, as a pledge that she would give him

some dance that he had asked for. Dear Alfred, are these the people of whom society is made up?"

Delano was completely overpowered. He clasped his wife to his heart and whispered, "You are my diamond."

The world never completely understood why Alfred Delano, some few weeks after this evening, retired from the Board of Brokers and departed with his wife for Europe, whence they have not yet returned. That ball at Delmonico's was his last ball in New York, at least up to the present time.

His friends all agreed that it was most fortunate for him that he retired just when he did. Had he continued in the business, his habitual boldness in speculation would have undoubtedly proved his ruin on the fatal Black Friday which stranded so many of his class.

Egerton still attends the balls at Delmonico's and elsewhere, though at present he does not often lead the "german." In the course of ten years he has lapsed somewhat out of date, and been gradually supplanted by a younger generation. At present he is observed to pass a much larger proportion of his evening at the supper table than in the ball-room.

He fell at one time into the mania for speculation, and was nearly ruined on the Black Friday. By the aid of his friend Nevins, who had happily returned from his wedding tour with the *ci-devant* Augusta De Lancey, he was enabled to extricate himself, and is now in the receipt of a comfortable though limited income. He says, however, "that the realities of life have forever dissipated its illusions," and has certainly never sought to captivate an unknown beauty since the evening on which he won his friend's horse and lost his all but promised wife at a ball at Delmonico's.

THE TREE OF LIFE.

THAT all things live, that the universe grows like a growing plant, is a view which finds increasing favor in philosophy. We may call the world a seed dropped into space. Science declares that forces, ideas, institutions, vegetals, animals, form a complex life that does not remain between two points of time identical with itself; that is still incompletely developed, young in spite of its antiquity. This life is full of promise and of mystery alike. Its development, as compared with that of the individual, is infinitely slow; but if it moves less perceptibly than the glacier, it moves with resistless power.

Until lately, it was not possible to take a broader aspect of this growth than that which written history afforded. We had little knowledge of the antiquity or of the origin of man. Nor were we ignorant merely; we were mistaken respecting them. The various speculations upon these subjects which had gained credence were equally untenable. Thus the doctrine of the fall of man, in its popular acceptation, is discredited by discovery. If we are to trust to scientific authority, we must think that if man ever fell it was as planets fall—upward. When Darwin speaks of the descent of man, he really describes his ascent. Unfeeling science now insists upon a caudate Adam who ran wild in the woods; and declares that Eve chattered and lived in the branches of a tree.

The pedigree connecting man with a brute ancestry is not, indeed, fully made out. But in some corner we may expect to discover the missing link. Wallace recommends a search in the caves of the tropics, where the bones of our transitional ancestors may have escaped destruction by the ice of the glacial period. The interior of Australia is still a secret. If its coasts produce the lowest known savage, what may not its riverless inland contain? There is an uneasy expectation that in those wastes we may yet discover the caudate man.

However this may be, there is abundant proof of the length of man's prehis-

toric career. The now familiar testimony of his structure and embryonic development, so similar to that of other vertebrate animals, the testimony of language, customs, traditions, ancient vestiges, all indicate that man has inhabited the planet for a far longer period than had been supposed. The earliest civilization is modern in comparison with the vast extent of previous human antiquity. The dawn of history seems noonday light when relieved against the profound of darkness whence we have come.

Between these old facts and the life of to-day and to-morrow, let me point out some relations.

Distant as the eras are of the Swiss lake dwellings and of the European cannibals, we are still able to study these eras in existing races of men. Certain tribes of savages display an arrested development, and remain comparatively near the point which more favored races have left far behind. We know that physical and other causes have retarded the evolution of savages, and have proportionately aided that of civilized races; so that while the latter, more favorably placed in nature, have pursued a swift career of development, the former have lingered, in many cases, at a point little later than that of the invention of language and the discovery of fire.

The modern savage may, therefore, be said to bridge the immense interval of time that separates his phase of development from our own. As the local displacement of strata brings to light facts of geologic structure which else were concealed, so the displacement in time of races coëval in their origins—a fault in the ethnic stratification—reveals to the student the earliest phases of development, and discloses the secrets of the prime. In the savage the world is still beginning.

It would seem as if nature had intended a courtesy to the biologist in thus interrupting the continuity of her processes, and giving him glimpses into the mysteries of structure and of growth. On the one hand granites and the flowing

lavas are exposed to us, fresh from the heart of the globe; on the other we see the primitive man still preserved for us alive, and pacing to and fro in the cage of the desert.

Galton found in Africa tribes that were unable to count beyond two, and observed that his dog had a better mathematical faculty than they. Sir John Lubbock was forced by the study of antiquity to conclude, in opposition to his first opinion, that savage nations exist who have no religious rites or observances whatever, and who are destitute even of superstitious ideas. Yet the lowest savage has fairly stepped over the boundary which divides the human from the lower animal. He is rather a rudimentary than a degraded nature, the mere inception of the civilized man. From the known elements in his career may we venture to predict some points in the larger orbit of human progress?

Before attempting any such indication, let us consider some of the conditions and some of the hindrances of progress.

Without insisting that all development is absolutely fated, we may yet liken the germination and the growth of particular customs, laws, ideas, of physical and spiritual faculties, to that of plants springing up in a more or less adapted soil. This analogy, however, does not apply to all of their phenomena. Thus the permanence of many bad institutions must be indicated under another figure. Institutions have momentum, like cannon shot, and are projected into far distant ages, as the missile flies into space after the propelling power is spent.

Thus the sentiments of ruder times still dominate in the hearts of entire nations, as the cold lingers after the shortest days of the season are passed, or as the tidal wave rises heavily an hour after the moon's urging.

But, in addition to this cause of permanence, we must recognize the life of institutions through fitness. Bearing in mind that primitive states still exist, we shall better see the significance of the lower or more primitive form of religion which they imply. A primitive state of culture requires a primitive creed. Human instinct finds that particular form of religion which best suits it. The zealots who would make us all sectarian are in error. They need to be reminded that

the crudest worship is adapted to somebody, and is the only one that he can understand. When man began to raise his head from the ground, it was better that he should express in the worship of a fetich his first vague sense of reverence, than that he should continue spiritually as well as physically prone. He was capable of nothing higher. But in Africa, in Australia, almost the same primitive man still exists, and he must get intelligence before he can get religion—a long business.

It is, in short, an error to plant either a seed or an idea in too rich a soil. Sincere worshippers in whatever religion, the highest or the lowest, are plants that grow according to the ground. They cannot be developed by mere transplantation. It is not enough to provide a more advanced creed; we must also bridge over the gulf of time and progress which intervenes between the earlier and the later inheritances of thought. You cannot expect the barbarian to comprehend the latest advices from heaven. Has he the ideas of ten thousand years ago? Then plant those of five thousand. That soil is not fit for any fresher crops. The crudest worship suits somebody. It may be that the convert is still in need of idols or slavery.

As we come down the line of development into modern times, we find the same rule of adaptation in growth. Not only individuals but large classes exist in civilized Europe who occupy places near the foot of the scale in general intelligence and development—domestic savages who are incapable of accepting or even of conceiving of an advanced *cultus*. And even among the religious classes of men, what intervals between the different types! What a distance separates the Swedenborgian and the rationalist, the Roman Catholic and the Protestant! To the ignorant servant girl the worship of fifteen centuries old is helpful; she too is of the past, and cannot suddenly be taught the higher significance of the modern abstract creeds. On the other hand, the intelligent liberal looks forward upon the world. He poises himself, like a Polynesian swimmer, upon the front of the billow. But as he takes the onward aspect, he fails, too often, to see the value to others of what he has left behind.

Most of us, indeed, retain in our mental

as well as in our physical composition something of an antiquated past. Few of us are ready to dispense entirely with superstitions; nor shall we do so until knowledge is far more complete than now. We credit such traditions as are more or less suited to our habitat and culture. The archaic ideas are still serviceable; and we should be cautious of intellectual complacency as long, for instance, as men remain who deny that the earth is round, or attribute railway accidents to "Providence." I think that a little nebular matter still lingers, unorganized, in the brains of most of us.

It would seem almost a hopeless task to bring up to date the minds which are the furthest in the rear of modern thought. The Indian jugglers have not communicated their recipe for making a tree grow in a single night. If an individual is many centuries behind his era, it is not probable that he will overtake it in a lifetime.

Yet instruction accomplishes seeming miracles. These antiquated minds, however primitive they may be, are not fossil. They are alive and receptive; and, in enlightened countries, they are subjected to the influence of modern ideals. Where circumstance, rather than stupidity, has caused the vacuum, ideas have a powerful tendency to rush in. It is a familiar figure that ideas are borne about in the air like spores. I never see the light stars of the thistle-down floating over the meadow without fancying each one of them freighted with a thought, which presently it will deposit somewhere. In remote countries ideas are unloaded with the cargoes of trading ships; that airy freight is constantly "arriving out."

The soul of each of us has some stunted branches; and men of the highest intelligence and character may find a better, because a higher, broader, and more fruitful "field of labor" in civilization than in barbarism. The home mission is more important than the foreign; it is better to work upon good rather than upon poor material. Let those who can influence the noblest persons go calmly about their task, and not be tempted away to Koordistan or the Mountains of the Moon. There are yet higher philanthropies at home. The strongest characters find their audience at hand. The most laborious missionary work remains to be

done among our own acquaintances and friends.

It is the failure to regard humanity and its concerns as a systematic growth that has caused a large proportion of human errors; and I wish to indicate some of the chief of these.

The error of the statesman is in regarding political ideas as fixed, in endeavoring to prescribe national movement according to formulæ. The error of art is that it undervalues new ideals and new ideas. The too conservative artist cannot perceive that subsidence of the old levels which marks the rising of a new world of thought from the deep. Like Barry, who retained classic costumes and weapons in his pictures of modern battles, he constantly makes æsthetic shipwreck upon reefs where navigable waters no longer flow.

The error of the educator is not that he imparts too much intelligence, but that he attends too strictly to education and too little to growth. In the strict sense of the word, he educates too much. He leads the mind when it had better walk alone. He considers the mind as a sheet of paper, an empty vase, a mass of clay—as a passive thing, which it is not, rather than a plastic thing, which it is. The healthy child has his own method of development; it is not a question of what you shall pour into him. He is a strong-growing organism, that needs light, air, soil, and culture, more than education. Doubtless the dolts, of whom there is still a sufficient number, need painful educating; but for the spirits of light, friends, scenery, the arts, books, work, and rest—in a word, opportunity to grow—are more important than the formal education.

The error of the church is that it affirms the special significance of certain religious eras and persons, and denies it to all the rest; as if the tree of life had not germinated until the beginning of that particular era. This is the reason why the habitual attitude of science and of formal theology is one of antagonism. Must they always remain at swords' points?

In what I am about to say I shall criticise theology, not religion. Science and religion need have no quarrel; but science and theology take not merely different but opposite aspects of the world. Science is the body of our knowledge, or, in the more restricted definition, that part

of our knowledge which is referable to proved principles. Theologies are systems of creed and of cosmogony that are framed to correspond with particular religions. Bearing these definitions in mind, and remembering that science attacks neither piety nor religion, but only mistaken theology, we shall better understand the nature of the opposition between these two.

Theology represents the attempt of man to explain the universe according to his preferences; science, to explain it according to the facts. These are the leading aspects under which man has contemplated the mysteries of the world.

However repugnant the facts of the world may be, the man of science asks, first of all, for a knowledge of them. Huxley said at a meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, "We are not here to inquire what we would like; we are here to inquire what is true." No preference, of person, of party, of race, can be taken into account by science. In consequence, science attains more and more of the unity of truth; its conclusions are everywhere the same; what is proven in London or in Florence is proven in all the academies. Confused as may be its debates, some definite result is finally reached; its hottest dissensions are reconciled at last. The stream of investigation may roll turbidly, but it always deposits some crystal residuum. "Real truths," says Whewell ("History of the Inductive Sciences"), "when once established, remain to the end of time a part of the mental treasure of man, and may be discerned through all the additions of later days."

How different with the course of formal theology, which is the attempt to formulate ancient sentiment, to argue from tradition and from feeling instead of from the phenomena! This stream pours down a troubled tide; in its depths are uncounted wrecks, but no treasure save that which has been wrecked and foundered. In theology hardly a step has been proven, to the common acceptance of civilized men, since theology began. In science a hundred such steps have been proven; theology opposing every one of them. From the first heresy of the motion of the earth to Darwin's last investigation of the origin of species, theology has waged a war of extirpation against inquiry. From the

beginning, the progress of science has been a conflict with theological prejudice. Men have always been fond of explaining the universe; they have a fatal facility in the invention of systems; your Eastern theologian thinks nothing of supporting the world upon a tortoise, of creating it in six days, or of explaining it in an hour. There is no lack of theological cosmogonies, as diverse as the degrees of latitude and longitude. But they have the serious fault, that no two of them agree. Orthodoxy is my doxy; heterodoxy is your doxy. To men who will not resolve to know the facts, it matters little that the surest intuition of one theologian appears absurdity or sheer heresy to his rival; that the worship of any sect is blasphemy to some other sect. To men who have inherited the main features of their belief, and who must perforce make their intuitions square with it, it is of no use to point out facts which tend another way. What they must believe is settled beforehand by inherited tradition; and all their logical demonstrations which seem to conduct to the creed are built up from within; their investigations did not originally lead that way; these are not the approaches, but the defences, of the citadel of faith. Where belief is the mental habit, the faculty of entertaining serious questions of evidence is lost. You may drench the mind of the speculative theologian with a very rain of facts; it rolls off like drops from a duck's back, and not a drop of conviction penetrates.

Science and theology alike see that the world is full of suffering, of dark places, of shadowy and of real terrors, of disappointment and death. Is there no compensation for all these sufferings? There must be a compensation, men say; somewhere happiness certainly awaits us; it is contrary to analogy that this desire should lack a real object. Far off our ideal must exist; in some paradise or *nirwana* we shall attain it; while some day vengeance will be wrought upon those whom we think deserving of punishment. We crave happiness, and in our unhappiness devise a heaven, where we and those who agree with us shall enjoy perennial pleasure. We require punishments; and we easily devise a purgatory, a *hades*, a hell for those who have offended our conceptions of right. We desire immortality; there-

fore, we shall be immortal. And over all these solemn domains men place the gods, one or many in number, that they may be sure that their own mistakes will be rectified, and all things turn out conformably to their ideals in the end. I do not deny immortality; I only say that our desire for it is not a proof.

In these imposing pictures men have drawn rather from their wishes than their knowledge. By various systems of determined belief they seek to sustain themselves in the presence of sorrow. They demand a firm assurance by which to live and to die. But the ground of their assurance? That is precisely the last thing into which they closely inquire; while it is the first thing which they feel to be endangered by the advance of science. The intelligent orthodox person knows that the number of systems quite opposite to his own, yet quite as devoutly believed in by millions, is great. More than this: he knows that had he been born under other skies he would have accepted another faith as implicitly as now he accepts his own. Yet he strives to remain assured that his system alone, of all, is the right one, and that no dark possibility is final except for those who deny his faith. A personal or local preference is made the criterion of the truth.

But shall we never have done asking what will suit us? This habit of preference belongs to an early stage of development; the race, which in this matter as in many others repeats the development of the individual, follows its feelings more readily than reason. The habit of explaining phenomena according to personal biases would seem a vice confirmed in the blood of the race, were it not for reasons presently to be stated.

It is surely time to stop this continual reference to our likings and our traditions. The tree of life has gained a more perfect development than it possessed at the time our creeds were in flower. What was Adam's temptation becomes our privilege and duty: to eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge. It is cowardly to ask what becomes of our happiness if we do not believe. It is too late in the history of character to say, "*Unless we believe so* and so, we are of all men the most miserable." Matthew Arnold argues that neither miracles, prophecy, nor history afford any satisfactory evidence of the

mysteries of creed. Another author concludes that to every Christian the evidence of his belief is to be found "in his own nature's crying out . . . to live."* An American professor, for the better support of a dogmatic system, publishes a list of eleven "intuitions," all warranted trustworthy in New England. It would be interesting to compare his list with a similar one to be evolved from the inner consciousness of a Brahmin, or of some expounder to ingenuous youths of Buddhist orthodoxy. It is an easy wisdom. The "intuitions" are summoned, by the half-thinkers of every creed, the world over, to prove the claims of the most diverse theologies; and not only professors, but whole communities that lay claim to culture, accept their creeds upon evidence that would not prove a will in a second-rate court of law. We are not bold enough to inquire frankly whether we shall die; and we fall back upon our eleven "intuitions." Rather than accept such grounds of complacency, the free mind might well take its stand with the poet who finds "no footing so solid as doubt."

All of us have observed this timid and illogical frame of mind. I knew a young clergyman who fed his thoughts wholly upon the periodicals. Nothing could induce him to read the original works, the heresies of biology and science which the reviews attacked. He had some head; he understood the methods of Jonathan Edwards, and he had all the air of sincerity; but he could never find the time to encounter "dangerous" speculations in the original. He feared the direct contact of commanding thought. Yet nothing occupied his mind so much as polemics. He was always on the war-horse; always sounding the bugle for a sortie; always confidently citing the reviews. "Have you seen the July 'Detonator'?" Have you read the article in next week's 'Tom-tom'? Here is a demolition of the development theory, of Herbert Spencer, of the pretended antiquity of man," etc. The young clergyman had a blithe air of jubilee on these occasions, as if he had been a party to great transactions. One might suppose that science was quite worsted. These gentlemen with subversive theories had not henceforth, in his opinion, a plank left to stand

* S. B. Gould, "Origin and Development of Religious Belief."

on. But it presently appeared that the young theologian "had not had time" to read Darwin's great book, and knew the views of the other heretics only through the representations of the critics of his own school.

Here was a man who assumed to deal with modern thought, and yet knew nothing of it save at second hand. He was content to live in hearsays. In Newton's days he would have read all the pamphleteers, but would not have found time to open the "Principia." The peer of Newton being among us, he knew as little of the "Principia" of the nineteenth century. Had he not his reviews, and his eleven intuitions, of which he had been unconscious until he learned them from a text-book? In the light of these he was able to criticise volumes that he had never seen, and to overturn speculations that he did not comprehend.

I mention this man because he was a type. He was a fair representative of a class who will not permit themselves to be brought into contact with strong thought. He had an uneasy fear of listening to it; he remained in ignorance of its tone, its method, its conclusions. And yet this man aspired to culture, and presumed to teach! He wished, indeed, to understand these dangerous views; but he only peeped at them and ran. So the monkeys in the zoological gardens, when Darwin brought snakes to show them, took hasty glances into the basket containing the dreaded objects, and then darted trembling away.

Fortunately, men of stronger intellectual and moral temper than this are now leading the mind of the world. Men of intellectual and moral character multiply—men who are willing to seek out and to face the facts, however dreadful they may be. This resolute minority says: Even though all the world accept your pleasant theories of now and hereafter, your hypotheses of heaven and of hell, even though they should persecute us as of old for denying them, we cannot accept your unproven saying. We have more serious inquiries in hand than what we would like. However reverent your convictions may be, however venerable the traditions that support them, we must set them aside when they assume to check our inquiries. There is great need of rejection and denial; we must clear the ground be-

fore we can begin to build. Little as we know, we will take our stand upon that; we will put up no painted screen between us and the darkness; we will take whatever risk there may be of disclosing uncomfortable facts. We will not be retained in this investigation; nor will we give bonds to prove that the universe is a pleasant place.

This is the grand thing; this is character—the spirit that faces the facts; the spirit which is willing to think, to live, to die, by what it can learn of them; the spirit which accepts enmity, neglect, calumny, solitude, poverty, death, annihilation even, rather than falsehood; the spirit which strives to be right, and feels that its own integrity cannot be overthrown by death or by hell; the spirit that accepts life and the world like a bride, for better, for worse. These are the first fruits of the tree of life.

My theological friend supposed that character came especially of his system, and showed me letters of eulogy from persons who commended his devotion to it. Yet he had less of character than the humblest of the Stoics. What credit had his goodness, that depended on the world's turning out right at last? The spirit of the Stoics, their example, their moral attitude, are not for us to forget in these days of complaisances. Even renunciation, expectation, and the negative virtues, are too much in vogue. We need a little healthy self-reliance; and we can find no better examples of it than those of two thousand years ago. Character takes but the first step in progress when it thus determines to call preference and tradition by their right names; when it records a vow to walk, however painfully, in the difficult way toward definite knowledge. The aspect of modern science is distinctly that of man's double growth in character. First, of his intellectual power and mastery; and second, of his moral temper, his devotion to the fact; which is not less certain because it is contested by theology. An Italian king may still secretly tremble before the papal bull; but what anathema can deter a Darwin? what hell intimidate a Huxley? When Perugino lay at the point of death, he refused the offices of a confessor, saying, "I want to see what a soul which has not confessed will be in that place!" These words, while they have an unnecessary note of

defiance, prefigure the fearlessness of modern inquiry. Now that skeptics are no longer burned for conducting experiments or expressing views, there is less cause for heat in discussion. The *odium antitheologicum* is less needed than during those times. Science already holds the intellectual rein in Europe; in orthodox England an uneasy deference is paid to it by the Church. In America a deeper animosity to liberal thought remains, though deprived of the power of overt persecution.

But we should be cautious with our complacency. Our most liberal preachers say, "See how bold we are!" when they have advanced but half way to the debated limit between scientific opinion and the outlying ignorance.

Yet theology is now occupied almost entirely with the defensive. It no longer makes many sallies; it keeps behind the barricade, looking into the muzzles of the approaching guns. The attack is on the part of science. The reduction of each stronghold of formal theology is now seen to be, like the result of a skilful siege, mainly a question of time. The teaching of history is that wherever science and theology join issue, the latter must sooner or later abandon the disputed field. A hundred points of doctrine, each one deemed essential once, have each in turn been abandoned to victorious science. Theology has uniformly, but unavailingly, branded every strong advancer of our knowledge, from Galileo to Darwin, as a blasphemer. Yet each time, after science has won its victory, theology is hasty in proclaiming peace. It declares its defeat unimportant, its concessions merely a change in interpretation; and a plastic exegesis builds up the battered wall. Geology, antiquities, philosophy, are all "harmonized" before the smoke of the assault has fairly cleared away; and even now the formal theologians prepare to admit that man might have descended from a monkey, while they positively draw the line of concession at the "tidal animal." But it is their fate to retreat. Why should not formal theology take warning from its long experience of discomfiture? By evacuating its untenable positions at the first assault, its defenders would avoid the sufferings of a siege. But most of the theologians do not realize the gravity of the situ-

ation. They try to believe that there is no real antagonism between science and themselves; they declare that all these little difficulties will one day be quite reconciled. Revelation will be found to be in harmony with fact; theology and science will be justified together. In the face of the enemy before whom they must fall they feebly smile; as one who should dally with a tiger in the act to spring, or who should expostulate on the scaffold with the executioner.

In the middle of the world, meanwhile, stands science experimenting; debate, rejection, acceptance goes on; the intelligent world watches with curious interest. Some of the bystanders are disturbed, some delighted, some indifferent. There are those who uneasily pluck at the observer's garment, like savages who molest the railway surveyor, and find his chain and theodolite sacrilegious. Some are vituperative; but hard names are losing their barb, and do not bite as they did. Knowledge is by no means a cure-all for human evils; but this hostility, under cover of whatever creed, to the increase of knowledge, is the deplorable thing. "It is unfortunate," says Wallace, "that the prepossessions of religious sentiment in favor of metaphysical theories should make the progress of science always seem like an indignity to religion, or a detraction from what is held as most sacred; yet the responsibility of this belongs neither to the progress of science nor to true religious sentiment, but to a false conservatism, an irrational respect for the ideas and motives of a philosophy which finds it more and more difficult with every advance of philosophy to reconcile its assumptions with facts of observation."

In spite of all this hostility, there is growth; and this growth of the tree of life we call progress. Yet, however innocent this growth, each new stage of it must always seem wrong at first to a respectable majority of men. Each step in progress is at first an insight of a small minority; and because it discredits the old order of things, it must seem immoral in the eyes of the rest of the world, who cannot yet understand it. But even the stupid, if they live long enough, at last see the rightness of it. In due course of time the reform, being accepted and instituted, drifts into the receding horizon of conservatisms.

More than this: progress may not only seem, but be immoral, if it take too long and sudden a step. When, the moral sense not being sufficiently enlightened to follow its lead, it strides far over the old boundaries of prescription, it becomes then strictly a *transgression*. But intelligence and knowledge eventually have their own way; and though the particular moralities are modified to suit the new times, the deeper principles of duty and religion do not lose their foothold in the heart. Thus the abolition of capital punishment would be a dangerous doctrine in most of the barbarous societies; the doctrine of community of goods would be equally dangerous in most civilized ones. On what dangerous ground does the Calvinist seem to the Catholic to be, the Unitarian to the Calvinist, the Rationalist to the Unitarian! But each creed is held with equal sincerity. With each new thought a new ring is added to the circumference of the great ash tree Yggdrasil, "which stands over the well of time," and its roots strike deeper into the ground.

This idea of growth entirely excludes that of sameness or repetition in history. The cycles are a spiral curve, and do not come back to the point whence they started. Only those who have reasoned from insufficient data have said, Human nature is always the same. The study of the lately revealed immense periods of growth has given us the parallax of this now quite sensible movement. Human nature is constantly changing.

Astronomers once thought the stars to remain the same. But further observation shows that the ancient constellations are slowly breaking up and assuming new configurations. The Pleiades after all are but a temporary arrangement. The north star itself has to go, in course of time. On the planet nothing can withstand the tendency to flux. A statue, an institution, a cathedral, melt away in the solvent current of the centuries. Steel and diamond are but less volatile than the summer cloud. The adamant is a misnomer; we think it unchangeable only because we have not observed it long enough. Humanity, like other things, is constantly undergoing molecular rearrangement; it is not finished nor labelled as yet for any philosopher's cabinet. Man is the ever-changing product of the highest forces of

the universe; he is the lambent flame that brightens at the point where the breath of the spirit impinges upon the focus of the material world.

There seems to be good reason to think that this secular law of change is also a law of improvement. Such is the opinion of science; yet not without arrests and pauses do these ameliorations go on. Evolution follows a rhythm which is very puzzling and complex—epicycles within cycles, as in the astronomy of Ptolemy, and quantities as difficult to measure as the ratios of the planetary distances which Bode and other mathematicians attempted in vain to formulate precisely. Progress has, indeed, its regressions, its pauses, eddies, and vortices. While the general drift of science, of manners, character, and religion, is toward improvement, still there are pauses that may last for many centuries; declensions, decadences, which seem at the time to involve the ruin of the world. As the newspapers announce every few mornings, in some temporary question of politics, the chief event of the year or of the century, so the historian of ruined civilizations, failing to perceive that centuries are but as hours in judging of universal progress, may conclude with equal haste that new eras are likely to bring us nothing better than the old. We need not deny, on the other hand, the greatness of past eras. If nature lags and pauses sometimes, she has sometimes made wonderful sallies of progress. There really were good old times; the darkest ages were not wholly dark.

But the pauses of nature are not perennial. In spite of these drawbacks, we may, in the strictest spirit of induction, expect great things in the course of evolution. The tree of life has its best fruitage yet in the bud.

Thus we may expect that our knowledge, though it may never master the essential nature of things, nor comprehend what metaphysicians call "the infinite" and "the absolute," may yet enter provinces that now seem unapproachable, and are still the despair of philosophy. When we consider what the accomplished growth of the human mind has already been—the interval between the Caffre and the European—we are authorized to expect a continuance of the career. The presumption is that this growth will continue; the presumptuous-

ness is on the side of those who argue that our powers have reached their limit, and that the book of development is closed.

Let me state, in closing, my reasons for thinking why we may expect to have clear knowledge at some future day respecting some of the enigmas of life.

In all ages the tradition of philosophy, the habit of thought among the most cultivated minds of the world, is that man cannot expect to learn more of the great mysteries of life, of death, of immortality, of divine being, than he knows already. What can we do with these problems that have baffled the longings of the heart and the penetration of the intellect since first the mind perceived its darkness and the heart first felt its sad unrest? Why expect any fuller answers to these insoluble questions than have been vouchsafed to the long procession of wise men who have already inquired at the shrine of these dark oracles? The sphinx will never open her lips to human entreaty; she will look down silently, as she has ever done, upon our "eternal passion, eternal pain." The wisest say that the end of all philosophy is to show us that we can know nothing positively. Theology satisfies those who are determined to be satisfied; spiritualism is a rumor; faith's anchor does not always hold. What more can science do? The more we know, the more we perceive remains that is to be known. We have not yet learned the rudiments of this ultimate knowledge; we do not know the nature of the quantities with which we are to deal. We cannot even define nor speak of body, matter and force, spirit and soul, without assuming a knowledge that we do not possess. What is matter? what is force? what is spirit? Or if these be harder questions than we can ever solve, then how do we know that these three are radically different; that force is aught else than a finer substance; that spirit is anything other than a condition of force or matter? All these points are still in debate, and we still have the alphabet of these mysteries to learn. The sad philosophers assure us that the presumption of all history and experience is against hope. Let us no longer, say they, attempt the solution of the insoluble.

Thus the argument stands to-day; and the skeptical position is indeed strong.

He must have reasons who would face it—who would maintain against the skeptics that we are likely to attain, at some future time, near or remote, any satisfying knowledge of life and death, and of what comes after life and death, or seek the interpretation of these "huge, gaunt, vacant dreams." As our desire for this knowledge must not lead us to assume that we have it, so the same desire must not lead us even to expect it. What reason can we show for any hope of discovering the eternal secret?

In the recent lessons of historic growth we find a reason.

Think first of our known career of development. From our savage ancestors, who, like certain savages of to-day, possessed no idea of law or religion, and could not count beyond two, how great a distance to the modern mind! The interval of development between the lowest savage and the highest civilization is much greater than that between the highest animal and the lowest savage. Are we not rapidly gaining the capacity for the knowledge that we desire? Between the early savage and the thinker of to-day the interval is presumably much greater than that which the thinker of to-day must accomplish in order to make the discoveries he desires. To reach that wisdom we need not to advance so far in knowledge of the mind as we have already advanced in our knowledge of matter. The brightest Utopia that poets and reformers ever pictured, though actually very distant, is relatively near when compared with our accomplished progress.

If, then, man is a creature of immense capacity for development, a capacity unsuspected until science proved it—if man has already achieved immense advances in every faculty of his nature, what may we not expect from his future development? Man is still a young child of time. Assign to a future as distant as you choose the dates of great advances—and they are far more remote than the sanguine reformer fancies—still the presumption is that his growth will continue, and not less rapidly than heretofore. Movement being the law, we must not think that it has ceased because it is slow. The burden of proof is with those who contend that evolution has come to a stop. In the absence of such proof, we may safely argue that man's thought is yet to

achieve victories which we hardly dream of now.

This then is the presumption—not a baseless but a reasonable one—respecting the prospects of our knowledge. If we may expect the general development of human power and insight to continue in the future as it has been continued in the past, why question the prowess of the intellect? Is it reasonable to deny the possibility—nay, even the probability—that the answers to the hard questions I have named may be discovered by the patient labors and secular growth of human power and penetration? These have already revealed mysteries of mind and matter that are darker to the savage of to-day, and remoter from the orbit of his thought and comprehension, than those which remain to baffle the civilized mind; and what these powers have done it is the strong presumption of philosophy that these powers will continue to do. Let science teach us as much of what we call the spirit as it has already taught us of what we call matter, and these dark questions will be made clear. If we could return to the planet after a proper time in the future, we should find our present mysteries solved. I believe, with the scientific faith, that science will one day master for itself the question of immortality.

“On all great subjects much remains

to be said.” We are puzzling out the characters in which are to be written the solutions of these great inquiries. Science goes on patiently, “proving all things, holding fast to that which is good;” investigating all things in the spirit of sincerity, which is the spirit of piety. It is the standing charge of sentiment against science, that the latter is hard and cold; that it delineates an impersonal and intolerable fate.

We have seen that knowledge does not take much account of our prejudices. It says as yet, with the poet:

Of Heaven or Hell I have no power to sing:

I cannot ease the burden of your fears,
Nor make quick-coming Death a little thing,

Nor for my words shall you forget your tears.

Faith only can do this. Still there is a scientific faith. The believer in evolution is a true optimist. And the man of science knows that if in his quiet tasks he disturbs things that have been called sacred, he is but obeying the old law by which those things themselves once displaced yet earlier objects of reverence. Knowledge will bring us more than it will take away. Our old mysteries press onward toward solution. The day will come when, many of these will be understood, and new themes will occupy the advancing mind.

TITUS MUNSON COAN.

A FREAK OF MARCH.

He who blows through bronze may breathe through silver —*Robert Browning.*

THE bright hours laughed with sunshine,
And puffs of balmy air
Sought for the shy Arbutus,
To loose her matted hair;

All gently, like a lover,
To lift her trailing hair,
And see if she were sleeping,
And kiss her unaware.

The forest thrilled with wonder,
Nor guessed, that happy day,
Bluff March had gone a-wooing
The lady-love of May.

NETTIE M. ARNOLD.

AN AUTUMN JOURNEY.

LEAVES FROM A NOTE-BOOK.

BERNE, September 25th, 1873.—In Berne again, some eleven weeks after having left it in July. I have never been in Switzerland so late, and I came hither innocently supposing that the last Cook's tourist would have paid out his last coupon and departed. But I was lucky, it seems, to discover an empty cot in an attic and a very tight place at a *table d'hôte*. People are all flocking out of Switzerland, as in July they were flocking in, and the main channels of egress are terribly choked. I have been here several days, watching them come and go; it is like the march-past of an army. It gives one a lively impression of the quantity of luxury now diffused through the world. Here is little Switzerland disgorging its tens of thousands of honest folks, chiefly English, and rarely, to judge by their faces and talk, children of light, in any eminent degree; for whom snow-peaks, and glaciers, and passes, and lakes, and chalets, and sunsets, and a *café complet*, "including honey," as the coupon says, have become prime necessities for six weeks every year. It's not so long ago that lords and nabobs monopolized these pleasures; but nowadays a month's tour in Switzerland is no more a *jeu de prince* than a Sunday excursion. To watch this huge Anglo-Saxon wave ebbing through Berne makes one fancy that the common lot of mankind is after all not so very hard, and that the masses have reached a rather high standard of comfort. The view of the Oberland chain, as you see it from the garden of the hotel, really butters one's bread very handsomely; and here are I don't know how many hundred Cook's tourists a day, looking at it through the smoke of their pipes. Is it really the "masses" I see every day at the *table d'hôte*? They have rather too few h's to the dozen, as one may say, but their good-nature is great. Some people complain that they "vulgarize" Switzerland, but as far as I am concerned, I freely give it up to them, and take a pe-

culiar satisfaction in seeing them here. Switzerland is a "show country"—I think so more and more every time I come here; and its use in the world is to reassure persons of a benevolent fancy when they begin to wish the mass of mankind had only a little more elevating amusement. Here is amusement for a thousand years, and elevating, certainly, as mountains five miles high can make it. I expect to live to see the summit of Monte Rosa heated by steam-tubes and adorned with a hotel setting three *tables d'hôte* a day. . . . I have been walking about the arcades, which used to bestow a grateful shade in July, but which seem rather dusky and chilly in these shortening autumn days. I am struck with the way the English always speak of them—with a shudder, as gloomy, as dirty, as evil-smelling, as suffocating, as freezing (as it may be)—as anything and everything but admirably picturesque. I believe we Americans are the only people who, in travelling, judge things on the first impulse—when we *do* judge them at all—not from the stand-point of simple comfort. Most Americans, strolling forth into these Gothic tunnels, are, I imagine, too much amused, too much diverted from their sense of an inalienable right to be comfortable, to be conscious of heat or cold, of thick air, or even of the universal smell of strong *charcuterie*. If the picturesque were banished from the face of the earth, I think the idea would survive in some typical American heart. . . . I have perhaps spent too many days here to call Berne interesting, but the sturdy little town has certainly a powerful individuality. I ought before this to have made a few memoranda.

It stands on a high promontory, with the swift, green Aar girding it about and making it almost an island. The sides plunge down to the banks of the river, in some places steeply terraced (those, for instance, overlooked by the goodly houses of the grave old Junkerngasse)—gardens which brown, skinny old women are

always raking and scraping and watering, nosing and fumbling among the cabages like goats on the edge of a precipice; in others, as beneath the cathedral terrace, cemented by an immense precipice of buttressed masonry. Within, it is homely, ugly, almost grotesque, but full of character; indeed, I don't know why it should have so much when there are cities which have played twice the part in the world which wear a much less striking costume. The town is almost all in length, and lies chiefly along a single street, stretching away, under various names, from the old city gate, with its deserted grassy bear-pit, where little chamois now are kept—tender little chamois, which must create an appetite, one would think, in the lurking ursine ghosts, if they still haunt the place—to the great single-arched bridge over the Aar and the new bear-pit, where tourists hang over the rail and fling turnips to the shaggy monsters. This street, like most of its neighbors, is built on arcades—great, massive, low-browed, straddling arcades—in the manner of Chester and Bologna (but far more solidly). The houses are gray and uneven, and mostly capped with great pent-house red roofs, surmounted with quaint little knobs and steeples and turrets. They have flower-pots in the windows and red cushions on the sills, on which, toward evening, there are generally planted a pair of solid Bernese elbows. If the elbows belong to a man, he is smoking a big-bowled pipe; if they belong to one of the softer sex, the color in her cheeks is generally a fair match to the red in the cushion. The arcades are wonderful in their huge, awkward solidity; there is superfluous stone and mortar enough stowed away in the piers to build a good-sized city on the American plan. Some of these are of really fabulous thickness; I should think those in the Theater-Platz measured, laterally from edge to edge, some ten feet. The little shops in the arcades are very dusky and unventilated; few of them can have known a good fresh air-current these twenty years. There is always a sort of public extension of the household life on the deep green benches which occupy the depths of the piers. Here the women sit nursing their babies and patching their husbands' breeches. One, who is young and most exceptionally

pretty, sits all day plying her sewing-machine, with her head on one side and an upward glance at observant passers—a something that one may call the coquetry of industry. Another, a perfect mountain of a woman, is brought forth every morning, lowered, with the proper precautions, into her bench, and left there till night. She is always knitting a stocking; I have an idea that she is the *fournisseuse* of the whole little Swiss army; or she ought to wear one of those little castellated crowns which form the coiffure of ladies on monuments, and sit there before all men's eyes as the embodied genius of the city—the patroness of Berne. Like the piers of the arcades, she has a most fantastic thickness, and her superfluous fleshly substance could certainly furnish forth a dozen women on the American plan. I suppose she is forty years old, but her tremendous bulk is surmounted by a face of the most infantine freshness and *naïveté*. She is evidently not a fool; on the contrary, she looks very sensible and amiable; but her immense circumference has kept experience at bay, and she is perfectly innocent because nothing has ever happened to her. This wonderful woman is only a larger specimen of the general Bernese type—the heaviest, grossest, stolidest, certainly, that I have ever seen. Every one here is ugly (except the little woman with the sewing-machine); every one is awkward, dogged, boorish, and bearish. Mr. B—— called my attention to the shape of the men; it is precisely the shape of the bears in the pit when they stand up on their hind paws to beg for turnips—the short, thick neck, the big, sturdy trunk, the flat, meagre hips—the total absence of hips, in fact—the shrunken legs and long flat feet. Since making this discovery I see the bear element humanly and socially at every turn, and begin to regard it as a kind of bearish cynicism that the townsfolk should hug the likeness as they do, and thrust the ugly monsters at you, in the flesh or in effigy—carved on gate-posts and emblazoned on shields—wherever you glance.

All down the middle of the long gray street are posted antique fountains—sculptured and emblazoned columns rising out of a great stone trough, and supporting some grotesque symbolic figure. These figures are frankly ugly, like the

people and the architecture, but they have a rude humor, which seems to have passed out of the local manners. If you make a joke, your interlocutor stares at you as if you were a placard in a foreign tongue. Doubtless the joke isn't broad enough; the joke of one of the fountains is to show you an ogre gobbling down a handful of little children. . . . There are broad jokes made, I imagine, at the *abbayes* or headquarters of the old guilds, of which some half a dozen present a wide antique façade to the main street, ornamented with some immense heraldic device, hung out like an inn sign. They serve, in a measure, the purpose of inns, though whether they entertain persons not members of their respective crafts, I am unable to say. All crafts at any rate are represented—the *marchands*, the *maréchaux*, the *tisserands*, the *charpentiers*; there is even an *abbaye des gentilshommes*, with a great genteel device of plumes and crossed swords. They all look as if they had a deal of heavy plate on their sideboards—as if a great many *chopines* were emptied by the smokers' in the deep red-cushioned window-seats. The landlord of the "Faucon" showed me a quantity of ancient silver in his keeping, which figures at important civic banquets—at which the burghers of Berne warm themselves up not infrequently, I believe, during their long winters. It was very handsome and picturesque, and seemed to tell of a great deal of savory in-door abundance behind the thick walls of the gray houses. . . . The cathedral, indeed, indicates an opulent city, and is a building of some consequence. It is fifteenth-century Gothic, of a rather artificial and, as Mr. Ruskin would say, insincere kind: a long nave, without transepts; a truncated tower, capped with a little wooden coiffure which decidedly increases its picturesqueness, especially as I see it from my window at sunrise, when it lifts its odd silhouette against the faintly-flushing sky, like some fantastic cluster of spires in a drawing of Doré's; a number of short flying buttresses—jumping buttresses, they might be called, as they perform the feat rather clumsily; a great many crocketed pinnacles, and a wealth of beautiful balustrade work around the roof, the nave, and aisles. The great doorway is covered with quaint theological sculptures—the wise and foolish vir-

gins, the former with a good deal of awkward millinery in the shape of celestial crowns, and the usual bas-relief of the blessed ascending to heaven, and the damned tumbling into the pit. But in the middle of the portal, dividing the two doors, stands a tall, slim figure of a lady with a sword and scales, so light and elegant and graceful that she casts the angular sisterhood about her into ignominious shadow. This slender Gothic Justitia, and the running lace-work of stone I have just mentioned, around the high parts of the church, seem to me to contain all the elegance that is to be found in Berne. This, however, sounds like an unthankful speech when I remember that every evening, in this very cathedral, one may hear some very fine music. The organ is famous, like those of Fribourg and Lucerne, and people adjourn from the *table d'hôte* to listen to it, at a franc a head. The church is lighted only by a few glimmering tapers, and as I have never been into it but at this hour, I know nothing of its interior aspect. I believe that, thanks to Swiss Protestantism, though of fine proportions, it is as bare and bleak as a Methodist conventicle. While the organ plays, however, it is filled with a presence which affects the imagination in very much the same way as gorgeous colors and vistas receding through mists of incense. The tremendous tones of the instrument resound in the darkness with an energy and variety which even an unmusical man—reclining irreverently in the impenetrable gloom of the deep choir—may greatly enjoy. The organist, I believe, is rather unskilled, and addicted, according to his light, to musical clap-trap. I don't know whether his wonderful performances on the *vox humana* stops are clap-trap; to my poor ear they seem the perfect romance of harmony. He gives you a thunder-storm, complete, with shattering bolts and wind and rain; then a lull and a sound of dripping water and sobbing trees; and then, softly, a wonderful solemn choir of rejoicing voices. The voices are intensely real, but the charm of the thing is their strangely unlocalised whereabouts. From a hundred miles away they seem to come; from spaces from which we don't reckon our distance in miles. It's a wonderful piece of ventriloquism.

The terrace beside the cathedral was the bishop's garden, I believe, in the Catholic days, and a stately many-windowed house (which must have been a good deal modernized a hundred and fifty years ago) was the bishop's palace. Now the terrace is planted with a dense cool shade of clipped horse-chestnut trees, with a capacious wooden settee under each; and you may sit there of a fine day as if you were in the balcony of a theatre, and look off at the great spectacle—the view of the Oberland Alps. The foundations of the terrace plunge down to the bank of the Aar, a terrible distance below, and the swift green river sends up a constant uproar as it shoots foaming over its dam. Across the river lie blooming slopes and woods and hills; never was a city more in the fields than Berne. No shabby suburbs, no dusty walks between walls; the corn-fields ripen at its gates; the smell of the mown grass, when I was here before, came wandering across into the streets. It is a place of three elements—the straddling black arcade, the rapid green river, flung in a loop, as it were, around its base, the goodly green country at five minutes' walk. . . . Of the Oberland chain, on the two or three days out of the seven when it glitters its brightest, what is one to say? During the clear hot days that I spent here in July it was constantly visible, and yet somehow I never came quite to accept it as a natural ornament of the horizon. It seemed, in its fantastic beauty, a kind of spasmodic effort of Nature toward something in a higher key than her common performances—an attempt to please herself—not man, with his meagre fancy. Man is certainly pleased, though, as he sits at his ease forty miles off, and caresses with idle eyes the glittering bosom of the Jungfrau and the hoary forehead of the Monk. Hour after hour the vision lingers—a mosaic of marble on a groundwork of lapis. Here at Berne we have the vision; nearer, in the clouds, on the ice, on the edge of a chasm, with a rope round your waist and twenty pounds of nails in your shoes, you may have the reality. Every summer a couple of thousand Englishmen and others find the supreme beauty in that. . . . There are plenty of delightful walks hereabouts, for which you need neither rope nor nails. All the main roads leading from the town

are bordered with great trees, rising from grassy margins and meeting overhead; and sooner or later these verdurous vistas conduct you, in any direction, to a genuine Alpine fir-forest. Beside the road the grain-bearing fields stretch away without hedge, or ditch, or wall. In July the crops were yellowing under a great sun; but now there is nothing but stubble, with enormous ravens jumping about in it. The way the fields lie side by side for miles, without any prosaic property-marks, makes them seem a part of some landscape of picture or fable; they seem all to belong to the Marquis of Carabas. I have heard painters complain of the want of color—of certain colors at least—in the Swiss summer landscape; of the greens all being blue, the browns all being cold. Perhaps they are right; autumn has fairly begun, but the foliage simply shrivels and rusts, and promises none of our October yellows and crimsons. But there is an indefinable, poignant charm in any autumn, under a long avenue of great trees, where you walk kicking the fallen leaves and looking at an old *paysanne* in the hazy distance, as she trudges under her fagot.

Lucerne, September 29th.—Berne, I find, has been filling with tourists at the expense of Lucerne, which I have been having almost to myself. There are six people at the *table d'hôte*; the excellent dinner denotes, on the part of the *chef*, the easy leisure in which true artists love to work. The waiters have nothing to do but lounge about the hall and chink in their pockets the fees of the past season. The day has been most lovely in itself, and pervaded, to my sense, by the gentle glow of a natural satisfaction at finding myself on the threshold of Italy again. I am lodged *en prince*, in a room with a balcony hanging over the lake—a balcony on which I spent a long time this morning at dawn, thanking the mountain-tops, from the depths of a tourist's heart, for their promise of superbly fair weather. There were a great many mountain-tops to thank, for the crags, and peaks, and pinnacles tumbled away through the morning mist, in an endless confusion of grandeur. I have been all day in better humor with Lucerne than ever before—a forecast reflection of Italian moods. If Switzerland, as I wrote the other day, is a show-place, Lucerne is certainly one

of the biggest booths at the fair. The little quay, under the trees, squeezed in between the decks of the steamboats and the doors of the hotels, is a terrible medley of Saxon dialects—a jumble of pilgrims in all the phases of devotion, equipped with hook and staff—alpenstock and Bâdecker. There are so many hotels and trinket-shops, so many omnibuses and steamers, so many St. Gothard *veturini*, so many ragged urchins thrusting photographs, minerals, and Lucernese English at you, that you feel as if lake and mountains themselves, in all their loveliness, were but a part of the “enterprise” of landlords and peddlers, and half expect to see the Righi, and Pilatus, and the fine weather, figure as items on your hotel-bill, between the *bougie* and the *siphon*. Nature herself assists you in this fancy; for there is something extremely operative and suggestive of footlights and scene-shifters in the view on which Lucerne looks out. You are one of five thousand—fifty thousand—“accommodated” spectators; you have taken your season ticket, and there is a responsible *impresario* somewhere behind the scenes. There is such a luxury of beauty in the prospect—such a redundancy of composition and feature—so many more peaks and pinnacles than are needed to make *one* heart happy or regale the vision of *one* quiet observer, that you finally accept the little Babel on the quay and the looming masses in the clouds as equal parts of a perfect system, and feel as if the mountains had been waiting so many ages for the hotels to come and balance the colossal group, that they have a right, after all, to have them big and numerous. The scene-shifters have been at work all day long, composing and discomposing the beautiful background of the prospect—massing the clouds and scattering the light, effacing and reviving, making play with their wonderful machinery of mist and haze. The mountains rise one behind the other, in an enchanting gradation of distances and of melting blues and grays; you think each successive tone the loveliest and haziest possible, till you see another looming dimly behind it. I couldn’t enjoy even the “Swiss Times,” over my breakfast, until I had marched forth to the office of the St. Gothard diligences and demanded the banquette for to-morrow. The one place at the disposal of the office was

taken, but I might possibly *m’entendre* with the conductor for his own seat—the conductor being generally visible, in the intervals of business, at the post-office. To the post-office, after breakfast, I repaired, over the fine new bridge which now spans the green Reuss, and gives such a woeful air of country-cousinship to the crooked old wooden causeway which did sole service when I was here four years ago. The old bridge is covered with a running hood of shingles, and adorned with a series of very quaint and vivid little paintings of the Dance of Death, quite in the Holbein manner; the new bridge sends up a painful glare from its white limestone, and is ornamented with candelabra in a meretricious imitation of platinum. As a pure-minded tourist, I ought to have chosen to return at least by the dark and narrow way; but mark how luxury unmans us! I was already demoralized. I crossed the threshold of the timbered portal, took a few steps, and retreated. It *smelt badly*! So I marched back, counting the lamps in their mendacious platinum. But it smelt very badly indeed; and no good American is without a fund of accumulated sensibility to the odor of stale timber.

Meanwhile I had spent an hour in the great yard of the post-office waiting for my conductor to turn up, and watching the yellow *malles-postes* being pushed to and fro. At last, being told my man was at my service, I was brought to speech of a huge, jovial, bearded, delightful Italian, clad in the blue coat and waistcoat, with close, round silver buttons, which are a heritage of the old postilions. No, it was not he; it was a friend of his; and finally the friend was produced, *en costume de ville*, but equally jovial, and Italian enough—a brave Lucernese, who had spent half of his life between Bellinzona and Camerlata. For ten francs this worthy man’s perch behind the luggage was made mine as far as Bellinzona, and we separated with reciprocal wishes for good weather on the morrow. To-morrow is so manifestly determined to be as fine as any other 30th of September since the weather became, on this planet, a topic of conversation, that I have had nothing to do but stroll about Lucerne, staring, loafing, and vaguely intent upon regarding the fact that, whatever happens, my place is paid to Milan, as the

most comfortable fact in this uncertain world. I loafed into the immense new Hôtel National, and read the New York "Tribune" on a blue satin divan, and was rather surprised, on coming out, to find myself staring at a green Swiss lake, and not at the Broadway omnibuses. The Hôtel National is adorned with a perfectly appointed Broadway bar—one of the "prohibited" ones, seeking hospitality in foreign lands, like an old-fashioned French or Italian refugee.

Milan, October 4th.—My journey hither was such a pleasant piece of traveller's luck that it seems almost indelicate to take it to pieces to see what it was made of. But do what we will, there remains in all deeply agreeable impressions a charming something we cannot analyse. . . . I found it agreeable even, under the circumstances, to turn out of bed, at Lucerne, at four o'clock, into the chilly autumn darkness. The thick-starred sky was cloudless, and there was as yet no flush of dawn; but the lake was wrapped in a ghostly white mist, which crept half way up the mountains, and made them look as if they too had been lying down for the night, and were casting away the vaporous tissues of their bedclothes. Into this fantastic fog the little steamer went creaking away, and I hung about the deck with the two or three travellers who had known better than to believe it would save them francs or midnight sighs—over those debts you "pay with your person"—to go and wait for the diligence at the *poste* at Flüelen, or yet at the Guillaume Tell. The dawn came sailing up over the mountain-tops, flushed but unperturbed, and blew out the little stars and then the big ones, as a thrifty matron, after a party, blows out her candles and lamps; the mist went melting and wandering away into the dusker hollows and recesses of the mountains, and the summits defined their profiles against the cool, soft light. . . . At Flüelen, before the landing, the big yellow coaches were actively making themselves bigger, and piling up boxes and bags on their roofs in a way to make nervous people think of the short turns on the downward zigzags of the St. Gothard. I climbed into my own banquette, and stood eating peaches (half a dozen women were hawking them about under the horses' legs) with an air of security which must have

been offensive to the people scrambling and protesting below between coupe and intérieur. They were all English, and they all had false alarms about some one else being in their places—the places which they produced their tickets and proclaimed in three or four different languages that British gold had given them a sacred right to. They were all serenely confuted by the stout, purple-faced, many-buttoned conductors, patted on the backs, assured that their bath-tubs had every advantage of position on the top, and stowed away according to their dues. When once one has fairly started on a journey and has but to go and go, by the impetus received, it is surprising what entertainment one finds in very small things. The traveller's humor falls upon us, and surely it is not the unwisest the heart knows. I don't envy people, at any rate, who have outlived or outworn the simple satisfaction of the sense of being settled to go somewhere, with bag and umbrella. If we are settled on the top of a coach, and the "somewhere" contains an element of the new and strange, the case is at its best. In this matter wise people are content to become children again. We don't turn about on our knees to look out of the omnibus window, but we indulge in very much the same round-eyed contemplation of accessible objects. Responsibility is left at home, or, at the worst, packed away in the valise; in quite another part of the diligence, with the clean shirts and the writing-case. I imbibed the traveller's humor, for this occasion, with the somewhat acrid juice of my indifferent peaches; it made me think them very good. This was the first of a series of kindly services it rendered me. It made me agree next, as we started, that the gentleman at the booking-office at Lucerne had played but a harmless joke when he told me the regular seat in the banquette was taken. No one appeared to claim it; so the conductor and I reversed positions, and I found him quite as profitable a neighbor as the usual Anglo-Saxon. He was trollying snatches of melody, and showing his great yellow teeth in a jovial grin all the way to Bellinzona—and this in the face of the sombre fact that the St. Gothard tunnel is scraping away into the mountain, all the while, under his nose, and numbering the days of the many-button-

ed brotherhood, with the little caps hanging down on their purple ears. But he hopes, for long service' sake, to be taken into the employ of the railway; he has no æsthetic prejudices. I found the railway coming on, however, in a manner very shocking to mine. About one hour short of Andermatt they have pierced a huge black cavity in the mountain, and around this dusky aperture there has grown up a swarming, digging, hammering, smoke-compelling colony. There are great barracks, with tall chimneys, down in the romantic gorge, and a wonderful increase of wine-shops in the little village of Göschenen above. Along the breast of the mountain, beside the road, come wandering several miles of very handsome iron pipes, of a stupendous girth—a conduit for the water-power with which some of the machinery is worked. It lies at its mighty length among the rocks like an immense black serpent, and serves as a mere detail to give one the measure of the central enterprise. When at the end of our long day's journey, well down in warm Italy, we came upon the other aperture of the tunnel, I felt really like uncapping, with a kind of reverence. Truly, Nature is great, but she seems to me to stand in very much the same shoes as my poor friend the conductor. She is being superseded at her strongest points, successively, and nothing remains but for her to take humble service with her master. If she can bear herself think, amid that din of blasting and hammering, she must be reckoning up the years which may elapse before the cleverest of Ober-Ingenieurs decides that mountains are altogether superfluous, and has the Jungfrau melted down and the residuum carried away in balloons and dumped upon another planet.

The Devil's Bridge, apparently, has the same failing as the good Homer. It was decidedly nodding. The volume of water in the torrent was shrunken, and there was none of that thunderous uproar and far-leaping spray which have kept up a miniature tempest in the neighborhood when I have passed before. . . . It suddenly occurs to me that the fault is not in the good Homer's inspiration, but simply in the big black pipes I just mentioned. They dip into the rushing stream higher up, apparently, and pervert its fine frenzy to their prosaic uses. There

could hardly be a more vivid reminder of the standing quarrel between use and beauty, and the hard time poor beauty is having. I looked wistfully, as we rattled into dreary Andermatt, at the great white zigzags of the Oberalp road, climbing away to the left. Even on one's way to Italy one may spare a pulsation of desire for that beautiful journey through the castled Grisons. I shall always remember my day's drive last summer through that long blue avenue of mountains, to queer little mouldering Ilanz, visited before supper in the ghostly dusk, as an episode with color in it. . . . At Andermatt a sign over a little black doorway, flanked by two dunghills, seemed to me tolerably comical: *Minéraux, Quadrupèdes, Oiseaux, Œufs, Tableaux Antiques*. We bundled in to dinner, and the American gentleman in the banquette made the acquaintance of the Irish lady in the coupé, who talked of the weather as *foine*, and wore a Persian scarf twisted about her head. At the other end of the table sat an Englishman out of the intérieur, who bore a most extraordinary resemblance to the portraits of Edward VI.'s and Mary's reigns. He was a walking Holbein. It was fascinating, and he must have wondered why I stared at him. It wasn't him I was staring at, but some handsome Seymour, or Dudley, or Digby, with a ruff and a round cap and plume. An intense and most distinguished English type. . . . From Andermatt, through its high, cold, sunny valley, into rugged little Hospenthal, and then up the last stages of the ascent. From here the road was all new to me. Among the summits of the various Alpine passes there is little to choose. You wind and double slowly into keener cold and deeper stillness; you put on your overcoat and turn up the collar; you count the nestling snow patches, and then you cease to count them; you pause, as you trudge before the lumbering coach, and listen to the last-heard cow bell tinkling away below you, in kindlier herbage. The sky was tremendously blue, and the little stunted bushes, on the snow-streaked slopes, were all dyed with autumnal purples and crimsons. It was a great piece of color. Purple and crimson, too, though not so fine, were the faces thrust out at us from the greasy little double casements of a barrack beside the road, where the horses

paused before the last pull. There was one little girl in particular, beginning to *lisser* her hair, as civilization approached, in a manner not to be described, with her poor little blue-black hands. . . . To think of chilblains beginning in August! . . . At the summit there are the two usual grim little stone taverns, the steel-blue tarn, the snow-white peaks, the pause in the cold sunshine. Then we began to rattle down, with two horses. In five minutes we were swinging along the famous zigzags. Engineer, driver, horses—it's very handsomely done by all of them. The road curves and curls, and twists and plunges, like the tail of a kite; sitting perched in the banquette, you see it making below you, in mid air, certain bold gyrations, which bring you as near as possible, short of the actual experience, to the philosophy of that immortal Irishman who wished that his fall from the housetop would only last. But the zigzags last no more than Paddy's fall, and in due time we were all coming to our senses over *café au lait* in the little inn at Faido. After Faido, the valley, plunging deeper, began to take thick afternoon shadows from the hills, and at Airolo we were fairly in the twilight. But the pink and yellow houses shimmered through the gentle gloom, and Italy began in broken syllables to whisper that she was at hand. For the rest of the way to Bellinzona her voice was muffled in the gray of evening, and I was half vexed to lose the charming sight of the changing vegetation; but only half vexed, for the moon was climbing all the while nearer the edge of the crags which overshadowed us, and a thin, magical light came trickling down into the winding, murmuring gorges. It was a most enchanting ride. The chestnut trees loomed up with double their daylight stature; the vines began to swing their low festoons like nets to trip up the fairies. At last the ruined towers of Bellinzona stood gleaming in the moonshine, and we rattled into the great post yard. It was eleven o'clock, and I had risen at four; moonshine apart, I was not sorry.

All that was very well; but the drive next day from Bellinzona to Como is to my mind what gives its supreme beauty to the St. Gothard road. One can't describe the beauty of the Italian lakes, nor would one try if one could; the floweri-

est rhetoric can recall it only as a picture on a fireboard recalls a Claude. . . . But it lay spread before me for a whole perfect day—in the long gleam of Lago Maggiore, from whose head the diligence swerves away, and begins to climb the bosky hills which divide it from Lugano; in the shimmering, melting azure of the Italian Alps; in the luxurious tangle of nature and the familiar picturesqueness of man; in the lawn-like slopes, where the great grouped chestnuts make so cool a shadow in so warm a light; in the rusty vineyards, the littered corn fields, and the tawdry wayside shrines. But most of all, it's the deep yellow light which enchants you and tells you where you are. See it come filtering down through a vine-covered trellis on the red handkerchief with which a ragged *contadina* has bound her hair; and all the magic of Italy, to the eye, seems to make an aureole about the poor girl's head. Look at a brown-breasted reaper eating his chunk of black bread under a spreading chestnut; nowhere is shadow so charming, nowhere is color so charged, nowhere is accident so picturesque. The whole drive to Lugano was one long loveliness, and the town itself is admirably Italian. There was a great unlading of the coach, during which I wandered under certain brown old arcades, and bought for six sous, from a young woman in a gold necklace, a hatful of peaches and figs. When I came back, I found the young man holding open the door of the second diligence, which had lately come up, and beckoning to me with a despairing smile. The young man, I must note, was the most amiable of Ticinese; though he wore no buttons, he was attached to the diligence in some amateurish capacity, and had an eye to the mail-bags and other valuables in the boot. I grumbled, at Berne, over the want of soft curves in the Swiss temperament; but the children of the tangled Tessin are cast in the Italian mould. My friend had as many quips and cranks as a Neapolitan; we walked together for an hour under the chestnuts, while the coach was plodding up from Bellinzona, and he never stopped singing till we reached a little wine-house, where he got his mouthful of bread and cheese. . . . I looked into the open door and saw the young woman sitting rigid and grim, staring over his head, with a great pile of bread

and butter in her lap. He had only informed her, most politely, that she was to be transferred to another diligence, and must do him the favor to descend; but she evidently thought there was but one way for a respectable British young woman, dropping her "h's," to receive the politeness of a foreign young man with a moustache and much latent pleasantry in his eye. Heaven only knew what he was saying! I told her, and she gathered up her parcels and emerged. A part of the day's great pleasure, perhaps, was my grave sense of being an instrument in the hands of Providence toward the safe consignment of this young woman and her boxes. When once you have taken a baby into your arms, you are in for it; you can't drop it—you have to hold it till some one comes. My prim protégée was a baby as to the methods of foreign travel, though doubtless cunning enough at her trade, which I inferred to be that of making up those prodigious chignons which English ladies wear. Her mistress had gone on a mule over the mountains to Cadennabbia, and she was coming up with her wardrobe, in two big boxes and a bath-tub. I had played my part, under Providence, at Bellinzona,

and had interposed between the poor girl's frightened English and the dreadful Ticinese French of the functionaries in the post-yard. At the custom-house, on the Italian frontier, I was of peculiar service; there was a kind of fateful fascination in it. The wardrobe was voluminous; I exchanged a paternal glance with my charge as the *douanier* plunged his brown fists into it. Who was the lady at Cadennabbia? What was she to me or I to her? She wouldn't know, when she rustled down to dinner next day, that it was I who had guided the frail skiff of her "millinerial" fortunes to port. So, unseen, but not unfelt, do we cross each other's orbits. The skiff may have foundered that evening, in sight of land, though. I disengaged the young woman from among her fellow-travellers, and placed her boxes on a hand-cart, in the picturesque streets of Como, within a stone's throw of that lovely cathedral, with its façade of cameo medallions. I could only make the *facchino* swear to take her to the steamboat. I had done my best, but, being bound for Milan, I couldn't in conscience accompany her to Cadennabbia.

HENRY JAMES, JR.

FENESTRELLA.

FROM this loved window and my Cardinal's chair
 I watch the world's face altering with the hours,
 From frost and drifts and ice-bound brooks to flowers,
 And catch spring-shadows on a landscape bare.

In youth bleak winter chilled me to despair!
 My ravaged woodland walk, my broken bowers,
 Brought dreams of death, freezing my folded powers;
 Or worse—a life of penury and care!

But Time has taught me this: if hope's a cloud,
 Changing its color till it melt away,
 Fear is as fanciful. Our hearts are cowed
 By their own conjuring: the riper day
 Finds hopes and fears but battlements of snow,
 Wind-built, sun-gilt—which one night's rain lays low!

T. W. PARSONS.

CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED.

IN a letter received from Mr. Bristed a few weeks before his death, he says this :

" I believe in *individuality*, and that it should appear in what one writes. Fitz James Stephen says that originality does not consist in thinking differently from others, but in thinking better, or words to that effect. But I say that so far as you think *differently* from the average mind on most subjects, you think better."

This was the key-note to a character which for thirty years has been variously read and generally misunderstood by the public. It was easy to see the whimsicality, eccentricity, and originality of Mr. Bristed's mind; it was not always so easy to recognize the good he did, or the amiable and lovable character which lay hidden under this peculiar exterior. He had two very unusual qualities. One was a disdain for public opinion; he was absolutely without a sense of love of approbation and of popularity, and he had not only the courage of his opinions, but the broad, brave, perfect courage which we call *morale*. Whatever he elected to do, it was enough for him if he himself approved; no other person's opinion was asked.

Then, his other unusual quality was, the broad level to which he brought topics, ideas, and subjects, which the world classifies as existing only widely apart. He appeared in print often, and on the most diverse issues. A treatise on horseshoes, or pavements, would be followed by a learned exposition on some mooted classical question; and both would be followed by a poem, anacreontic, epigrammatic, or punning, which might have come from no human being but himself.

But although so original and peculiar, it was a very high-toned intellect, delicate and subtle in its workings; a mind which, though whimsical and disdainful of ordinary boundaries, had no room in it for anything common or vulgar. His scholarship was profound and accurate; no better Greek scholar existed in the United States, unless President Woolsey. He belonged to the noble army of scholars. All professors of colleges, and editors, and men of letters, were of his guild. They knew and valued him.

" Hans Breitmann " was his dear delight and favored correspondent. He was of our only order of nobility—the men of learning. It was honorable, and it distinguished him among his countrymen—hard-working men that they are—that he, born to fortune, he whose business was pleasure, turned away at once from the allurements of an idle life, and rivalled, if he did not surpass them, in a noble literary industry.

His persistent and unvarying warfare against abuses, what may be called the tyranny of a republic, was most remarkable. It was the work of an independent, fearless, and truthful man, to attack what was often the favorite theory of the many, but which, from his standpoint, he knew to be a dangerous and un-republican theory. Although he had lived abroad many years, he was very patriotic and loved his own country. He loved her in spite of what he considered her mistakes and her incompleteness. Above all things he hated humbug. It drove him—this hatred of humbug—to do and to say many things which made himself appear almost as the apologist of evil—a curious contradiction; for he was, in his daily life, the most truthful and most moral of men.

For instance, he wrote rollicking verses in praise of wine, while he was a temperate and careful drinker, because he thought the temperance movement subversive of the personal rights of the citizen. He was the most chivalrous and respectful of men in his conduct toward women, yet some of his poems might have been written by Sardanapalus himself. His mind seemed to have a kingdom of its own, far away from his character; and no one was ever astonished, however well they might know him, at anything he would say or write.

But it would be very hard for his most severe critics to do what he has done. There was a wisdom in his practical suggestions which may well be treasured up. His little newspaper bits were full of prescience. He anticipated the coming of the epizootic disease, and had his suggestions been listened to, New York might have been saved that dreary visitation. His strictures on society, his reminis-

cences, were all valuable. The world has sufficiently admired and praised his classical learning, and has given him his niche in that temple, while in his contributions to this magazine he has established a high place as an essayist.

In his private life his love of horses was one of his great and well-known passions. When "Guy Livingstone" was published some one said, "It must have been written by Bristed, it is so full of Greek and horses"—a remark which amused and gratified Mr. Bristed very much, coming as it did from England, where he was well known.

It was pleasant to see him with his horses. His four-footed friends knew him, and came at his bidding. He had his stables full of them, and gave them beautiful pet names. His children were taught to ride like centaurs, and he drove himself with perfect courage and security, although for many years ill health had weakened his always delicate hands. In fact he went through life an invalid, which should be taken into consideration in any reminiscence of his character. At college his classmates remember him as a pale child, yet that beardless boy walked up and took the Berkeley prize, or at least divided it with his friend Macdonough. The two young mental athletes were so evenly matched that the wreath was torn apart and each victor bore away his share of the coveted laurel.

It is sad for those who have enjoyed his elegant hospitality on that lovely lakeside at Lenox, or in Washington, to speak of him as a host, and to remember that he can welcome them no more. He was a most perfect domestic character, although the world for many years, hearing of him as the most conspicuous young American of fortune in Europe, gave him credit for being very much the reverse. Amiable, thoughtful, taking care of the invalids, getting up picnics for the gay, "welcoming the coming and speeding the parting guest," Bristed was a model host. He had sympathy, and could say a few words of comfort to those on whom a great sorrow had fallen, with singular grace. I take great pleasure in emphasizing this fact, for he had in general a manner so abstracted that unless he was well known this element of his character escaped recognition. In fact he was best loved where he was best known, and his very noblest acts were often misapprehended

from the very truthful and individual character of the man. As I have said before, if he thought a thing right he did it, disregarding appearances. But the man so variously criticised by the voice of society, and of the press, was at heart one of the most amiable and considerate and least selfish of human beings. The light which shone through that curiously tinted window was the true light of a sincere, warm, and loving heart. He loved his friends, and he was never tired of serving them.

The gifted, eccentric, individual scholar is gone. No verses now in praise of his friends' "punch," no anacreontic ode found under one's napkin at dinner; none of those little friendly, graceful tributes in which he delighted; none of those amusing, quaint, original *brochures*; no more of that prodigality and luxuriousness of genius which sometimes, like Hotspur's valor, o'erleaped itself. It was easy enough to laugh at him, and with him; it is easier, alas! to weep for him.

Struggling for years with ill health, he had borne up with such courage and such apparent enjoyment of what was left of life, that his friends were totally unprepared for his death. No one is so little expected to die as a chronic invalid; therefore his death was a great shock to all who knew of him; but it is a singular tribute to genuineness of character, that when this original man came to die he left only mourners behind him. His truthfulness had finally penetrated society. It turned to his bier and piled it high with roses.

He met the great enemy at last in a most characteristic manner. He had put his house in order, doing right by all men. Then came a Heine-like courage, veiling deeper thoughts by witty epigrams, quotations from "Hans Breitmann," curious philosophical queries, gentleness, patience, and submission. Regardful of his nearest and dearest, he strove to hide his own sufferings, that she might not suffer more. At last, even while talking and laughing cheerfully, with that faithful hand in his, which had been such a solace to him, with one or two friends to accompany him so far on his journey as it is given us to go, his head dropped on his breast, and Charles Astor Bristed passed away from this sphere of thought and action, into another and a greater one.

M. E. W. S.

A PERSONAL MATTER.

THE assertion that Mr. and Mrs. Cadwallader Tapscott seemed to have been made for each other conveys but a feeble idea of that atmosphere of blissful tranquillity which settled down on their early married life. No mother-in-law proffered ill-timed advice in the settlement of household difficulties; no impecunious cousins tagged at the strings of their joint purse. Moreover, husband and wife were scrupulously considerate of each other's comfort. Cadwallader never brought any of his business annoyances home with him; they were carefully locked up overnight in the iron safe at his office. When he donned his great-coat to go up-town, the investiture was magical in its effect, transforming "Tapscott, Esq.," the merchant, into "Caddy, dear," the husband. He in no wise lost his reward. His wardrobe fairly bristled with buttons, and shone with salutary stitches; his slippers were in a chronic state of calefience before the library grate; tardy meals and bad coffee were things foreign and unheard of; butcher and grocer, plumber and gas-collector, were promptly paid out of the allowance set apart for that purpose; Cynthia mended her gloves and made her own bonnets, evinced marvelous tact in managing servants, arranged her hair without resort to curl-papers, and never appeared in her lord's presence minus a collar. In short, the conjugal felicity of this model couple was as nearly perfect as anything earthly could be; the stream of their existence presented a surface as unruffled as that of a meadow brook; days came and went, and were moulded into weeks, weeks gliding by in their turn became months, and the months were already fast approaching twelve before a cloud rose above the marital horizon.

The Tapscotts seemed so entirely and indissolubly a unit, that their friends had dubbed them the Siamese Twins. They gloried in having no separate secrets; each being blessed with a rather inquisitive and jealous disposition, it had been deemed advisable on their wedding-day to arrange this matter on an equitable

basis, and to the resolution then formed they boasted they had rigidly adhered. At first, in an excess of frankness, they were wont to exchange confidences respecting the most trivial circumstances of their daily lives, but soon began to omit sundry annoying details of business transactions or domestic economy; these omissions were followed by others and still others, till at length their conversation assumed some resemblance to that ordinarily indulged in by married persons.

The anniversary of their wedding was fast approaching, when Mrs. Tapscott's acute sense discerned—or she fancied it did—a singular change in her husband's manner. It had crept over him so gradually as almost to have escaped her observation. He grew abstracted and thoughtful over his newspaper; and sometimes, when she had come suddenly upon him, she had found him chuckling mysteriously to himself. Mr. Tapscott, with sensibilities less refined and delicate, had noticed a few peculiarities in his wife's behavior, but attached no particular significance thereto. He once had occasion, for instance, to use something which she kept locked up in her escritoire; and instead of giving him the key, as of old, and telling him to go and rummage to his heart's content, she took the responsibility of the search on her own shoulders, and exhibited unusual caution in locking everything after her.

Entering the library before breakfast, one April morning, Mrs. Tapscott found her husband absorbed in the perusal of the supplement of the "Metropolitan Messenger." As the page was entirely devoted to advertisements, his occupation struck her as rather remarkable.

"What do you find so interesting on that page, my dear?" she inquired.

"Ah, Cynthia, that's you, is it?" he responded, looking up with a start, and laying the paper hastily aside. "Breakfast almost ready?"

"It wants still two minutes by the clock," answered Cynthia.

"So it does; so it does," said Mr. Tapscott in an absent tone. "I wonder

whether I shall need an umbrella to-day ; the sky is clouded over." He strolled to the window, looked out, and drummed uneasily on the sill.

But Cynthia was not to be disposed of thus easily ; her husband's attempt at evasion was too apparent.

"I don't think you answered my first question, dear, did you?" she asked quietly.

"Didn't I? I beg pardon. Let me see—you wanted to know——"

"What you found so interesting in the newspaper that you did not observe my entrance."

"Oh, yes ; so you did. Important despatches from China, my love. The Khedive——"

"Of Egypt?"

"No, no ; I don't mean the Khedive. The Shah——"

"The Shah reigns in Persia, Caddy."

"H'm, you're quite right ; I don't mean the Shah, either, do I? Fact is, I am in somewhat of a hurry this morning, and my ideas are a little bewildered."

At this moment relief appeared in the person of Bridget, who announced that breakfast was on the table. Her husband speedily intrenching himself behind a coffee-cup, Mrs. Tapscott raised the siege. There was no use, however, in telling *her* such nonsense about Chinese despatches ; she knew very well that if the Khedive, or the Shah, or his Celestial Effulgence the Emperor of all the Chinas, figured anywhere in that morning's "Messenger," it was in the capacity neither of advertiser nor of advertised. The story was merely a ruse of her husband's—depend upon it—to hide something from her. Recalling all the trifling peculiarities in his recent conduct, and putting this and that together, her curiosity received a sudden impetus. It was the first time a mystery had ever thrust itself between them ; and to probe it she was determined.

In due season breakfast was concluded, and Mr. Tapscott started for his office. His wife had no sooner said, "Good-by, Caddy ; come up early," and kissed him, and shut the door behind him with the most bewitching reluctance, than *her* whole appearance was altered in an instant, and she strode back to the library like a woman bent on some desperate mission. Seizing the "Messenger," she

swept its advertising columns with a penetrating glance. Presently her fingers relaxed their hold ; the sheet fell to the floor, and she sank back into a chair with a stifled moan. The following "Personal" had caught her eye :

"C. T. Meet me at the old place on Saturday. Two P.M."

The sickening horror that had at first overwhelmed her now gave way to a very different emotion—that of jealous indignation.

"Saturday, 2 P.M. ? Not if I can prevent it!" She procured a pair of scissors and cut the paragraph out.

Then she proceeded to her own room, opened her *escritoire*, and lifted a number of papers. As she stood gazing at these, her bearing was changed again. Sadness took the place of violence.

"Perhaps this blow is a judgment on me, after all, for having *my* secret from *him*," she mused, half aloud. "I ought not to have done it, after our mutual understanding ; but the temptation was great. It is too late to retreat now, however ; I will finish what I have begun, though my heart break."

With this she took her seat at the desk, and worked steadily for several hours, stopping only once to partake of a light lunch. She was still busily writing when she heard her husband's footstep in the entry. She rose hurriedly, and tried to close and lock the folding leaf, but had not succeeded in doing so when Cadwallader entered the room. He noticed her agitation, but stooped to pick up a torn piece of note-paper which had fallen to the floor, and stood twirling it in his fingers as he inquired :

"Well, Cynthia, what's the matter? Aren't you going to bid me welcome? I came home early on purpose to please you."

Standing there in that quiet, expectant attitude, I doubt whether the most critical physiognomist would have detected in his appearance an indication of craft or guile. In his cool, passionless gray eye lurked no suspicious gleam ; and the lines about his large mouth were drawn as evenly as in a preraphaelite picture. Mrs. Tapscott advanced mechanically and kissed him.

"Is anything wrong, my love?" he asked anxiously.

Cynthia's heart was beating wildly, but she endeavored to control her voice.

and answered with as much unconcern as possible :

"Nothing, thank you."

Now it was Cadwallader's turn to be mystified. He repaired to his dressing-room, and began to arrange his toilet for the evening. What *had* come over his wife? Why did she cram those papers into the desk as he entered her room? Why, in fact, had she acted so strangely of late in everything affecting that *escritoire*? and why was she to-day so distraught and absent-minded as to forget her customary salutation? It was unaccountable.

All at once his eye fell on the twisted bit of paper in his hand, and he unfolded it. It proved to be the blank side of a note-sheet, such as his wife used to jot down memoranda before entering them in her journal. On it was the inscription :

"Mem.—Ed. writes me, requesting interview at his office, Saturday, 10th. He wants proofs. Have answered, promising compliance."

Mr. Tapscott did not sink into a chair ; he did not utter a stifled moan ; he did not allow the paper to fall to the floor. He simply looked dazed, and said something. *What* he said is neither here nor there ; I am sure the reader would not wish me to record it.

Then he read the words a second time.

"And who the dickens is Ed?" he demanded, directing the question partly to his shaving glass and partly to vacancy. "He wants proofs, does he? By the powers, he shall have them! I'll give him all the proof he wants of one fact: that it's not safe to cultivate the acquaintance of Mrs. Cadwallader Tapscott without the cognizance and consent of her husband."

He folded the paper carefully and put it in his portemonnaie.

"No wonder she's acted so oddly, carrying this thing on under my very nose!" he added, as he resumed his dressing. "Saturday, eh? The very day of *my* appointment. Well, this being of primary importance, the other can wait. The first instinct in a married man, by Jove! is self-preservation."

No sooner had her husband left her apartment than Mrs. Tapscott burst into tears. They were the first she had been able to shed, and brought her a world of relief. Suddenly she started up, bathed

her eyes in cold water, and hastened to the floor below.

"I am wasting valuable time," she soliloquized. "He carries tablets in his overcoat. Who knows but they may contain the very information I want?"

So saying, she went to the hat-rack and began rifling the pockets of Cadwallader's surtout. The tablets were soon forthcoming, and under the head of Saturday was the inscription :

"Afternoon—Miss Isabel Whitney, 22 Marcelin Place."

Every lingering hope of her husband's innocence now vanished ; every doubt was dispelled. She must face the dread reality and make the best of it.

Returning the tablets to their proper pocket, Cynthia adjourned to the dining-room and employed the ensuing interval in giving orders to the servants and looking after the dinner. When husband and wife next met both were as calm as usual, and the evening meal was eaten as though nothing had happened, or was about to happen, to destroy their domestic peace. If anything, they were more twin-like than ever.

The following morning, when Mr. Tapscott entered the library, he beheld his wife engaged in reading the advertisement columns of the "Messenger." As soon as she saw him she made some excuse to lay the newspaper aside and leave the room. His curiosity was now on the alert, and he was fortified against any surprise after the developments of yesterday. He bit his lips when he noticed that a certain item among the "Personals" had been partially cut out. What did it mean?

"Will meet you as per yesterday's 'Messenger.'—C. T."

C. T.—Cynthia Tapscott! It was plain as day.

Nevertheless, to make assurance doubly sure, he sent a servant to find the supplement for the previous day. She returned with the mutilated copy, which had been stuffed away with a pile of old papers down stairs.

So Mr. Tapscott indulged in another ejaculation very like one I mentioned a little way back.

When breakfast was over, and he prepared to go out, his wife proposed accompanying him. With a woman's tact, she managed to direct their course through

Marcelin Place, and past No. 22. It was a handsome house—much handsomer than the one she lived in—with brown-stone facings and a broad flight of steps. On the door plate was the name “Whitney,” in large, prominent letters.

“This, then,” she pondered, “is the abode of the woman who has stolen my husband’s confidence from me. Oh, the wretch!” And her teeth closed so violently that the very exhalation of her breath caused a faint hiss.

She glanced up at her husband. He, too, was regarding the house with a strange expression, and as her eye encountered his she fancied he changed color slightly.

“Can she suspect anything?” he was asking himself. “She looks very curiously at the house. I should like to know whether she has received any hint of what is going on.”

And thus the pair moved along, their minds actively at work, but their lips silent. Shortly afterwards Cynthia requested her husband to put her in an upward-bound omnibus, and left him to continue his walk alone.

Arrived at his office, Cadwallader sent a clerk to the printing house, with instructions to obtain a yesterday’s “Messenger” at any price. The boy returned with his booty, and his employer found the notice he had anticipated.

“One and one make two; I am as good at addition as any other blockhead, when it is drilled into me,” he remarked laconically. “By the by, this is what made her so inquisitive yesterday morning. She almost drove me into a corner with her questions. Considering the position affairs have taken, she might better have held her peace. Heigho! how little we men know about womankind anyhow! If I had not been so infernally rapt in my own project, I might have nipped hers in the bud.”

Well, Saturday came. The sun rose as early and beamed as brightly as on other and less eventful days; there was the same balmy freshness in the atmosphere, the same sway in the tree boughs, the same piping notes from the throats of tiny spring songsters.

When Mr. Tapscott rose he looked as if he had slept very little, and took a view from the window. When Mrs. Tapscott rose she looked as if she had shared her husband’s wakefulness, and proceeded to

take a corresponding view from the other window. Then both passed some yawning comments on the weather, and tried to appear sublimely unconscious of approaching events; and each secretly wondered how the other could be so cool under existing circumstances.

They retired to their respective dressing-rooms, and adorned themselves for the day. It was like making one’s last toilet prior to execution.

Next in order came coffee, and rolls, and broiled chops, and the disgusting necessity of forcing an appetite. Afterwards Mr. Tapscott complained of a headache, and thought he would not go to the office that morning.

“Oh, don’t!” exclaimed his wife joyfully. “Stay home and let me nurse you; there’s a good Caddy.”

Good Caddy! Stay at home! Nurse! If she is so enthusiastic, there is something at the bottom of it, reasoned Cadwallader.

“I have decided to change my mind,” he added aloud, as he bent his steps toward the hall to put on his overcoat. “The fresh air will probably do me good. I am just as much obliged to you for your benevolent intentions, however.” He said this with a cynical smile, and Cynthia sighed.

“‘Benevolent’ is a cold word, dear,” said she, “and hardly applicable to my intentions; they are spontaneous offerings from an affectionate, faithful wife.” She laid particular emphasis on the last three words. The whole speech cost her an effort.

“Humph!” was the ungracious response from somewhere inside the sar-tout.

Then they embraced for a farewell kiss. Each party feeling like the veriest hypocrite, the caress was, of course, unusually fervent.

Cadwallader went no further than the hotel on the corner. In the reading-room he took up a position whence he could command the best view of his dwelling, with all its channels of entrance and exit. He sat there perhaps an hour—it seemed an age—when he saw his wife emerge, neatly but unobtrusively attired, and walk at a rapid pace in the opposite direction.

He darted off in pursuit, but kept a safe distance behind her. At length she turned a corner; he hurried after, and just as he completed the curve found himself face

to face with her. She had evidently forgotten something, and was going back for it.

"Cadwallader!"

"Cynthia!"

Which blushed the deeper it would be hard to tell. The wife was the first to speak.

"I supposed you were at the office."

"That was natural enough; but you see I changed my mind again."

"Oh!"

"Yes. And now which way are you bound? I should like to accompany you."

"Very glad to have you, I'm sure. I am on my way back to the house."

Both were victorious, both discomfited; so they walked back arm in arm. Tapscott led the way to the library, gestured to his wife to enter, followed her, and locked the door on the inside.

"Before very long," he began huskily, "we had better bring this game of fast and loose to a close. It may be highly amusing, but my mind is not in fit condition to appreciate it."

"What do you mean, Cadwallader? Your words have some hidden import."

"Have they, indeed? You are doubtless very much mystified?"

"I am. If your remarks contain any allusion to conduct of mine, I am utterly dumbfounded."

Her self-possession was amazing; it looked like effrontery to Cadwallader, and he resented it accordingly. Folding his arms with an air of indignant virtue, he inquired:

"Would your enlightenment prove an easier task if we were to send for Ed?"

His wife stared at him in blank amazement.

"Send for Ed?" she echoed.

"Ay, send for Ed; those are the exact words I used. You can give him whatever proof he needs in my presence, can't you?"

Mrs. Tapscott moved her head slowly from side to side, to indicate her want of comprehension. Cadwallader became simply exasperated. He tried once or twice to hurl forth some denunciation, but his utterance seemed choked. As a last resort he drew from his pocket the crumpled memorandum, and slapping it vigorously with his forefinger, vociferated:

"Read that!"

Mrs. Tapscott reddened, and looked up

into her husband's face with an expression of mingled pain and merriment.

"Is that all you have against me?"

"Explain that first."

She hesitated. Her pride revolted at what seemed to her an unmanly attack from behind cover.

"Stop a moment," she said, gently but firmly. "As head of the house it becomes *you* to start this era of explanations. What is the nature of your errand to-day at Miss Isabel Whitney's?"

"My goodness, Cynthia! How did you find that out?"

"Never mind the method; the fact is all-sufficient. When you shall have answered *my* question, I will *yours*." She composed herself in a rocking-chair, and met her husband's gaze quite fearlessly.

After a few moments' deliberation, Cadwallader thought it best to comply with her request.

"If you are resolved to know, I will tell you. My business profits have increased so within a year, that I felt able to support a more stylish establishment than this. I have had my eye on 22 Marcellin Place for a month or more, learning that Miss Whitney was thinking of renting it. A day or two ago I saw her advertisement in the 'Messenger.' It was the same morning that you were so very, *very* pressing with your interrogatories." His lip curled slightly and he paused.

"Go on, please."

"Well, I hurried down there directly after breakfast, but the house was not to be shown to visitors till to-day. Nevertheless, I have the refusal of it, if I continue to like it after due inspection."

"Why did you not say something to me about all this? You don't know how your behavior has worried me."

"I wanted to keep the secret as a surprise for our anniversary. Now are you satisfied?"

Mrs. Cadwallader gave no direct reply, but tossed into her husband's lap a roll of oblong strips of paper, with printing on one side, and cabalistic pencil marks on the margin.

"'Ed' stands for 'editor,' and there are the 'proofs,'" she exclaimed, triumphantly. "This, also, was originally intended for a surprise on anniversary day."

Cadwallader grasped the loose sheets eagerly, and ran his eye over them; they

looked very like a novelette for the "Ladies' Literary Visitor."

"Then you didn't correspond with the editor or any one else through the 'Messenger'?"

"Of course not. Why should I? Every line that has passed between us is upstairs, at your disposal."

He walked to the fireplace and threw something on the coals.

"What are you burning?" asked his wife.

"A couple of newspaper scraps, that's all. Cynthia, I'm a brute."

Mrs. Tapscott did not see at first any obvious connection between the two propositions. But suddenly a remote possibility suggested itself to her mind. She glanced downward at something in her hand.

"C. T.?" she inquired sententiously.

"C. T.," was the equally sententious reply.

Whereupon it seemed that *she* had something to burn.

And their mutual distrust vanished up the chimney with the smoke of the little conflagration.

About one o'clock comes a knock at the library door. It is unheeded.

So Bridget announces lunch through the key-hole, and hies her to the kitchen with mouth wide open, to report this seven days' wonder to the cook. The latter experienced functionary bids her return to the floor above, close her mouth, and open her eyes and ears. She obeys; but the only extraordinary occurrence all lunch-time is when master pours out the sherry, rises, glass in hand, and speaks to the following effect:

"On our wedding-day, my love, we made resolution number one, the substance of which I need not repeat. Here's success to resolution number two: that the word 'Personal' be henceforth erased from the vocabulary of the Tapscott family."

"But what shall we do for a substitute?" asks mistress, with her wine half-way to her lips.

"Use 'especial' or 'individual,' or some other synonymous term," says master.

And then they pledge each other.

FRANCIS ELLINGTON LOOP.

THE QUERY.

SITS the sphinx beside me daily,
Whether I be sad or gayly
Live my life. "Attend," she cries—
Looks me through with solemn eyes;
"Thou must answer, answer this:
What the sum of woe and bliss?
What is life?"

In all gladness, through all pain,
Whether peace or passion reign,
Turn my thoughts to things of earth
Or to themes of heavenly birth,
Still I hear that undertone,
Like the ocean's distant moan,
"What is life?"

Once I thought that I might trance her
Into silence by an answer;
Thought that I could find the reason,
I could measure time and season,

I could sound the depths she stirred,
I could compass with a word
What is life!

Youthful, vain, and fond delusion!
Now I turn from light intrusion
On the secret that she keeps
Close within her stony lips,
Which but open to their task,
Ne'er to answer, only ask,
"What is life?"

Hark! she whispers, "Thou shalt die
If thou givest no reply."
Once with shuddering and with pain
Flashed her words through every vein!
Now I wait the parting breath,
When shall answer friendly Death
What is life!

M.

DRIFT-WOOD.

PUBLIC SPIRIT.

Nor in war alone does the flame of patriotism burn. Where public spirit exists, there is ever an opportunity for its exercise; ever the altar stands ready for sacrifice. The Cincinnati Common Council and Board of Trade have protested against lessening by a dollar the sum which Congress once meant to spend on new buildings in that city. The Boston people plead for the enlargement of their post-office. The Philadelphians beg to have theirs begun forthwith. The New Yorkers find various sore needs of Government money in their island. Every city, from Key West to Kamtchatka, is beseeching Congress to build that neglected canal or lighthouse. The plan of turning into the treasury all money voted for public works that is not yet spent, and of putting off for a time all buildings not yet begun, has struck terror through the land. It is diverting to note how we all insist on "shutting up the public purse against the grabbers," save when we do the grabbing. "I'm willin' a man," says the immortal Mr. D. O'Phace, "should go tol'ably strong agin wrong in the abstract, for that kind o' wrong is allus onpop'lar, and never gits pitied; but he mustn't be hard on partic'lar sins, for then he is kickin' the people's own shins." We are eager to have the member from our district thunder against waste and show, moan over the year's bills, and cry aloud for cutting down the cost of running the Government; we tell him to vote to put off till next year whatever need not be begun now. But when some graceless Solon from another district replies, "Very well: we will begin our rigid retrenchment with you—with the Wigginsville custom-house, the Smith Centre post-office," we eye that man with scorn and disgust; we turn from the scoffer with contempt and loathing; we flood Congress with petitions, protests, memorials from our leading citizens against the sacrilege; we empty the phials of our wrath, the syringes of our satire against such "misnamed economy," remarking that it is saving at the spigot

to let loose at the bung; and we wind up, all of us in concert, Puritans, Quakers, Knickerbockers, Porcupolitans, with a shriek for Retrenchment, and a yell for Reform.

The mood that is content to pass life in indefinitely railing, in old-world phrase, at "our rulers," meaning those neighbors whom we send to Washington by our own choice, and in bewailing the size of a debt that we are particularly careful not to lessen by any local sacrifice, is amusing. There are, according to Mr. Dawes, 32 "ports of entry" where, last year, there were no receipts at all, but the salaries were upwards of \$75,000; and 31 other ports where the aggregate receipts were less than \$30,000, and the aggregate salaries were nearly \$168,000. Accordingly, a bill has been drawn to abolish custom-houses that cost more than they come to, discharging the officers and men, and selling the buildings; but how will this bill be welcomed? Palsied be the hand that would behead the Appraiser of Merchandise in our beloved hamlet of Wigginsville! No, no! work your sacrilegious will, vent your sectional hate against the two-and-sixty other innocent entry ports, whose very poverty ought to move the pity of a generous foe, but Wigginsville must be spared; or else, let our sixty Congressmen join hands against the spoilers! Yea, let us add unto ourselves all Congressmen whose districts covet post-offices, navy-yards, lighthouses, bridges, sea-walls, arsenals, clear channels, and post-roads, and let us divide among us the shekels needful thereto.

When merchants gather in a board of trade, they first "demand" rigid economy of the Government, and then press an appropriation for dredging some local sand-bank. Labor reformers of course make nothing of crying "Retrenchment" in one breath, and asking in the next for extra work at the navy-yards, to keep the poor employed in hard times.

The newspapers had a chance, this winter, to show a public spirit and self-respect which would have been charming

by their very novelty. But, having killed the franking privilege last year, and finding that their own franking privilege also died, in Siamese-twin fashion, many of them began a coquettish dalliance with Congress on the basis of free exchanges, free circulation of weekly papers in their counties, and free public documents. After all, how much had been saved by abolishing the franking privilege? Besides, the free spread of knowledge is surely the source of all our greatness. The press, too, is the champion of the people:

Here shall the Press the People's right maintain,
Unawed by influence and unbribed by gain.

It is a pleasure to see some newspapers pushing away the seductive bait; but with the multitude, this pitch of sacrifice is too severe.

SUNDAY.

THE attack lately made by the New York police upon Sunday beer-gardens must provoke some thought regarding the Sabbatic laws of modern Christendom. In England, four years ago, the Lord's Day Rest Society unearthed the act of Charles II. forbidding Sunday trading, and began to prosecute the costermongers under it. Though this method of reform failed, the society still strives by persuasion to check the desecration of Sunday. Its leaders waited upon the Archbishop of Canterbury at Lambeth palace last autumn, and asked him to preside over one of their meetings at the Lambeth Baths; to "walk, in company with a few friends of the association, through the New-cut on some Sunday morning, and on the spot address a few words to the people upon the subject of Sunday trading"; and to invite "clergymen and the ministers of all denominations" throughout Great Britain to set apart Sunday, February 16, for sermons against Sabbath-breaking. It is said that his Grace agreed to these measures, though the walk, at least, was given up. To the Bishop of London the society only assigned the task of making a Sunday journey afoot to St. Paul's, there to preach against Sunday cab-driving, so basing his precept on personal example. But when Mr. Girdlestone, after lamenting the use of Sunday cabs by professed Christians, asked the Bishop himself to take up the cross,

the horrified prelate exclaimed, "Why, I should have to walk all the way from Fulham!" and a sympathizing critic adds that it is "as sinful to work a bishop as a horse on the Sabbath, and the sight of a bishop covered with mud ascending the pulpit at St. Paul's in a state of exhaustion will do more harm than good to the object of the association. The only method of making things comfortable would be for the bishop to arrive on a bicycle." The society further denounce the opening of the British Museum on Sunday, and all kindred misuses of the day.

Now the Evangelical Alliance took up this subject at its great October meeting. President Woolsey is said to have closed an essay upon Church and State with the words, "Christianity has as little to do with the law, and the law with Christianity, as possible." And President Hopkins, according to the "Independent," "applied the same view extremely well to the legal protection of the Sabbath. He utterly discarded all Christian or Biblical grounds of legislation, basing it solely on the principle that the Sabbath was made for man, and that he had a natural right to enjoy its rest." The newspaper adds that "the slight relics among us of State interference with religion are already anachronisms, and will soon pass away." Nevertheless, Superintendent Matsell shut up the concert saloons the other Sunday; his men, breaking into a dance hall, stopped the music, and thrust the revellers into the station-houses, where they passed a wretched night, and whence, next day, they were hauled before the court, and some, being shop-girls, accustomed to take Sunday for their gala day, were quite abashed at this public disgrace. Flushed with success, the police then forbade the holding of an evening concert in the Stadt theatre, while an attack made upon a Stapleton concert dispensed bruises and broken limbs to some of the guilty wretches who leaped from the windows. Presently the owners of beer-gardens and theatres met to argue that whenever their pastimes were orderly and quiet, they ought not to be assaulted by the law in that way. Another Sunday came about, and the police, though inclined to look on Sabbath-breaking in a severely Levitical light, were apparently puzzled to say

what degree of sacredness should be required of an evening concert, or in what grade of theatre it should be held, for them to refrain from clubbing the spectators and players. In this dilemma, the beer-halls ventured to treat their customers again to Sunday afternoon music, and were not vexed; but the Germania and Stadt theatres, as also Terrace Garden, were kept shut. Unluckily, some of the theatre-goers are German Jews, whose Sabbath is Saturday; besides, with divers old-fashioned Christians the Sabbath begins at sundown of Saturday and ends at sundown of Sunday, just as the Hebrew Sabbath ran from sundown to sundown. Certain other eccentric Christians may add to good Dogberry's confusion; for only the other day the Pennsylvania Legislature was petitioned by many people to so amend the law of 1794 requiring the observance of the first day as the Sabbath, that those who celebrate the seventh may ply their trades on the first without incurring the penalty of the law; and a bill has been drawn to shield the Seventh-day Baptists from that penalty. Finally, suppose that the Jerseyman who was arrested by the police and fined, some time since, for weeding his garden on Sunday, had turned out to be a Seventh-day Baptist!

I think we must at last come to the position of Presidents Woolsey and Hopkins; namely, "discarding all Biblical grounds of Sunday legislation," to check by the law only that which prevents the day from being one of public rest. If this view saddens those who found their Sunday on the fourth commandment, they may take comfort in reflecting that the divine command to abstain from work only applies to the seventh day, since the first (or Sunday) is one of the six on which "thou shalt labor, and do all thy work." The first reason assigned in Scripture for the celebration of the Sabbath, namely, that "God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it, because that in it he had rested from all his work which God created and made," would obviously make that seventh day binding on us for abstinence from work, or else none. St. Paul commands, "Let no man judge you in respect of the Sabbath days"; while the Founder of Christianity has left no precept extant for observing the first day, still less for observing it after that fashion

of abstaining from work which is enjoined by the fourth commandment. On the contrary, Christ defended his disciples for plucking the ears of corn on the Sabbath; and that "it is lawful to do well on the Sabbath days," is about all the instruction he gives us on the subject.

Most wise statesmen aim to perpetuate the observance of Sunday for rest and worship. That would be a sad day for America when Sunday was given up. France suffered even when one day of rest in ten was substituted for one in seven. Holmes well says, "He who ordained the Sabbath loves the poor"; and the highest authority has told us, "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." Charles Lamb, in his poem on "Work," gives us the suggestive phrase, "Sabbathless Satan!" and verily no eight-hour law ever devised could equal in beneficence this eighth-day law of Christendom. For were shops habitually open, the rivalry of trade would drive many to work who need to rest. In most cities, too, there is glut of labor and dearth of employment; so that to add a seventh part to the present stock of labor, would bring down the price, while robbing the workman of his rest.

Besides, to preserve the religious sentiment in a nation, we must set apart a day for its cultivation. For, as the sonorous phrase of Johnson runs, "Religion, of which the rewards are distant, and which is animated only by Faith and Hope, will glide by degrees out of the mind, unless it be invigorated and re-impressed by external ordinances—by stated calls to worship, and the salutary influence of example." Yet, unless a special day be given to public worship, as a sound writer has said, "one man's business will perpetually interfere with another man's devotion; the buyer will be calling at the shop when the seller is gone to church." Legislation aids us in the matter by making Sunday a legal holiday and surrounding it with guards against encroachment.

Again, the old objections to Sunday no longer hold. The grim Lord's day of half a century ago was but a sorry festival; but its ancient austerity has been relieved. Leaders of religious opinion, like Mr. Beecher, have got the public libraries open on Sunday; have encouraged their congregations to laugh, to gossip about "week-day" matters, to take walks, and

to observe Sunday with joy and happiness in place of heaviness and gloom. Even Scotland is escaping from the Sabbatarianism of early days. The story is familiar of the Scotch woman who, hearing by chance the services of an Episcopal church, thought "it war vara fine; but it war awfu' wark for the Sabba' dee." It was a Scotch landlady, too, who rebuked an English minister for taking a walk on Sunday afternoon, and who, on being answered, "Why, our Lord himself walked with his disciples in the field on the Sabbath day," responded, "Ay, I ken it, an' I ne'er thocht any the better o' him for it neither!" Yet in this same Scotland, the Dundee servants have lately complained, and justly if their words be true, that Sunday has become a feasting day, with more cooking than on any other of the seven. And the Rev. Mr. Thomson actually proposed to the Synod of Aberdeen, last autumn, that in view of the uniformly fine Sundays of the then harvest season, and the constant rain of all other days, clergymen might allow their parishioners to employ the Sabbath afternoons in harvesting, so as to secure a part of the crop. The Synod rejected the plan, but to have proposed it is suggestive.

A like change of sentiment has happened in our land. It is odd that whereas in every other matter our lives fall far short of Christ's standard of morality, and whereas in other matters we take the benefit of every doubt and all the latitude of interpretation we can, yet in regard to this single subject of Sunday keeping, we try to outdo in strictness the very Founder of our religion. Christ healed the sick on the Sabbath, for which offence "the Pharisees went out and held a council against him, how they might destroy him." Yet our dispensaries are habitually "open every day to the poor *except Sunday*," albeit that is the day when working men and working women have leisure for surgery and medical treatment; and when, the other day, in Philadelphia, the directors of Wills's Hospital for the Blind and Lamæ opened their doors on Sundays, they published in the newspapers a long deprecatory preamble, quoting Christ's words and example to prove that "relief of suffering is a work proper for the Lord's day." That they should be forced to thus disarm criticism, shows what our

blindness has been; that they have at last dared to take this step, shows that the eyes of Christendom are opening. Some of our worthy ancestry, in spite of Christ's example, apparently held it unlawful even to walk the fields on Sunday and to pluck the corn or fruits to allay one's hunger. And, if modern clergymen soften the old rigors of the day by teaching their parishioners more blithesome methods of celebrating it, surely the Sunday of their childhood is remembered as the weariest, dreariest day of the seven—all the drearier for being the thorn after the rose, the lees after the wine, the holy day after the holiday, Sunday after Saturday! Stanch Cromwellians, grave, steadfast Puritans, gave us a Sunday stern as themselves—Dame Nature, meanwhile, mischievously looking to boyhood most lovely on Sunday, making her most coquettish, attractive face, putting on her most alluring airs, and naughtily beckoning to open-air joy, despite the warning couplet:

You must not work, you must not play,
Upon God's holy Sabbath day.

One of Selkirk's chief sorrows in his lonely isle was, according to the familiar song which Cowper puts into his mouth, that "the sound of the church-going bell these valleys and rocks never heard, never sighed at the sound of a knell, or smiled when a Sabbath appeared." But the Scotch or the Yankee lad of a generation back would have consented to pass a few Sundays on Juan Fernandez without a murmur. Indeed, under the rigorous treadmill then in vogue, it is no wonder that a custom grew up that still subsists in many families, particularly in those to whom Sunday is a tiresome day, of cutting it short at both ends by rising later and going to bed earlier than on other days. This practice, handed down from olden time, is a token of what the day had become through the mistaken gloom fastened upon it. The reluctance to begin and eagerness to end Sunday are now less often found; and it is partly due to wise and courageous clergymen that the old irksomeness has been cast off, and that accordingly the day is likely to remain hallowed in our country by common consent. In its modern phase we have a right to perpetuate its benefits by the aid of the laws of the land.

PHILIP QUILLER.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

RELATIONS OF MATHEMATICS AND PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

IN his presidential address to the mathematical and physical section of the British Association, Prof. H. J. S. Smith opposed the project of dividing that section into two, one to be devoted to the pure mathematics, and the other to physical science. He illustrated the mutual help afforded to one another by these two great branches of science, and showed how the purely speculative studies of mathematicians may give the means of explaining the most diverse natural phenomena; and, on the other hand, how the advance of the sciences of observation and experiment may add to the methods and resources of pure mathematics.

Thus the early Greek geometers, considerably before Euclid's time, applied themselves to the study of the various curved lines in which a conical figure might be cut by a plane—curved lines called *conic sections*. It is difficult to imagine a problem possessing more completely the character of mere curiosity than this of the conic sections in those early times. Not a single natural phenomenon, which in the state of science at that time could have been intelligibly observed, would be likely to require for its explanation a knowledge of the nature of these curves; still less could any application to the arts have been possible. A nation which did not use the arch was not likely to use the ellipse in any work of construction; and yet, when the fullness of time was come, these seeds of knowledge which had existed so long bore splendid fruit in the discoveries of Kepler. It was not too much to say that without the treatise of the Greek geometers on the conic sections there would have been no Kepler, without Kepler no Newton, and without Newton no science in our modern significance, or at least no such conception of nature as now lay at the basis of all our science of nature as subject in its smallest as well as its greatest phenomena to exact quantitative relations, and to definite numerical laws. That was an old story, but it had always

seemed to convey a lesson needed even in our own time against a species of scientific utilitarianism which urged the scientific man to devote himself to the less abstract parts of science, as being more likely to bear an immediate part in the augmentation of our knowledge of the world.

In illustration of the impetus given to the development of pure mathematics by researches in physical science, Professor Smith cites Professor Maxwell's treatise on electricity, which gives a complete account of the mathematical theory of that science: "No mathematician could turn over the pages of that volume without very speedily convincing himself that they contained the first outlines of a theory which had already added largely to the methods and resources of pure mathematics, and which might one day render to that abstract science services not less valuable than those which it owed to astronomy; for electricity now, like astronomy of old, had placed before the mathematician an entirely new set of questions, and the great practical importance of telegraphy had caused the methods of electrical measurement to be rapidly perfected to an extent which rendered their accuracy comparable with that of astronomical observations, and thus rendered it possible to bring the deductions of theory every moment to the test of fact. It must be considered fortunate for the mathematician that such a vast field of research on the application of mathematics to physical inquiries should be thrown open to him at the very moment when the scientific interest in the older mathematical astronomy had for the moment flagged, and when the very name physical astronomy, so long appropriated to the mathematical development of the theory of gravitation, appeared likely to be handed over to that wonderful series of discussions which had already taught us so much concerning the constitution of the heavenly bodies themselves."

TECHNICAL EDUCATION IN JAPAN.

WE find in "Iron" the following notes

regarding the progress of the scheme of technical education for Japan, which was a few months ago intrusted to Mr. Henry Dyer, C. E., and his professional colleagues. When those gentlemen arrived in Japan they found the arrangements in a more backward state than had been anticipated, the buildings for the Imperial College of Engineering, although in progress, not being nearly finished. Soon after reaching the scene of his future labors, Professor Dyer presented to the authorities his general scheme of technical education, which was at once accepted by them in every particular. That scheme gave them an adequate notion of what a college of engineering ought to be, in order to be suitable to the growing wants of the Japanese Empire.

Since his arrival in Japan, Professor Dyer has designed a building for the college, which will doubtless be worthy of the name by which it is henceforth to be known; namely, the "Imperial College of Engineering." When the college proper is finished, as it will be in about two years, the building which is now being erected will be converted into a technical museum. In the mean time, while the building is in process of erection, a house which formerly belonged to one of the Daimios has been secured as the temporary premises for holding such classes as have been formed. The official opening of the college was to have taken place on January 3, in the presence of the Emperor of Japan.

At an entertainment given to Professor Dyer, at the Mikado's summer palace, by the Prime Minister of Japan, that gentleman manifested a deep interest in all the details of the college, and congratulated his guest upon the scheme he had devised; and, notwithstanding the ultra-officialism which has generally to be encountered by all who come into contact with the Japanese authorities, Professor Dyer has had the good fortune to get from them everything he asked, in order to complete his plans. In addition to the college he has designed a large chemical laboratory, and a workshop for practically teaching the art of engineering construction.

INHABITANTS OF SOUTH PACIFIC ISLANDS.

LANDING at New Hanover, an island in

the South Pacific to the east of New Guinea, Captain Simpson, of H. B. M. ship *Blanche*, last year found men and women very much in a state of nature, who, he thinks, had never before been visited by white men. They were ignorant of the use of tobacco, and old pieces of paper were taken by them in preference to the usual trade articles. Both men and women came alongside the ship in great numbers, and showed no fear. They had little or nothing for barter except spears. They appeared good-humored, but are arrant thieves. A party of officers who landed had their pockets picked.

Captain Simpson also visited the neighboring island of New Britain. Here he found two spacious bays or harbors, with good anchorage, landlocked, and sheltered from all winds. Within one of these harbors he believes there is space, with from twenty to five fathoms of water, for the navies of the world to anchor in. Clustered on a narrow ledge at the base of two singular sandstone rocks is a village containing about two hundred inhabitants, who evidently support themselves by fishing. Many of the houses are built in the water on piles. They had numerous canoes moored round them.

In the Ngaric group of islands one only was found to be inhabited, and the history of its people may be told in a few words. They number about one hundred, and of these no less than sixty are children. The people say that about forty years ago a captain from Sydney took the island and destroyed all the inhabitants, or nearly all. Some years after that a man named Paddy came with some natives of Ponope island and settled there, claiming the island as his own, and the population has since rapidly increased. What has become of Paddy we are not told.

WHITE AND RED MUSCLES.

ON seeing a flayed rabbit, every one must have noted the difference of color presented by the various muscles of the same region—a limb, for instance. Some of them are of a deep red, others almost white. M. Ranvier, of the French Academy of Sciences, shows that these different colors indicate two sorts of muscles possessed of different structure and dif-

ferent properties. With regard to the latter point, the difference of properties can be demonstrated by submitting the muscles to the action of electricity. The white muscles contract almost instantaneously, and if we transmit to them a rapid series of electric shocks they respond with a series of contractions, each one perfectly distinct from the rest. The red muscles on the contrary are far more indolent; some time must elapse before they respond to the shock, and interrupted discharges produce only a permanent contraction. The author is of opinion that the red muscles are of the same nature as the heart, and that, like it, they are muscles of the animal life, while the others are muscles of the voluntary life.

UTILIZATION OF WASTE FUEL.

We have already mentioned Mr. E. F. Loiseau's process for the utilization of waste coal, and now we find in the "Exchange and Review" a notice of recent improvements made by Mr. Loiseau in the machinery he employs. The operation of the process is entirely automatic, the crude materials being fed into one end of the apparatus, and emerging from the other finished and ready for transportation. No labor is required, nor does the machinery need any attention, except what is necessary to keep up the supply and remove the completed product. The lumps are moulded into egg-shaped masses; this form having been adopted as the most practical, inasmuch as it permits of the largest interstices, and hence a freer passage of air between them. The lumps are thoroughly dried by passing a number of times through a long hot-air oven, carried upon endless belts of wire cloth. The water-proofing material does not penetrate to any considerable depth into the lumps, and they are therefore not saturated with the resinous material, which simply forms a varnish over their surface, making them impervious to moisture, and allowing them to be handled without the annoyance of dirt or dust.

The experimental trials, conducted some time ago, to test the heating powers of the product, indicated a very fair rate of power, and considerable cohesion. These qualities were fully tested at the exhibition of the American Institute, and with very favorable results. As to the impor-

tant question of cost, the inventor states that the article can be manufactured for about one dollar per ton. It remains to be seen whether this assertion will be verified, for upon this item the practical success of the process depends.

TACTILE ORGANS.

Those organs of touch which may be deliberately called into action by an animal, when it would note surrounding objects, or reconnoitre obstacles, or seek and select its food, are called by Dr. Jobert, in a memoir which appears in the French "Annals of the Natural Sciences," "organs of active touch." That memoir gives the results of long-continued and intelligent study into a very intricate subject, and we take pleasure in laying before our readers a summary of its contents.

The anatomist, in tracing the nerves of sense from their origin outwards, finds that, in the higher animals, they oftentimes communicate with sundry ovoid corpuscles, which go by various names, but are to all intents and purposes identical one with another. It was early conjectured that these bodies had to do with the sense of active touch, and Dr. Jobert's task was to show that every organ adapted for that sense contains either these or analogous structures. He found them abundantly in the hands of the quadrumana, and the paws of many plantigrades, while the digits of animals using their feet only for the purpose of locomotion are without them. The maki or Malagash lemur uses its paws merely for locomotory purposes, and consequently the digits exhibit none of these corpuscles; on the other hand, in some monkeys, Ateles for instance, the tail is in fact a fifth hand, and is accordingly provided with them.

The muzzle of the mole, hedgehog, and armadillo, and the bill of the ornithorhynchus and the echidna, possess these corpuscles; but they are specially notable in the hedgehog. The beaks and tongues of birds, being their common organs of touch, are the only parts of their bodies containing the corpuscles. In the parrot group, however, they are found in the claws, which are, in these birds, sensitive organs.

But in mammals these are not the only organs of touch, for the chiroptera, the

rodents, sundry insectivora, and the swine tribe are provided with special hairs or bristles having close connection with the nerve fibres, and which are to be regarded as regular tactile organs. These are sometimes provided, at their root, with a sanguineous sinus, though again this may be wanting. They are abundant in the wings of the bat, on the ears of the mouse, and on the snout of the mole, and in all these cases are organs of exquisite sensibility.

On the antennæ, at the ends of the palpæ, and in various parts of the mouth, insects have hairs which are evidently tactile organs, having at their base a protuberance made up of large cells and connecting with nerve fibre. With regard to fishes, M. Jobert finds that, as a general rule, the dermis of those regions which serve for touch is provided with papillæ, branching out into smaller papillæ, the latter terminating in a cup-shaped orifice, into which enters one end of an ovoid corpuscle having its bed in the epidermis. These ovoids are elongated cells, holding a nucleus and a nucleolus, and their base fits into the dented margin of the cup-shaped orifice of the papillæ.

The existence of these corpuscles once ascertained, M. Jobert sought for them in the various organs which serve for the purpose of touch in fishes, and studied them minutely from the three points of view of histology, anatomy, and morphology. He inquired into the constitution of the various kinds of barbels, and of the "fishing-spines" of the lophius, the distribution of the nerves in the fin, the various transformations of the latter organ, and the histological character of its bony and soft parts. He shows that the foremost spines of the fin are commonly very sensitive tactile organs. They receive nerve filaments not alone from the vertebral, but also from the vagus and lateral nerves.

EDUCATION OF BOTH HANDS.

Why should not a child be taught to employ both hands indifferently? Surely it would be hard to assign a peremptory reason for the prevailing custom of training children to righthandedness, instead of making them, as they should be, *ambidextrous*—equally expert with both hands. We have been much pleased with some remarks on this subject which re-

cently appeared in the "Scientific American," and our readers will, we doubt not, acknowledge, on reading the following synopsis of the article in question, that the writer of it has made out a very strong case in favor of ambidexterity. "Why should not a child be taught to write and draw with both hands?" asks the writer. "It would take but little if any more time; and if it did, it would only keep him busy during moments which he would otherwise devote to idleness or mischief. The acquisition would never be worthless, and it might be of immense convenience to him. He might never have occasion to use his double capacity after the fashion of the popular scientist and teacher [Professor Edward S. Morse], whose two-handed blackboard sketches are such a delight to his auditors, and who is said to pursue his microscopic studies with a pen at one side and a pencil at the other, drawing with one hand and writing with the other; nevertheless his twofold skill would ever be a possible source of satisfaction and advantage to him. He would be free at any moment to rest a hand exhausted by protracted use, without any interruption of his work; he would be less likely to be disabled by trifling hurts; and in case one hand were stiffened by heavy labor, the other might be kept in readiness for delicate manipulations, for writing, drafting, and the like.

"The right-handed man who can use a hammer or a knife readily with his left hand, or can tie or untie a knot when his right hand is otherwise engaged, will find frequent use for his skill. Indeed, the advantages we miss through the neglect of the left hand are infinite in number and of incessant recurrence. They are among the taxes we pay to custom. Why not, then, train children to employ both hands equally?"

HOUSEHOLD OF THE RED ANT.

MR. THOMAS G. GENTRY communicates to the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences some very curious observations on the habits of the red ant (*Formica sanguinea*). The author, while collecting *Coleoptera* under stones and decayed logs, found a nest of these ants, while scattered over the ground to enjoy the warmth of the sun were numberless larvæ of the insect, in various stages of development.

Two external apertures of the nest were found leading to the chambers below, and many neuters were observed acting as nurses to the young. On close examination the neuters appeared to be divided into two classes, one having charge of the almost mature larvæ, and the other of the more feeble.

As usual when an ant nest is invaded, the larvæ were removed to places of safety, the larger grubs being conveyed to a separate apartment by neuters, whose special charge it seemed to be, while the less vigorous were hidden away by another set in a different chamber. When the last individual of the former had been cared for, the author expected to see the first set of nurses come out and assist in the removal of the more tender larvæ; but no such thing occurred. With a view to test his observations, Mr. Gentry then dropped some of the feeble larvæ into the mouth of the first passageway, thinking that thus they would be cared for. But all such attempts were in vain; these larvæ remained where the author had placed them, until their own special nurses observed them and carried them away to appropriate quarters.

The author then made an opening into the first chamber, and there found a score or more of ants, each with the object of its solicitude by its side. The ants were now alarmed again, and hurried away with their larvæ to places of security among the adjacent leaves and grasses, passing within an eighth of an inch of the second chamber, but never entering it. Mr. Gentry sums up his conclusions as follows: 1st. The colony is divided into two sets of neuters, one to care for the more mature, the other for that of the feebler larvæ. 2d. The more vigorous are harbored in the more superficial cavities, in order to save time and trouble in case of removal, which would be considerable were full-grown larvæ to be brought up out of deep cavities. 3d. The young and tender are conveyed to deeper-seated chambers, less likely to be assailed by an enemy, thus affording a better means of continuing the species.

CIRCULAR MONITORS.

"LA NATURE" gives a description, which we translate, of two curious naval engines now almost completed for the Russian government. These are two circular

iron vessels, of about 100 feet diameter; their draught of water is about 12 feet, and the upper deck stands about 2 feet above the water. With this draught the displacement is 2,530 tons. The bottom is perfectly flat and the wall perpendicular. Steadiness in the movement of propulsion is secured by means of 12 keels, each a little over three inches deep. In the middle of the ship is set a turret some 26 feet in diameter and 7 in height, containing two breech-loading steel guns of 11 tons, mounted *en barbette*. In the middle of the turret rises a hollow cylinder, through which ammunition is passed, and around which the carriage of each of the guns may revolve, so as to allow fire to be delivered at an angle of 30 or 35 degrees to the ship's axis.

The lower part of the hull and the bottom consist of a double skin, the plates being nearly three feet apart. The outer plate is about half an inch in thickness, the inner about one quarter inch, and the middle space is divided into a great number of water-tight compartments.

Parallel with the main deck, and about six feet and a half beneath it, is the lower deck, both being connected with one another, and with the skin of the bottom, by a certain number of water-tight bulkheads. In front of the turret is a light superstructure, intended partly for the purpose of shielding it from the sea, and also to serve as a cabin for the commander and as day quarters for the eleven officers. The lower deck is laid out as follows: Forward are the crew's quarters, forty-five to fifty men; just back of these are the coal bunkers and the boilers; in the centre the officers' quarters and a shaft for passing ammunition; then the engines, six in number. Under the crew's quarters are storerooms of all kinds; the magazines for powder and projectiles are under the officers' quarters.

The armor for the upper part of the hull consists of two strips of wrought-iron plate, each nearly three feet wide, but of different thicknesses. The upper plate is 229 millimetres (over 9 inches) thick, the lower 178 millimetres (about 7 1/5 inches). These plates are backed with teak, 7 1/5 inches for the upper plate and 9 inches for the lower. The turret is constructed on the same principle as the hull, except that its plating is all 229 millimetres thick. These vessels are per-

fectly manageable, and are expected to make eight or nine knots an hour.

SCIENCE UNDER THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

THE following observations, which we take from the "Revue Scientifique," will show what party in France favors popular enlightenment. The Lyons Museum of Natural History received under the empire, and for many years previously, an annual subsidy of 11,900 francs; nor could the financial commission of that city be ever induced to increase the amount as long as the empire stood. In 1871, however, under the republic, it was increased to the extent of about 5,000 francs, and last year the total subsidy was fixed at 18,000.

The same liberality is shown in making appropriations for educational objects in general. Were it not for the political events which at the beginning of the present year led to the ousting of M. Barodet from the mayoralty, on account of his religious or irreligious opinions, the city of Lyons would now be possessed of a noble institution for the advancement of the experimental sciences. It will be remembered that the municipality was ready to endow such an institution with lands for buildings, a fund of 900,000 francs, and an annual allowance of 30,000 francs—all simply for the promotion of the biological sciences. But M. Barodet having been removed, and the Government having given the municipal authorities to understand that no project favored by that atheist could meet the approval of the Versailles authorities, Lyons is to be deprived, let us hope only for a time, of an institution which would have done the city more honor than a hundred *arcs de triomphe*.

"In remarking thus upon events in Lyons," says the "Revue Scientifique," "we are not actuated by political preferences. But the fact, whatever its cause, is one that you find everywhere, and it cannot but attract attention, that after the fall of the empire the municipal councils of our great cities, being actuated by the republican spirit—some call it radicalism—at once increased the appropriations for public instruction very considerably. This, too, they did in the face of the financial embarrassments everywhere produced by the war, which succeeded to

the 'monumental' excesses of the Empire. Lille, Bordeaux, Nantes, Algiers, and several other cities, have in this respect set as good an example as Lyons itself. The appropriations have in many cases been doubled within the past two years. At Lille the appropriation was 450,000 francs in 1870, but in 1873 it is 700,000 francs; and it is to be still further increased, though the city is specially embarrassed."

A LINGUISTIC DISCOVERY.

A DISCOVERY of great philological interest—viz., the affinities of the Etruscan language—has been made by Rev. Isaac Taylor of the British Philological Society. In a recent lecture Mr. Taylor stated that two dice had been found in a tomb, having their six faces marked with words instead of by pips. These six words he examined in detail, and found them to be identical with the first six digits in the Altaic branch of the Turanian family of languages. Guided by this clue, it was easy to show that the grammar and vocabulary of the three thousand Etruscan inscriptions are also Altaic. The words denoting kindred, the pronouns, the participles, and the declensions, correspond closely with those of the Tartar tribes of Siberia. The Etruscan mythology is found to have been essentially the same as that of the "Kalevala," the great Finnish epic.

NEW SAFETY LAMP.

THIS is a French invention, intended to remedy the great defect of the Davy lamp, namely, its feeble illuminating power. The inventor, M. Boullenot, has constructed a lamp divided into three compartments. The lowest of these is a strong chamber designed to contain, at considerable pressure, the quantity of air needed to supply the lamp for several hours. Out of this chamber rises the wick, which is surrounded with the oil, and fitted with a suitable burner. The middle compartment is of strong glass, and may have guards to protect it against accidents. The uppermost compartment is a dome with one or more valves, which open outwards under a slight pressure; these let out the products of combustion as they are formed. The orifices by which the valves communicate with the outer air are covered with wire gauze, as a

precaution against the inflow of fire-damp when the valves open.

RESTORATION OF OIL PAINTINGS.

PETTENKOFER's method for the regeneration and restoration of oil paintings is explained as follows by F. Goppelsröder, a summary of whose papers on the subject we find in the "American Chemist." The linseed oil used by most artists contains eighty per cent. of linoleine, while the poppy oil contains seventy-five per cent. of that substance. This linoleine, solidified by exposure to the air, increases in weight ten per cent., giving a hard transparent mass called by Mulder lin-oxyne, which preserves the colors with which it has been used. To the pictures when finished varnish is ordinarily applied, consisting of solutions of resins in turpentine or fatty and drying oils. If the varnish cracks, more is applied to fill up the pores, and several repetitions may have the effect of ruining the picture. The pictures allow moisture to condense upon them, which is evaporated; and in process of time more is condensed, the result finally being a dulling of the picture. Indeed, the author states that by wetting a varnished surface with distilled water, and evaporating the latter, wetting again, and again drying, a white spot may be readily made. Pettenkofer restores the brightness of the picture by exposing it to the vapor of alcohol, which, by condensing on the picture, causes a solution of the film of varnish, and thereby restores to the resin its uniformity. A varnish of balsam of copaiba, which dries more slowly than most others, is also found to act as a preservative. By way of preparation for the alcohol treatment, the pictures are washed first with water, to remove dust, etc., and then with turpentine, to remove the excess of the resin.

PATCHOULI.

THE use of patchouli as a perfume by Europeans is of very recent date, as is shown by the fact that when in 1844 forty-six cases of the herb were imported into England, no purchaser could be found for it, though the price asked was only six shillings per pound. This plant, says the "Journal of Applied Science," flowered in Europe for the first time in the winter of 1844, in the greenhouse of a gentleman at Orléans; since then it has been culti-

vated in many botanical gardens. The patchouli (*Pogostemon patchouli*) belongs to the order *Labiata*, which furnishes us with so many of our aromatic plants, such as sage, thyme, marjoram, lavender, pennyroyal, etc. It is tall and shrubby, not unlike the garden mint in habit, with broad ovate opposite leaves about three inches long, and thick spikes of small purplish-white flowers. It is a native of Malaysia. In India it is a very popular perfume, being generally sold in the bazaars.

Some years ago genuine Indian shawls could always be distinguished by their peculiar odor, the cause of which was long unknown. French manufacturers at length discovered that this odor was due to patchouli, and they imported the plant to give the same perfume to articles of home manufacture. Patchouli also gives its odor to Indian ink, in the manufacture of which it is an ingredient. The sachets of patchouli sold by perfumers consist of the herb coarsely powdered, mixed with cotton wool and folded in papers. These are placed in drawers and wardrobes to drive away moths and other insects. The Arabs carry mattresses and pillows stuffed with this herb on their annual pilgrimages, believing it to be very efficacious in preventing contagion.

The preparation of the herb is very simple, the tops—about a foot in length—being merely gathered and dried in the sun. It is recorded that ill effects, such as loss of appetite and sleep, have often resulted from the excessive employment of patchouli as a perfume. The scent is more powerful in dry than in damp places. The odor is due to a volatile oil in the leaves and stems. When distilled it is a yellowish green, and almost as heavy as water. A hundredweight of the plant yields about twenty-five ounces of oil. The so-called "essence of patchouli" sold by perfumers is a weak dilution of this oil.

LOCAL ANÆSTHESIA.

DR. HORVATH, a German physician, proposes, according to the Boston "Journal of Chemistry," a new method of producing local anæsthesia. It is well known that immersion of the hand for a short time in ice water produces severe pain: but if immersed in cold alcohol, according to Dr. Horvath, no pain is felt, even if

the temperature of the liquid is -5° deg. C. Glycerine was found to possess a similar property. Ether, however, caused pain, and mercury was still more painful, forcing the speedy withdrawal of the finger when plunged into it at a temperature of 3° deg. C. After immersion in alcohol at -5° deg. C., the slightest touch could be distinctly perceived by the part, but no pain was experienced even when it was sharply pricked. These results led Dr. Horvath to the conclusion that cold alcohol has the effect of benumbing sensibility to pain, without impairing the delicacy of the general tactile sensation. This apparent possibility of the artificial separation of these two nervous functions, the tactile sensation and the sensation of pain, and the temporary suspension of the latter, are highly important in a physiological point of view, and also of practical utility in allaying certain forms of local pain, more especially that caused by burns and surgical operations. Dr. Horvath had an opportunity of testing the value of this application to burns on his own person, as well as upon others; and not only was all pain instantly allayed as soon as the part was immersed in alcohol, but it was found that the wound speedily began to assume a more healthy appearance. The experiments of Melsens on the effects of frozen alcohol are somewhat confirmatory of Horvath's results, although they were undertaken for quite a different purpose. Horvath found that alcohol at -5° deg. C. caused no pain to the finger immersed in it. Melsens showed that a considerable quantity of cognac at -71° deg. C. could be taken into the mouth with no more inconvenience than would follow a spoonful of soup a little too hot. He failed, however, to note any anæsthetic effect.

BUCKLAND ON THE BABY HIPPOPOTAMUS.

MR. FRANK BUCKLAND has lately visited the young hippopotamus on the latter's first birthday, and reports that the little fellow—he now weighs about one ton—is tame, playful and docile as a kitten. He is about six feet long and two feet ten inches in height at the shoulders. His back is a slaty black color, but his cheeks, chest, and legs are of a fine pink salmon color. He eats and sleeps well, and besides his natural nourishment his meals consist of

chaff, bran, mangel-wurtzel, scalded oats, biscuit, and sugar; he is particularly fond of anything sweet. The gape of his mouth is about eighteen inches; he has already a fine set of white teeth, and the tusks begin to project out of his pink gums.

When in his morning bath he is very playful, and plunges about like a porpoise. The pair of "hippos" sleep on the straw all night, but they spend a great portion of the day in their bath, in a sort of half sleep. They float up to breathe, apparently without an effort, like corks rising to the surface. When under water they keep their eyes open after the manner of crocodiles. When the mouth of the young one is wide open it will be seen that the tongue is arched directly upwards so as to form a compact valve, which prevents the water going down the gullet. In conclusion, Mr. Buckland, with much *naïveté*, remarks: "I forgot when writing the above, to mention that 'Guy Fawkes' (the young hippopotamus) turns out after all to be a young lady hippo; she is more delicately featured than her father, and is very like her mother in face." Mr. Barnum is very anxious to secure the baby hippo which is expected to see the light this month.

THE PERCEPTION OF TIME.

IN a late number of the "Journal of Mental Science," Dr. W. A. F. Browne gives some remarkable instances of the faculty possessed by certain persons of accurately measuring the lapse of time without any artificial aid. Sir Henry Holland's "Recollections of Past Life" is quoted to illustrate this point in the case of the celebrated Lord Stowell, the highest English authority on ecclesiastical law and the law of nations. Of him Sir Henry Holland says that "he could at all times state the precise hour or minute, without reference to clock, watch, or any artificial means of measurement." The author likewise refers to the equally interesting, though not so celebrated human timepiece, Chavalle, an account of whom is found in the "Bibliothèque Universelle." Though deaf, this man, by what he designated an internal movement or profound calculation, which neither thought, nor labor, nor anything else could stop, "possessed the power to indicate to a crowd around him the passing

of a quarter of an hour, or as many minutes or seconds as any one chose, and that during conversations the most diversified and notwithstanding the recourse to every means by which his attention might be diverted."

When tested by a scientific observer, M. Chavannes, he shook his head at the time appointed, altered his voice at the quarter, half, and three-quarter minutes, and arrived accurately at the end of the period named. It would appear that this singular faculty continued in operation during the night, and during sleep, and that, provided his slumbers were not profound, nor had followed fatigue and exhaustion, he could, within a very brief period after awakening, indicate within a very few minutes what time had passed, or in other words, how long he had been unconscious.

In the infant and undeveloped mind instances of precocity in the perception of time, so far as musical intervals are concerned, are frequent. Crotch played the organ at three years old; Mozart acquired a knowledge of music by imitations of his sister at three years old, and composed at five; Handel was sensible of musical intervals, and practised on a deafened clavichord at three, and played the harpsichord and organ at first sight when seven years old; and Brigham mentions a hydrocephalic child who sang and kept time when he reached the age of fifteen months. Even where the intelligence is limited and ineducable, similar peculiarities have been noticed; idiots are to be met with who display an accurate knowledge of regular intervals, and of the passage of time; and every asylum and school may afford examples where an accurate rhythm is preserved in their oscillations. "Blind Tom" is an instance of musical talent coupled with an intelligence little better than idiotic.

COMPARATIVE SAFETY OF DIFFERENT PAVEMENTS.

THE report made to the City Commission of Sewers of London on street pavements by Mr. William Haywood, engineer, is a document of singular interest, and conveys an amount of minute information that cannot be elsewhere found. It puts in our hands the means of determining with certainty the relative values of three classes of street pavement,

namely, asphalt, granite, and wood, as regards safety to animals passing over them. We can give only the barest outline of the author's facts and figures. Within the space of 50 days 203,805 miles were traversed on asphalt by 23,286 horses, and the number of accidents was 1,066; on granite, 95,567 miles by 13,905 horses, and 719 accidents, on wood, 179,151 miles by 24,042 horses, and 542 accidents. It was shown that during the 50 days the order of slipperiness was, with granite, 132 miles of travel to an accident; with asphalt, 191 miles; with wood, 330 miles. To arrive at still more precise results, the accidents were now investigated under the following sections: Nature of the accidents; effect of harnessing; effect of rate of travel; effect of gradient; effect of surface repair; effect of surface cleanliness; and effect of weather on the surface. Of all the accidents on the asphalt, 32.04 per cent. were falls on knees, 24.48 on haunches, and 43.48 complete falls; granite, 46.39, 7.56, and 46.05 respectively; wood, 84.97, 3.07, and 11.96 respectively. As to the effect of harnessing, falls to single-harnessed horses were 54.96 of the whole; double-harnessed, 36.84; triple-harnessed and over, 5.20. On asphalt there was more risk of a horse falling in a one-horse than in a two-horse vehicle, but no difference of this kind was noticed with granite or wood. In fast travelling it was more difficult to stop a horse on asphalt than on granite or wood.

On gradients the asphalt was more favored than the others; then came granite, and last wood. The state of repair of the surface affected the safety of the pavement. The surfaces of both the asphalt and wood at the time of observation were in good condition, and those of the granite were not. Had the wood pavement been out of repair, the number of accidents would have been greater. Asphalt is not affected in this way. For safety asphalt could not be too clean; but a very clean granite pavement might under certain atmospheric conditions be much more slippery than when dirty. If granite was dirty and the dirt slightly damp, it was more slippery than when clean; and the same was true, though in a very much greater degree, of damp asphalt. If dirty, wood became just after rain much more slippery than at any other

time. Moisture played a very important part in the safety of travelling. During a continuance of cold dry wind, with a somewhat hot sun, neither asphalt nor wood was slippery, while granite, if worn smooth, which was its ordinary condition in London, and if clean, was in its very worst state of slipperiness. If light rains ensued, the slipperiness of the granite was much reduced; the wood then would enter into its most slippery state, but for a short time only, as the mud soon began to peel from the surface; while the asphalt became for a time almost as slippery as a pavement could be, and continued so till the mud became nearly liquid. If the rain fell heavily, the granite gained its safest condition, the asphalt became much safer than when merely damp, and the wood approached in safety its condition when actually dry. In fine weather after much rain, the wood did not grow slippery while the mud dried; the mud in the joints of the granite retained its moisture if the atmosphere was damp, and that pavement was more slippery for some time than when wet; asphalt soon entered its safest state, though through an intermediate stage of great slipperiness.

THE FOOD OF HUMMING-BIRDS.

THE long bills of humming-birds have been held by some naturalists to be tubes into which they suck the honey from flowers by a piston-like movement of the tongue. Mr. Belt, the author of "The Naturalist in Nicaragua," dissents from this view. The humming-bird undoubtedly sucks honey from flowers, but its principal food is insects. Some species in Central America are seldom seen about flowers, and Mr. Belt never examined the body of a humming-bird without finding insects in its crop. The tongue, he states, for one half its length is composed of semi-horny tissue, and cleft in two; the two halves are laid flat against each other when at rest, but can be separated at the will of the bird, and form a delicate pliable pair of forceps, most admirably adapted for picking out minute insects from among the stamens of flowers. The woodpecker, which has a similar extensile mechanism for protruding its tongue to a great length, uses it also to procure its food—in this case soft grubs from holes in rotten trees; and to enable

it to pull these out, the end of the tongue is sharp and horny, and barbed with short, stiff, recurved bristles.

SAFETY IN WORKING MINES.

Two inventions of considerable importance to the mining world have lately been exhibited in England, namely, an improved safety lamp and a reservoir of pure air. According to "Iron," the object of both inventions is to support combustion and respiration, not by means of the surrounding air, but through the agency of pure air passing through a regulator carried by the miner on his back. Externally the lamp is very much like the common safety-lamp, but it differs in some important particulars. It has a connecting piece to which a tube is attached for supplying the flame with air; to this piece is affixed a screw by which the miner can regulate the supply and consequently the light. Inside the lamp is a brass cap, which covers the small chamber into which the air is conducted, and this cap distributes the air equally all around the flame. In a disk above the lamp-glass is a small opening, in which is placed a conical valve, and this valve is raised by the air in combustion endeavoring to escape; but as soon as the current of air is reduced, the valve falls back and closes the orifice against external influences. By means of the other apparatus, called the *aërophore*, a miner may remain an almost indefinite time in the midst of an unbreathable or explosive atmosphere, without any communication with the outer air. Half a dozen reservoirs are filled with compressed air to a pressure of sixteen atmospheres. To these is attached a tube communicating with a regulator, placed on the backs of the miners, who, like divers at the bottom of the sea, being provided with an abundant supply of air from without, may live and work immersed in the most noxious gases.

The working of the lamp was satisfactorily tested by placing it lighted under a glass shade and surrounded with an atmosphere of ordinary coal gas; it continued to burn as if in the purest air. To test the *aërophore*, a small wooden shed was filled with fumes from burning sulphur and charcoal, so as to be irrespirable. A man, equipped with the regulator, his mouth being covered to

prevent inspiration of the gases, entered the room, and with him a cat. Through a small side window the man might be seen busily at work with hammer and saw. The cat, however, very soon gave signs of uneasiness, and in ten minutes blood was oozing from its nostrils and mouth. After twenty minutes the door was opened, letting forth a volume of poisonous gas, but the man had suffered no inconvenience. The cat expired on being brought into the open air.

There is one drawback, however, namely, the limited extent to which the invention is applicable. For simply enabling a miner to explore a working filled with gas or to recover a man who could not otherwise escape, it would be invaluable; but where any very considerable amount of work is requisite, needing the assistance of a large number of men, its introduction would be almost impossible. Still, for the limited purpose to which it can be applied, it will be a valuable apparatus, and will no doubt be very largely adopted.

A SKELETON MAN.

THERE is at present on exhibition through the country towns of England a "skeleton man," whose physique presents phenomena of so extraordinary a nature as to have merited a description in the London "Lancet." Dr. John H. Salter, of the Royal College of Surgeons, gives the following account of this "living anatomy": "He is thirty-four years of age, stands four feet six inches high, and weighs forty-nine pounds. His father is dead, having succumbed to the effects of old age; his mother is living, and also two sisters, who are healthy, married, and well grown. He is himself quite healthy, and, except in appearance, constituted much the same as other mortals. His arms and legs are simply bones, abnormally small, covered with rudimentary muscles so minute that their outlines can with difficulty be seen or felt. The head is somewhat large; the face extremely attenuated; the teeth prominent; eyes blue, without lashes. The skin of the cheeks is stretched tightly over their projections of bone, and the chin and lower parts of the face are wrinkled and wizen. He eats, drinks, smokes, sleeps, takes exercise, and shows fits of temper like a spoiled child. He is said to have never

had a day's illness in his life; to be not particularly sensible to cold; to be capable of imbibing alcoholic drinks in considerable quantities; and the only faculties which seem to be defective are his hearing and speech, the latter of which is expressed in sepulchral tones and in a jerky manner. He can walk a mile or two at a stretch. He shakes hands strongly and heartily. His breathing is normal. He has a good head of brown, straight, fine hair; rudimentary eyebrows; no hair elsewhere over his body. His joints are large, and so is his abdomen; his chest is of fair size."

The most curious question that arises is as to how this man can possess so much strength as he does with so little muscular development; and why his tissues are not nourished to a greater extent by the quantity of food consumed. There has been no alteration in his weight for ten years.

M. DE SAINT-FLORENT communicates to the French "Bulletin of Photography" some notes on heliochromy, in which he professes to have obtained by a new process heliochromic proofs whose colors have the closest resemblance to natural colors. Landscapes have also been obtained, but the colors were faint.

A PAIR of redbreasts are reported as having built their nest in the running gear of a gravel car, constantly plying on the railway between Düren and Capellen-Gilverath in Germany. A nest of young wagtails were also bred during the past summer under the plate of a railroad switch. Twenty-five regular trains, besides extra trains, went daily back and forth over them, yet the shy little family did not seem to be in the least disturbed.

THE lowest point within the Yellowstone National Park is said to be the mouth of Gardiner's river on its northern boundary line. This is 5,400 feet above the level of the sea. Yellowstone lake is 7,800 feet above the sea level.

BETWEEN the years 1820 and 1864 there were 673 admissions to the Ottoman Hospital of Suleimanie for lunatics. Of these 261 were insane in consequence of religious excitement, 20 from abuse of opium, 94 of hasheesh, and 88 of alcohol.

It is asserted on good authority that at the present rate of destruction the American bison will become extinct in the next ten years. Twelve years ago this animal had a range of 1,500,000 square miles. Now it is confined to an area of some 500,000 square miles, with the rate of slaughter apparently on the increase.

A MATERIAL called white coal, consisting of felted vegetable fibres like peat, has recently been discovered in Australia. It burns easily with a light flame. Large tracts are overlaid with this deposit; it requires no mining, and is already used in large quantities for fuel.

IN the "Literary History" of the city of Lyons, it is stated that in the reign of Louis le Débonnaire (814-840) some aerial navigators had fallen with their boat on the banks of the Seine, and were about to be put to death as sorcerers. The following passage is given as taken from the memoirs of the Archbishop of Lyons at that time: "We saw exhibited four persons in chains, three men and a woman, who, it was said, had fallen out of the boats; these they brought up before us as worthy of being stoned to death."

A RECENT traveller describes Bergen in Norway as the rainiest town in the world. The weather is warmest when the wind blows from the north, owing to the influence of the Gulf Stream; and whichever way the wind blows, the odors of the town are horrible.

ACCORDING to Naquet, who has been studying the physiological action of hasheesh, or extract of *Cannabis indica*, that drug produces a great exuberance of ideation—not new ideas, but the exaggeration, amplification, and combination of ideas preëxistent in the person's mind. One of its peculiar effects is only found in acute mania, viz., a singular inclination to make puns and plays upon words.

DURING the Franco-German war wild boars and wolves were left undisturbed in France, sportsmen being engaged in more serious work. Hence these animals have increased to an alarming extent. The whole of the district lying between the Vosges and Ardennes is continually ravaged by

them, the hogs doing serious damage to the crops, and the wolves attacking the live stock. So bold are some of the wolves becoming, that it is said wayfarers are in constant danger of losing their lives.

ACCORDING to Arnold Heintz, when beets are preserved for the manufacture of sugar, they give off carbonic acid and take up oxygen. The carbonic acid is a product of the oxidation of the sugar contained in the beets. It is calculated that one hundred thousand pounds of beets would lose a thousand pounds of sugar in thirty days. The air contained in the beets consists mainly of nitrogen and carbonic acid and very little oxygen.

A SERVICEABLE filter may be readily made as follows: Take a common earthenware flower-pot about nine inches in diameter and ten inches in depth. The drainage hole is stopped loosely with a piece of clean sponge. A layer of about two inches of animal charcoal is first placed in the pot, then a layer of clean sand, upon which a layer of three inches of clean coarse gravel is placed. The pot can be set over an earthen jar, into which an abundance of pure water will filter for all drinking purposes.

IN Germany the government exercises a careful supervision over the forests, which, in order to facilitate operations, are divided into three classes: 1st, those which belong wholly to the State; 2d, those which were formerly church property, but which by special acts of the legislature are placed under a particular department, which applies the profits arising from their working to educational and charitable purposes; and 3d, communal forests that, like the preceding, are managed by government forest officers, their annual yield, after deducting working expenses, being turned over to the communes, to dispose of as they please. The government also takes up extensive waste lands and brings them under cultivation. The officers in charge of these important interests are educated for the work, and the results obtained, both in the improvement of the forests and the returns which they afford, are said to be generally satisfactory.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

"THE PARISIANS." By Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton, author of "The Coming Race," "Kenelm Chillingly," "My Novel," and "A Strange Story." With illustrations by Sydney Hall. New York: Harper & Brothers.

In looking over the long list of Bulwer's books, one is struck more, perhaps, with their astonishing variety than with anything else. We may be inclined to doubt, indeed, the absolute truth of the criticism by Poe (with which in the volume before us the list is introduced), who asks, "Who is there uniting in one person the imagination, the passion, the humor, the energy, the knowledge of the heart, the artist-like eye, the originality, the fancy, and the learning of Edward Lytton Bulwer?" and maintains that "in a vivid wit, in profundity and a Gothic massiveness of thought, in style, in a calm certainty and definitiveness of purpose, in industry, and above all, in the power of controlling and regulating by volition his illimitable faculties of mind, he is unequalled—he is unapproached." But in recollecting the number of his novels, the remarkable differences in them of character, plot, and scene, their great success, and the equally great hostility which they called out, we cannot help feeling that it is no ordinary man with whom we have to deal. The books of his rival and satirist, Thackeray, are far more permanent contributions to the literary possessions of mankind; but Thackeray would have considered it quite beneath him to have attempted the successive literary feats which seem to have been the natural play of Bulwer's mind. Thackeray's philosophy of life was no very deep or abstruse system; his characters and his caricatures were the men and women he had actually seen; his best books were books of the life in which he had himself lived; and when, as in "Henry Esmond," he left that life, and even adopted a new style, he was still so much himself that it was not easy to feel certain that he had not made a mistake. Of Dickens much the same may be said. His reputation was gained by his early

success in a narrow field, and having reaped his harvest from that, little remained. The "Tale of Two Cities" was a very clever book, but it was not "Dickens." Of Bulwer nothing of the kind can be said. He is just as much at home in ancient Pompeii or Miletus, as he is in modern England or Paris; just as ready to write a novel or play of English society or of "ideal love," quite as much interested in imagining a wild, spiritualistic story, as in satirizing in the "Coming Race," or "Kenelm Chillingly," or the "Parisians," the tendencies of life, as in his declining years he watched it, half sad, half amused, passing out of his grasp. There have been many fashions in literature in the last fifty years, and Bulwer wrote for all of them—sometimes well, sometimes ill, sometimes falsely, sometimes naturally, always with more than ordinary power. In "The Parisians" we may see most of his vices and most of his virtues.

In a "prefatory note" to this volume by the author's son, we are told that "The Parisians," "The Coming Race," and "Kenelm Chillingly" "constitute a special group distinctly apart from all the other works of their author," a statement explained in this way:

The satire of his earlier novels is a protest against false social respectabilities; the humor of his later ones is a protest against the disrespect of social realities. By the first he sought to promote social sincerity, and the free play of personal character; by the last, to encourage mutual charity and sympathy among all classes on whose inter-relation depends the character of society itself. But in these three books, his latest fictions, the moral purpose is more definite and exclusive. Each of them is an expostulation against what seemed to him the perilous popularity of certain social and political theories, or a warning against the influence of certain intellectual tendencies upon individual character and national life. This purpose, however, though common to the three fictions, is worked out in each of them by a different method. "The Coming Race" is a work of pure fancy, and the satire of it is vague and sportive. The outlines of a definite purpose are more distinctly drawn in "Chillingly"—a romance which has the source of its effect in a highly wrought imagination. The humor and pathos of "Chillingly" are of a kind incompatible with the design of "The Parisians," which

is a work of dramatized observation. "Chillingly" is a romance "The Parisians" is a novel. The subject of "Chillingly" is psychological; that of "The Parisians" is social. The author's object in "Chillingly" being to illustrate the effect of "modern ideas" upon an individual character he has confined his narrative to the biography of that one character. Hence the simplicity of plot and small number of *dramatis personæ*; whereby the work gains in height and depth what it loses in breadth of surface. "The Parisians" on the contrary, is designed to illustrate the effect of "modern ideas" upon a whole community. This novel is therefore panoramic in the profusion and variety of figures presented by it to the reader's imagination. No exclusive prominence is vouchsafed to any of these figures. All of them are drawn and colored with an equal care, but by means of the bold, broad touches necessary for their effective presentation on a canvas so large and so crowded. Such figures are, indeed, but the component features of one great form, and their actions only so many modes of one collective impersonal character—that of the Parisian society of imperial and democratic France; a character everywhere present and busy throughout the story, of which it is the real hero or heroine. This society was doubtless selected for characteristic illustration as being the most advanced in the progress of "modern ideas." Thus, for a complete perception of the writer's fundamental purpose, "The Parisians" should be read in connection with "Chillingly," and these two books in connection with "The Coming Race." It will then be perceived that, through the medium of alternate fancy, sentiment, and observation, assisted by humor and passion these three books (in all other respects so different from each other) complete the presentation of the same purpose under different aspects, and thereby constitute a group of fictions which claims a separate place of its own in any thoughtful classification of their author's works.

There can be no doubt, we suppose, that the object of "Kenelm Chillingly" was to illustrate the effect of what are known as modern ideas on the individual character, while "The Parisians" is designed to illustrate the effect of these same modern ideas on a whole community; but if we say that these are the secondary objects, the primary design being exactly what was the design of "Eugene Aram," or "The Last Days of Pompeii," or "Pelham," that of writing an agreeable book, we shall understand these books perhaps better, or if this is too severe, let us be charitable and say that both objects were present, and present justifiably. The desire to write agreeably and well, though there is a school at the present day which looks down upon such an ambition as being beneath the dignity of genius, is not entirely reprehensible, and of that desire Bul-

wer was certainly possessed. The design of representing the tendencies of modern society seems to have been a little more vague, because it seems almost impossible to trace any resemblance between these tendencies as represented in "Kenelm Chillingly," and in "The Parisians." In the first we have a modern Englishman, very brave, very fond of adventure and not averse to love, though he fancies himself so, who is eccentrically and unpolitically truthful, and who is of a decidedly melancholy and self-engrossed disposition, notwithstanding that he has very romantic adventures. He does not care for money, he is not ambitious; he is a good son, a fond lover, a "bruising" fighter (on behalf of the oppressed), but not quarrelsome, nor vain of his strength intellectual, moral, or physical. He is at times absurdly unreal (as in his relations to the village bully, whom he has tamed by victory in a fair encounter, and whom he afterwards goes about reforming, conversing meanwhile in a manner which would shame the ghost of Mr. G. P. R. James), but on the whole he is a good-natured, melancholy young gentleman, sure to do good in the long run to his country and mankind; there does not seem to us to be anything particularly showing the influence of modern life on him. If he were a young gentleman who, instead of parting with his father for his romantic trip across country on good terms, had been obliged to leave his ancestral home of the Chillinglys on account of a difficulty connected with the signature of some commercial paper; if then, instead of undertaking to protect from Tom Bowles' persecutions a village maid, he had taken advantage of her fears to persecute her himself, and on being challenged by Tom had, instead of fighting, run away from him and gone off to Australia, there assumed a new name, and twenty or thirty years afterwards, having meantime discovered that he was Sir Peter's natural, and not his legitimate son, had returned with a cloud of witnesses to claim the inheritance, and oust the rightful heir from the estate—in such a picture as this we should be able to trace the effect of what are frequently spoken of as the tendencies of modern life; but there is nothing of this sort in the book. In "The Parisians," it is true, the modern traits are more marked, and though the story is unfinished, we see enough of

the Paris of the empire, republic, and the Commune to feel quite at home. We have Alain de Rochebriant, the Breton gentleman, of noble legitimist family and scanty means, who comes to Paris with the sole design of preventing his ancestral chateau being sold to pay debts contracted by his dissolute but generous and much loved father, but who becomes corrupted by Parisian dissipation, and soon falls into the hands of his worst enemies, but who is destined to be saved in the end; we have an English gentleman, the hero, if there is one, of the book, in love with Isaura Cicogna, the beautiful Italian heroine, who gives his French acquaintance most valuable advice whenever an opportunity is offered him, frequently finding one for himself also; there is Gustave Rameau, the Parisian poet of the *a'sinthe* school, who belongs to the post-Musset period, writes now beautiful and now horrible verses on love, war, country, humanity, and himself, wishes to marry Isaura, becomes a Communist, and indeed editor of a Communist newspaper of the most pronounced type; Victor de Mauléon, formerly *roi des viveurs* in Paris, but driven thence on account of an unfortunate and unmerited scandal, and forced for many years to roam over the face of the earth an outcast, to return at last, with clear reputation and moderate fortune, to Paris, but to return only for the purpose of restoring himself to his lost position, and to engage in nefarious political plots which end in his own death. These are two or three of a host of characters who make up the *dramatis personæ* of "The Parisians"; who are all entertaining (more entertaining, indeed, than the story, which drags), and are very likely typical characters, as the Commune is a typical revolution; but what is the connection between this book and "Kenelm Chillingly"? If we were to derive anything from comparison of the books, it would be that the modern state of England was so utterly different from the modern state of France, that it would be quite useless to make any inferences from the one to the other.

Indeed, we must hesitate, on specific grounds, to attach too much weight to the sociological value of this novel, and the preceding romance. Among the characters is an American colonel; and though it may be dangerous to go too far in speculations as to the correctness of Bulwer's

pictures of modern England and France, we must insist on one or two slight blemishes in this picture of the Paris American; for this is a tribe that we know something of:

Other guests now came into the room, among them Frank Morley, styled Colonel (eminent military titles in the States do not always denote eminent military services), a wealthy American, and his sprightly and beautiful wife. The Colonel was a clever man, rather stiff in his deportment, and grave in speech, but by no means without a vein of dry humor. By the French he was esteemed a high-bred specimen of the kind of *grand seigneur* which democratic republics engender. He spoke French like a Parisian, had an imposing presence, and spent a great deal of money with the elegance of a man of taste and the generosity of a man of heart. His high breeding was not quite so well understood by the English, because the English are apt to judge breeding by little conventional rules not observed by the American Colonel. He had a slight nasal twang, and introduced "sir" with redundant ceremony in addressing Englishmen however intimate he might be with them, and had the habit (perhaps with a sly intention to startle or puzzle them) of adorning his style of conversation with quaint Americanisms.

Nevertheless, the genial amiability and the inherent dignity of his character made him acknowledged as a thorough gentleman by every Englishman however conventional in tastes, who became admitted into his intimate acquaintance.

Some of this gentleman's "quaintness" is given later in the story, as, for instance, on p. 205, where the witty M. Savarin tells Vane, the Englishman, that "Colonel Morley declared that what America is to the terrestrial system, Sirius is to the heavenly: America is to extinguish Europe, and then Sirius is to extinguish the world;" and then Colonel Morley explains "gravely," "not for some millions of years; time to look about us;" but he adds that he certainly differs "from those who maintain that Sirius recedes from us;" the Colonel maintains on the contrary that Sirius approaches; because the "principles of a body so enlightened must be those of progress;" and then, addressing Vane, in English, he added, "There will be a mulling in this fogified planet some day, I predicate; Sirius is a *keener*." This, however, is nothing to the quaintness of the Colonel's language on a subsequent occasion, when he calls upon Mr. Vane, having undertaken, at his wife's request, the rather delicate duty of discovering the state of Mr. Vane's affections, a mission which he executes in a way of his own. Feeling himself to have come on an awk-

ward errand, he wishes to make it all as humorous as possible, so that if he has to retreat it shall not be a disastrous rout; and so, to insure these consequences, he begins, "in his deepest nasal intonation, and withdrawing his eyes from the ceiling," by saying, "You have not asked, sir, after the Signorina, or, as we popularly call her, Mlle. Cicogna;" he refers to that young lady's literary success by saying that "the publishers bid high for her brains considerable"; describes her character as "clear grit, sir, and no mistake"; refers to "Le Sens Commun" as the "talented periodical" in which Mlle. Cicogna's book "was first raised"; speaks of the young lady as "that young female." We quote what is perhaps the quaintest part of the whole dialogue:

"I deny both allegations," replied the colonel serenely. "I maintain that a single man whips all connubial creation when it comes to gallantizing a single young woman; and that no young lady would be justified in resenting as impertinence my friendly suggestion to the single man so deserving of her consideration as I estimate you to be to solicit the right to advise her for life. And that's a caution."

Here the Colonel resumed his regalia, and again gazed intent on the ceiling.

"Advise her for life! You mean, I presume, as a candidate for her hand."

"You don't 'Turkey now. Well I guess you are not wide of the mark there, sir."

"You do me infinite honor, but I do not presume so far."

"So, so—not as yet. Before a man who is not without gumption runs himself for Congress he likes to calculate how the votes will run. Well, sir, suppose we are in caucus, and let us discuss the chances of the election with closed doors."

It may be, of course, that there are such quaint people as this to be found in Paris; but we doubt very much whether they associate intimately with legitimist nobleman, and English gentlemen, and a cosmopolitan society of great good breeding. These quaint Americans, at home, certainly do not associate with ladies and gentlemen; and though the talk of Colonel Morley has a flavor which smacks of this country, the phrases he uses seem to be the product of an English laboratory. The character is really a monstrosity; and this fact makes the reader doubt a little the truth of the descriptions of the Parisians themselves. Still, those who are competent to express opinions on this point seem inclined to consider that the French part of the book is good; and the reader will be inclined to

agree with the not very closely concealed opinion of the author, that if this was a true picture of Paris, the Commune came not a day too soon.

"MY KALULU: Prince, King, and Slave. A Story of Central Africa." By Henry M. Stanley, author of "How I Found Livingstone." With illustrations. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

This book, according to Mr. Stanley's preface, was "written for boys," "for those clever, bright-eyed, intelligent boys, of all classes, who have begun to be interested in romantic literature, with whom educated fathers may talk without fear of misapprehension, and of whom friends are already talking as boys who have a promising future before them." It is a book which boys will no doubt find much to their taste, whether they are boys for whom their friends predict a brilliant future or not; for it is a tale of wild adventure, war, rapine, cruelty, bravery, and self-sacrifice. The scene is laid in a country in which it is safe to say few English or American boys have ever been, and the language in which it is told is of that kind in which imaginative boys revel—a curious mixture of what might be called the dialect of English romance with that reportorial English with which they are still more familiar. There is also a suggestion of the "Arabian Nights" here and there, no doubt very properly, for we have to do with Arabs quite as much as with negroes. The adult may be a little skeptical, perhaps, on finding such expressions as "cornered," "good again," "the old dog," in the mouths of Arab chieftains; and they may have some skepticism too about the absolute knowledge possessed of the interior of Africa by Mr. Stanley, considering his short stay there. But this is of no consequence for boys, and as to the interior of Africa, there are not likely to be many contradictions sent to the papers about it.

"JUPITER'S DAUGHTERS. A Novel." By Mrs. C. Jenkin, author of "Who Breaks Pays," "A Psyche of To-day," "Skirmishing," etc., etc. New York: Henry Holt & Co. (Leisure Hour Series.)

What the meaning of the strange title of this novel is one would not readily guess. The story is that of a certain

Pauline Rendu, who, for no fault of her own, but in accordance with the French custom, marries a certain Léon Subar, a man of wealth and fashion, acceptable to her parents, she being really in love at the time with a M. de Vilpont, a poet and writer of plays, and who is in reality the Marquis de Kergeac. Of course Pauline's marriage turns out unhappily, and of course she meets De Kergeac; and though De Kergeac behaves like a gentleman, and not at all like a Frenchman, and though she is a model of fidelity and goodness, still she is not rewarded in the end with happiness, for her husband loses all or almost all his money, and he and Pauline go back to live at the village of St. Gloi, from which Pauline came, they now making their home with M. and Mme. Rendu, the shallow Léon's ambition being satisfied with being the mirror of fashion in St. Gloi, as he had been before in Paris. The story is not so good as some others by the same author—though perhaps it is too much to expect any one who has written such a charming story as "Mme. de Beaupré" to satisfy again the readers whom she has herself made fastidious. The character of Pauline is good, and so, indeed, is every one of the characters in the book, and yet as a whole the story is ineffective and tame. The daughters of Jupiter are prayers, to which Pauline is remitted at the last as her only resource; and indeed, with a cold and hard mother, and a weak father, and a weak, vain husband, and no friends, and the only person she cares for in the world separated from her for ever, she does not seem to have much left to do except to pray. But we cannot help asking ourselves, What does it all mean? Is it to illustrate the shocking consequences of the French system of marriages? Perhaps so; and if so, it still seems ineffective. For Pauline might have been equally unhappy, or rather without happiness, had she married the man she really loved, though of course the reader will not, if he has any heart, admit this. There is to be found in this volume the pleasing style which is such a marked trait of Mrs. Jenkin's writing, and the curious mixture of English with French atmosphere which in one or two of her novels we have noticed, and is perhaps common to all.

the French of Victor Cherbuliez." By Carl Benson. New York: Henry Holt & Co. (Leisure Hour Series.)

M. Cherbuliez is an extremely clever writer. He has the flowing style, the polished wit, the easy management of the "business" of a story which distinguish the skilled literary French workman of the present day. He has no great originality so far as we have been able to observe; he has no distinct idea which he must and will impress on people's minds; he is on the contrary a conscientious professor of literature, an accomplished artist in letters, and could, we have no doubt, construct an entertaining and profitable novel on any subject that might be suggested to him by a select committee, introducing his scenes and characters and developing his plot in such a way as to produce the impression of almost perfect nature, and yet being in fact the product of the most consummate art. His "Count Kostia" is a wild romance, the scene laid in some remote Russian castle, to which the hero goes to be the tutor of the sole son and heir of the owner, who is the Count Kostia himself. The interest of the story turns upon the fact that the son and heir is in reality a girl, whom the cruel father has for reasons of his own dressed and brought up as a boy. Of course this boy-girl is a very peculiar character at first, but soon ceases to be epicene, and becomes alarmingly feminine. Strange adventures ensue, and if we remember right, it all ends happily in the marriage of the tutor to the transformed maiden. "Prosper" is a story of a very different kind. Didier de Peyrols, a sort of modern Hamlet, is left with a fortune by the death of his father, but with an injunction that he is to look up and see after a certain illegitimate son of his father, and consequently his brother. This brother, Prosper Randoce, he discovers, and finds him to be an unrecognized poet, according to his own account, with the fire of genius in his brain, but none of the influence and position he ought to have. Didier's kindness Prosper returns with the most brutal ingratitude; indeed, he is an abandoned villain, though a poetical one, and he swindles and deceives Didier at every turn. The idea of the story, as far as it can be made out, is that Didier represents in a sort of way Hamlet, and his father's dying charge represents the charge of the ghost in the play; this

"PROSPER. A Novel. Translated from

charge our Hamlet endeavors to carry out, and in doing so discovers that the morbid, contemplative role, with speculations on existence taking up a great part of the time, will not do for active men and women, who are put here for some purpose, and must be active in some way. The Ophelia of the story is a certain Mme. d'Azado, a charming young widow, and she is certainly drawn with much skill, and marries Hamlet, instead of drowning herself, in the end, which is a decided improvement on the original tale. This, however, we make only as a suggestion. It may be that Mme. d'Azado does not represent anything in the story except herself; but Didier's fancied resemblance to Hamlet is so dwelt upon in the beginning of the story that the reader is led to expect some analogy throughout. If there is one, it is very refined and difficult to follow.

The book, like everything written by Cherbuliez, will be found worth reading. As an instance of the vividness with which he throws himself into his characters—a trait, however, which seems to be getting quite common nowadays—we may refer to the description given by the wild and unreliable Prosper of his beginning in life to his brother Didier, whom, however, he does not know to be his brother, but supposes to be merely an admirer of his poems, which, by the way, seem to have been in French very much what Walt Whitman's are in English. This change from dramatic author to critic he describes in a way (pp. 88-89) which ought to call the blush to the cheek or rouse the lasting enmity of any writer of periodical criticism. The book seems to be well translated, though here and there are little bits of English slang which sound strangely.

"THE FRIENDSHIP OF BOOKS, AND OTHER LECTURES." By the Rev. F. D. Maurice. Edited with a preface by T. Hughes, M. P. London: Macmillan & Co.

This book is not likely, for very good reasons, to receive so much attention in this country as it is receiving in England. Mr. Maurice held a position in England which gives anything coming from his pen an almost unnatural and certainly local importance, while an interest has been given to the present publication by an extraordinary preface written by Mr. T. Hughes, who in it attacks

no less persons than Mr. Matthew Arnold, Mr. J. S. Mill, and Mr. Fitz-James Stephen, in a manner to invite a considerable amount of criticism at the hands of that very large number of persons who are of opinion that a struggle in the open field of theology or philosophy between Mr. T. Hughes and either of these three gentlemen would be of short duration, and end for the attacking party in disaster and rout. Of the book itself there is not much to say. It consists of a number of lectures, delivered to audiences which must in most cases have been of a popular character, on such subjects as "The Friendship of Books," "Words," "Books," "The Use and Abuse of Newspapers," "Christian Civilization," "Ancient History," "English History," "Spenser's Faerie Queene," "Milton," "Milton Considered as a Schoolmaster," "Edmund Burke," and "Acquisition and Illumination." They are just such lectures as might be expected from a clever Englishman who has a cultivated man's interest in the topics he talks of, and a Church of England clergyman's interest in the audience to which he is talking. They are the lectures of one spiritually alive to the necessity of doing not merely something for the minds, but for the souls of his hearers, and by so much differ very widely from ordinary secular lectures. But in what is said we do not find that acuteness or originality which one would be led to expect from Mr. Maurice by Mr. Mill's opinion, quoted in Mr. Hughes's preface:

I have so deep a respect for Maurice's character and purposes, as well as for his great mental gifts, that it is with some unwillingness I say anything which may seem to place him on a less high eminence than I would gladly be able to accord to him. But I have always thought that there was more intellectual power wasted in Maurice than in any other of my contemporaries. Few of them certainly have had so much to waste. Great powers of generalization, rare ingenuity and subtlety, and a wide perception of important and unobvious truths, served him not for putting something better into the place of the worthless heap of received opinions on the great subjects of thought, but for proving to his own mind that the Church of England had known everything from the first, and that all the truths on the ground of which the Church and orthodoxy have been attacked (many of which he saw as clearly as any one) are not only consistent with the Thirty-nine Articles, but are better understood and expressed in these Articles than by any one who rejects them.

Maurice's "great powers of generaliza-

tion," "rare ingenuity and subtlety," and "wide perceptions of important and unobvious truths," are certainly not to be found in this volume; and indeed, from all that is known of Maurice, it seems impossible not to conclude that he was one of that large number of men who fill a small number of individuals with a firm conviction of their great abilities, but never quite succeed in convincing the public that the opinion is correct.

The most entertaining thing in the volume is the preface, or rather the terrible sarcasm of Mr. Hughes's remarks about Mill, Stephen, Arnold, and Morley. Of Mr. Mill he observes that if he had followed the method which Mr. Maurice really followed—not the method which Mill in the passage just quoted accused him of following—"it might not have fallen to him" (Mr. Mill) "to have written probably one of the saddest passages ever penned, where *finality*, not in *cause* but in *result*, faces him as a possibility, driving him to despair, from which his account of his deliverance scarcely seems satisfactory—the opening of the fifth chapter of his autobiography." As to Mr. Stephen, a good many hard things have been said about the author of "Liberty, Fraternity, Equality" before now; notably by Mr. Frederic Harrison, who, perhaps a year since, insisted upon it that what Mr. Stephen was engaged in doing was turning out of heaven all the saints and angels and just men made perfect, who had been allotted everlasting joy there by the common accord of past ages, and peopling the place with all the successful lawyers, railroad men, contractors, usurpers, soldiers, journalists, money-lenders, and for all we know inventors of patent blacking and hotel-keepers, and at the head of them all, occupying the post of presiding officer, no less a person than Bismarck himself—as the type of worldly, successful energy. Mr. Hughes adds to this picture another pleasing stroke; for he represents Mr. Stephen as advising us "to believe in a God who has made the world for 'a prudent, steady, hardy, enduring race of men, who are neither fools nor cowards, and who have no particular love for those who are,'" and to understand that "the business of religion is to threaten or bribe the fools and cowards." It may be inferred from this that Mr. Hughes has no hesitation in expressing what he is pleased to consider his mind.

"ON MISSIONS. A Lecture delivered in Westminster Abbey on December 3, 1873." By F. Max Müller, M. A., Professor of Comparative Philology at Oxford. With an introductory sermon by Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D. D., Dean of Westminster. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Company.

Mr. Max Müller occupies a rather peculiar position with regard to religion. He seems to have accomplished the difficult task of reconciling it with science. He has developed a science of religion which explains the constant growth of new and disappearance of old creeds, the supersession of one religion by another, and the resuscitation of apparently obsolete religions. He has a scheme which takes scientific account of all the religions of the past, and particularly of our religion of the present—that form of Christianity which the church, as by law established in England, practises. This religion stands, not unnaturally, at the head of the others; but as Mr. Müller would say, even the English church cannot be understood without taking into account those religious beliefs which have preceded it; and as the study of language as practised by Horne Tooke has by the growth of science reached the rank of comparative philology, so the worship of God as practised by Paul has become in these latter days the science of religion. We say that this is a science which Mr. Müller may claim as all his own, not because there are not others who believe there is such a science, but because with most men the study of it seems to tend to a generally skeptical attitude. The effect on Mr. Müller is directly the reverse. The more thoroughly he understands religion, the more thoroughly does he feel the practical importance of religion; and therefore it is no unnatural thing to see him lecturing under the auspices of the Dean of Westminster on a subject which seems remote enough from the ordinary duties of the comparative philologist. The drift of his lecture is that Christianity is essentially a missionary or proselyting religion, and that its missionary character, being a great part of the proof of its vitality, ought to be kept up at all hazards. The division of religions into missionary (Buddhism, Mohammedanism, and Christianity) and non-missionary (Judaism, Brahminism, and Zoroastrianism) is of course a fact in the science of

religion of great importance. The lecture is very well worth reading for all who are interested in such subjects.

"PRIMITIVE CULTURE. Researches into the Development of Mythology, Philosophy, Religion, Language, Art, and Custom." By Edward B. Tylor, LL. D., F. R. S., author of "Researches into the Early History of Mankind," etc. First American, from the second English edition. In two volumes. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

This important work we have not space to notice as it deserves; yet we cannot let another month pass without expressing the opinion—which is nothing but that of every one who is at all familiar with Mr. Tylor's writings—that this work on "Primitive Culture" is very valuable and must prove a lasting contribution to science. It is not, strictly speaking, a scientific book; that is, it deals with the facts furnished by science as to the past history of mankind, not in detail, but in a general way, using the materials collected from every quarter to illustrate and justify the general argument. Mr. Tylor is a "progressionist," or in other words, is of that school which thinks that all the evidence on the subject points to the conclusion that there is a development of higher civilization, a culture, as he calls it, out of lower, and that the march of mankind is a march steadily forward, when we take into view the whole body which is in motion, though the units which make it up are continually straggling off, deserting, and lying down to die by the way. Of course different races attain different elevation at different times, and in some parts of the world the work of civilization goes on very quickly, while in others it goes slowly, or does not move at all, or perhaps moves backward. Indeed, we have now on the earth coexistent nations and tribes who differ among each other in respect to their stages of culture, almost as much as the highest of them differs in that respect from races extinct for thousands of years. The idea of development of higher types from lower is not new, but the evidence on the subject is newly collected and very newly arranged by Mr. Tylor, so that we begin to see dimly some of the conclusions to which this branch of sociology points, and some of them are very curious. We are not able to give in detail the instances

we should like to extract, but one will do as an illustration. Most people have been accustomed, probably, whether looking upon the "manifestations" of spiritualism as supernatural or as purely physical, to consider modern spiritualism as a novel phenomenon, which, however it might be explained, was not to be accounted for historically. Indeed, it has frequently been maintained that we have in the exhibitions of power which cause rappings, and knockings, and table-tippings, evidences of a hitherto unobserved natural force, which might turn out as important as steam or electricity. Mr. Tylor, however, says that the knockings and rappings and table-turnings are very old things, and that the sudden spread of a belief in them in modern society is merely an instance of what he calls "revival of culture," or, in other words, the revival in a subsequent stage of civilization of a custom or belief which had died out once already in a lower stage.

Some of the evidence on the subject of writing and rapping is this: The "Poltergeist"—an elf who goes knocking and routing about the house at night—is "an old and familiar personage in European folk-lore." The Dayaks, Siamese, and Singhalese, as well as the Esths, attribute "routing and rapping" to spirits. In Swabia and Franconia there are certain nights in the year known as "little knockers' nights." The Welsh miners think that the "knockers" underground are indicating rich ore. This is only a small part of the evidence of this kind. As to spirit-writing we have given the curious fact that "Planchette" is to be found not only in the hands of American and European converts to spiritualism, but in the Chinese empire, where it is probably an ancient instrument of divination. In these other nations where spiritualistic manifestations are believed in, the people are at a very low stage of civilization; and Mr. Tylor apparently regards the revival of spiritualism as an indication of a tendency to revert to a lower stage of civilization, and the past of spiritualism is so closely connected with the past of witchcraft, that there seems some reason to believe that, if we go on at our present rate of progress, we may begin to think soon of burning witches once more; and perhaps, indeed, the cremation of a few mediums would do no harm.

NEBULÆ.

— **THE Mutual Incremation movement** does not yet seem to have made much progress; we suppose it must be taken for granted that until people begin in serious earnest to put the remains of their dead relatives into furnaces, the revival of the ancient custom of burning will hardly be more than an interesting matter for speculation and discussion. It is no doubt an attractive topic. There is nothing which more profoundly touches human interests, thoughts, and feelings—unless it be life—than death. Poetry and religion are full of it, and will unquestionably remain full of it until the end of time. The practical method adopted for funerals is one of those things which in the past have been the growth of custom and instinct; while in the present age of continual change and revolution, custom and instinct begin to fail us, and we turn to speculation and experiment for the solution of practical social questions. Most conservative people, who had been in the habit of burying their friends, would probably be inclined to ask, Why, since we have always done so, should we not continue to do so? rather than to say, Why should we not invent some new way? In the same manner those conservative nations which have been in the habit of burying their relatives by the rite of mummification would probably be inclined to wonder at any objections being raised to their method. In neither case would conservatism be wholly wrong. When a custom has been in existence among a people for hundreds of years, and is sanctioned by tradition and long association, the burden of proof surely rests upon him who wishes to substitute a new one for it. Therefore, though we have ourselves no particular objection to the reintroduction of cremation, or, for that matter, of mummification, we must ask the attention of reformers to one or two considerations in connection with this subject, which they are inclined to overlook. Shall we be considered very absurd, in the first place, if we say that there is some connection between the movement for cremation and the euthanasia movement? The reform-

ers who desire to substitute burning for burial, may seem to have a very different object at heart from those who desire to substitute easy death for painful death. But is there not at the root of both desires the feeling that it is a desirable thing to get rid of pain altogether? One of the chief reasons suggested for burning the dead (it is curious to notice that the advocates of this reform never speak of "burning bodies," but of "cremation," "incremation," and "incineration of remains," apparently because the associations connected with the simple English words are disagreeable, while those connected with the Latin are not) is that there are all sorts of unpleasant things about a Christian funeral. There is the cold grave, the ugly coffin, the grave-digging, the associations afterwards. So with regard to death, it is a painful thing to think of dying, and particularly to think of dying a painful death. A lingering and imbecile old age is not agreeable as a spectacle; death by hanging is painful to the condemned felon and unpleasant to refined spectators; a life of agony, arising from an incurable disease, is not a life to which any one easily reconciles himself. Therefore it is proposed that imbecile grandfathers be disposed of by a slight overdose of laudanum; that the condemned felon be instantaneously killed by a galvanic battery; and that the victim to disease be allowed to take any means he pleases of terminating his career. There are people who go further than this, and maintain that, dying being disagreeable, and disagreeable to the enemies of society no less than to its friends (indeed, more so, for martyrs have much more frequently shown a willingness to part with their lives than have those who have been found guilty of murder in the first degree), there ought to be no dying at all except for those who positively desire death, and that capital punishment ought therefore to be abolished. We do not mean for a moment to say that they are not all entirely right; that it would not be much better if society were to cease at once to hang criminals, and to intro-

duce at once the practice of what might be called involuntary as well as of voluntary euthanasia, the second for the purpose of relieving any one who felt the evils of life to be too great for endurance of the difficulties of existence, and the first for relieving society of the trouble and annoyance of caring for its weaker members, and the disagreeable spectacle of seeing them live on. It may be in the interests of reform and progress, too, that the industry of funeral urn manufacture shall be revived, and our friends' and relatives' bodies first consumed in a well-constructed furnace, and then either kept as a memento, or, as some reformers have suggested, be made useful to the community in the form of bone dust, instead of the common fertilizers now in use—a use which, it has been estimated, would prove a saving, in England alone, of \$2,500,000 a year. But whether this is true or not, it will do no harm if we recognize the fact that all these reforms are intimately connected with one another, and all have their origin in a desire to make death a pleasant, agreeable, and happy thing, or whenever life is very unpleasant, disagreeable, or unhappy, to get rid of it by means of death, and thus remove pain out of the way of the survivors.

— It may be that we are becoming so very sensitive to the horror of burials, that we shall give them up and find some substitute. But it must be confessed that the English-speaking people have not as a rule shown themselves a remarkably sensitive people. They have always been supposed to be of a gloomy turn, with a great love of reality, and a contempt for sentimentality, though not for sentiment, and by the French they have been thought brutal barbarians. Sensitiveness has never been supposed to be one of their distinguishing traits; indeed, of sensitive people they have generally expressed contempt, and put them to what seemed their proper use by taking away their lands and houses, subjugating them, and making their government tributary; frequently even exterminating them. The most English of poets and dramatists made his plays as full of horror and gloom as he well could, and in the eyes of Voltaire thus proved his English quality. Of the grave he was particularly fond, as may be seen in the grave-diggers' scene in

"Hamlet," the central object being an open grave, out of which dead men's bones and skulls are thrown by the diggers, who are preparing it for a girl just drowned, and the scene embracing what would be called in French a grotesque dialogue between grave-diggers, a burial service with all the most disagreeable details, and a continual suggestion of all the most painful and revolting associations. Yet we doubt if there is at the present moment any scene in an English play which is so popular, both with actors and audiences, as this well-known grave-diggers' scene in "Hamlet"; and if it is more popular and finds more interested audiences in one country than in another, it is in America, the home of sensitiveness, as we are told. If any one wishes to see how the play of "Hamlet" strikes a really sensitive people, or a people who really know themselves to be sensitive, he will find some information in Taine's "English Literature," where, in speaking of "Hamlet," we find such expressions as these:

He jeers lugubriously:

King.—Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Hamlet.—At supper.

King.—At supper! where?

Hamlet.—Not where he eats, but where he is eaten; a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him.*

And he repeats in five or six fashions these grave-digger jests. His thoughts already inhabit a churchyard; to this hopeless philosophy your true man is a corpse. Duties, honors, passions, pleasures, projects, science, all this is but a borrowed mask which death removes. That we may see ourselves what we are, an evil-smelling and grinning skull. It is this sight he goes to see by Ophelia's grave. He counts the skulls which the grave-digger turns out; this was a lawyer's, that a courtier's. What salutations, intrigues, pretensions, arrogance! And here now is a clown knocking it about with his spade, and playing "at loggats with 'em." (Cæsar and Alexander have turned to clay, and make the earth fat; the masters of the world have served to "patch a wall." "Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favor she must come; make her laugh at that."† When one has come to this there is nothing left but to die.

It is out of this lugubrious play that we have immortalized the most lugubrious scene. It is this scene which to this day Shakespearian actors do their best to excel in; it is this scene, with its open grave, its bones and skulls, its corpse and

* "Hamlet," iv. 3.

† "Hamlet," v. 1.

funeral service, its gloomy humor, its wild passion, sends us away from the theatre saying once more that Shakespeare indeed understood the human heart. We are deeply stirred by it, and so far from our sensitiveness inducing us to abstract from the scene any of its details, the tendency of the modern Shakespeare revival has been to increase them; giving more rather than fewer skulls, and filling the yawning grave with "real earth," and making Ophelia's clothes heavy with real water. This does not look as if we were too sensitive for the custom of Christian burial; and if any one says that this proves nothing, because "Hamlet" is a play, and we may like burials in plays, though out of the theatre we may prefer cremation, we say in reply that the objector is equally ignorant of the principles which govern the production of dramas and of the burial question. We may rely upon it, that if the practice of burial was so shocking to a very great number of persons that they were longing for some other mode of interring the dead, they would not be deeply moved by this scene, but rather shocked, as M. Taine is evidently with the whole play. Such scenes as these are just those which must spring out of the profoundest understanding of the feelings, prejudices, and sentiments of a race of people. Our feelings do not lead us to find anything shocking in murders taking place on the stage; indeed, we enjoy seeing an actor stab another, and particularly relish the spectacle of the latter's slow death. They do not enjoy the stage death agony in France. We are not so sensitive as we sometimes wish we were.

— To look at the matter from another point of view, it may fairly be asked whether there is anything that is sentimentally very attractive about the substitution of the reverberating furnace for the coffin. It is not the funeral pyre of the Greeks and Romans which it is proposed to introduce—we could not possibly afford the consumption of wood that must ensue; and therefore we can hardly expect the pleasing literary associations connected with cremation to have a new birth. Those who

Have the dead in charge
will not be able in America, and in the nineteenth century, to build pyres

A hundred feet each way from side to side,
nor will they be likely to flay and dress

Before it many fatlings of the flock.

And oxen with curved feet and crooked horns;
with the fat of which to cover carefully

The dead from head to foot

(it seems from this custom, the allusion to which we take from the description of the burial of Patroclus, that after all they were not so sensitive in some matters in the Homeric days as we are now). Nor shall we invoke Boreas and Zephyr to breathe upon the lighted fire, because we do not any longer believe in the Boreas and Zephyr, though the belief in them was no doubt a pleasing superstition, and indeed one that for our own part we should like very much to see revived if it were possible. It is very improbable that even the rich will be allowed hereafter to consume wood in the way the ancients used it, now that the preservation of the forests has been discovered to be connected so closely with the necessary supply of rain; nay, it is unlikely that such a picturesque kind of cremation as that used in the funeral rites of Shelley will not prove too expensive; and Shelley was burned in a sheet-iron furnace. Even if some few millionaires should find it in their power to conduct family funerals in the classical way, the great multitude of mankind would still be obliged, on account of cheapness, to economize fuel. Indeed, in most of the accounts we have seen of the incineration experiments, economy of time, space, and material seems to have been the main object in view. Professor Brunetti of Padua and Sir Henry Thompson seem to have most thoroughly tested the question, and that we may not exaggerate, we take from a newspaper which lies before us an account of their experiments. Dr. Brunetti says: "He found that in the retorts of gas manufactories, or in closed receptacles, free from air, under ordinary conditions, a satisfactory performance was impossible. After experiment, he discovered, in the first place, there is necessary an oblong furnace of fire-proof bricks having ten holes below, by means of which the fire can be regulated. The upper part of this must be hollowed to receive the coffin, and over this a domed cover, by which the flames, as in a reverberatory furnace, may be directed upon the body. Within the coffin is a metal

support on which the body rests fixed by thick iron wires. The operation embraces three periods: first, the heating of the body; second, the incineration of the soft parts; third, the calcination of the bones. During the first period, about a half hour after the furnace is lighted the combustion of the body begins. It gives off a large quantity of gas, and the management of the reverberatory parts of the furnace is of great importance. During the second period the spontaneous combustion of the body takes place, which, according to Professor Brunetti, makes a profound impression on the mind. If the wood has been well arranged, two hours suffice to produce complete carbonization. During the third period, the air-holes being opened, the carbonized mass is collected and placed upon a fresh plate, and the heat is now urged to the utmost, a fresh supply of wood being inserted. By means of this arrangement complete incineration—that is to say, incineration of the soft parts and perfect calcination of the bones—is effected in two hours. When the furnace has cooled the cinders and bones are collected and deposited in a funeral urn. As the result of his experiments Professor Brunetti found the body of a woman, thirty-five years old, weighing one hundred and ten pounds, reduced to four and a half pounds, and that of a man of fifty, weighing ninety pounds, reduced to two and a half pounds. Quoting from Sir Henry Thompson's article, 'These ashes were exhibited at the Vienna Exposition. They were of a delicate white, and contained in a glass box twelve inches long by eight inches wide and eight deep. The quantity of wood necessary was about one hundred and fifty pounds, and cost about seventy-five cents

of our money. All disagreeable effects were avoided, the process was cleanly, and the expense merely nominal, as we see.' " These are certainly very interesting experiments, but we are inclined to think that what they ultimately point to is a more economical contrivance even than the reverberating furnace described by Dr. Brunetti. The danger that the destruction of forests may lead to the cessation of rain, and the danger of the exhaustion of the English coal-fields, and the unquestionable fact of the high price of coal with us, all point in the direction of combining, if possible, the heating apparatus now actually in use by society with that which the mutual cremation societies may invent for the improvement and reform of the burial custom. That combination does not seem to us difficult; for already almost every house, at least of people tolerably well off in the world, is supplied with a furnace; and if there is not inventiveness enough in the world to devise a combination furnace which shall usually be applied to the object of warming the family, but on occasions of death may be turned to account as an incinerating machine, we must be sadly off for inventors. Is there any reason why a reverberating furnace such as is described by Professor Brunetti may not be used for warming large establishments? if not, perhaps the coöperative principle may be applied here, and one furnace warm and consume the dead of a whole ward at one and the same time. There would be real economy in this; and if the question is between cremation at seventy-five cents apiece, and cremation with a positive saving of time, space, and money, we know very well which most of us would prefer.

THE GALAXY

Miscellany and Advertiser.

THEODORE TILTON'S NEW NOVEL.

OFFICE OF "THE GOLDEN AGE," }
NEW YORK, March 3, 1874. }

Messrs. Sheldon & Company.

GENTLEMEN: In answer to your letter requesting to be entrusted with the publication of my novel, "Tempest-Tossed," in book form, permit me to say that after having received similar propositions from thirteen publishing houses in all, including the chief book firms in New York and Boston—a courtesy which I wish I could in some better way reciprocate than by a denial to twelve—I shall commit the tale to your hands as a public acknowledgment of the honorable manner in which you have acted as my publishers hitherto.

Fraternally yours,

THEODORE TILTON.

DR. CHAMBERS gives in his "Scrap-Book" an illustration of the ignorance prevailing in certain central portions of England: "A clergyman having come to baptize a newly-born infant, whom he understood to be a boy, he asked what name he should give the child. The father, quite at a loss, had no predilections on the subject. 'Shall it be a Scripture name?' Assent. 'Well, what Scripture name?' The man agreed, at the minister's suggestion, that Benjamin would do. As he was retiring afterward, he heard a great shouting, and, turning back, met the father, who exclaimed: 'Sir, it wunna do—it maun be done again—the bairn's a wench!'"

A GENTLEMAN who takes a business view of most things, when recently asked respecting a person of quite a poetic temperament, replied, "Oh! he is one of those men who have soarings after the infinite and divings after the unfathomable, but who never pay cash."

"FETTERED FOR LIFE; OR, LORD AND MASTER," a story of to-day, by Lillie Devereux Blake, will soon be published.

Mrs. Blake's already established reputation as a writer, and her celebrity as a brilliant speaker, will secure for her book an immediate and careful consideration. When her first youthful essay in literature appeared, some fifteen years ago, one of our best critics predicted that she would one day write a grand novel, and in this effort the prediction is verified. The story has a purpose; its object being to show the terrible disadvantages, socially and legally, under which women to-day suffer; but there is no sermonizing on the subject, and the vividness of the scenes, the intense interest of the plot, and the fresh and vigorous style of the writing, make it a work of rare and absorbing power. The capital hits at city politics, and the satirical sketches of prominent men are especially entertaining, while the dramatic power of some of the scenes is wonderfully great.

"WHAT should I talk about this evening?" asked a prosy speaker of his expectant auditors.

"About a quarter of an hour would be just about the thing," was the reply.

THE tradition that a sailor has a wife in every port probably arose from the fact that he is always a marryin' her (mariner).

BEST SIZE FOR A MAN—Exercise.

A SINGULARLY painful circumstance attended the death of a Monroe gentleman, which occurred last week. Last year he made an agreement with his wife to the effect that should she kindle the fire mornings for six months, he would do it for the same length of time. She had just completed her part of the contract, when he died. It is a very sad affair.

"LINCOLN AND SEWARD," Secretary Welles's new book, has just been published by Sheldon & Company. It is a 12mo volume, on tinted paper, and makes

a very attractive book in appearance, but the contents of the book are far more important than its appearance. This little volume will probably give the public a far more true and just idea of Mr. Lincoln's character than all the biographies of him heretofore published: for it tells the story of his actions and feelings during the critical hours in our country's history, and all is told by an eye witness, and one who was himself a participator in those stirring events. This book was prompted by no unkind feeling toward Mr. Seward on the part of Secretary Welles; but simply aims to give a true history of the acts and views of Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward, and the measures of administration during Mr. Lincoln's presidency. It is an earnest effort to give the public a proper view of Mr. Lincoln's administration, and some idea of the fearful ordeal through which it was called upon to pass. Mr. Welles believes that Mr. Lincoln was himself the great central figure and controlling mind in his own administration, and that neither Mr. Seward, Mr. Chase, nor any other of his able counsellors, was the "power behind the throne."

KNICKERBOCKER LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

THE report of the old Knickerbocker Life Insurance Company for the year just closed presents an exhibit which must be gratifying to its patrons as respects the magnitude both of its transactions and its revenue. The premiums received amounted to \$2,219,042, and other revenues to \$465,277, while the expenses were no more than \$354,544, adding to which the death claims paid, there remained of the year's income over a million and a half of dollars available for dividends to policyholders, and payments on matured endowments, and for surrendered policies. Their advertisement appears in another column.

A SMALL 12mo edition, on tinted paper, of that charming book, "Heaven in Song," has just been published by Sheldon & Company. The price is but \$2.50. An attractive edition, at a reasonable price, of such a book as this, which presents in a single volume the gems of poetry of all ages on this sacred theme, must find a prominent place in our literature.

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"Do I understand the counsel for the defendant," asked a very fat judge, "to say that he is about to read his authorities as against the decision just pronounced from the bench?"

"By no means," replied the counsel aforesaid; "I was merely going to show to your honor, by a brief passage I was about to read from the book, what an intolerable old fool Blackstone must have been."

"Ay! ay!" said the judge, not a little elated; and there the matter ended.

MISS ANNA DICKINSON was to lecture on "Jean d'Arc" to a Western audience and was introduced as follows: "Ladies and gentlemen, Miss Dickinson will address you to-night on the life and adventures of John Dark, one of the greatest heroes of antiquity. We are not as familiar with the heroes of antiquity as we ought to be, owing to the long time since antiquity: but one thing is certain, and that is that Miss Dickinson can tell us all about the most remarkable man of them all—John Dark."

FOLK-LORE.—On Monday morning last a young man, on taking up the daily paper, turned to the column of the births, and said, "I wonder if there is anybody born that I know?"

"I SAY, Josh, I war gwine down de street de odder day, an' I see a tree bark."

"Why, dat am nothing, Sam. I seed one *koller* once."

"Wal, I seed de same tree *leave*."

"Ya! ya! ya! Did he take his *trunk* wid him?"

"No; he left dat for *board*."

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TWENTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE **CONNECTICUT MUTUAL** LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, OF HARTFORD, CONN.

NET ASSETS, January 1, 1878.....		\$33,579,051 00
RECEIVED IN 1878:		
For Premiums.....	\$7,631,537 60	
For Interest and Rent.....	2,230 182 39	
		<u>\$9,861,719 99</u>
		\$43,541,381 00

DISBURSED IN 1873.

TO POLICY-HOLDERS:		
For claims by death and matured endowments.....	\$3,379,056 17	
Surplus returned to Policy-holders.....	3,107,009 43	
Lapsed and surrendered Policies.....	782 409 10	
		<u>\$6,370,474 70</u>
EXPENSES:		
Commissions to Agents.....	\$572,912 48	
Salaries of Officers, Clerks, and all others employed on salary.....	63,469 18	
Medical Examiner's fees.....	14,518 00	
Printing, Stationery, Advertising, Postage, Exchange, etc.	98,425 51	
		<u>702,395 17</u>
TAXES, and Profit and Loss.....	251,779 61	
		<u>7,274,579 43</u>
BALANCE, NET ASSETS, December 31.....		\$36,266,802 20

SCHEDULE OF ASSETS.

Loans upon Real Estate, first lien.....	\$21,178,005 33
Loans upon stocks and bonds.....	308,572 61
Premium notes on policies in force.....	7,959,611 03
Cost of Real Estate owned by the Company.....	1,347,227 88
Cost of United States Registered Bonds.....	1,630,836 89
Cost of State Bonds.....	613,900 00
Cost of City Bonds.....	1,761,095 00
Cost of Bank Stock.....	80,205 00
Cost of Railroad Stock.....	26,000 00
Cash in Bank, at interest.....	1,224,201 34
Cash in Company's office.....	11,179 63
Balance due from Agents, secured.....	59,057 05
	<u>\$36 266,802 20</u>

ADD:	
Interest accrued and due.....	\$1,108,731 92
Market value of stocks and bonds over cost.....	263,820 97
Net premiums in course of collection.....	9,970 28
Net deferred quarterly and semi-annual premiums.....	30,893 70
	<u>1,413,421 87</u>

Gross assets, December 31, 1873.....	\$37,680,224 07
LIABILITIES:	
Amount required to reinsure all outstanding policies, net, assuming 4 per cent. interest.....	\$32,468,734 00
All other liabilities.....	1,143,084 78
	<u>\$33,611,818 78</u>
Surplus, December 31, 1873.....	\$4,068,405 29

Increase of assets during 1873.....	\$3,744,082 94
Ratio of expense of management to receipts in 1873.....	7.03 per cent.
Policies in force, December 31, 1873, 63,550, insuring.....	\$181,502,730 00

JAMES GOODWIN, President.
JACOB L. GREENE, Secretary. JOHN M. TAYLOR, Ass't Secretary.

THE GALAXY.

VOL. XVII.—MAY, 1874.—No. 5.

LINLEY ROCHFORD.

By JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

CHAPTER XVII.

“LIKE THE BASE INDIAN.”

WE shall not stop long to welcome Linley into her new way of life, or to conduct her through its opening paths. When some sudden accident deprives one of sight or hearing, or the power of walking, which perhaps a man particularly enjoyed, or the beauty on which a woman had staked nearly all her happiness, there passes a long time during which the sufferer, however strong, however feeble, does not show or even know how the character and career are to adapt themselves to the new and abiding conditions imposed by the privation. Hero or weakling shows much the same to those around. The hero must be stunned and agonized as much as the weakling, and it is not allowed to the weakling any more than to the hero to indulge in perpetual public lamentation. But when the first shock is fairly over, and the question “Can I bear life?” is settled, and friends have ceased to turn the eyes of watchful sympathy on the sufferer, and existence for the victim has to run in the old channels once more, then the natural resources and genuine strength of the nature begin to show themselves. Poor Linley’s case was a little peculiar, for she had to walk darkly from the first, without any sympathetic light or guidance, and had to conduct herself as if her maimed and mutilated life had received no hurt or injury.

The season then had passed away, and another winter had come and gone, and yet another season, and it was now autumn, and everybody had left London. Annie Valentine, however, had no concern with everybody, and had not left town; nor had her brother-in-law as yet; and she was expecting him one fine evening of late September. He came a little later, and after the children had several times agreed among themselves that Uncle Roche was not coming that night at all. He was very vivacious, amusing, and even boisterous—a fact which to his affectionate and observant sister-in-law seemed ominous, for she knew that when he was not in particularly good spirits he always exerted himself to the utmost in order that other people should not perceive it, or be affected by any gloom of his.

“Are you going to-morrow, Roche?” she asked when the children had been got rid of fairly for the night.

“To Dripdeanham, Annie? Oh, yes.”

"You don't seem as if you cared to go."

"Well, I don't know that I *do* care to go. But I don't know that I particularly care to go anywhere—except to come here."

"You have made a mistake, Roche."

"Only one, dear?"

"A mistake in life, I mean. You ought to have settled down to some career—something active, I think—something that would distinctly fill and occupy your mind. If you had ever made up your mind to be a poet, Roche!"

"Ah, yes, Annie. Only the mind was wanting, you see."

"But don't you feel something of this yourself? I know you do."

"About the mind and the poetry?"

"Oh no, I don't mean that. About some sort of a pursuit."

"But, Annie, do you count it for nothing that I have been all this time engaged in trying to enrich the earth with one perfect character?"

"I think I would rather have something more active, even with a few imperfections, Roche. And have you moulded your perfect character?"

"Oh dear, no; I think I am further off it than ever. But isn't even the striving after perfection generally held to be a rather noble sort of career in itself?"

"Won't you talk seriously, Roche? I am distressed about you, and you know it. Don't trifle with me, and pretend to make merry, as if you were exchanging badinage with the people who have less interest in you."

She was standing beside him now, and she leaned upon his shoulder as he sat and gazed into the fire.

He turned round and looked at her, and the earnestness of her face, which had something painful in it, impressed him. He rose and stood facing her and leaning in his familiar attitude against the chimney-piece.

"My good Annie, I'll be serious if you like it, though I think you know already as well what I feel as if I had preached you a solemn sermon that was one prolonged confession. Well, dear, I agree with you. I think my life has been one great big, lazy, terrible mistake; and I repent of it. I have nothing to show for time, opportunity, or any poor little measure of intelligence that the powers above might have thought fit to throw away on me. I am ashamed of myself, Annie."

"We were partly the cause——"

"Not a bit of it, dear. Put that out of your head; you always did your best to urge me on, and even for the sake of you and the boys I ought to have done something. No, no—vanity and egotism have been the ruin of your hapless brother-in-law."

Annie smiled now.

"The thing is not very bad," she said, "when you talk in that way. It is not too late, Roche—your career hasn't quite closed."

"The difficulty is that it, hasn't opened! It's so hard to get out of this sort of lounging life. My dear sister-in-law, I am like every other man. I owe my fate first and foremost to a woman."

Mrs. Valentine now really looked surprised, and even alarmed. Her face colored; she could hardly tell what conjecture came into her mind.

"Of course you've been thinking all at once of some love business," he said smiling. "No, it isn't that. It was the first Mrs. Rochford that spoiled me. She brought me up with Louis, and taught us to be always together, and would have had our lives to run side by side—and a pretty thing we have

made of them, both of us! and I so adored her; and then he and I were such friends and were blind to each other's faults, and only encouraged each other's weaknesses. I thought it a fine thing to prove that I, with next to nothing, could be just as loud a philosopher as he with a fortune. I thought myself a wonderfully noble person to waive the world aside, and bid it pass. All very well, my dear, if you are Prince Hal in the play, going to come out at the right time, and conquer the Percy, and win all the honors, and send your old pals to the lock-up, and show yourself in every possible way fit to be a king. But it doesn't work quite so bravely out with us poor little common fellows in real life. There! that's all about it, dear."

"Roche!"

"Yes, Annie."

"When did all this feeling come to you?"

"Well, I don't know. It's been growing. Perhaps the autumn evening—autumn evenings always do, I suppose, set people thinking of the might-have-beens."

"But this isn't any whim of an autumn evening. May I guess, Roche—may I try to guess?"

"You couldn't guess—you are sure to guess wrong—and there's nothing to guess at."

"Yes, there is. Perhaps you have seen that in Mr. Rochford's case the thing hasn't turned out so well, and then——"

"Well, Mrs. Annie, there is something in that. Mind, I say nothing against Rochford that he mightn't say against me, if he were inclined or had a persevering sister-in-law to pump him. But the time has told upon him as well as upon me. He has not improved; no more have I."

"You are still the same friends as before?"

"Just the same. But I find myself every day growing more and more traitorous to our old friendship, and liking his ways and his surroundings less and less. I go down to Dripdeanham half afraid and half longing—with a wretched ghost of a hope that I may find my old Louis Rochford there. If I don't, I must bring the thing to a close some time or other. And yet, Annie, do you know that with all that it would puzzle me to say where any particular change is?"

"You don't like the young man—Mr. Platt's secretary?"

"No, I don't. I think he's a cad and a sycophant, but I don't quite know why I think this. He has the art of managing people, and he's very clever. I don't like him, or the girl, his sister. There, Annie, have I not degenerated? Fancy a philosopher at my time of life taking a dislike to a girl of seventeen."

Annie shook her head. "A girl of seventeen may do more mischief sometimes than a whole school of philosophers could prevent. But does she try to do any mischief?"

"Oh no, I don't say that; and look here, Mrs. Annie, don't take all my prejudices and dislikes as reasonable grounds of objection to any human creature. I know very little about the girl, except that she fawns upon Rochford as if she were a spaniel—and she isn't a spaniel, you know; and she's getting too old for that."

"But Mrs. Rochford—how does she like that sort of thing?"

Roche did not hear the question apparently, or was absorbed in thought. His sister-in-law repeated it.

"What, Annie? Oh yes, Mrs. Rochford. Well, I don't know. She doesn't seem to care—laughs at them—I mean laughs at all that sort of thing—and at most things, in fact. Perhaps she's right."

"Do people like her still, Roche?"

"My dear woman, how could I tell what or whom people like? They don't tell me, and if they did, how could I believe what they said? She seems a great favorite. She amuses people and makes them laugh, and laughs at them. She makes Rochford's dinner parties go off very pleasantly, although feeble souls, I dare say, are a little afraid of her sarcasms. Rochford seems very proud of her."

"I should never have thought of such a change as that," said Annie slowly.

"As what? As Rochford being proud of his wife?"

"Oh no. As of her becoming so satirical, and full of levity, and all that."

"But I never said a word about levity."

"Well, amusing people and laughing at them; I should never have thought it. When she comes here she is just the same as ever. But of course she would hardly care to make a display before me."

"She has not been here this long time?" Valentine said as an inquiry.

"Oh yes, Roche. Two days before she left town. Now, Roche, I don't care much for your judgment about women, and I have an impression about her which is quite different from yours. It is not a very cheerful one. Shall I tell you what it is?"

Valentine now turned his side face to the fire, and took mechanically a little china ornament from the chimney-piece which he kept turning round and round between his fingers.

"Shall I say it, dear?" asked his sister gently.

"If you will, Annie. Yes; what is it?"

"I think that she is very unhappy and weary of her life, and I think that she will die!"

The china ornament fell upon the hearth and broke into pieces.

"My china!" exclaimed Annie, "and given by you too, Roche!"

"I'll give you another, child," he said, stooping and picking up the pieces; "or in fact this can be put together again and made as strong as ever—stronger than ever. I'll mend it for you, Annie. But you shouldn't talk of death, you know, in that abrupt sort of way. It alarms me. I don't like hearing of death."

"I never knew that you were so nervous, Roche."

"One doesn't think of death coming to the young in that way. No matter. Let's come back to our subject. Why do you think *that* of *her*?"

"I don't know. Are there such things as women's divining powers? You shake your head. Well, whether there are or not, I know when a woman is unhappy, and *she* is unhappy, Roche, take my word for it; and she grows paler every time; and I don't like the brightness of her eyes; but of course there may be nothing in all that!"

"Women don't die of unhappiness!" Valentine said.

"Women don't often die of grief, dear, that's true enough. The blow is struck, the worst is over, and they recover. But how about a long, wasting, irritating heart struggle? Remember how young she is, and what a daily weariness her life must be—such a life."

"She doesn't seem like that. She is livelier than ever. I don't understand it sometimes."

"You don't understand it ever or at all, dear. I know how you feel, Roche, well enough, and why you were so shocked and let my china fall."

"Do you?"

"Shall I tell you?"

He nodded without looking at her.

"Why, of course because you think you have always been rather unjust toward her, and thought her frivolous and careless, and now my alarming prophecies shocked you. Was that not it?"

"I suppose so; oh yes. One feels a little penitent, though I don't believe in your prophecy, Mrs. Annie, all the same. Anyhow, I am going to Dripdeanham to-morrow, and I am not particularly glad of it. I don't like the way things have been looking this some time, and I begin to expect a time when I shall go there no more."

"Oh, I hope not!"

"*You* ought to be glad, mistress Annie."

"Glad, Roche? Why should I be glad of anything that would distress you?"

"I should then have no one left but you, my dear, and don't they say that women like to have their value enhanced in that sort of way?"

"They? Who are they? Who talk such nonsense?"

"I don't know, Annie; but I know who ought not to repeat it, dear, and sure that's myself, as the Irishman says in all the comic stories and farces. I know better; and I only said it because—I don't know why."

Roche Valentine had a very moody walk home that night. He did not sing, or call out, or recite any verses, or even talk to himself. He did not seriously attach much importance to his sister's fears, but still the very association of ideas was shocking. One does not like even to think of death in connection with the thought of a young and gifted woman, to whom perhaps one has been a little unjust. Anyhow Valentine was shocked first and then disquieted. His chamber seemed miserably gloomy when he got there, and he lacked the energy to light a fire.

"It wouldn't be any use," he said to himself. "I know that no fire would burn on my hearth to-night."

He smoked a little, and thought gloomily enough over the useless, barren sort of life he had led, and of what it seemed coming to, and of his friends, and how things looked not well with them too.

"Life is this way—always—to people who don't give themselves up to it, and work it out, and all its opportunities, for the best. Rochford is lounging all his good qualities out of him, and I am only better off than he because no one else is entangled in my wretched existence. If I had been like him, could I have done the same?"

This was the shape his thoughts took.

"Think of this when you're smoking tobacco!" he said aloud, with grim emphasis, and scattering the white ashes of his cigar as he repeated the old lines.

He thought he would read something and cease to think. He opened the book nearest to his hand. It was a volume of Suetonius, and his eyes fell upon two or three lines marked referring to the character of Domitian, which told of his having at one time an equal blending of good and bad qualities, until he turned his very virtues into vices.

"An omen," Valentine said aloud, "and a warning! Yes, I think one may lounge his very virtues, if he has any, into vices."

But he found the reading uncomfortable, for all its salutary warning or because of it. So he laid that book down and took up a volume of Shakespeare. But he almost started when he opened it, for the very first line on which his

eyes lighted told him of the one whose hand, like the base Indian, "threw a pearl away richer than all his tribe."

Valentine closed that volume too. "Richer than all his tribe!" he murmured, and kept murmuring to himself. "Threw a pearl away richer than all his tribe!"

It was not yet nearly late enough for going to bed, according to Valentine's notions of time and the fitness of things, and he was in some doubt as to whether he had better try to banish his thoughts by reading, or resolutely meet them and face them out, when he heard a step ascending his stairs. Now Valentine lived on the very highest floor of the Temple building, in which he occupied chambers, and on the same lobby with his was one other set of rooms only, the occupants of which he knew to be then out of town. It would be needless to say that Valentine had no business—he had never even been called to the bar—and very few visitors. He was, therefore, a little surprised when the step was heard—a light tread—resolutely approaching his door, and then a gentle tapping followed. Valentine opened the door.

"I am a late visitor," the new-comer said, extending his hand to Valentine, and briskly entering the room, "but I saw a light in your window as I crossed over from Sir Wildman Winter's chambers, and I ventured to come up. I do hope I haven't disturbed you?"

"Not at all," said Valentine. "I was doing nothing; only just returned home. Won't you come in?"

Valentine's chambers consisted of a little hall, where they were now standing, a tiny kitchen, where his breakfast was cooked for him every morning, a small sitting-room, very scantily furnished, and a bedroom.

They entered the sitting-room. Valentine was not particularly cordial in his manner, although he was not perhaps sorry for any interruption which should step between him and his fighting soul just then. The new-comer was a well-dressed young man, short, slender, dark-eyed—in fact, Sinda's brother.

"Won't you take a cigar, Mr. Marzell?" said Valentine. "My fire has gone out—it generally does. Have some brandy and water, or claret?"

With all his terrible gift of familiarity Valentine never could bring himself to address Sinda's brother otherwise than as "Mr. Marzell."

"Thanks. I'll help myself to some claret. I have broken in upon you because I heard that you are going to Dripdeanham to-morrow, and I thought perhaps you wouldn't mind just giving me your opinion before you go as to the propriety of Platt's taking the chair at this meeting on Monday, about which he's a little doubtful. I have told my chief I think he ought to have nothing to do with it. But he's so generous and kind-hearted, and all that. What do you think?"

The whole affair was very trivial, but Valentine, who had a great regard for Platt, went gravely into it, and gave his opinion. He could see well enough, however, that that was not the business of the visit.

"Thanks, my dear fellow, a thousand times. I thought you would agree with me. It would never do; and I am glad to be able to tell Platt you said so."

"Yes. Tell Mr. Platt by all means that I said so."

"I'll tell Platt; ah, yes. That was my object in coming. Then you are going down to-morrow?"

"Yes. I don't particularly want to go, but I'm going all the same."

"To be sure. Platt's going down next week."

"You go with him?"

"With him, or very soon after. You have not seen my sister lately, Mr. Valentine?"

"Not very lately—a few months ago."

"She has grown quite a woman. We have some Eastern blood in us, as you know."

"I have heard so. Yes."

"We have; and women grow apace in the East. However, she is fully seventeen—rather more, I think—and would be a woman in any country, I suppose. She is a well-looking girl, don't you think?"

"She is a very handsome girl, and very like you, I think," said Valentine, smiling slightly at the expression of gratified vanity which passed over the young man's really very handsome face.

"You are kind enough to say so. We have been considered to resemble each other; of course there may be a distinct family likeness even where a sister is handsome and a brother isn't so. Well, that isn't what I want to say. You know—it's no secret to you—how much my sister owes to Mrs. Rochford?"

"It's no secret to anybody, I suppose," said Valentine bluntly, "that she owes everything to Mrs. Rochford."

"I am glad to hear you speak so warmly—quite glad, I assure you, because it shows that you feel an interest. Now you know it would be impossible for us—for Sinda and me—to do anything, or allow of anything, which could give Mrs. Rochford the slightest pain."

"It ought to be impossible," Valentine said with an emphasis.

"Exactly. Well, then, you, Mr. Valentine, who are a nearer friend of Mr. and Mrs. Rochford than any one else, and are, I have no doubt, in the full confidence of both——"

"Excuse me, Mr. Marzell, Louis Rochford and I are very old friends, and we talk of most things freely enough. I only know Mrs. Rochford as his wife; and I can assure you that she has never invited me to confidential counsel on any subject."

"Still, as a close friend——"

"I really don't know whether I should be warranted in claiming to be one of Mrs. Rochford's close friends. At least I don't recommend you to found anything on that assumption."

"I am afraid you misunderstand me a little. I only mean to say that nobody can be a closer friend to the Rochfords than you are, or would be more likely to understand them. That is why I venture to speak to you of a matter which it would be unwarrantable to talk of to any but a very close friend. I have sometimes doubted whether I ought to allow my sister to remain any longer a protégée of the Rochfords."

"Oh."

"Of course, as yet it is not in my power to do much for her. Platt and his wife would help me all they could. I have really been very useful to them. But you must know of course that I haven't as yet a great salary—nobody has as secretary to a private M. P.—and it's a great thing for me to live in the house with the Platts. I think they would take her to live with them too, for that matter; but then Sinda doesn't like Mrs. Platt, who of course isn't a person of education, or a lady, in fact."

Valentine shifted his position uneasily. He was longing to say, "Confound the impudence of you and your sister both!"

"And then she has grown up with the Rochfords, and feels so happy there. But here is the point. Is it possible, do you think—and of course I ask it in all confidence—that my sister's presence may be a source of any discomfort or uneasiness to Mrs. Rochford? That you know we wouldn't have for all the world."

"I don't understand."

"Well, you see, Mr. Rochford is so kind and friendly to Sinda—as a man of such a generous heart and of his years might well be to a young creature like that brought up under his very eyes—and Sinda is of course devoted to him and studies all his ways to please him—as she is bound to do."

"Well?"

"Well, I thought it just possible, perhaps, that Mrs. Rochford might misinterpret all that, and be displeased at it—not of course in any serious way; but are not ladies all very jealous and touchy about any friendship shown by their husbands to other women? Mrs. Rochford is herself the most charming woman in the world, I think—and you do of course—no comparison possible between her and my little brown-faced lass; but perhaps—one can't help observing sometimes—there is not that perfect understanding and—and harmony, in fact, between Mr. and Mrs. Rochford—not that complete intellectual and moral affinity that sometimes does exist, and which, I suppose, shuts out jealousy. Now I appeal to you as a friend to advise me."

"Really," said Valentine, rising and reaching for another cigar, while he did his best to preserve a perfect self-restraint, "I haven't studied my friends in that penetrating and philosophical sort of way, Mr. Marzell, and I don't know much about affinities. If you press me for an answer, I should say it is utterly impossible that your sister could cause Mrs. Rochford one moment of uneasiness."

"You are quite right. She is indeed utterly incapable of it."

"If you hadn't suggested it, the whole thing would have seemed to me absurd and out of the question. But if I were you, and thought there was any possibility of such a question arising, I should not wait to ask anybody's advice as to my course; the course would be clear enough, I think."

"Thank you a thousand times. You have quite relieved my mind."

"Then your mind is very easily relieved," said Valentine brusquely.

"It is quite relieved. Nothing of the kind, as you say, could enter Mrs. Rochford's mind. No one could better judge of that point than you."

"On the contrary, I am probably the worst judge you could find. I know very little about the feelings of ladies in general, and I know probably less of what Mrs. Rochford thinks than you do."

"Is she not a charming woman—so pretty and so clever?"

"She is."

"I sometimes wonder whether she is perfectly happy."

"Then surely you need not wonder any more. I thought we all learned in our infancy that perfect happiness was not allotted to mortals."

"I don't mean that, of course. I mean I have sometimes wondered whether her married life was exactly——"

"How can you find time for wondering so much about other people and their affairs? I am not secretary to a great rising public man, and yet somehow I seem hardly to have time to consider my own proper business. Any more claret?"

It was a peculiarity of Valentine's that when he really wanted people away

he never made any appearance of wishing them to stay. He always argued that the utmost needs of politeness and of the hospitable rites were fulfilled if you did not actually eject them from the door. In this case his meaning was plain. Mr. Marzell rose to take his leave quite calm, sweet, and friendly.

"Do you know if the Courcelles are likely to visit the Rochfords this autumn?" he said as he lit a final cigar

"I don't know at all."

"What a beautiful creature Cynthia Courcelles is," the youth murmured in a low, impassioned tone.

"Rather too tall for *me*," said Valentine, who was about a foot taller than good Mr. Platt's secretary.

"Ah, but one might be as high as her heart! Doesn't Shakespeare say something of that kind?"

"But I don't think Miss Courcelles reads Shakespeare."

"He will be a happy man who reads it to her. Good-night!"

"He will be a lucky man who gets her to listen. Good-night!"

Mr. Platt's secretary went down the darksome, rickety stairs, humming between the lips which held his cigar some bars of the opening serenade from "Il Barbiere." Valentine watched him for a while as his small, shapely figure crossed each corridor, feebly lighted by a flickering jet of gas, which sometimes streamed raggedly in the gusts of wind.

"Now, I wonder what on earth that fellow really wanted of me," Valentine said to himself as he returned to his room. "Did he come to praise his sister's beauty, or to hint to me that Cynthia Courcelles is in love with him? There *can't* be anything in what he says about Rochford. I'll not believe it! Rochford has never come to that! I never saw such an absurdly conceited little creature; and I shouldn't care if he were a fool; but he isn't, confound him!—only a clever little schemer and jack-of-all-trades. It's odd, and very annoying."

More than once before he slept that night, Valentine thought of the line from Suetonius, and of him who threw a pearl away richer than all his tribe.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MR. TUXHAM TALKS SCÁNDAL.

It was an autumn morning, and the sea was a dull silver-gray as it beat heavily and slowly on the shore of Dripdeanham. Linley Rochford had walked down for the first time since her return from town and the season, to have a look at the strand and the water alone. Much of her way had led her over fallen leaves and through paths that were made damp by autumnal mists. The aspect of the sea and the sky was alike gray and melancholy.

Linley sat on the old upturned boat, and leaned her chin upon her hand and looked over the sea, delighting in the whole scene and saddened by it. She has grown paler than when first we knew her; her complexion is clearer; the outlines of her face are more delicately marked. She has no gloves on now, and her hand, which supports her chin, is thin, white, and fragile. Her study of the sea arouses some thoughts peculiarly sad; for after a few moments she puts her hand to her face and covers as well as she can the bitter tears.

For life had become a weariness to her, and she saw no glimmer of hope anywhere. She had now come to understand thoroughly the weak and worthless character of Rochford, his unconquerable epicureanism and demoralizing listlessness. She had come to understand to the full that there was nothing in his nature which she or any one could rouse to nobleness. The reconciliation they had made, the full forgiveness she had yielded, came to nothing. Indeed, Rochford only seemed to consider the discovery and confession of his fatal weaknesses as a reason why he need no longer trouble himself to make any effort at better things for the sake of maintaining a higher name with his wife. He seemed to take it almost as a relief that he had no longer any need of trying to keep up the character of a hero. It was not that Linley had much to complain of in a positive sense. She did not believe that she had any rival. She took it for granted, without inquiry or care, that she had not been supplanted by anybody in his heart, for the good reason that he had no capacity of love there at all. He could not love any woman; what he did love was woman's admiration for him. Linley could supply him with this no more, and therefore any other woman whatever had a better chance of his sympathy.

She did not judge him hardly. She had grown to make great allowance for human frailty, and she often felt a sincere pity for him, even while his ways pained and grieved her. She was clear about her own duty, and she did it. Rochford was her husband, and, whatever his weaknesses and faults, she saw no excuse for petulant outbursts of complaint on her part, or for any cold and sullen demeanor. All that she could do for him now was to endeavor to make his home agreeable, and at least not to force him to seek in the society of others that soothing rest for which his nature always craved. This was a hard task enough for a very young woman, and could not be accomplished without many struggles and much repression of human impulse and womanly caprice. If sometimes the hardly-tasked nervous system revolted and found relief in a little outbreak of sarcasm or levity, perhaps there may have been some excuse for Linley.

Her early training and thinking and struggles had supplied some clear common sense and shrewdness to this clever and emotional girl. She had not passed two seasons in London without knowing to what approaches and to what comments a young wife may be liable if once it is seen that she is unappreciated or neglected by her husband. Therefore she soon made up her mind that she would play no such part in the eyes of the world. Sometimes, in her moods of levity real or assumed, she believed she saw Roche Valentine's eyes resting on her with an expression of pain or pity, and she thought she would have liked if it could be that he should not misunderstand her or despise her, or contrast her sadly in his own mind with that first Mrs. Rochford whom he remembered and worshipped. But she asked herself what it mattered even though he thought ill of her? What did it matter who thought well or ill? She had no companionship, and now no hope of any. Disappointment had come to her in more ways than one, and she did not see how the coming years could well be any better than the present.

Therefore she upbore herself in society and in the world with a brave and even a smiling face; and therefore, too, she stole this autumn morning to the edge of the sea, and cried as if her heart were breaking.

She dried her tears, however, as quickly as she could, and, as was her wont, tried to smile at her own weaknesses, and to be amused at her need like

other women of a good cry. Lonely as the Dripdeanham shore generally was, it was not always safe to cry there, for she remembered how one morning, a whole long year before, when she was seated in the same spot and giving way to the same sad pleasure, she suddenly heard a voice, a little above her on the slope of the cliff, pouring forth, in strong, sweet tones, some scrap of a song to the winds and the waves, and she recognized the voice of Mr. Valentine. She had just time to take refuge in a little cavern until he had passed on, which was not very soon neither, for he flung himself on the strand and leaned upon his hand and looked long and silently over the sea. At last he went away, and Linley could come out of her hiding-place. But she had found her position very embarrassing and ridiculous, and yet she should not have liked to face Mr. Valentine with tears in her eyes; and therefore she was cautious ever after not to give way too long to the self-indulgence of a good cry by the sea.

"Man is the superior animal," she said to herself. "Either he doesn't suffer at all as we do—he is above that sort of thing—or he is not under the necessity of exposing his feelings by contorting his face and reddening his eyes as we are. Either way I acknowledge his superiority, and I envy him."

She had not dried her eyes or risen from her seat too soon; for one of the envied and tearless race of the earth-gods was seen coming along the strand toward her. Nobody could be sauntering on the strand at that hour but Mr. Tuxham, and Linley was soon aware that she was about to have an interview with her old friend.

"Good-morning, madame. I am glad to find that your fashionable habits in Belgravia don't prevent you venturing on a morning walk when you honor our poor village."

"Thank you, Mr. Tuxham. Is it worth remarking that we don't live in Belgravia?"

"No, madame, it is not worth remarking, and only a woman could raise such a point. The effect of my observation is not in any way marred by the trivial fact that I have mistaken the name of one fashionable quarter for that of another."

"But, Mr. Tuxham, if the quarter we live in is not fashionable at all? Would that not affect the argument?"

"Well, I don't know that it would. It's a rich quarter, and it tries to be fashionable, I have no doubt. Besides, can you tell me that every place isn't great, and grand, and fashionable, and everything else, where the illustrious Platt condescends to live; the renowned philanthropist, the immortal millionaire, the distinguished member of Parliament, the man with a secretary?"

Mr. Tuxham had never forgiven Mr. Platt for setting up a secretary. To enter the House of Commons was bad enough, but to start a secretary was unpardonable.

"Anyhow, I am not spoiled by my fashionable ways for a morning walk, as you see, Mr. Tuxham. I have walked a long way, and now I must go home."

"May I walk a little of the way with you?"

"Surely, Mr. Tuxham, if you wish."

"We used to walk a good deal here in old times," he said. "I was the first who showed you this view here. That was when you could do without gay company, and had not been spoilt by London, my dear."

Now Linley particularly dreaded any allusion to past times this morning. She had been balked of her full measure of tears, and even a little word might set them streaming again.

"You don't seem to approve of people having secretaries, Mr. Tuxham?"

"All depends, my dear. I don't like people who set up all at once for greatness, and think a secretary necessary to their self-importance. I shouldn't mind Rochford now, because with all his faults Rochford's a gentleman."

"But my husband has no need of a secretary; or if he has, I am his secretary."

"*You?* Not you, no more than I; nor Valentine so much of late, I think. How is that? The Pylades and Orestes don't seem to get on so well together lately. Why so?"

"Really, I don't know—I haven't seen any change; but perhaps I have been a disturbing influence, though I didn't intend it. My husband's marriage, of course, introduced a new element."

"Just so. Do you know anything of chemistry?"

"Not much, Mr. Tuxham."

"Well, enough for this, I fancy. Now look here." The veteran paused, and held out his broad palm. Linley stood and waited for an explanation, feeling meanwhile that the cold breeze where they now stood at a sudden bend of the shore was rather uncomfortable about the ankles, and much wishing that her companion would keep moving.

"Sometimes you may see a number of ingredients fused together in a glass, and all gradually fading into one color. Very well. You take a little morsel of some white substance, perhaps, which seems perfectly innocent, and you drop it in. What happens? All the substances dissociate and change color and fall asunder, and the whole condition of things is changed. Now that is exactly what happens often when you find one of a colony of bachelors suddenly introducing the new element of a wife."

"I think I have met with the same kind of illustration in a book, Mr. Tuxham—a German book."

"I never met with it in any book, ma'am, and therefore the illustration is perfectly original, so far as I am concerned."

"Oh, I am certain I hadn't the faintest idea," Linley hastened to explain as they walked on again, "of hinting at a plagiarism, Mr. Tuxham; I was only undertaking to confirm the wisdom of your illustration by the testimony of another philosopher."

"I am much obliged to you, madame, but I don't know that I particularly care to be backed up by the authority of a foggy German. And pray, as we have been talking of early rising and of secretaries, how is the lady who does not rise early any longer? How is the sister of the great man's great secretary? How is Miss—I forget her name."

"I suppose you mean Sinda, Mr. Tuxham?"

"People don't call her familiarly by that name now, do they?"

"Well, they may call her Miss Marzell if they don't like to be too familiar."

"Why Miss Marzell?"

"I suppose because that is her name, Mr. Tuxham."

"Very smart rejoinder indeed! Almost clever enough to have been spoken by 'Miss' in Swift's 'Polite Conversation.' Well, where is Miss Marzell now?"

"Asleep, I should suppose, Mr. Tuxham. Our house is only afflicted with one early riser, you know. I don't insist on my guests conforming to my ways."

"I wish you did," Tuxham exclaimed, stopping short once again, and looking at her with the peculiar flash that came from under his heavy eyebrows when he was angry. "I wish you would make your guests, as you call them, conform to your ways. I wish you would do something more! I wish you would turn that girl out of the house neck-and-crop!"

"For shame, Mr. Tuxham, to speak of the poor girl in such a way!"

"Poor girl!—poor humbug! Pray, madame, is she the mistress of the house, or are you?"

"If you heard me scolding the maids, Mr. Tuxham, you would not need to ask."

"I don't believe you ever scold the maids or anybody else. Pray, have you any control over anything?"

"You must admit that I have some control over my temper, Mr. Tuxham, when I take all this with good humor."

"But you know that I speak because I care about you. Come, you know that, don't you?"

"I have always thought you a kind friend."

"More than that—ever so much more! I always think of you as if you were a daughter or something of the kind. You are the only woman about whom I ever cared three straws, and you know how I always liked you from the first. My dear, I warned you against this girl and her brood long ago. Get rid of her, I tell you now."

"But what has she done?"

"See the airs she gives herself. See her come to church of a Sunday dressed, I suppose, in your silks—flaunting in the sight of people who can remember her half naked two or three years ago."

"Well, but all this is only harmless and girlish vanity. I am to blame for much of it—I helped to spoil her, Mr. Tuxham."

"You did; and more than that, you took the little viper and warmed her in your bosom: see if she doesn't sting you!"

"Oh, Mr. Tuxham," said Linley, changing color, "these are terrible words! How can you speak so? You quite wrong the girl. I see her faults and her poor little vanities, but you quite exaggerate them. Remember that I took her up and helped to spoil her, if she is spoiled. How could I turn her adrift on the world now?"

"When is she to begin to earn her bread, and how?"

"Her brother is going to take her to live with him very soon—he is clever, and likely to get on; and until then it would be cruel in me to act harshly to her, even if I had cause—even if I had cause."

"Could you get rid of her if you liked, madame?" Mr. Tuxham asked bluntly.

"But I don't want to get rid of her. You quite mistake things. Please, Mr. Tuxham, do let us drop this poor girl! You know we never agreed on the subject from the first."

"I rather thought I understood all about women," said Tuxham meditatively, "but this puzzles me fairly."

"But, my dear Mr. Tuxham, you can't know anything about women, if you are puzzled now by this. Are we all supposed to be so bad that you are amazed if one woman is not cruel and capricious?"

"I don't call sheer self-defence cruelty and caprice. If you were a daughter of mine, I would put her out of the house myself, or take you."

"Mr. Tuxham," Linley said now, stopping short and laying her hand upon his arm, "you must allow me to ask of you not to speak of this any more. I can't talk of such things, and go into explanations, but you must believe my word when I tell you that you are entirely wrong—almost cruelly wrong, except that I know you don't mean it—to all of us in this. Indeed, indeed, you are quite wrong; you do a terrible injustice to my husband and to me. Dear old friend of his and mine, I do pray you to believe *that*. I am not quite happy—who is?—but I have no complaint of that kind. If we are to be friends, I beg and pray that this may never be mentioned again."

"You are infatuated," said Tuxham, "and you never ought to have come here. There! I suppose you hate me now. I can't help it. I don't care. If you can tolerate some people—that sort of people—I think I had rather you hated me."

"What a welcome, Mr. Tuxham, the first time that I have seen you for months! and you who are a woman's man!"

"I don't like the way things are going," said Tuxham; "and look here—I don't believe now that Valentine likes it a bit more. Of course he hasn't spoken to me."

"No, I should think not," Linley interposed warmly; "Mr. Valentine is my husband's oldest and closest friend."

"Let me tell you, however," Tuxham gravely observed, "that Valentine's a very honest fellow, for all his crotchets and his self-conceit—a very honest fellow and a fine fellow. I have found out *that*."

"I know it," said Linley quietly. "I have known it this long time. Well, Mr. Tuxham, I must leave you now."

"You are not angry with me, my dear?"

"Not now; and I know you won't give me reason to be angry again."

"Hum—ha!" grumbled Tuxham. "Good morning, Mrs. Rochford."

"You will come and see us—Louis and me—at home?"

"Well, no—I think not."

"Oh, fie, Mr. Tuxham. Have you and I then been having a clandestine meeting?"

"Well, I don't mind calling, if you don't mind my telling Rochford that I come to see you in particular, and that I don't so much care about seeing him."

"Come on any conditions. Tell him that if you like. He won't like you any the less, or he at all jealous."

"I suppose not," said Tuxham grimly, as Linley, with friendly smile and nod, walked quickly toward the road that led to her home. Tuxham pulled off his hat, according to a familiar way of his when he was at all perplexed.

"It can't be true," he said to himself quite aloud, as was his common fashion. "It must be all nonsense, caused by that silly jade giving herself airs. I believe anything she says. I'm a fool to make her angry. She's about the only creature in the world I care for now—and I know she's unhappy. Well, I can't help it."

So he turned and went his way.

Linley, for her part, went her way, with her eyes bent upon the ground, and feeling very much discomposed by Mr. Tuxham's remarks. So this, then, was what people were saying! People must have been saying it very loudly and commonly when it reached Mr. Tuxham's ears. Linley felt both humbled and angry. No thought of the kind had ever crossed her mind before, and she

felt satisfied that there was not even in thought any foundation for such an idea. She had, of course, often noticed Sinda's extravagant devotion to her husband, and had been amused to see how in the end Rochford came to like the flattery of it; and perhaps there were even moments when she was a little piqued to see that Sinda's presence had become in a manner necessary to his comfort. But she was convinced that there was no thought of anything more than this, and she had never supposed that the meanest of outside gossipers could suspect anything evil. Linley was not a jealous woman; and it never would have occurred to her to be jealous of the girl whom she had taken, as Mr. Tuxham said, half naked, and clothed, and fed, and taught, who had grown up under her own eyes, and whom she still could only regard as a child. Had Linley thought much of the matter at all, she would probably have thought the influence of Sinda's brother over Rochford much more remarkable, and perhaps more dangerous; for, agreeable as the hyperbolical devotion of Miss Sinda appeared to be to "my master," the society and the amusing powers of Albert Marzell seemed still more essential to him.

But this was what people said! The thought of it made Linley grow red and tremble with anger and shame.

What could she do? Bid Sinda's brother to take his sister away, and thus tacitly involve the child, whom she had herself educated, in a suspicion of the basest ingratitude, if nothing else? Surely all sense of justice and of womanly feeling must revolt against such a thought. And besides, Linley had to confess to herself that if she were capable of wishing for such a thing, she had not the power of accomplishing her wish. Mr. Rochford would no more sacrifice any whim or comfort of his own to the talk of his neighbors, than he would live upon potatoes and *soup maigre* because Mr. Tuxham inveighed against epicurism. There was nothing to be done but to wait. Young Marzell would soon in any case take his sister to live with him, and meanwhile the best course to follow was one which would frankly discourage and flout all base suspicions. It was for the present one other little discomfort and pain imposed upon a life which must have much to bear. One added pang could make but little difference.

Linley's way home led her through some rows of streets, hardly, perhaps, deserving the name—rows of small and miserable houses in which successive families had stagnated for generations before such modern notions as the importance of air and water had come up. These were all now marked for destruction; many had already been brought tumbling down, and were lying in unsightly ruins. For Mr. Platt had at last succeeded in having his way about the improvements of Dripdeanham, and he was pulling down here, there, and everywhere, with the intention of building rows of modest cottages furnished with "tank, porch, oven," and all other requisites of Arcadian comfort; for which beneficent purpose he was thus far receiving about the same sort of gratitude which might be expected from a colony of heavy-headed black beetles on whose behalf one had proposed to have the damp back-kitchen paved with encaustic tiles. The inhabitants of Dripdeanham were a slow race, of restive mind, who had a general faith in the warming properties of dirt. Even those whose new abodes, spick and span with cleanliness and brightness, were finished and in occupation, did not take kindly to them, but seemed to feel aggrieved and uncomfortable. Linley had had ample opportunity, even already, of finding this out. She was often reminded of childish days, when she kept a white rat as a pet in an old box, and, having saved up

some money with much self-denial, bought him a new, roomy, and very comfortable cage, and found that it required positive coercion to make him enter it, unceasing watchfulness to keep him there, and many days to reconcile him to his change for the better.

"Don't you like to have all this water laid on ready to your hand?" Linley had asked of one discontented matron.

"Dunno," was the genial answer; "I think we were cold enough without that."

This morning, as Linley passed along, and amid her own vexation found time to think of Mr. Platt's efforts, and of the difficulty one finds in doing good, there suddenly came on a chilly shower, which, falling thickly, forced her to seek shelter in one of the old and doomed cottages. A hard-featured, not unkind-looking woman of sixty, whose face Linley remembered, civilly offered her a rickety chair. The room was very dark, and at first Linley could only see that there was a bed in it. She talked a little with the woman on the weather and so forth, for she did not feel enough in spirits to venture on any argument about Mr. Platt and his improvements. Presently, as her eyes grew a little better accustomed to the darkness, she thought she could see the outline of a figure under the bedclothes.

"Is there somebody there in the bed?" she asked in a low tone. "Is any one sick?"

"No one sick, ma'am," the woman answered; "it's my husband—he's dead."

Linley started involuntarily. It was a shock to know that she had been talking idle talk thus near to the dead. She rose and approached the bed.

The woman turned down the coverlet from the face. It was a rugged face, grizzled and weather-beaten, not sublimed into spiritual impressiveness even in death.

"He died yesterday," the widow explained, in a dry, matter-of-fact tone. Linley was less surprised now than she would have been two years before to find the loss of a life-companion taken with this rigorous composure. There are places and conditions of life which grind all the companionable qualities out of the poor, and make them mere self-regarding creatures, with no time or temper for considerations of not self; so that when a husband dies it is but as if of two people floating on a spar at sea one were taken by a wave and the other left.

"He was very good to me, allus," said the widow, as she arranged the counterpane. "Never rose his hand agin me—never but twice; and once it was along of Mary Salmon down yonder."

She nodded and jerked at some direction, which was of course unknown to Linley, and she kept on talking in her hard, dry way, feeling evidently a relief in talking.

"We quarrelled about *her*. He and she got too thick, I fancied. So they were, too."

"This was before you were married?" Linley said, assuming that she ought to ask something about the far-off lovers' quarrel, which was pressing so sadly now on memory.

"Eh, ma'am? no, sure. You don't think a man like him would lift his hand to a woman he had no right to? Eh, no; we were married many a year. I got a bit jealous like, and I scolded him, and he up with his hand—that was all."

The reminiscence, such as it was, seemed to bring a certain softening influence with it.

"It's a bad thing to be jealous," said Linley, vaguely.

"It's a bad thing, sure enough. But I couldn't help it; I had no hold over myself. I said he was too thick with her—and he *was* too thick with her, and he didn't deny it. But I had no call to worrit him, for every man takes his fancy to some other woman now and agin; and, Lord! he was better than most or all I know. Eh, a man can't help being a man, I suppose, and a woman can't help being a woman. He couldn't help that, and I couldn't help being jealous; and I fancied 'twas all along o' my having no children. Well, well, it's all the same now!"

There was something almost insupportable to Linley in the cold, unconscious, material cynicism of this poor woman's views of life in the presence of death. "Is this, then, what life, and love, and marriage come to even here?" she asked herself—"this mournful agreement that man must be inconstant and woman must be jealous? Is this, then, the philosophy of poverty as well? Oh, God! keep me from ever believing *that*! May I never think of life like that, but rather die believing still in some possibility of love and faithfulness, even though *I* don't find either."

Her eyes began to fill with tears so quickly that she hastened to put down her veil. She spoke some kindly words to the widow, promised to come next day and see her, made liberal and sincere offers of assistance, and hurried away with a bursting heart.

JOY.

SWEET things by bitter are so closely chased,
 Smiles droop so soon to withering trouble wed,
 The softest skies with gloom so quick are spread,
 And over life Death stalking makes such haste,
 We wonder if enjoyment be not waste
 Of priceless pearls of time, or rubies red
 Of vital power, bestowed by God instead
 For soberer uses. But, O Love, the taste
 Of just one memoried kiss can turn the tide
 Of such reflection, while flow in to chide
 Warm seas of rarest perfume at my feet;
 And then I recognize, however small,
 Joy's precious seed: it yet may bloom o'er all,
 And flood the bitterest wilds with heaven's sweet!

MARY B. DODGE.

THE AMERICANS IN PARIS.

STANDING one evening in that fringe of spectators which usually surrounds the dancers, at an entertainment given by one of the American residents of Paris, a French painter next to me expressed his admiration of forty or fifty of my countrywomen who were whirling round to a Strauss waltz. The revolving bevy was composed of young women from sixteen to twenty-five, and they certainly looked very handsome. He reiterated with enthusiasm that he had never seen more beautiful girls anywhere—they were diamonds of the first water. On being asked if he did not see a single flaw, he evasively replied that none of us were perfect. Being pressed—*entre hommes*—he thought the hands were not as well formed as they might be—nor the *attaches*—an imperfection in the Saxon race. Was there anything else? Beauty was somewhat a matter of convention, was said again evasively, but further remark brought out the question whether I had seen the Venus of Milo in the Louvre. I had, and knew it was the accepted model of womanly perfection. Had I noted the waist of the wonderful statue? Had I remarked the difference between the waists of the women who were dancing before us and that of the Venus?

“You mean that the waists of my countrywomen are too long?”

“Exactly; but then they have the most beautiful faces in the world.” To which was added: “My candor is atrocious.” Then, as one of the fair dervishes, whom he knew, passed, he ventured into English and inquired with solicitude, “Mees, do you pickle your health?” indicating lexical research at the word preserve.

There were probably fifty to sixty women guests in this assembly, and it is doubtful if there were two unmarried French women among them, although the host had been living a number of years in Paris. On my companion's attention being drawn to the fact, he accounted for the absence of his countrywomen through a foolish prejudice which French mothers entertained in reference to their daughters' going out to large parties of pleasure. In saying this he did not show as much candor as he had previously done.

The absence of the unmarried French woman in the American drawing-rooms of Paris is the subject of general remark to transatlantic observers. There are American families of cultivation who have been living in Paris for ten years, and are not on terms of intimacy with a single French family, although they may have Frenchmen constantly at their tables. It is not the custom of the French to have an extensive social circle of friends, as in America; often it does not extend beyond their relations, among whom a praiseworthy harmony generally exists. There are many instances where Frenchmen have married Americans, but very few where Americans have married French women; but when it does occur, the doors of the interior are thrown open to them, and they are made acquainted with every feature of that private life hitherto closed to them.

The liens which bind relations together are close and strong; hence the prudence exercised by parents in the choice of a husband for their daughter, or a wife for their son. The man who marries the daughter also marries her family, to the cousin german. The parents look at a possible husband for their

daughter with a view to a close and constant association, and they exercise a vigilant watch lest her affections should become engaged in a quarter not approved by them. The parental authority is admitted to such an extent, that if the young man were to propose a marriage to their daughter without consulting them, he would be held as a dishonorable man; the proposition is made to them, and they give the answer, in some instances without the daughter's knowledge. This brings about solidarity in the family, composed of members predisposed to kindness and sympathy, and it also gives rise to uneasiness when a new element is presented for admission, lest it should disturb harmony. Through intimacy and sympathy they have accommodated themselves to each other's habits and caprices, and have succeeded in living in the same groove. The French are much attached to their habits, the proof of which is, that they can never entirely accommodate themselves to those of other lands, but after a season of nostalgia return to those of their native country. This tenacity to habit sometimes assumes a form that is ludicrous. Matrimonial propositions have been refused because the candidate disliked the game of *béziq*ue or the novels of Dumas. A possible marriage connection with a foreigner of different religion and race is regarded with disfavor, and the daughter is kept away from such temptation by general holding aloof from foreign intercourse.

There is much going to and fro between family connections in France, in the way of dinners, breakfasts, and quiet parties of pleasure. Besides the social intercourse, there are close relations in practical affairs. If a member of the family entertains a proposition in a matter of business, it is submitted to his wife, and probably to all his immediate connections, before it is decided upon. This is in striking contrast to the American, who often concludes affairs involving the half of his fortune without his wife's knowledge. It is carried to an extent that is wearisome in France.

These customs show the barriers which surround the interior life of the French people, and the difference which exists between them and us. However much the Americans may be disposed to adopt their customs, they are nowise inclined to adopt those of the Americans. One would think that when a marriage takes place between the Frenchman and the American girl, her intimate friends would have an opportunity of seeing something of the inner social life through the new connections thus created; but it is not generally the case. She is absorbed by her new relations, who have an aversion to that large circle of friends and acquaintances of which the Americans are usually so fond.

To the French matron this girl is an enigma. Where her daughter timidly, and with downcast eyes, answers the man with furtive speech, her sister from over the sea confronts him boldly and speaks with assurance. One blushes when she is accosted by the man, while the man blushes when accosted by the other; that is to say, the man is more timid in America than the woman. The Frenchman regards this *naïveté* as an irresistible charm; the American seems to admire *aplomb*—the eyes which look boldly into his, and the tongue which answers him with ease and glibness. The Gallic matron affirms that she has the manners of a married woman. She goes to theatres where her daughter is never permitted to go, and reads novels that are only allowed to the French woman with a husband; orders her raiment without comment from her mother, and receives men visitors alone, and talks to them by the hour; walks fearlessly down the Champs Elysées unattended, attired in

striking colors, engages her own cab, and generally manages all affairs relating to herself. Most remarkable of all, she selects her own husband.

The French mother emphatically condemns this mode of bringing up the American girl. To her, the freedom of manner and independence of character are in bad taste, and apt to lead to results that may not be named. If statistical proof be submitted to her that such an education is not incompatible with morality, she will respond that it may suit the character of the American, but would never answer for the French girl. If she be frank, she will say that she would sooner see her daughter take the veil than follow the transatlantic mode of life. But this would never be said to an American—the rules of politeness forbid it; such confidences are for the ear of her own people. If asked by an American what she thinks of his young countrywomen, she will probably answer that they are “charming”: hence the English and American charges of insincerity usually laid upon her shoulders. She doubtless says to herself, “*A quoi bon ?* let us live peacefully together while we can, and make each other happy.” When there is a necessity for using a sharp tongue, it is hardly necessary to add, she is not behind her sisters of any other land.

Whenever her daughter comes in contact with the American girl of a common type she is uneasy, and if her offspring makes her acquaintance she becomes alarmed. Mademoiselle then listens to a lecture on the dangers of such associations, which ends in promises of implicit compliance with maternal views and effusive osculation. It is like the American mother who tells her darling that he must not go with the bad boys in the street.

With the prevalence of such feeling it is easy to account for the absence of the French girl in the American entertainments, although her married countrywomen may occasionally be found there; for marriage is emancipation. On the other hand, these American soirées are filled with Frenchmen, and here there is not much reciprocity. The host hospitably furnishes them with feast and music, introduces them into the bosom of his family, and frankly acquaints them with the intimate features of his home life; while the host's knowledge of his guest is often restricted to his name and appearance—knowing nothing of his real life, his mother, or his sisters. In a word, the presence of a Frenchman in a house does nothing toward fixing its social status; the woman only can do that.

Still, there is an exceptional class of French people, possessing some knowledge—not exaggerated hearsay—of English and American customs, which endeavors to meet the transatlantic residents half way. It is composed of liberal-minded people of some cultivation—besides that artistic one which most Frenchmen have—who are drawn to Americans through admiration of their political institutions. With these, American families have established pleasant social relations, but not exactly of a kind which usually exists at home, where one gets to the heart of the household. Whatever the intimacy may be in France, there is a certain reserve observed toward those who are not of the family; there are certain corners which remain impenetrable, a certain veil which is never lifted. Frenchmen who have travelled in America are struck with the absence of this feature there, where the father or the mother, on a slight acquaintance, takes a stranger into the bosom of the family with unsuspecting candor.

The difficulties of social intercourse become greater in the Faubourg Saint-Germain, where the principle of monarchy is so deep-rooted as to cause an

unfriendliness toward those who represent the principle of democracy. In the estimation of some of these monarchists, the United States is indirectly, to some extent, responsible for the growth of the French democracy in furnishing the best example of this form of government; and they believe that the French democrats, without this example constantly before them; would long since have lost courage and given up the republican idea. They are absolute in political faith as in religious, and have little sympathy for the Protestant and the democrat. The inhabitants of this quarter are still now in the ascendant socially as they were under the Empire, whose splendors and emoluments failed to attract them; and they still hold to their convictions with as much tenacity as ever. They are of those who never learn and never forget, and consequently are not in the general movement of science and art. Ignorance is naturally the fruit of such isolation, and with each succeeding generation they get further behind. This, in a word, is degeneracy.

Some American families who have been thrown upon the shores of plenty by a petrolian wave, or reached affluence through a successful venture in Wall street, on coming to Paris endeavor to establish a social status as expeditiously as they have attained to fortune. It is hardly necessary to say that such an effort is not attended with success. They seem to abandon their home guides in making friends. They do not ask if the people they gather around them are honest and worthy of their confidence. Have they a title? is the question which assumes the importance of Shakespeare's "To be or not to be." They do not know, and apparently will never learn, that a title in France signifies absolutely nothing unless there is something behind it—wealth, character, or talent. This is especially the case with the feminine portion of the family, and such is their daily influence on the head of the group, that in the end he is apt to fall into their views. To have in their drawing-room a count is a delight; a marquis, a joy forever.

As there are a number of these who are sadly off for the comforts of life, they are to be had on easy terms—Bohemians of the lazy kind who live from hand to mouth, and who are ready on all occasions to eat a good dinner without possessing the necessary funds to pay for it. There is also the prospect of a rich marriage with one of the young republican women who are infatuated with titles. These are sufficient inducements to the nobles who exist *au jour le jour*, and they become assiduous *convives* at the American board, and ardent gallants of the daughters of the household. Their treatment of Frenchmen brings a smile to the lips of the man of the world. Count de Nigaud, whose operations on this globe are restricted to those of consumer, is surrounded with attention, and plain M. Lefort, a worker and consequently a useful member of society, is neglected; which is the reverse of what takes place in the French house, or indeed any other in which the inmates have not lost their judgment.

It is worthy of remark that of all the foreign women who come to the French capital, none are so fond of titles as the American women. It has reached such a point that one is tempted to believe that there is a radical defect in the education of our daughters. They look at this glittering nomenclature as Eve gazed on the apple. They toy with the *claque* whose crown bears a coronet, and their eyes dwell longingly upon it as it appears in the decorative form of sleeve-buttons. It is cut out of the notes and envelopes of friends and acquaintances for a collection, and the *poulets* of the Count de Nigaud are treasured away as mementoes to be preserved in the family archives.

The proudest day in the life of the young woman so minded is when she puts this sign in the corners of her own handkerchiefs and on the panels of her own coupé, and at the head of her own note paper on which she writes home to the Browns and Smiths to announce the happy event. Ah, what a crusher this is for the like-minded Misses Brown and Smith! And how the newly coroneted enjoys their envy and discomfiture! Count de Nigaud touches her with the magic wand, and democracy's plain robe falls from her shoulders and reveals the radiant countess who has achieved her mission; henceforth she is to pirouette through life like a Columbine, without a sorrow. The dawn of marital life is tinted with the rose, without a speck on the horizon. She makes numerous purchases in order to hear tradesmen reiterate "Mme. la Comtesse"; she seeks pretexts to ring for the servant to the same end. She is puzzled as to the responsibilities of her new position, and finally concludes it to be her duty to cut the Browns and Smiths—the line must be drawn somewhere; she does not know but it may become necessary to withdraw herself from the society of some of her own immediate connections, who are not up to the new level. There are even moments when she finds it not easy to tolerate the society of papa and mamma.

After such a hasty marriage it is sometimes discovered that Count de Nigaud has no social position—nor any other; that he has committed certain acts which debar him from intercourse with honest men—in short, that he has a taint of the *chevalier d'industrie* about him; that his habits and views of life are not such as she can accept; in short, that she has sown seed to reap tares, and all through her eagerness to become a countess. She learns when it is too late that noblemen are, like other men, composed of good and bad, and that she has taken a bad one. She learns, too, that the world may tolerate vulgarity—as possibly in her own case—but not dishonesty; in a word, that honor is to a man what virtue is to a woman. Such an example, however, never seems to serve as a lesson to her young countrywomen. Were a dozen such cases pointed out to Miss Petrolia to moderate her ardor, she would all the same march toward the titular wampum and pectoral ornaments, as a moth goes to the candle; the golden grapevine meandering up the back and down the front at the gala ball, would still continue to exercise a fatal fascination.

The American colony possess probably six women to one man, many of the families having no representative of the rude sex; in which case he is usually on the other side of the Atlantic toiling like a bee, to furnish the honey of life for his wife and daughters. This feature is subjected to some sharp criticism by Frenchmen, who hold that the place of the wife and daughter is beside the man who is providing for them, and there are Americans old-fashioned enough to agree with them. At the same time it furnishes an argument in favor of the American being one of the best of husbands and fathers, or if not the best, at least the most indulgent. At any rate the pains and pleasures of this world seem to be unequally divided in such cases: while the head of the family is at home hard at work, his household lilies in Paris neither toil nor spin. A flying visit in summer seems to be his only compensation, and in some instances his appearance is almost mythical. The question which naturally presents itself is, what inducements have these families to live in this unsatisfactory, unhomelike fashion? One of the strongest is, perhaps, the desire to learn to speak French on the part of mother and daughters, the former going as resolutely to work as the younger members of her family, and bringing forth from memory the remnant of knowledge of her boarding-school, as

an ancient warrior would bring out his old armor. It is deemed an essential point that the little people should acquire the "Parisian accent"; and if this is accomplished to the extent of causing the child to speak English with a French accent, there is joy in the household. Three years of French nurses, and of playing with their fellows in the Champs Elysées, often develop an amusing tongue, composed of dual mixture and linguistic insertion, in such phrases as: *Je suis mad avec toi; Je ne te speakerai plus; Je ne te love pas; Will you jouer avec moi? Let us go voir le guignol*, etc. This tickles the maternal ear. The daughters write home to the father, sweating in the harness, French letters with English idioms, and he is satisfied.

The power of fashion also brings them here. In New York they have lived in the pale reflections of the city of fashion, and here they live under the very blaze of the altar. The fashionable world has decreed that the education of Miss Columbia is not complete until she has visited the city of the Seine; been gloved by its clever hand-measurers and robed by its women tailors; learned to speak the language with some fluency, and to display some knowledge of foreign customs—in short, to imitate the French woman in a general way, just as the Romans imitated the Athenians many hundred years ago; for in this respect history is just now repeating itself.

Another reason which accounts for the American residence in Paris is, that it is cheaper than at home, especially to those who have been living in the American metropolis: not but that life can be made as dear in Paris as elsewhere, but it suits all purses; while in New York there are only two ways of living, one for the rich and the other for the poor. The material life of this foreign city, when up to the requirements of a healthy organization, in some cases may be as expensive as at home, but it is fuller and more varied. There is naturally very little intellectual friction in this foreign residence to those not engaged in some artistic occupation; to them it is lotus land, free from shocks and mental effort. They have no business or political interests in France, and seldom become familiar with French affairs. Being rarely on an intimate social footing with any French families, they know but little of French interiors, and live almost as much to themselves as if they comprised a separate community, and thus do not get into any of the popular currents of thought which belong to their country of temporary adoption. In a word, they do not keep pace with the general movement in France, and they fall behind that of their own country. The intellectual life becomes narrow as the material life becomes large. The women especially, who live unto themselves—save the occasional society of some idle young French dancers whose activity lies rather in the heels than the head—drift behind their sisters at home. In America there is always a struggle of some kind going on, and the women are constantly seeing and talking with the men who are in the midst of it, and thus become participants in the contest, and are stimulated to mental action. It is remarkable how incomplete some of these women grow in the French capital, from not standing alongside of men who are fighting the battle of life. An eight or ten years' residence gradually effaces home knowledge from their memories, without furnishing an equivalent, and they glide imperceptibly into a kind of Sleepy Hollow.

One does not like to admit that the American race, made up chiefly of Anglo-Saxon elements, is susceptible of decadence under any circumstances. There are certain conditions, however, such as affluence and complete idleness, which impel even the American intellectually downward, and turn him

into a commonplace, narrow, polite man. Hence it is that the American, after a long residence in the French capital, loses that industrious and aggressive nature which is an American characteristic, and is unable to cope with those who have remained faithful to the soil.

This is still more the case with the young than the matured. The American boys educated in Paris on their return home never, as a rule, get on as well as the home-trained boys. The chances are ten to one that the lad who carries his penny dip in his pocket to the night school of the country school-house, will make a greater mark in the world than his fellow surrounded by Parisian professors. The American boy acquires, besides the knowledge of the school-house, that which comes from experience; through all his training he is learning something about the men and things with whom his lot is thrown. The Franco-American boy, on his return, though he should be a graduate of the Ecole Normale, will not be able to march abreast with the other. In a word, pluck, energy, and familiarity with home affairs are more indispensable to success than any education furnished in France.

They who can give the best reasons for living in Paris are the painters; Paris being the centre of modern art, and offering facilities for study not found elsewhere. These are the workers in the colony, and naturally the poorest of its population; for painters, like poets, generally possess the birth-right of poverty; at the same time they are probably the happiest of all American residents. A number of women are among them, and one or two have shown as much talent as the men. Among the men there are a very few Bohemians, who make art the pretext for lounging about ateliers.

One American has a collection of modern pictures which I have never seen equalled, as to number and excellence, in any other private gallery either in France or America. Here are Gérômes, Zamacois, Fortunys, Meissoniers, etc., in profusion; and when a painter has his work hung on these walls, it is the next thing to having it placed in the Luxembourg or the Louvre. There are several others who have small collections, and a few who devote some time to hunting up *bric à brac* and rare engravings. There are also a few bibliophiles who haunt the quais alongside the Seine and sombre little book shops in odd corners of Paris. Here and there a man of science and a man of letters, who soon create an occupation for themselves in the scientific and literary resources of the great city.

The American painters who dwell in Paris, or those who have studied here, judging by the honors which have been accorded to them in the salon, still remain considerably behind their French brethren. The honors conferred every year in the Palais d'Industrie, for pictures there exhibited of living painters, consist of eight medals of the first class and sixteen of the second, besides decorations of the Legion of Honor, bestowed by the Government at the recommendation of the jury, composed of fifteen well-known painters, sculptors, architects, and engravers. Those who exhibit work not entitled to the second class medal, but something better than ordinary, receive an honorable mention. A dozen painters usually obtain the last named honor. Besides these there is the one Grand Medal of Honor, which is only given in case of extraordinary merit, and requires two-thirds of the votes of the jury, under the presidency of the Directeur des Beaux Arts. The first and second class medals may not be conferred twice on the same person, but there are no restrictions of this kind for the Grand Medal of Honor. No American has ever got beyond the second class medal. In all the salons which have been

held up to this time, five Americans have received medals, in the following order: George P. A. Healy, the third class—equivalent to the honorable mention—in 1840, the second class in 1855; Edward May, the third class in 1855; Thomas P. Rossiter, the third class in 1855; Church, the second class in 1867; Robert Wylie, the second class in 1872. In the last salon—that of 1873—there were nine Americans represented, but none of them received honors of any kind. The presumption is that the majority of them were well satisfied to effect their entrance into the exposition without attaining to anything else. The impartiality of the jury is beyond question; the art feeling is so strong it could not well be otherwise. Nine or ten years ago Couture was the popular master for art students from America, but now he is retired from work and has no more disciples. At present they are not to be found in such a group, but are divided about in different ateliers. Some, captivated with Gustave Doré's facility in drawing, have been desirous of studying with him, but he receives no pupils. Their preference generally, however, is more judicious.

There are twice as many Englishmen in Paris as Americans, but they mostly occupy subordinate places, such as grooms, hostlers, valets, nurses, and governesses, and thus are not so much before the public eye as the transatlantic people, who are usually in easy circumstances if not rich. Few English families of wealth and position reside in the French capital. Britons have none of the American fondness for it, and when they sojourn within the frontier, prefer Cannes, Pau, Tours, and Boulogne. The American is to be found either in Paris or Nice, the latter being now almost Americanized during the winter season. He seeks his countrymen, and lives on terms of sociability as soon as he meets them. The Briton rather avoids his compatriots, and is careful in his intercourse with them lest he should be compromised. He holds to his own customs, regardless of those of foreign lands; the American is not averse to a certain degree of flurry and fashion, nor to borrowing a bit of the local coloring belonging to the place where he finds himself. To most English eyes there is but one modern city, London; and there are English tongues that will maintain that in appearance it is equal to the Haussmanized capital, and in point of comfort much superior. Thus there is not much British enthusiasm for the beautiful Lutetia. London being the standard, the houses are too white, the streets too straight; there is too much looking-glass and gilt; neither the buildings, the furniture, nor the food are sufficiently solid; as to the people, they are too airy and vivacious. This complacent conviction of superiority in the Briton is one of the elements of his force which furnish important aid in overcoming his neighbors in commerce and colonization. If he lives in Paris, it is usually because he cannot live in England. If he inhabits the south of France, it is either for the climate or on the score of economy.

Before the war there were over thirty thousand Germans in Paris, of which number there are probably one-third at present. The largest colony is the Belgian, which numbers thirty thousand. There are about ten thousand Swiss and seven or eight thousand Italians. The Dutch number five thousand, the Poles four thousand, the Americans between three and four thousand. There are only about twelve hundred Russians. The impression is that they are more numerous, because, like the Americans, they are generally wealthy, and come under public notice more than if they were following humble occupations, as in the case of the Belgians. A score of years past, when a man spent money lavishly, it was a Russian prince, but latterly he has been eclipsed by

the American democrat. Exceptionally it is an English nobleman, but only for a brief period, to sow some wild oats and then return to the land of his sires and Anglican habits.

The signs of American occupation are seen in several directions. Scribe street may be regarded as the business centre of the colony, one side of it during its length forming the first story of the Grand Hotel. Here an American bar-room is one of the signs of American civilization, with profuse display of decanters behind the counter, and men with home characteristics standing in front of it to drink, instead of comfortably sitting, as Frenchmen do; the eternal crackers and cheese within reach, and the barkeeper dressed with that smartness for which he is known. In the same street are agents for steamship lines, money-changers, dressmakers, bankers, and what not, who make a specialty of American business.

Two of the most essential characteristics of the banker here are patience and good nature. He is applied to for all kinds of information, such as the best and cheapest places for the purchase of hats, braces, bottines, and what not; he is even asked if he can find the time to go out with the applicant to look for an apartment.

Before the siege, the newly-arrived Americans were in the habit of frequenting the little eating-house of Mme. Busque in the Godot du Mauroi, who made concessions to the American palate, and indeed catered to it as successfully as home cooks. Here the citizen of the United States, with whom most of us are familiar, who can find nothing to eat in Paris, sated his appetite, and here he was happy. Now he is doomed to disappointment in visiting the place, for Mamma Busque has ceased to make the things which cheered his heart; in short, she has gone to a land from which people never return, and no one continues her occupation—probably from ignorance of its requirements.

After the demise of Mme. Busque it looked as if the buckwheat cake had fled the city; but the American, diligent in its pursuit, found that it was to be had in a couple of places not far from the Boulevards, which fact turned these establishments into American resorts. I am assured, however, by connoisseurs, that the *spécialités américaines* of either are not equal to those of the humble little eating-house of the Godot du Mauroi, whose pile of buckwheats, gashed and bleeding with golden syrup and butter, will ever remain in the grateful memories of Mme. Busque's clients.

The disposition to retain home habits occasionally calls out a little French satire. A short time ago, one of the pictorial papers had a sketch of an American group standing before a bar in negligent costumes and postures; no one stood upright, but leaned and lounged with wide-spread arms and legs. Underneath was the text: "How a free and simple people takes its beverage."

It is one of the habits of the Americans, when they find themselves on foreign soil, to hunt up the United States Minister. Not unfrequently there is a throng in the legation in Paris for the purpose of charging this functionary with their general and private affairs. The objects of the visit are various. They call to know if he can give them the address of a good boarding-house where the pumpkin pie and buckwheat cake abound; to learn if he can recommend a good school for their boys and girls, where they will be fed with nutritious food and wholesome principles. They sometimes ask him in a confidential way what his private opinion is with regard to the price and quality of the goods sold at the Bon Marché. Sombre women in bombazine put moral problems

to him in reference to the Babylon of our days, desiring to know from an official source if the place is really given over to sin and Satan, and if a generous distribution of tracts would be advisable. Elderly spinsters wish to learn if there are any places of amusement which may be frequented without bringing a blush to the cheek of modesty. A member of Congress, devoting one week to the city, demands a *tête-à-tête* interview with the head of the French nation, or some other extraordinary thing; and if not granted, he resolves to vote against the payment of the minister's salary in the next appropriation bill. A young woman of the good kind, for whom residence beyond the grave is reserved in the *Lutetia* paradise, calls to tell him that it is heavenly. The most numerous visitors are those who drop in "to pay their respects," and once or twice a week the man turns up who would like to borrow one hundred francs "until his remittance arrives." The refrain accompanying all this is the request for invitations to official balls and presentations, and how to make a score or two invitations go round for several hundred applicants is the eternal puzzle of the legation. Thus the multifarious duties of United States Minister extend all the way from fish-balls to postal treaties.

The Tuileries, particularly toward the end of the Second Empire, was very accessible to Americans, our Minister presenting as many as fifty at a time, most of whom were women. To recollect the name of each on such occasions was naturally no easy matter to their representative. Once his memory failed him after the first three or four names, when, with a wave of his hand toward the long line of his people, he added:

"The rest are all my countrywomen, your Majesty."

Louis Napoleon bowed to the whole line, each member of which made a simultaneous dip, and the presentation was concluded.

Some held that these large presentations were permitted because they stimulated commerce, the women buying costly raiment for such occasions from the Parisian tradesmen, whose interests the government always encouraged. There was probably another reason for them in the known admiration of the Emperor for the pretty face of Miss Columbia. Indeed, he encouraged the advances of the gentle Americans to such an extent, on one occasion, as to incur, according to the traditions of the palace, a gentle remonstrance from the Empress. One of these audacious young women had tapped him on the shoulder with her hand, and the Empress had noted the act. As for the silversticks, it may be inferred that they were smitten into petrification at such a proceeding. The author of this palace sensation was invited no more to the Tuileries, possibly as much to the regret of Louis Napoleon as of the young person herself.

One young woman found her way into the Tuileries, not through that usual avenue, the United States Legation, but the Bois de Boulogne, where she fell on the ice in front of the Emperor, who was skating at the time, as well as the young woman in question. She being very handsome, the French ruler did not neglect such an occasion for exercising his gallantry, and assisted her to her feet. The next morning his aide-de-camp appeared at her residence, sent by his master to inquire if she had recovered from the effects of the accident, and to express a hope that she would be present at the next entertainment of the Tuileries. Some gossiping sisters alleged at the time that the fall on the ice was premeditated, since the woman was an accomplished skater; but entire credence cannot be given to this report, since the person who fell to rise—as they put it—was possessed of remarkable personal attractions.

The same tongues, tipped with a touch of malice, said that she had skated in by the window of the palace instead of walking in by the door in the manner of well-behaved people, such as the owners of the said tongues. It is believed that she was annoyed with an anonymous communication or two, recommending her, in view of her success on the lake of the Bois, to engage herself for the skating scene in the "Prophète" at the national opera, which shows the unkindness of which the feminine heart is sometimes capable.

The advent of the *jolie patineuse* was the beginning of a series of social successes in the Tuileries and its surroundings, for she was to her sex what Admirable Crichton was to his. She was one of the most graceful riders of the *tour du lac*, sang like the most gifted pupils of the Conservatoire, danced like Terpsichore, performed in private theatricals like a professional actress—and in short did everything well that she attempted. She has now quite passed out of the Parisian world; but she will not easily be forgotten by those who saw her in the day of her glory.

When Sardou's "Uncle Sam" was played in Paris, it naturally created a flutter in the colony. It is generally known that most French people get their foreign history and customs through the theatre, so what they saw in this burlesque was laid away in their memories as faithful pictures of American life. That some national characteristics were depicted is true, for in covering the canvas as the author has done, he could hardly fail in catching some of the traits. There was little or no originality in this, for his figures were taken from one or two books of travel of his countrymen, who, with a few exceptions, are the most superficial of travellers. The elevated feet, the sprawling over chairs, the drinking of *cock-a-tels*, and the constant hand-shaking, although exaggerated, were recognized; but the tirade which runs through almost every scene in the play, against everything that is American, is so manifestly unjust that one cannot help marvelling at the display of ignorance in a man of the author's reputation. To an American it seems phenomenal, and it is an additional illustration of the extraordinary ignorance of the Frenchman in what concerns foreign countries.

In the general shooting practised in the four acts, it was felt that the author brought down something when he aimed at the want of commercial integrity among the American people, for it was still remembered that within the last ten years half of the bankers—so called—from America, doing business in Paris, had failed. It was also in the recollection of French people that the Memphis and El Paso, and some similar enterprises, had done them out of their money. They had heard of the official corruption of the Vienna Exposition, as well as that of New York and Washington. Not only Frenchmen, but Europeans generally, believe, whether there is foundation for it or not, that the Americans are wanting in commercial and official integrity. It has passed into a proverb among French merchants, that the Frankfort Jew is sharp in trade, but when he has lived in America you must put your hands on both pockets. In a word, the European opinion is, that of the great powers of civilization, the American is the most untrustworthy.

Whatever their other faults may be, it is not the habit of French merchants and tradesmen to become bankrupt, and when they do so, however unavoidable it may have been, they are never regarded as they were before the act, unless they subsequently make good their obligations. The law permits no trickery in the hiding away of effects, nor the transfer of real estate, and where it is attempted condign punishment follows. There are many ways in the

United States for designating the act of taking a man's money from him without equivalent, but here it is simplified and called stealing. This thrust of M. Sardou may not be effectually parried, but when he attempts to satirize American institutions in general, which constitute the framework of a healthy and powerful nation, while those of his own country have in part broken down, he becomes himself a fair object of satire. Some Americans were indignant at the piece and the author, but most of them were good-natured, and laughed at "Uncle Sam" as they would have done at a broad farce of the Palais Royal.

In conclusion, it may be regarded as a reasonable conjecture that the American love of Paris shows, at least, an appreciation of beautiful things, and augurs well for the future of art in the United States. It indicates pretty clearly that we may be the legitimate successors of the French in artistic civilization, when it shall have passed away from them as it passed away from the cities of the East, for it has travelled steadily and irresistibly toward the west for thousands of years. Our glory—meritorious as it may be—will not always be confined to practical invention; a time will come when America will create beautiful objects of art equal to those of Paris.

ALBERT RHODES.

SAPPHO IMPASSIONATE.

O SMILE that draws my heart! O voice that wins
 My ears from hearing any other sound!
 O eyes! in which my love of life begins,
 In which its end is found!

That only one to whom thou givest thy love,
 And each and all of its delights most dear,
 In my sad mind is set the earth above,
 Of the high gods the peer!

When thee I see, from vein to vein there leaps
 A strange, fine thrill, that centres in my breast,
 Kindling the longing chambered in its deeps—
 A sweet but fatal guest!

Helpless, distracted, all unprized, I hang
 Upon thy look, thy gesture, step, and tone;
 Delirious—lost—glad of the wondrous pang
 That stabs but me alone.

But me alone? Ah, if thou shouldst but stretch
 Thine arms to me, and gloriously draw nigh,
 Like Icarus, that fond and foolish wretch,
 Flame-ravished, I could but die!

HOWARD GLYNDON.

SCANDINAVIA.

I.

SCANDINAVIA is not a country to which a letter can be addressed; it is only an idea. But in history the ideas are of two kinds. The ex-King of Hanover may truly speak of his kingdom as an idea. But Hanover is an idea that has been; Scandinavia is an idea that shall be. The one has died, the other is about to be born; and while no one cares about the former, except the historian and of course the ex-King, every man who wishes to know a little more of what is going on in the world than what he can see from his own window may take an interest in the latter.

The Scandinavian idea means a combination of the three northern countries—Sweden, Norway, and Denmark—into one country, Scandinavia. It intends to make the three different nations which inhabit these countries one people, and the three different states which these nations have established one political body. It aspires to be the inaugurator of a new people and the founder of a new state. It is an idea of great pretensions and golden promises, but, by drawing a sketch of the soil in which it grows, I shall try to show that it is also an idea of great natural claims and golden opportunities.

If it were not too bold to compare a land containing an area of one hundred and seventy thousand square miles to an object so small, I would say that Sweden looks exactly like one side of a gable-roof. On the border between Sweden and Norway there runs a ridge of mountains, from two to six thousand feet high, barren, rugged, and on its highest peaks covered with everlasting snow and ice. From this ridge Sweden slopes down toward the Baltic for a distance of two hundred miles, building broad terraces which are dotted all over with beautiful lakes and covered with forests of pine, fir, and birch. Thousands of rivers follow the slope, running almost parallel with each other, and giving the map of Sweden the appearance of a striped pattern. Born of the everlasting snow, they creep forth from under the glaciers, and glide along crackling with ice-needles which glitter like diamonds in the cold sunshine. After gathering a little strength by union, they suddenly make a violent leap two or three hundred feet down in the gorge, where they disappear roaring and crashing and seemingly lost forever in the depth of the earth, leaving behind them only a cloud of wet smoke floating alongside the rocks. But half a mile further on they again gush forth from the clefts, full-grown, sparkling, and pressing the sides of the chink with their masses till they reach the terrace, where they expand in large blue lakes and rest in solemn loneliness. Nothing is seen on their waters except the images of the sky and the stars. Nothing is heard along their shores except the tossing of the pine forest and the piercing scream of the wild swans. All is calm and still for a while. But suddenly, as if remembering the wildness of their youth, they hasten down over the rapids, tinkling and jarring, and once more they make a violent leap down among the birch woods, where, like sportive spirits, they set a hundred factory wheels a-whirling, and fill the whole valley with clattering and hammering, before they glide out among the thousand islands into the Baltic.

The Swedish summer is very short, and the year has hardly any spring or

autumn. But the summer days are very long, and the sun, after setting, sinks only a few degrees under the horizon, filling the whole space during the night with a mystical luminousness which makes even the pig-sty romantic. At midnight you can walk in the garden and read a letter from your mother. And how singular the letter is! Every word in it has a new meaning, and so has every object around you. The street, the houses, the old church, the river, the hills all look so strange, and yet they all look as if you had never before seen their true shape and never before understood their true meaning. The houses do not press the ground with their weight; they float in the air like pictures. The river does not push its waves forth through a melancholy fall from one pebble to another; it only turns its hands, rapidly but gently, to catch the images of the stars. The trees do not suck and heave and toil for a bit of existence; no, they breathe, they live, they whisper about Paradise. Swedenborg's idea of spiritual bodies was by no means a grotesque notion. It was one of the most natural and most beautiful illusions the human imagination ever gave birth to. It was a genuine child of the Swedish summer night. The clattering and the hammering, and all the noises of the town, are asleep. The splash of the water falling down the cataract in the birch wood is transformed into a sweet melody, whose subdued notes swing in the air, now sounding near to your ear and now echoing far off. But this, as all individual sounds, the chirping of the insects in the trees, the clap of your steps on the rocky path, the crackling of the paper in your hand, are soon hushed by the deep stillness which from the terrace with the lonely lake and the sombre pine forests draws nearer and nearer till it covers all the world with silence. Only one individual sound can be distinguished, one single drip of water falling into a silver basin, one single note struck on the deepest string of an instrument. It is the echo of the first cataract, a hundred miles distant, far off among the mountains. Distance seems here merged into infinity and time into eternity.

The winter is long and dreary. The whole land is covered with snow for months. The valley, the river, the lake, the forest, are all one vast field where the snow grows thicker and thicker, till at last it seems almost a miracle that it should ever disappear. In the fall the sky hangs low, gray-blue and cold. The snow begins to fall in large flakes, slowly and with a shifting and dancing movement, like that of busy butterflies. It falls for days and for weeks. The mountains and the forest grow whiter and whiter. Everything looks dimmer and stranger behind the veil of the dancing snow-flakes. Then comes the wind. It catches the snow, already at rest on the ground, lifts it in large sheets, and whirls it high in the air. For hours and for days the whole atmosphere is one passionate, spasmodic snow-frenzy. But suddenly, at sunrise or at noon, one powerful sunbeam pierces the clouds and runs its dazzling light like a shaft of gold along the snow-covered hills. The wind ceases. The clouds gather and go to rest on the mountain peaks, and the vast white plain lies cold and calm and glittering in the sunshine. The merry tinkling of a bell skims over the snow: somebody is sleighing. The hoarse shriek of wolves follows the bell: somebody is hungry. Far off a column of blue smoke lifts perpendicularly in the air and spreads its silver-white sheets under the sky, immovable, like a frozen palm tree. There is a hut hidden under the snow, a house with a large family of tall, sturdy boys and merry, blue-eyed girls, all busy with their hushandry during the short day. When night comes aurora borealis fills the northern half of the sky with its radiant streaks and bars of colored light, while the luminous, half-transparent curtain clouds roll

quivering from the horizon to the zenith, rising and falling, curling and expanding, like waves of a huge, unknown ocean. Under this sky, earth is forgotten and life on earth. Nothing is remembered and nothing is felt, except the high heavens above and the I that looks at them, trusts in them, and strives for them.

As the land, so the people. I cannot tell whether it is the romanticness of the land which has produced the romanticism of the people, or whether, two thousand years ago, the Swedes chose to settle down in this country because it spoke familiarly to their minds; but the resemblance between the character of the land and the character of the people is striking. The Swede is never stupid. He is rather fantastic. He has no talent for mediocrity. He has rather a propensity toward eccentricity. All that is sweet melts him and fills him with joy. All that is great attracts him and fills him with enthusiasm. Even in the smallest circumstances, as, for instance, when owning only a goat and patch of land which yields a few bushels of oats and potatoes, or when earning small wages as a miner and living in a hut with a cherry tree in front of the door, his heart is always flowing over with sublime longings which he pours forth in the sweetest and most touching songs the world ever heard. And when life grows great around him, either in glory or in hardship, either calling for brilliant deeds or imposing unspeakable sufferings, he at once feels singularly at home in the situation, and the poor peasant or miner becomes a hero. Thus he shows himself in his language, in his literature, and in his history. The Swedish language is not far behind the Italian in clearness and beauty of sounds or in sweetness and grace of melody; and although it was reared under a northern sun, it has some of the glow and magnificence of the Spanish language. It is rich in picturesque and brilliant metaphors, and still richer in expressions of gentleness, politeness, and courtesy. In Sweden an aspiring youth will not try to show his smartness by dexterity in handling an extensive number of slang phrases. The first token of character of genuine Swedish stamp is capacity of arguing with gentleness, of denying with courtesy, and protesting with politeness. And this characteristic is so thoroughly developed through the whole language and so prevalent in all speech that, by simple people among his neighbors, the Swede is often suspected of falsehood on account of his sweet words. There is, indeed, a little extravagance in the Swedish language on this point as in some others. When a Dane swears, he is still modest in his roughness. The devil take me, he says. But the Swede cannot content himself with so little. Take me a thousand devils, is his oath. The Swedish literature produces yearly more lyrical poetry than the whole world would be able to consume. Every student publishes a volume of poems, love songs, drinking songs, war songs, and ballads, and the burden of all these songs is invariably that the world is a masterpiece of dazzling splendor and beauty, with only one single exception, namely, the unhappy poet himself. When you read the first ten volumes of this poetry, you will probably find it all very fine; but when you have read a hundred volumes through, you will, no doubt, feel that it is the language which writes these verses, and not an individual talent; that it is to the nation these sentiments belong, and not to an individual character; that, in short, it is a national characteristic you are contemplating, and not an individual gift you are enjoying. But then it may happen that volume a hundred and one, although at first appearance it looks very similar to all the preceding ones, contains some of the most exquisite poetry, something which satisfies you so deeply and charms you so

thoroughly that you would not believe it possible ever to meet with anything of the kind which could surpass it. There are in the Swedish literature two poets of whom a Swede, or at least a Dane, cannot understand how anybody can be ignorant. It may be that Bellman's songs are too national to be thoroughly appreciated by a foreign people. He was a humorist, and all true humor is so deeply impregnated with the spirit of its time and of its place, that it becomes less savory with each degree it travels from its home, and with each decade it grows older. Aristophanes does not make us laugh. It was not Shakespeare's wit which introduced him to the continent. But Runeberg's ballads present some of the highest ideals of human nature which modern art has produced; and although there is no cosmopolitan ideal in art, although in art the ideal must be founded on and clad in clear and well-defined nationality in order to be impressive and authoritative, in order to be a living ideal, in order to be an ideal at all, yet in the art-ideal nationality is only the pedestal on which the statue is placed, the sky from which the sun shines; you notice it only when it is absent. This lyrical talent, which both the Swedish literature and the Swedish language show to be an essential element of the popular character of the Swedish nation, is not an imaginative faculty: the Swedes are not a people of great power of imagination. Their imagination is descriptive, not plastic, and in its descriptions it is exaggerating and fantastic, not precise and realistic. The Swedish literature contains not one single drama which an English or American reader would deem worth noticing; and whatever exploits the Swedes may boast of in science are all achieved not by dint of imagination, with its piercing intuitions and its striking combinations, but by dint of faith, which grasps the law in the middle of chaos, believes in it in spite of confusion, follows it up into its minutest details, demonstrates it into evidence, and stands victorious to-day where yesterday stood the mountain. Linnæus and Berzelius were men of inspiration, capable of putting absolute confidence in their inspiration, and capable of devoting themselves absolutely to their confidence. Rudbeck was a man of imagination, and his lofty intuitions and ingenious combinations enabled him to prove that Adam and Eve were Swedes, and the garden of Paradise a valley in Upland. The lyrical element in the Swedish character is a power of feeling. It is a courage, which for the sake of a great idea marches, against all probabilities and all calculation, to death or to victory. It is a faithfulness, which for the sake of a great cause bears with all hardships and all sufferings, regarding nothing but the great cause. It is a higher degree of sensibility, which seems to reach into another world than that we live in, a world of greater joy and deeper sorrow. When this power of feeling, this might of faith, this capacity of inspiration is governed by a great idea, the Swede is a hero. If it is idle and wanders wild, he is an adventurer. Gustavus Adolphus and Charles XII. are the two types of Swedish character. Every Swede has either a Lützen or a Bender. But even as an adventurer the Swede always knows how to keep up appearances. He may sink below morality, but he never sinks below decency. His shrewdness may have vulgar purposes, but his tricks do not show it. He never abandons himself. Without dignity, or at least the show of dignity, he cannot live. There is in the Swedish character a lofty aspiration connected with a talent for brilliant display; a longing for the sublime in its exalted or in its fearful form; an audacious, adventurous spirit; and he who knows their language, their literature, and their history, will always imagine the Swedes marching into the world in

glowing uniforms of yellow and blue, with glittering bayonets and thrilling chants. They are a nation of soldiers. They are the soldiers of the North.

While the Swede seems born to own a million and spend two, the Norwegian is born to earn two cents and save one. The steady, the prudent, the responsible Norwegians! Although Norway is not the land in the world best fitted for agriculture, and although it has other resources, as for instance fish, iron, and timber, which contribute largely to the maintenance of its inhabitants, yet agriculture is the main business of the Norwegian people, and few nations, if any, have the agricultural stamp so distinctly and so nobly impressed upon their character.

The Norwegian is a prudent man. He can calculate and wait for the opportunity. He can work and abide the result. The statistics of births and deaths in Norway give a striking evidence of the prudence of the people, when compared, for instance, with those from Hungary. A traveller in Norway cannot help noticing that he meets so many old folks and so few children, while in Hungary he would not be at all astonished if told that every man was doomed there to die when he reached his thirtieth year, generally leaving thirty children behind him. But in Norway every child, few though they are, grows up to manhood and womanhood; while in Hungary, which swarms with children, most of them are dying when they begin to live. The Norwegian farmer asks his farm whether it can support a family or not, and he waits for seven years in pious abstinence till his position allows him to marry. In no country I know of is so little done for the convenience and enjoyment of the present generation, and so much for the comfort and development of generations to come.

The Norwegian is a proud man, but his pride is independence rather than vanity. When the late King Charles XV. travelled through Norway to be crowned in Drontheim, he stopped at the house of a wealthy peasant to change horses and dine. A sumptuous table was spread in the hall, but it was spread only for two, the King and the peasant. The King's retinue, his ministers, generals, chamberlains, etc., ate in another room. In his house the Norwegian peasant is second to none. He is a thorough republican. When he had kings of his own, he generally had two or three at a time, for kings were to him what silk dresses are to women: the choice between them is half the pleasure of possessing them. Later on, when he had kings in common with the Danes or with the Swedes, he proved very loyal, but he was loyal to the King because he never saw him. If the present King chose to reside in Christiania instead of Stockholm, Norway would be a republic in the next generation. It is the only country in Europe which could change from monarchy to a republic without going through a revolution, because it is the only country which could make this change of government without changing its habits and social forms of life.

The Norwegian is a man of religion. I do not call him so because he reads the Bible very much and goes to church every Sunday. Solitude made him a reader, and the reason why he reads the Bible so much may be that other books are so scarce. Solitude also made him a church-goer. He often lives ten miles from his nearest neighbor, and in such a case church-going may be a sort of social intercourse as much as worship. But his mind is deeply impregnated with Christian ideas. He has no belief in chance, but a great faith in Providence, and his ideas of Providence are love rather than grace, and justice rather than mercy. He is selfish, as everybody is, but his selfishness

is neither narrow nor ignoble. It is never the loose tie around a bundle of mean appetites, and it is very seldom confined to his own person. It generally embraces his family and his fatherland. When a family becomes poor and is compelled to leave its estate, during the next century every member will work with no other object than that of buying back the estate. To cheat a public fund is the most horrible crime a Norwegian knows of. It is to him the same as taking the bread out of his mother's mouth and eating it himself. And even when selfishness has made him hard and shrewd in his dealings with others, he seldom loses all capability of making a sacrifice. In order to do his duty he can generally give up fortune and life, and that which to him is much dearer than both fortune and life, his right. To have a lawsuit is the greatest excitement, and to win it the greatest triumph in the life of a Norwegian peasant; but he can sacrifice even his right when he understands that it is God's will, and his understanding is, on this point, not so very slow.

The most prominent trait, however, in the character of the Norwegian peasant is his love of home. It is not a sentimentality. He is not homesick. He emigrates, and none makes a better citizen in an adopted country than he. It is a sort of piety. It is a blending of poesy and veneration. It combines the poesy of his homestead with his veneration for the home rule. Norway is often spoken of as a meagre country, and not altogether without reason. It has only second-rate soil, which cannot grow wheat, and the few patches of more powerful soil it possesses are impoverished by a second-rate climate, which cannot ripen a pear. But richness is not synonymous with beauty, nor riches with happiness, and there is much beauty and much happiness in Norway. It is a very poetical country. When beauty makes us feel happy, we call it poesy. There is one kind of beauty which only excites our admiration. It is still beauty, but it is unpoetical. There is another kind of beauty which, when we meet with it, makes us forget ourselves in an unspeakable feeling of happiness. It is not only beauty; it is poesy. Norway is a land of a singularly deep poesy. It is generally described as a mountain land, but that is wrong. Norway is one vast bed of rock, one hundred and twenty-two thousand square miles of granite, which many centuries ago lifted itself some thousands of feet above the water. The sunshine came, and the dew and the frost, and the rock burst, burst to the bottom, into fissures many miles long and several miles broad, into which the gray, stormy ocean rushed, sheltering itself into solemn calmness, and growing blue like the sky. Then came the rain, the snow, and the ice, and the glaciers ground the rock into mould, which, gliding down every crag and cleft in the fissure, landed at every knob and bulb on the slope, where the sunbeam could reach it and make a flower. A century passed, and there stood a tree; one more century, and there grew a forest. At last a snug little log hut alighted on the knob, and cultivated fields began to creep along the slope, while in the warm summer months large herds of cattle were driven up to graze on the vast plains, where the glaciers slowly retreated before the fresh grass and the sweet-smelling herbs. The girls of the family follow the herds and spend the summer on the plains, in a small hut and alone, making butter and cheese, while down in the valley the men and boys are busy making hay and growing rye, oats, and potatoes. They stay there two or three months, and the stay is solitary, though not desolate. On the one side the plains roll on for many miles, gliding little by little into the eternal snow and ice; on the other side is the valley, with the forests on its slopes and the fiord at the bottom. The homestead can be seen:

the blue smoke at noon when dinner is cooking, and the bright glare of the panes when the sun is setting. And the merry noise of the harvesters can be heard. The boys shout up to the girls with a long, trilling sound, whose every quaver jumps echoing from stone to stone along the cleft, spreading as it rises in the air like water from a fountain, and at last scattering over the plains like a thousand songs. The girls answer through the lure, a wooden tube, with long, soft notes, which stream like singing sunshine down in the valley. And this duet goes on from farm to farm till the whole valley is one merry choir. But however sweet this poesy of the land may be to his heart, the essential element of the Norwegian peasant's love of his home is, nevertheless, a moral agent: his respect for the home rule. In society there must be authority. There must be something which is undisputed because it is undoubted, something which is obeyed solely because it is loved. If in a society there were no other ruling power than the compelling force of the law, and no other justification of this power than the evidences of reason, this society would be on the very verge of chaos. But it is the painful question of modern society where to place the authority, or rather where to admit it. In Norway it rests with the parents. Although the son may be an old man himself, and may have acquired a position far above that of his parents, still he shows the same deference toward them, and takes their counsels with the same humility as he did in the years when he was a boy and wholly dependant upon them. "Father has said it" is always a strong argument with the Norwegian. And the more righteous and pure-minded he is, the more strongly he feels that he owes his success in life for the greater part to his father. He truly does so. In Norway it is the first maxim of parental life that the father, even if he cannot give his son anything else, can at all events give him a good example. By thinking of his son, the father shrinks not from crime only, but from any questionable act, for he knows that his son will not only inherit his name and fortune, but also grow up under the shadow of his example. In Norway education means something more than going to school, and home something more than bread and butter and a new pair of trousers. To the Norwegian, home is not the place where he has invested his money, or the place where he takes his ease, but the place where he has acquired his character, and pledged his honor as a man.

In literature and art the Norwegians are a little awkward, as an agricultural people is apt to be. They are successful in literature as far as it has a merely practical aim, and in art as far as it is only decorative or emblematic. Their school-books, newspapers, political pamphlets, and religious tracts are excellent; their wood-carving and silversmithing are neat and very attractive. But when literature and art come to be considered as realization of a people's ideal of beauty, as development of poetical, not practical ideas, only talents of the very first class succeed in Norway, as, for instance, Ole Bull and Bjornstjerne Bjornsen, and they depend in a considerable degree upon the rest of Europe, especially upon Denmark, for their education and for their support. There is just now a movement going on in the literary life of Norway, but the Norwegian talent for literature is young and liable to become entangled in illusory aims. All educated people in Norway and Denmark speak the same language, the only difference being that in Norway the pronunciation is somewhat harder and somewhat more manly, and the accentuation a little stronger and less varied. It is not a beautiful language. Its main vowel is "e," and its most characteristic consonant a dying "d."

Its beauty depends in a deplorable degree upon the man who speaks it. It has more character than dignity, more impressiveness than weight, more modulation than melody. In the mouth of a flat and stupid person, it is flat and stupid. But it is a highly developed language. Its capacity of giving to the human mind a clear and elegant expression is very great. It has been written with the sweetest simplicity and the most sparkling brilliancy, with the finest humor, and with a gush of bright, sympathetic pathos which is truly wonderful. It states a fact with perfect accuracy and limpidity without being dry. It follows the thought in its minutest distinctions without being cumbersome. It accompanies the fancy in its most capricious frolics without twisting or being obscure. It is an excellent language. A truly educated man will always think it a good fortune to have been born and educated in it; and when he learns foreign languages, he can be very lavish with his admiration for them, for he will not be smitten with envy. It has, indeed, only one fault: it is called the Danish language, and this the Norwegian does not like. He must have a language of his own, one which nobody else can understand; and as he is a practical man, he has gone to work to fabricate this new language. There are in Norway, as in Denmark, as in every old country, many dialects. The Danish dialects are a corrupted language, of small interest. The Norwegian dialects are a stagnated language, and they are of great interest to the linguist, as they are more closely related to the original Scandinavian language, which in olden time was uniformly spoken in the three Scandinavian countries, but which now is extant only in Iceland. Now, the idea is to gather these dialects, which have no expressions for the last five hundred years' civilization, and whose single words are encumbered by forms and endings which all modern languages are striving to get rid of, as they have ceased to be of any use, and have even lost their living meaning, and thus to manufacture a new Norwegian language, which neither materially nor formally will answer the purpose of a language. The idea is absurd. A language is a growth, not a production, and those days are long gone by in the life of mankind when new languages were reared; we will in the future only see old ones disappear. But for the common language some good will, no doubt, come out of these awkward exertions; it will be purified and ennobled, and perhaps enriched.

The third partner in the Scandinavian union is the Danish people, a nation of islanders, very apt to burst into song when they see a stretch of low hills, with some beech trees scattered over the slope; always merry when they feel a western gale sweeping over their faces; sick when they cannot see the ocean, and deeply in love with certain large globe clouds which drift over their sky all the year round, every now and then bursting into roaring rain, and then peacefully retiring behind a brilliantly painted rainbow. The Danes are of a mercantile turn of mind. When the English poor laws were under preparation, the English ambassador to Copenhagen sent in a report, in which he struck exactly the most characteristic trait in the nature of the Danish people. The first thing, he said, a poor Dane strives to get possession of, is a meerschaum pipe, and the next a clock, not because he likes to smoke, or because he wishes to keep himself posted about the time, but because he intends to trade with them. It is true. A foreigner would be very much surprised at seeing the peasant lads going to church on a Sunday morning, each carrying a meerschaum pipe in his hand, and still more surprised he would be at seeing them return, none carrying the same pipe. They have traded in the mean

time. In the church? No, not exactly so. But after service they gather on the lawn outside the high, whitewashed stone wall which encircles the churchyard, and here is held a real pipe and clock market, and here is won the first penny of many a great fortune. In Denmark, a great merchant, who sends his own ships to New York and Hong Kong, often began business on the lawn outside the churchyard wall, and with one meerschaum pipe. Trading is an instinct with the Danish people, and often a talent. Whether a certain capacity is a real talent, whose development will benefit the whole society, or whether it is only a kind of shrewdness to which society had better not give any opportunity, can only be decided by looking at the moral ideas which govern this capacity under its working; but here I wish to add that the moral ideas which rule the Danish pipe and clock market are exactly the same as those entertained by the great commercial world, and any infringement on these laws is very rapidly and very peremptorily punished. When a juvenile merchant has bought a pipe for five dollars, and induces another to pay him five dollars and a half for it by telling that it has cost six dollars, he is considered a rascal, and nobody will trade with him any more. But if he exchanges his pipe for a clock, and the clock for a sheep, and the sheep for another pipe worth six dollars, he is considered a smart fellow, and people wish to be accommodated by him. For this market has also its commission merchants. When a youth buys his first pipe, he dares not do it on his own account. By no means. It is too grave an affair. It is almost like marrying. He makes the bargain through an elder and more experienced friend, to whom he pays a commission. And here come in the rings and the corners. Two old peasants hate each other. They never speak or bow to each other. Why? Well, thirty years ago they were both commission merchants. They both wished to buy the same pipe for their respective clients, and buy it at the lowest price. There was a collision, there was a collapse. Nobody saw it except the two rivals, but they have never forgotten it.

Like all nations of a mercantile tendency, the Danes have a strong sense for poetry and art. The agriculturist does not need them; Nature herself administers to his mind the office of art. The manufacturer does not enjoy them; his taste is confined to the lowest kind of beauty, *pulchritudo adherens*, whose only office is to embellish the useful. But whenever commerce and trade become the main business of a people, or of an age, art is created. When, in olden time, the Greek merchants had established a trade with the whole known world, they built the Parthenon. When, in the middle ages, the Italian cities held the world's commerce in their hands, they painted the Madonna. Every new outburst of great art is connected with mercantile success, and connected with it in such a manner as to be dependent upon it. The cathedral is built by merchants, and in cases in which the king overtook the merchants before the work was done, the cathedral was never finished. When the Bourse of Antwerp made its largest transactions, Rubens painted "The Descent from the Cross." When the English people made its first audacious but successful endeavor to grasp the world's commerce, Shakespeare wrote "Hamlet." The Danes have as yet had no opportunity of developing their mercantile talent on a great scale; the Scandinavian union will be their opportunity. Yet they are possessed of some art which they can invite the world to look at.

CLEMENS PETERSEN.

HOMAGE.

I.

WHITE daisies on the meadow green
Present thy beauteous form to me:
Peaceful and joyful these are seen,
And peace and joy encompass thee.
I watch them where they dance and shine,
And love them—for their beauty's thine.

II.

Red roses o'er the woodland brook
Remember me thy lovely face:
So blushing and so fresh its look.
So wild and shy its radiant grace.
I kiss them in their coy retreat,
And think of lips more soft and sweet.

III.

Gold arrows of the merry morn
Shot swiftly over eastern seas,
Gold tassels of the bending corn
That ripple in the August breeze,
Thy wildering smile, thy glorious hair,
And all thy power and state declare.

IV.

White, red, and gold—the awful crown
Of virtue and of beauty too!
From what a height those eyes look down
On him who proudly dares to sue.
Yet, free from self as God from sin
Is love that loves nor asks to win.

V.

Let me but love thee in the flower,
The waving grass, the dancing wave,
The fragrant pomp of garden bower,
The violet on the nameless grave,
Sweet dreams by night, sweet thoughts by day,
And time shall tire ere love decay.

VI.

Let me but love thee in the glow
When morning on the ocean shines,
Or in the mighty winds that blow,
Snow-laden through the mountain pines—
In all that's fair, or grand, or dread—
And all shall die ere love be dead.

WILLIAM WINTER.

AN ODD PIECE OF HISTORY.

IT is easy to show that out of every thousand of persons betting continuously on even chances, one man must lose ten times consecutively, and that for this man to succeed on the ninth or tenth venture would be a violation of the most essential principles of evenhandedness. This is called a run of bad luck, but is a necessary result of the rules of luck itself, readily understood by a reference to their plainest phases. And this explanation, though dispelling much of the hazy awe that usually envelops the blind goddess, marks the phenomenon the more plainly and certainly as one of the curiosities of truth.

Should it appear, however, in any given instance of successive failure, that the result did not depend, or at least ought not to have depended, upon chance, the repetition of attempt would be almost as curious as the repetition of result, especially when the forces necessary for success were controlled by the same will as were those that repeated the endeavor. And the interest would rise with the growing number of renewed efforts and repeated disappointments.

Such an instance, the rarest in our history, among the most peculiar of any land, is the story of those half-forgotten, half-remembered French spoliation claims, that awake when mentioned something like the uncertain groupings of a long-gone dream.

And strange it is that they—claims of our merchants for vessels and cargoes seized by France during her revolution—should in their history take their starting point from the time when in our revolution the same France spoke across the waters words of encouragement to our disheartened patriots, and made good her promises, with ships that protected our coasts and with armies that marched and fought by the side of our revived and growing forces, until Yorktown set the seal of success upon our struggle, and lusted her generous adventure with the glory of achievement.

Who does not know that the darkest hour of our revolution, hanging like an ill-boding curtain over the future, was at Valley Forge; when, by the camp fires over which his handful of soldiers huddled night long, barefooted, hungry, and in rags, Washington was constrained to write to Congress that “unless some great and capital change takes place, the army must be inevitably reduced to one or the other of three things—starve, dissolve, or disperse”? And who does not know the joy and enlivenings of hope that clothed and fed and swelled the ranks of this tattered remnant of an army, when the treaties of February 6, 1778, with their mutual guarantees, between France and our confederation, were eagerly ratified by Congress and proclaimed in the camps?

Yet the aid of France was not given without its price. And for the boon of liberty and independence which she offered us, we pledged ourselves to guarantee to her forever her possessions in America, conceded important and exclusive privileges for her armed ships, and promised American convoy to her commerce. The second article of the treaty of alliance recites that

“The two parties guarantee mutually, from the present time and forever, against all other powers, to wit : the United States to his most Christian Majesty, the present possessions of the crown of France in America, as well as those which it may acquire by the future treaty of peace. And

his most Christian Majesty guarantees, on his part, to the United States, their liberty, sovereignty, and independence, absolute and unlimited, as well in matters of government as commerce, and also their possessions, and the additions or conquests that their confederation may obtain during the war from any of the domains now or heretofore possessed by Great Britain in North America." It being further stipulated that "in case of rupture between France and England, the reciprocal guarantee shall have full force and effect the moment such war shall break out; or if no rupture take place, then the guarantee shall not take place until the moment of the cessation of the present war between the United States and England shall have ascertained their possessions."

The possessions of France in America at this date were the islands of St. Domingo, Martinique, Guadeloupe, St. Lucia, St. Vincent, Tobago, Deseada, Marie Galante, St. Pierre, Miquelon, Grenada, and, on the mainland, Cayenne and Orleans; each and all of which, by this treaty, the United States guaranteed to France forever.

By the treaty of amity and commerce, concluded at the same time, the United States undertook to convoy, by their ships of war, all vessels belonging to French subjects, to the same extent as they were bound to protect American merchantmen; to open their ports to French ships of war and privateers with their prizes, and to close them against those of any nation at war with France, except during the emergency of the weather, and then "all proper means shall be vigorously used that they go out and retire as soon as possible"; to allow French privateers "to fit their ships, to sell what they have taken, or in any other manner whatsoever to exchange their ships, merchandise, or any other lading," but privateers at enmity with France were not even to procure provisions at the ports of the United States.

At the cost of two hundred and eighty millions of dollars in money, and of the inestimable lives of her citizen soldiers and sailors, France performed her part of the treaty. Ours remained to be performed. How intimate and firm a bond of friendship these warm compacts and their faithful fulfilment by France promised to be; and when afterward the French, apparently catching the impulse from us, proclaimed their republic, the arch of liberty seemed to be spanning the seas, to draw the two peoples into a still closer union.

Our Government seemed for a time to be fully alive to the binding force of this responsibility; for Mr. Jefferson, our minister to France, in writing to our minister at Madrid, and narrating an interview with Lord Auckland, said: "I told him frankly . . . that our treaty [the treaty between America and France] indeed obliged us to receive into our ports the armed vessels of France, with their prizes, and to refuse admission to the prizes made on her by her enemies; that there was a clause also by which we guaranteed to France her American possessions, and which might perhaps force us into the war if these were attacked. 'Then it will be war,' said he, 'for they will assuredly be attacked.'" This was in December, 1787.

But afterward an itching seized us to form a commercial treaty with England, and as early as 1790 it broke out in the person of Gouverneur Morris, as his letter of September 18 of that year from London to the President shows. He was detailing a conversation he had had with the British Secretary of State on that subject:

I proceeded, therefore, a little further, and prayed him to consider that in a war between Great Britain and the house of Bourbon (a thing which must happen at some time), we can give the West India islands to whom we please, without engaging in the war ourselves; and our conduct must be governed by our interest. He acknowledged that this was naturally to be expected; and it seemed from his manner that the same thing had been represented before, but not in such strong colors.

This was marked confidential. It was natural that such expressions should shrink from daylight in those days, when the treaties with France were but

twelve years old. However, we made considerable progress in forgetting the service France had done us, and by the time that that whirlwind of the nations that had been brewing in France since the first days of Louis XIV. flung the gathered rage of the lowliest of earth upon the haughty beards of royalty, our young republic seemed to have lost sight both of her obligations to France and of her mission among the peoples.

Genet, the new French minister, upon his arrival at Charleston, was met with the proclamation of President Washington of April 22, 1793, in which he undertook, on behalf of the United States, "to adopt and pursue a conduct friendly and impartial toward the belligerent powers." This was the decisive step that terminated our ancient friendship with France. Chief Justice Marshall says it was "intended to prevent the French minister from demanding the performance of the guarantee contained in the treaty of alliance." Of course Chief Justice Marshall knew, and the French Government knew, that neither our President's proclamation, nor even the act of our Congress of July 7, 1798, professing to abrogate the French treaties, could affect a solemn compact between sovereign, independent nations, each the peer of the other. Yet, as our Government seemed bent upon a decided course of action in accordance with this position, Minister Genet reported to his Government "that the Secretary of War, on his communicating the wish of the Windward Islands to receive promptly some firearms and some cannon, which might put into a state of defence possessions guaranteed by the United States, had the front to answer, with an ironical carelessness, that the principles established by the President did not permit him to lend so much as a pistol."

Meanwhile England, with her grudges—old and new—to goad her on, was marshalling Europe to crush out this offshoot of democracy on the continent, and in six months had formed twenty-three separate treaties of alliance, the spirit and object of which are shown by the following extract from that with Prussia of July 14, 1793:

Article 8. The high contracting parties having already taken the resolution to shut all their ports against French ships, and not to permit the exportation, in any cases, from their said ports for France, of any military or naval stores, or corn, grain, salt, meat, or other provisions, they reciprocally engage to continue these measures, and promise to employ all other means which shall be in their power for injuring the commerce of France, and for bringing her by such means to just conditions of peace.

Also by the instructions given by Russia to her Admiral Tchitchagoff, in pursuance of her treaty with England of March, 1793:

We have ordered a fleet of twenty-five sail of the line, and frigates to be equipped for four months, and under your command. The principal duty of our naval armament consists in what follows:

We are bound, according to our stipulations with His Majesty the King of Great Britain, to endeavor to prevent these French, who persist in their rebellion, from receiving any supplies of which they may be in need. The hostile measures employed against them are not strictly conformable to the natural laws of war, when it unfortunately takes place between nations under lawful government; but as these measures are taken against those arrant villains who have overturned all duties observed toward God, the laws, and the government—who have even gone so far as to take the life of their own sovereign—the means of punishing those villains ought in justice to be employed in such a manner as to accelerate and insure success in so salutary an affair."

In addition to this, British orders in council directed the capture of neutral vessels with provisions bound to France; and so rigorously were these orders executed, and so great was the diversion of the necessities of life from the channels that the laws of demand and supply indicated, that the British market was glutted, while France was starving with—or rather without—flour at forty dollars per barrel.

Hungry men are more apt to eat than to ask questions; and so it happened

that the National Convention of France, on the 9th of May, 1793, responded to the British attempts to starve the republic into dissolution by a decree arresting all neutral vessels laden with provisions and destined to an enemy's port, yet promising indemnity to neutrals who might suffer by its operation. Then commenced the seizure of American vessels and cargoes. Our commerce drew back from the hand of the spoiler, and the shipping lay idle at the wharves. At this juncture the following circular letter from the Secretary of State (Mr. Jefferson) to the merchants of the United States was issued to reassure the American merchants, and President Washington adopted it in his message of December 5, 1793:

PHILADELPHIA, August 27, 1793.

To ———.

GENTLEMEN : Complaint having been made to the Government of the United States of some instances of unjustifiable vexation and spoliation on our merchant vessels by the privateers of the powers at war [England and France], and it being possible that other instances may have happened, of which no information has been given to the Government, I have it in charge from the President to assure the merchants of the United States concerned in foreign commerce or navigation, that due attention will be paid to any injuries they may suffer on the high seas, or in foreign countries, contrary to the law of nations, or to existing treaties; and that, on their forwarding hither well authenticated evidence of the same, proper proceedings will be adopted for their relief.

And the French view of the case coincided at this time with the American. M. Buchot, the Commissioner of Foreign Relations, on the 8th of July, 1794, used the following language to Mr. Morris: "The sentiments of the Convention and of the Government toward your fellow-citizens are too well known to you to leave a doubt of their disposition to make good the losses which circumstances inseparable from a great revolution may have caused some American navigators to experience"—sentiments that were confirmed by all the official utterances of France.

By this time, however, Great Britain had swept from France the bulk of her American possessions, without hindrance from our Government, although Genet did not cease to make importunity at Philadelphia for the performance of the guarantee of the French possessions. At last he was dismissed by Washington for his persistency, and John Jay sent to effect the treaty with England that bears his name. This was ratified in October, 1795. One of its articles reads thus: "Prizes made by either party [England or the United States] shall be free to enter the ports of the other. No shelter or refuge shall be given in their ports to such as have made a prize upon the subjects or citizens of either of the said parties." (It will be seen that this expressly contravened the terms of our treaty with France.) The French wrath arose. The Directory refused to receive Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, sent by our Government as minister to France, in place of James Monroe, and by one decree after another turned her cruisers loose upon our commerce.

It will be recollected that Great Britain, in pursuit of her plan to starve France, had seized American vessels and their cargoes—to the number of 478—on their way to French ports. In July of 1795 France declared that "the French republic will treat neutral vessels, either as to confiscation, searches, or capture, in the same manner as they shall suffer the English to treat them." A wild, loose, and unwarranted piece of lawlessness, followed in March, 1797, by a more pungent, expressive, and defiant declaration, which affirms that "all American vessels shall be lawful prize, if found without a *rôle d'équipage*, or circumstantial list of the crew"—a violation of existing treaties and purposely mischievous, because it was well known that the naval customs of the United States did not require anything of the sort to be among the ship's papers. Thus all our vessels were embraced. And these edicts were not

idle words, for under them fifteen hundred American merchant flags dropped upon their captured cargoes; and these constitute the subject of the French spoliation claims.

Such, briefly detailed, is a history of the first stage of these much-vexed and long-standing claims of our citizens; in which it would seem, on the one hand, that depredations had been committed on our commerce by a power with whom we were at peace; on the other, that great treaties between the two nations had been disregarded, if not wilfully violated by both. Such a state of affairs could not long continue between states. It must be followed by a less doubtful peace, or by actual war; and an interchange of views through negotiation was a proper preliminary to either. France had nothing to lose by a continuance of this unfriendly peace. Her sway had departed from the islands, and the voice of American guarantee had died away without an echo of apology to lend grace to its failure. Moreover, many a hungry Frenchman's stomach was stayed with captured American provender; and France neither offered nor for a time would she accept negotiation.

The United States, however, had nothing to gain by prolonging the rack that was upon her commerce, and accordingly constituted Mr. Pinckney, Mr. Marshall, and Mr. Gerry a special mission to secure indemnity for these spoliations; and Mr. Pickering, then Secretary of State, in his letter of instructions, dated July 15, 1797, enjoined upon them "not to renounce these claims of our citizens, nor to stipulate that they be assumed by the United States Government"; also, to propose "a substitute for the reciprocal guarantee"; or, "if France insists on the mutual guarantee, to aim at some modification of it"; "instead of troops or ships of war, to stipulate for a moderate sum of money or quantity of provisions, at the option of France—the provisions to be delivered at our own ports in any future defensive wars; the sum of money, or its value in provisions, not to exceed two hundred thousand dollars a year, during any such war."

But France thought not of peace nor of negotiations. The pent-up fury of her revolutionary fires was bursting the bonds with which England had thought to smother the volcano, and the meteor that was to blazon her crest with the grandest glitterings of military glory was beginning to trace, on the dismal surroundings which her enemies had drawn around her in funereal pomp, the defiance of a leader and of a people whose single thought and united voice was war. Our plenipotentiaries were not received, and this indignity stirred profoundly the national indignation. Congress, by the proper legislation, provided for war, calling upon Washington to be in readiness to give the weight of his presence and the energy of his character once more to the cause of the republic; by act of May 28, 1798, authorized public vessels of the United States to capture "armed vessels of the republic of France, which have committed, or shall be found hovering on the coast of the United States for the purpose of committing, depredations on vessels belonging to citizens thereof"; by act of June 13, 1798, suspended all commercial intercourse between the United States and France, until the "Government of France shall clearly disavow and shall be found to refrain from the aggression, depredations, and hostilities by them encouraged and maintained against the vessels and other property of the citizens of the United States"; by act of June 25, 1798, authorized merchant vessels of the United States to resist search or seizure by any armed French vessel, to repel assaults, and to capture the aggressors, until "the Government of France shall cause the commanders and crews of all armed French vessels to refrain from the lawless depredations and out-

rages hitherto encouraged and authorized by that Government against the merchant vessels of the United States"; and by act of July 7, 1798, declared the treaties between the United States and France to be no longer obligatory upon us. France saw the folly of her rudeness, apologized, and invited a renewal of negotiations. Accordingly President Adams appointed a second commission of three, Mr. Chief Justice Ellsworth, Mr. Davie, and Mr. Van Murray, whose instructions from the President and his cabinet, March 4, 1799, were both to insist upon indemnity for the spoliation upon American commerce and to refuse to renew the guarantee of the West India Islands. Immediately upon an exchange of powers with the French commission, our plenipotentiaries proposed "an arrangement to ascertain and discharge the equitable claims of citizens of either nation upon the other, whether founded in contract, treaty, or the laws of nations." The French commissioners, with Joseph Bonaparte at their head, promptly responded that "the first object of the negotiation ought to be the determination of the regulations, and the steps to be followed for the estimation and indemnification of injuries for which either nation may make claim for itself or for any of its citizens."

The Americans fought shy of the old treaties, endeavoring always to leave them and their consequences out of the question, or at least to postpone their consideration until after it "shall be seen what arrangement would be acceptable for the claims of citizens." But the French planted themselves resolutely upon the antagonistic position of making "the acknowledgment of former treaties the basis of negotiation and the condition of compensation." Thus the claims and counter-claims directly confronted each other, and the American commissioners were thus compelled to vary from their instructions or to abandon the negotiation; and they did not long remain undecided. They proposed that the ancient treaties should be renewed except in the items of guarantee and of the prize articles, and that for the release from these the United States should pay to France eight millions of francs. The response to this proposition, signed by Joseph Bonaparte, Fleurieu, and Roederer, September 4, 1800, is as follows:

To the Ministers Plenipotentiary of the United States at Paris.

We shall have the right to take our prizes into the ports of America.

A commission shall regulate the indemnities which either of the two nations may owe to the citizens of the other.

The indemnities which shall be due by France to the citizens of the United States shall be paid by the United States. And, in return for which, France yields the exclusive privilege resulting from the seventeenth and twenty-second articles of the treaty of commerce, and from the rights of guarantee of the eleventh article of the treaty of alliance.

This the American plenipotentiaries declared inadmissible, and proposed a temporary arrangement, which terminated in the "provisional treaty" of September 30, 1800, the second article of which is as follows:

The ministers plenipotentiary of the two parties, not being able to agree at present respecting the treaty of alliance of February 6 1778, the treaty of amity and commerce, of the same date, and the convention of 14th of November, 1788, nor upon the indemnities mutually due or claimed, the parties will negotiate further on these subjects at a convenient time; and until they may have agreed on these points the said treaties and convention shall have no operation, and the relations of the two countries shall be regulated as follows.

But the Senate of the United States, determined to conclude matters at once, expunged this second article, and declared the treaty ratified with that exception. It was then returned for the First Consul's action upon this excision of the second article, and he, on the 31st of July, 1801, again ratified it with the proviso "that by this retrenchment the two states renounce the respective pretensions which are the subject of the said article," when it was

again submitted to the American Senate, which formally accepted the proviso, and the treaty was proclaimed in due form December 21, 1801.

Here then terminates the second stage of these claims—their treatment by the two nations upon negotiation. No money was paid to the United States by France upon this account. Did any other consideration pass? Our own Government fully recognized the justness of the claims, and France recognized them in general terms during these diplomatic proceedings. But France had her national claims to urge in opposition; that is, those issuing from the obligations of the old treaties. Our Congress had nominally abrogated them, but that technical abrogation was no abrogation at all. A treaty is a bargain, a contract between two nations; and it is as impossible for one nation to abrogate its treaty with another, as it is for one individual party to a contract, of his own motion, to abrogate that contract. It is true that there is no means of enforcing the observance of a treaty upon either of the nations who are parties thereto, nor any method of recovering damages for the infractions of the treaty—except by war—that can be operated without the consent of both nations; but that is only because no power on earth exists now so strong as to be able (and willing) to compel the observance by nations of their compacts. Wrongs cannot always be remedied; but they do not thereby cease to be wrongs. But Congress could not have intended the attempted abrogation to be retroactive, and thereby to avoid their previous infraction. Moreover, if they were abrogated by the act of Congress, why did our plenipotentiaries propose a payment of eight millions of francs for a release from the articles of guarantee and prize contained in the old treaties? The technical, one-sided abrogation by us could have only been regarded—and intended—as a suspension of the obligations of the treaties during the lawless operations of the French cruisers. The burden, then, of the treaties still existed to weigh upon us; but even if that had been denied by our Government, it was constantly maintained by France. And the matter stood, claim against claim. Eventually France, in the proviso of her First Consul, renounced her claim. Upon what consideration? The renunciation by us of our claim. And we accepted the proposition of mutual renunciation. It is nothing to the purpose that our Government was not bound to urge these claims one step further than was done. France refused to pay them, unless we would pay her claim; and we could have proceeded no further except by war. And, though the Government—the agent of the whole nation—is not bound to go to war in behalf of its individual citizens, if the whole of a nation, through its agent, the Government, receive a benefit at the expense of a part of its citizens, a credit results to that part that ought to be paid out of the common fund, in order that the benefits and the burdens of society may be equally distributed among and borne by its members. Now it is clear that the claims of our citizens were released by our Government to France; it may be asserted that this release was an abandonment. Let it be understood first, however, that the negotiations, culminating in the treaty of 1801, relieved France from all liability to be annoyed in the matter for the future; then, if no benefit accrued to the United States, or to the citizens thereof, it was an abandonment; if any such benefit did accrue, it was a release, involving, of course, a consideration. Now, waiving the existence of the old treaties between France and the United States (though it is pretty clear that they did subsist in their obligations), waiving even the damage resulting—before the abrogation by the Congress of the United States—to France by the infractions (passive and active) of the treaties on our part, and there still remains the broad and undeniable fact

that France distinctly made and resolutely maintained against us, in all the negotiations down to the proviso of the First Consul, a national claim upon both these points. What boots it whether the claim was a just one or not for this case? Nations must be on speaking terms. The intercourse of their citizens with each other must be untrammelled by disagreement between the respective nations. Hence there must be between the nations agreement—treaties, such as both recognize and both abide by. The anomalous condition of affairs between France and the United States had to be adjusted, and had to be adjusted on terms satisfactory to France as well as to the United States. And it was so adjusted. An attempt was first made by our plenipotentiaries to settle the national claim of France by a payment of eight millions of francs; but that was rejected as too small an estimate of its dignity. The First Consul proposed a renunciation of both claims. It would be interesting to conjecture by what device we would have rid ourselves of the national claim that France presented had we had no claims of American citizens to present on the other hand. The comparative value of the two claims has nothing to do with the question. The United States accepted the proposition, and thereafter France was forever barred of her national claim, and the citizens of the United States whose claims were thus renounced could expect nothing from the country that had thus received a quittance from the agent of those citizens. It is impossible to avoid the view that each nation renounced the claim it presented in consideration of the renunciation by the other of the claim which it presented. A national benefit accrued then to the whole of the citizens of the United States. It will hardly do to say that the Government, in bartering instead of abandoning the claims of her citizens, exceeded the scope of its agency. The act has been approved, adopted, and accepted by the principal. Moreover, the outgrowth of the act, the advantages and benefits resulting therefrom, have been enjoyed by the principal. It is the act of the principal, and the principal is responsible. The private property of these claimants, as existing in their claims, has been used for the benefit of the entire nation, and “just compensation” should be made out of the public treasury. What is the measure of this “just compensation,” the benefit resulting to the nation from the use made of them, or the value of the property thus used?

Whichever the claimants choose. The former is vast and indefinite. The necessities of our strugglings for independence wove around us in the matter of our relations with France a very web of complication; and the “entangling alliance” that weighed so heavily upon Washington’s mind, when he wrote his Farewell Address, was the remembrance of this millstone about the nation’s neck, that threatened to drag her down to the place of a tributary to France.

The latter is susceptible of a more ready computation. The original estimate was twenty millions of dollars, including all the spoliations of American vessels—1st, by capture by the French; 2d, by capture by the French and Spaniards; 3d, by detention by embargo at Bordeaux—between 1792, the outbreak of the European difficulties, and July 31, 1801, when the First Consul closed the negotiations on the part of France by his proviso. This estimate embraced more than two thousand vessels, some of which were paid for under special decrees of France. After deducting those provided for by the Louisiana convention of 1803, which were cases of debt, those paid for by Spain under the Florida treaty of 1819, and the few included in the convention of 1831, there are left eight hundred and ninety-eight vessels, of the probable value of over twelve millions and a half, as the proximate estimate.

Such is the origin, such the foundation, and such the probable extent of these

French spoliation claims. And now comes the oddest part of the story. The claims were of no ordinary nature. They would present themselves to the Congress of the United States neither in the garb of a bill for the relief of some unsatisfied contractor, nor in the perplexing attitude of conflicting and uncertain rights of private citizens, whose feud had found its way into the national legislature. Their magnitude was a guarantee of a scrutiny into their merits at every step they would make toward the public treasury, and their historic character made them sufficiently familiar to every man of even moderate information to invite further and a searching examination of the ground upon which they rested. Eminent American statesmen of the time have not been silent upon a topic of so much importance. Mr. Madison, then Secretary of State, on the 6th of February, 1804, used these words respecting them, in an official communication to Minister Pinckney: "The claims from which France was released were admitted by France, and the release was for a valuable consideration in a correspondent release of the United States from certain claims on them." Mr. Pickering, the Secretary of State under Washington, in a letter dated November 19, 1824, says: "Then it seems clear that, as our Government applied the merchants' property to buy off those old treaties, the sums so applied should be reimbursed." And Chief Justice Marshall, who had been one of the plenipotentiaries engaged in the negotiations, said, when the subject of the payment of these claims was before the Senate, that "he was, from his own knowledge, satisfied that there was the strongest obligation on the Government to compensate the sufferers by the French spoliations."

One would think that seventy years ago they had been passed upon, paid, and cancelled, or rejected, and, buried under the rubbish of a score of Congresses, ceased to exist as a subject of legislation. Yet they have neither been paid nor forgotten. They have neither filled the measure of successful existence, nor have they yielded to the hand of time, and ceased to battle for a legitimate consummation. Memorials and petitions, asking for compensation, have been presented to the two Houses of Congress, commencing on the 5th of February, 1802—less than two months after the promulgation of the treaty—and continuing, in an almost unbroken stream, unto the present session, and mustering well-nigh four thousand in number. On the 22d of April, 1802, Mr. Giles made to the House of Representatives the first report ever presented on this subject; then continuing, and almost keeping step with the years, follow forty-one others, concluding, for the present, with that of Mr. Sumner before the Senate at this session. Of these reports three were adverse, two minority adverse, and thirty-nine were favorable. Thirty-three bills providing for their payment have been introduced into the Houses, not one of which ever became a law. Two of them ran the gauntlet of Congressional hazard, to meet their fate at the hands of Presidents Polk and Pierce respectively. And yet these claimants—no, not the claimants, nor their children, but their grandchildren and their great-grandchildren—with a perseverance that should mark every good cause, and under a test that has rarely survived so gallantly in a bad cause, have piped the gathering once more to call the nation to account.

Solitary remnant of our revolutionary struggle, if unjust, it is wonderful that they have lived so long; if just, it is strange that, in threading the many perplexities of national gratitude, they have fallen into the same round of misadventure again and again, until the years grow weary, and yet they cease not.

C. M. GIBBENS.

LINGUISTIC AND LITERARY NOTES AND QUERIES.

VI.

LOST BEAUTIES OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

THE truly English part of the composite speech known as the English language has of late years been growing in favor with its best writers as with its best critics. Whether the result of this tendency will be such an actual diminution of the Romance element, with a corresponding increase of the Teutonic, in the vocabulary of the next generation as has been made in the German language during the past forty years, it would be rash to say; but that some such change will take place may be reasonably hoped. To help on such a change Dr. Charles Mackay has compiled his "Lost Beauties of the English Language," a book for the intention of which, and for much of its matter, all lovers of good English owe him thanks. It is an interesting collection of words, mostly pure English, a large proportion of which have been lost in the lapse of years, and very many of which might well be and easily could be restored. Such a book is worthy of the attention of all those who are interested in the study of our language. It is in no carping spirit, and with no intention or desire to undervalue what Dr. Mackay has done, that the readers of "The Galaxy" are cautioned against some errors into which he has fallen, both in his introductory essay and in the body of his work.

In the former are set forth some general notions as to language which, to say the least, are vague and unsound. The assertion, for instance, that "the languages of modern Europe that have sprung from the Sanscrit and Celtic may all be said to have passed their infancy and youth, and to have reached maturity if not old age," has either no meaning at all, or else one which is entirely at variance with true philology. Philology knows no languages in modern Europe which are derived from the Sanscrit and the Celtic. Dr. Mackay seems to have the vaguest possible notion of the relative position of the Sanscrit to the Indo-European languages; for he speaks again of "words derived from the Gaelic, which is indubitably a branch of the Sanscrit." Now Gaelic is no more a branch of Sanscrit than Russian is, or than the Gothic was; that is, it is not so at all. Gaelic is one of the Celtic languages; and the Celtic languages, like the Teutonic and all the Indo-European tongues, dead or living, are derived—as it seems that modern philology has shown beyond dispute—from one original language, which was spoken thousands of years ago by a race which has been called Aryan, and which dwelt between the upper waters of the Oxus and of the Indus, on the slopes of the Hindoo Koosh mountains. This race went westward into Europe and southeastward into India; and the establishment of the Aryan unity, that is, of the original unity of the Indian and the European races, is the great achievement of modern philology. The position of the Sanscrit language is merely this: it is the earliest known existing offshoot of the original Aryan speech, which, lost of course forever, was the common parent of all the European languages and of the Indian. Having ceased to be a spoken language about three thousand years ago, and having become a sacred language the preservation and study of which was made the special care of the highest caste of the Indian race, it has remained at once stationary, accurately recorded, and thoroughly known; and thus it presents us a solitary

and a priceless instance of *an* Aryan language as it was spoken near the cradle of the race not very long (speaking comparatively) after that dispersion of the Aryan peoples, and confusion of their tongues, a tradition of which seems to have been preserved in the legend of the Tower of Babel. But therefore to say that any language of Europe, even the oldest of the Celtic languages, which the Gaelic is not, is derived from the Sanscrit, is as if we were to say that a man is descended from his great-grandaunt, and a great-grandaunt a thousand times removed.

A like error is the assertion that "the English and Scotch languages are both mainly derived from the Teutonic, and five or six hundred years ago may be correctly described as having been Anglo-Saxon and Scoto-Saxon." Now "Scoto-Saxon" describes correctly no language ever spoken under the sun. Modern English and Lowland Scotch are philologically the same language, of which they are but dialects; and the latter is and ever was more Angle than the language spoken south of the Humber. Moreover, they are not mainly derived from the Teutonic; for there is no such language as the Teutonic known to philology. Certain languages, including the extinct Norse and its derivatives, the living German or High Dutch, and the extinct Gothic, are called Teutonic because they are or were spoken by the Teutonic branch of the Aryan race; but there is no Teutonic language, unless the term is applied, as it sometimes vaguely is, to the German or High Dutch race or language; and in that case Dr. Mackay's assertion is no less untrue; for "Scotch" and English are derived not from the German, but from the Low Dutch branch of the assumed original Teutonic language.

Of an error of another kind, committed by an educated and intelligent man who has lived in this country some years, it is difficult to speak with patience. The passage in question is too long to be quoted here, but it is to the effect that the peasantry of England brought over here "the rough and rustic speech of the counties"; that this has "been adopted by the less fastidious writers for the American press," and that hence are derived those so-called "Americanisms" which are now again "making themselves at home in the old country." The truth is exactly the contrary of this assertion. "Americanisms," so called, are of two sorts: first, vulgar cant and slang, such as may be found in all countries, and which is generally evanescent, but which, while it lasts, clings to the neighborhood in which it was hatched; second, good, well-derived English words, which were used by the best writers and speakers in England two hundred and fifty or three hundred years ago, but which have fallen more or less out of use there since that time. A comparison of the books and of the published correspondence of the two countries, fairly made, like with like, shows that since the settlement of Virginia and New England the English spoken and written in this country has been as correct as that of the mother country itself, and that it has in particular been remarkably free from rusticity. On the contrary, its characteristic defect is a lack of freedom and ease, and a too careful adherence to the "classical," or rather the formal style of the last century. Apart from slang and cant, "Americanisms" are generally words and phrases the englishhood of which is easily established, and the source of which is to be traced, not through the rustic dialects, but through the great writers whose works are the common heritage of both countries.

Turning to Dr. Mackay's vocabulary, we find some errors which are very strange indeed in the work of a Doctor of Laws who undertakes to write about language. Remarking upon "*lered* and *lewd*, learned and common people," he asks, "Does not the Scotch *laird* and the English *lord* come from *lered*,"

learned, and *lored*, having lore or learning?" Dr. Mackay ought to have known that the descent of *lord* from *hlaford* is much clearer than that of many a lord from his reputed ancestor. The course was *hlaford*, *laford*, *laverd*, *lauerd*, *louerd* or *lowerd*, *lord*. No less surprising is his remark upon "*stede*, a place; whence *stead*, in such words as farm-*stead*, etc." To this he adds the following amazing etymology: "In the days of chivalry a knight's *place* was on horseback; whence a knight and his *stede*, i. e., place." But *steed*, meaning a horse, is as old as the earliest form of our language. It is merely a modification of the Anglo-Saxon *steda*, which appears again in *stud*. And the following passages from the lay of "Havelock the Dane," written about A. D. 1280, are, like many others of that or even of an earlier period, quite inconsistent with Dr. Mackay's notion:

And wel a palefrey bistride
And wel up-on a *stede* ride.
L. 2,080.

That ilkan hauede ful god *stede*
Helm and sheld, and brinle brith,
And al the wepen that fel to knith.
L. 2,058.

Errors like those which I have pointed out are scattered too freely through Dr. Mackay's book; but with this caution I commend it to all those who are interested in the history of our language. It presents, in a convenient form for reference, a large number of genuine English words which have been thrust aside in favor of others, of Romance origin, which have nothing to recommend them but that to some people they seem finer and more elegant. Dr. Mackay's purpose is good, and his taste and research are generally commendable. The points of philology on which he has erred do not touch the question of the claims of good English words to be restored to their old places.

CONCLUDE, CONCLUSION.

I am asked whether *conclude* and *conclusion*, used in a certain sense, are really "Americanisms" or "vulgar." As to whether they are vulgar, I shall not venture an opinion; but that in any sense they are not "Americanisms," I do not hesitate to say, unless the mere fact that a word or phrase is more commonly used in "America" than in England makes it an "Americanism," which I should not admit. The sense in which *conclude* and *conclusion* are regarded as "Americanisms" by some persons, whose readiness of judgment runs ahead of their knowledge, is set forth in the following passage, which perhaps was the occasion of my correspondent's inquiry:

Ralph, however, like most disappointed lovers, *concludes* to live.—"*Life and Genius of Shakespeare*," p. 387.

Conclude means "come to a conclusion," in one sense of the phrase, that which gives to *conclusion* the meaning of "inference." *Conclusion*, in this phrase, also signifies "resolution"; but *conclude*, as equivalent to the phrase when it attaches this sense to *conclusion*, has long ceased to be English.

I have not looked at all into the history of this word, it never having been brought to my attention or occurred to me as worthy of examination. But I am not unable to show that the decision that it is not English is at least somewhat headlong and hasty. In a contemporary record of the battle of St. Albans, fought A. D. 1455, we find the following passage:

And on the morroe the Kyng and the seyde Duke, with certeyn other Lordes, came in to the Byasshops of London, and there kept resydens with joye and solempnyte, *concludyng* to holde the parlement at London the ix day of July next comyng.—"*Archæologia*," vol. XX., p. 519.*

* This account was preserved among the papers of Sir William Stonor, steward to the Abbot of St. Albans, and is in his handwriting.

In Gabriel Harvey's "Trimming of Thomas Nash," published A. D. 1597, the word occurs, with even a more marked emphasis, in this sense:

— though [thou] art in as ill a taking as the hare, which being all the day hunted, at last concludes to die for, sayd she, whither should I fly to escape these dogs?

Shakespeare furnishes the following instances:

Aeneas.—We must give up to Diomedes's hand
The lady Cressida.

Troilus. Is it so concluded?

—"Troilus and Cressida," act IV., sc. 2.

Decius. The Senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Caesar.

—"Julius Caesar," act. II., sc. 2.

Cloten. I love her therefore; but,
Disdaining me and throwing favours on
The low Posthumus, slanders so her judgement
That what's else rare is chok'd; and in that point
I will conclude to hate her; nay, indeed,
To be revenged upon her.

—"Cymbeline," act III., sc. 5.

In our translation of the Bible, A. D. 1611, the word is of rare occurrence in any sense, but nevertheless in this sense it is not wanting, in a passage in which St. Paul announces with authority the course of conduct which he has resolved that the Gentiles shall follow:

Astouching the Gentiles which believe, we have written and concluded that they observe no such thing, save only that they keep themselves from things offered to idols, etc.—*Acts* xxi. 5.

The original word, *κρίναντες*, leaves no doubt as to the exact force of *concluded* in our translation, which in the Rheims version is represented by "decreeing." A contemporary instance of the use of the word in the same sense is furnished by Sir Arthur Gorges's translation of "Lucan":

Our power no further doth extend,
For with the year the Consuls end.
But, reverend Lords, your powerfull state
Is not confined to any date.
Therefore, conclude, amongst you all,
That Pompey be your General.

—"Pharsalia," book V., ed. 1614, p. 168.

Chapman or Shirley (probably the latter) affords us the following instance in a play published a quarter of a century later:

Proctor General.—What shall I say? but conclude for his so great and sacred service, both to our king and kingdome, and for their everlasting benefit, there may be everlastingly left here one of his loynes, one of his loynes ever remaine, I say, and stay upon this Bench, to be the example of all Justice, even while the North and South Starre shall continue.—"Tragedy of Chabot," act. III., ed. 1639, sig. E. 1, b.

To come down yet further, we find in Kersey's dictionary, A. D. 1721, the following definition, which has value not only as giving the received meaning of the word in question, but for its bearing upon the announcement, at once carping and self-sufficient, of this critic, that the sense of *conclude* in question has "escaped all the lexicographers"!

To CONCLUDE, to finish or make an end of; to infer or gather by reason; to resolve upon, to determine.

And that obscure lexicographer Bailey allowed it to escape him also in this disgraceful fashion. I quote from the edition of 1737:

To CONCLUDE, to make an end or finish; to resolve upon or determine; also to draw a conclusion upon something said before.

We have seen catastrophes like this on other like occasions. And perhaps it is dawning upon the minds of my readers that *conclude*, in the sense of to resolve upon, cannot have so very long ceased to be English, if indeed a word once rightly English can ever cease to be so, although it may pass out of common

use. Finally, as to the decree issued above, that "conclude, as equivalent to the phrase when it attaches this sense ["resolution"] to *conclusion*, has long ceased to be English," see the following passage from a very famous novel, almost of our own day:

— and, after all, if he felt in any real danger, it would then be time to run away.

And with this *conclusion* he laid his head upon his pillow, and with this *conclusion* he rose in the morning, resolving to be cautious, and avoid even the shadow of evil in action, and confine every tempestuous emotion to his own bosom; and in this *conclusion* he began the most dangerous system of intercourse that ever beguiled man or woman.—"The Admiral's Daughter," 1834, chap. x.

Further exemplification of the perfect and present Englishness of this word in the sense in question is hardly needed, but it might doubtless, and may perhaps, be produced. The consideration of it brings to my mind another word, or use of one, which the same critic, ever gentle, ever benignant, as becomes one who, as we have seen, is omniscient, pronounces "a minor Americanism," which has the good fortune of being "interpretable by help of the context." This is:

BESTEAD WITH.

Now, whatever may be the quality of this phrase, it is not an "Americanism." Even less, if possible, than of *conclude*, have I ever thought of it in the course of my reading; but it is very old; and I happen to have memorandums of the following passages by me, made for quite another purpose. The first is from the legend of "Seinte Marherete the Meiden ant Martyr," the MS. from which it is taken having been written A. D. 1200:

—for ich iseo me lauerd *bistatked* ant *bistonden* as lomb *mit* wed wulues.—Ed. Cockayne, p. 3.

That is: for I see my lord bestead and bestood as lamb with mad wolves.

The next is from the rhymed legend of "Mary Maudelin," preserved in the Auchinlech MSS., the date of which is about A. D. 1300:

The prince seyde dame nay
With me warden thou ne may
No were the se neuer so milde
And a woman were with childe
In schippe *with* travail *bestadde*
All we might be sore adradde.

—Ed. W. D. Turnbull, 1840, p. 229.

Rather early instances those of "Americanism"; although doubtless Americus ought to have found the phrase in high vogue here when he landed some two centuries later; but he didn't. Were I as apt to follow "a bad model" as it has been declared that I am, I should here gravely announce that owing to his "slothfulness" these instances of the use of *bestead with* had escaped Stratmann in the preparation of even his revised edition of his "Dictionary of the Old English Language, compiled from writings of the XII., XIII., XIV., and XV. centuries," and proceed forthwith to "perstringe" him therefor, telling him, as he went off with his finger in his eye, that he got off easily not because of his merit, but because of my clemency*. But should I have done so, it would hardly compensate my readers for my forgetting, if I did forget, as my bad model seems to have forgotten, the opening lines of "Il Penseroso":

Hence, vain deluding joys,
The brood of Folly without father bred!
How little you *bested*
Or *All* the fixed mind *with* all your toys—

in which Milton (even if we accept Johnson's vague definition and read, How

* See, in "Modern English," p. 143, the insolent and insulting treatment of the work of a learned, laborious, and eminent man, Dr. Latham.

little you *profit* with all your joys) uses the word, as far as its relation to the preposition is concerned, exactly as it is used in the sentence in which it is pronounced an Americanism, *q. v.*: "the day most thickly bestead with trouble is long enough," etc. As to the later use of this word, I have not noticed it particularly. It is too rarely heard in any sense. I surely never met "bestead with" in any "American" book, nor do I remember having heard *bestead* used in any sense by an "American" speaker, except Henry Ward Beecher. Finally, "*bestead with*," for "beset with" being also numbered among the omissions of "all the lexicographers," I again quote from Bailey:

BESTEAD, born hard upon, beset.

It is superfluous to remark that *beset* involves *with*. The word implies an ablative, or rather an instrumental construction.

ATONE.

A friend, whose scholarship, and whose philological acquirements in particular, are very much greater than my own, having, to my astonishment, disputed the derivation of this word, or rather its mere composition, from *at one*, and given his adherence to the fanciful etymology which gets it from *aussohnen versöhnen* — to reconcile, I quote, less as proof than as interesting illustration of the true and simple etymology, the following passages from a play already cited in this number:

Constable.—Shall I, so late *atton'd*, and by the King's

Hearty and earnest motion, *fall in peeces*?

Chancellor.—"Tis he, not you *that breake*.

"*Tragedy of Chabot*," act I, ed. 1639, sig. B 4, b.

This shows that as late as the middle of the seventeenth century an inner consciousness survived that the word meant a mere making one of two or more severed persons. This appears again in the following line from the same play:

Father.—Being now *atton'd*, you must *be one* in all.

Ibid, 2d, sig. B 2.

GRAMMAR-RULE FETTERS.

The following letters bring up questions of less positive than relative interest. They are given with slight omissions, because they show that they were written by intelligent, educated men.

NEW YORK, February 18, 1874.

DEAR SIR: I respectfully request permission to call your attention to the following matter.

I am one of a number who have had repeated discussions concerning the nature of "together with" in the following sentences, namely: "The works of the company are quite extensive, and possess every facility for preparing the article. This, together with the fact that they are situated in one of the most fertile sections of Texas, where the finest cattle are obtained at very low rates, {enable } the company, etc., etc."—and who are now no nearer a satisfactory conclusion than they were at the beginning of the argument.

Examination shows that in similar sentences many of the best classical English writers have given "with" the force of a copulative conjunction, necessitating thereby a verb in the plural number; and yet Lindley Murray declares that in such instances "with" is a preposition governing the objective case, and consequently has no influence on the number of the verb. Our discussion is therefore at a very unsatisfactory standstill, and must so remain until we can obtain the assistance of some living recognized philological authority, whose judgment both parties will accept as conclusive.

It is because both parties [etc., etc., etc.] and have agreed to so accept your decision, should you be disposed to give one, that I address you and solicit your opinion concerning the matter in question.

I fully appreciate the liberty I take in making this request, but the knowledge I have of you through your writings encourages the belief that you will regard such liberty with good nature.

I am with great respect, yours very truly,

J. M.

My answer to this query will not be exactly what my correspondent ex-

pects.* In the phrase "together with," I see only two good English words which express very clearly and idiomatically certain relations of things. As to whether one of them or the combination of both is called by grammarians a preposition or a conjunction, I own frankly that I know little and care less. I never trouble my head about such things. If I did, I am sure that it would be even more muddled than I am fain to believe it ever is, and that writing, or even speaking, my mother tongue would be much like walking in invisible fetters. In this matter of grammatical rules and names, I am the veriest Jack Cade that ever rose up against arbitrary authority and conventional forms; and while I deem it of the utmost importance that men should use language clearly, simply, and with a full understanding of its meaning, I do sympathize most heartily with the valiant Kentish rebel in his condemnation of men "that *usually talk* of a noun, and a verb, and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear." Nor can I see that usually talking of such abominations helps men or boys to speak or to write their own language well, or to understand it when spoken or written by others; to do which was at first the only purpose, and continues to be the chief purpose, of these papers. And I will add that it requires no "philological authority" to decide such a question as that in my correspondent's letter. That is a mere question of common sense and the right meaning of words. Philology is quite another matter. Whether "together with" should be followed by a plural or by a singular verb depends, in my judgment, entirely upon the meaning intended to be conveyed—whether two distinct things are to be presented to the mind in relation to the verb, or but one, with a parenthetical mention of another. In the former case, which I think must be very rare, a verb in the plural number should of course be used; in the latter the verb should be in the singular. I suggest that here may be an explanation of the diversity of usage which my correspondent mentions. He will pardon me for suggesting that in my judgment it is of far less importance to know whether "together with" is to be called a conjunction, or a preposition that governs something else, than to learn to write better English, or at least simpler, than such a sentence as "The works of the company are quite extensive and possess every facility for purchasing the article." The works of the company are extensive or very extensive; or, much better, they are large, or very large; but they cannot be quite extensive, because extent is not capable of quiteness. They might be quite round or quite square, or even quite black or quite red, or quite finished, but not quite almost finished.† And for "one of the most fertile sections of Texas" would it not be better to say, one of the most fertile *parts*, etc.; and for "where the finest cattle can be obtained at very low rates," where the finest cattle can be *got*, or *bought*, at very low *prices*? It would, I think; and therefore, as I was consulted at all, I give my opinion. I am no dictator; and yet of these two letters I have said with Cæsar, "What touches us ourself shall be last served."

SIR: If I mistake not, you are candid as well as critical—quite as ready to correct your own mistakes as to detect the errors into which others fall. With this impression in regard to you I take the liberty of asking your attention to the second line of the 188th page of "The Galaxy" for February: "such good taste and such wide research."

"Such" being itself an adjective cannot, with propriety, be used to qualify another adjective

* In that sent to him personally I fear that he might have found rather more of curtness than of the good nature with which he so kindly endows me. I hope that he and others will let my need of brevity be my excuse.

† See a clever society sketch, "Refinements of Modern Speech," in a late number of "Punch": "Female Exquisite—'Quite a nice ball at Mrs. Millefleur's, wasn't it?' Male Ditto—'Very quite. Indeed, really most quite.'"

Even if "good taste" and "wide research" should be regarded as compound words, with which *such* agrees, its modifying influence would still be confined to the first half.

It is true that this impropriety is one of long standing and of wide prevalence. It has the seeming sanction of many writers and speakers who rank deservedly high. If Mr. White has anything more than this to say in its favor, I trust that he will make it known.

Permit me also to call your attention to an expression which I find in the October "Galaxy," page 453, sixth line from the top: "without it is used."

In Webster's Dictionary (1851) there is what seems to me a lame attempt to show that such usage is not ungrammatical. That at best it is awkward and inelegant must, I think, be conceded.

While I should deem it very unreasonable to demand of any one absolute and invariable accuracy in matters of language, I may yet venture to remind you that [etc., etc.] your example has no less of weight than your precept. Very respectfully I am, etc., etc., C.

CONNECTICUT, February 5, 1874.

Behold here another grammatical muddle. Because *such* is ticketed "adjective," therefore it cannot be used with *good taste* or *wide research*, or the like. But, as "C" says, it has been long so used by many writers and by those of high rank. Now, being asked, I say that in my judgment it is right so to use it; yet not because of the "authority," that is, the example, of these writers of high rank, but simply because of the meaning which it has, and which it has had, I will not undertake to say now for how many centuries. *Such* is not, in my estimation, an adjective; that is, a word like *good* or *bad*, *big* or *little*, *high* or *low*. A good man, a big boy, or a high horse, is sense and English; a such man, a such boy, or a such horse, is neither sense nor English. But such a man, such a boy, or such a horse is clear enough, and so is such a good man, such a big boy, such a high horse. *Such*, then, is a mere word of likening, as it is according to the etymological formation, *swa-lic* — so like; and it is not an adjective like *good*, *bad*, and *high*. Or if it must be an adjective, and according to the rule of grammar one adjective cannot be used with another, why, so much the worse for the rule. It has been used even with *like* by the best writers. Thus in our English Bible we find "and such like;" in which, to avoid condemnation for using vain repetition as the heathen do, grammarians would surely have to call *like* a substantive or some such thing; but whether they call it a substantive or an adjective is of no consequence whatever.

In the other case my correspondent's criticism is just. I was careless and in error. I should have written, "But usage it cannot have *unless* it is used." But I beg my correspondent and my readers generally to regard rather what I say than what I do, if they regard either. Did they but know how much I write—that which does not bear my name being to that which does at least as four to one—and that I have daily office duties and yet other claims upon my time and attention, I am sure that they would be indulgent to my shortcomings and not try me by my own standard. As to "detecting the errors into which others fall," may I venture to remind them that in all my criticism censure of individuals has had almost no place, except in one conspicuous instance, in which after long forbearance I acted only on the defensive.

A CENTURY OF AUTHORS.

In "Realmah" (chap. xv.), Sir Arthur Helps makes Ellesmere say, "What, dull! when you have travelled over so few minds, and have not read the hundred great books of the world—for there have been at least a hundred books written by men who were not dull, and whose works fulfil the words of Samson when he went down to Timnath to take a wife from among the Philistines, and found that which he said combined leonine strength with sweetness." This brings me a request from an intelligent correspondent that I will point out to my readers the one hundred great books of the world the prospect of reading which should be so sure an antidote against dulness. Before en-

deavoring to comply with this request, it should be remarked that the dullness to which Ellesmere refers is not the quality or the absence of quality in a man which causes him to be spoken of as a dull person, but that lack of mental stimulus, that seeming emptiness of life, which makes men listen to gossip and to scandal with pleasure, and even read newspapers with a complacent consciousness of well-spent time.

Sir John Ellesmere's phrase seems precise, but is really vague. Before we set about finding out which are the one hundred great books of the world, we must find out what it is that we are to look for. What is a book, as Ellesmere uses the word? Is it a volume containing, for example, all of Shakespeare's works, or all of Milton's poems? Surely not. If we could have all of Goethe's writings or of Scott's in one volume, it would be a book in a certain sense; and so in a certain sense the Bible is spoken of as a book, "a sacred book," although it contains sixty-four distinct compositions, from the pens of about forty several writers, whose work extended through a period of fifteen hundred years. Plainly, therefore, "book" must here be taken in the sense—the proper sense—in which "Wilhelm Meister," one work of Goethe's, is a book, and in which Genesis or Job is a book. But the effect of this necessary limitation is to make Ellesmere's apparently simple and significant speech almost meaningless. For in that case our tale of a hundred great books would be nearly made up by the chief Biblical writers and some half a score of others. We should start with Genesis and Exodus, and Ruth, and Job, and the Psalms, and the Proverbs, and Ecclesiastes, and Isaiah, and Jeremiah, and Ezekiel, and the Epistle to the Romans, and the two Corinthians, and the Apocalypse. Homer would furnish us with the Iliad and Odyssey, Æschylus with five tragedies out of the seven which have survived of his seventy; Sophocles with five, perhaps six, he having written more than one hundred; Euripides with six, to which a place could not be refused; and from the twenty comedies of Plautus we should certainly take five. Leaping to modern times, Shakespeare would furnish us with at least twelve dramas, all unapproached in their distinctive merit; Goethe with as many distinct works of almost equally conspicuous excellence; and Scott with half a dozen novels entitled to a place among the best books of their kind in the world. Plainly, it was not thus that Sir Arthur Helps intended his century of books to be made up. He, we may be sure, had vaguely in his mind the Bible as one book, "Shakespeare" as one other book; but when he came, for instance, down to Sterne, he would regard the "Sentimental Journey" as one book and "Tristram Shandy" as another, while he would probably leave Yorick's sermons out of the question altogether as little fitted for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, or even for instruction in righteousness.

The only way in which the grand circle of literary eminence indicated by Ellesmere's speech can be filled up, is by inquiring which are the one hundred great authors to whom the world is chiefly indebted for instruction and delight. That may be done; and as the task is a pleasant and a suggestive one, I have undertaken it with some circumspection, protesting, however, against the procrustean limitation of the number of immortals to exactly one hundred. In making the selection of these names, originality, with which there always goes a certain strength, has been first considered. The writer who first tells the world a new truth, or who teaches it a new faith, or who leads it into a new train of thought or mode of action, or who gives it a new delight, is the great man not only of his age, but for all time. Next to originality come style and subject, which sometimes raise a man of intrinsic secondary quality

into the first rank. Xenophon, for example, would not take a place among the hundred by originality, by strength, or even by individual charm. But the Athenian scholar was a born soldier, fashioned in the womb to be a captain, and he happened to have the opportunity of conducting the retreat of ten thousand Greeks out of Persia, which he did successfully in the face of all the armies of the great king; and he has told the story of this great military feat and stirring adventure in a style so elegant, with a self-revelation so sweet and simple, that the very boys forgive him for writing the *Anabasis* and love him as they toil with him over his daily *parasangs*. He therefore takes his place among the hundred, although if he had not been the Athenian bee and had not volunteered against Artaxerxes, his mere native force of mind would not have carried his name beyond his century. So Polybius attains his eminence chiefly by his opportunities. With thus much of caution and of explanation I introduce the following list of

ONE HUNDRED GREAT WRITERS.

HEBREW.	Catullus,	George Eliot.
Moses (as author of Genesis and Exodus),	Juvenal,	GERMAN.
Author of the Book of Job,	Tacitus.	"Nibelungenlied," Author of,
David,	ITALIAN.	à Kempis,
Solomon,	Dante,	Luther,
Isaiah,	Boccaccio,	Grotius,
Ezekiel,	Machiavelli,	Goethe,
St. Paul,	Galileo.	Schiller,
St. John (of the Apocalypse).	SPANISH.	Winckelmann,
ORIENTAL.	Cervantes,	Kant,
Confucius,	Calderon.	Humboldt, Alexander,
Mahomet,	ENGLISH.	Humboldt, William,
"Arabian Nights," Author of.	Chaucer,	Bopp,
GREEK.	Spenser,	Grimm,
Homer,	Shakespeare,	Hegel,
Hesiod,	Jonson,	Niebuhr,
Herodotus,	Bacon,	Strauss.
Pindar,	Milton,	FRENCH.
Æschylus,	Bunyan,	"Chanson de Roland," Author
Sophocles,	Locke,	of,
Euripedes,	Newton,	Froissart,
Aristophanes,	Pope,	Rabelais,
Plato,	Swift,	Montaigne,
Aristotle,	Goldsmith,	Calvin,
Thucydides,	Fielding.	Cornelle,
Demosthenes,	Johnson,	Racine,
Xenophon,	Gibbon,	Molière,
Plutarch.	Burke,	Pascal.
ROMAN.	Adam Smith,	Rousseau,
Plautus,	Burns,	Voltaire,
Lucretius,	Scott,	Le Sage,
Cæsar,	Byron,	Béranger,
Cicero,	Wordsworth,	Balzac,
Virgil,	Bentham,	Hugo,
Ovid,	Mill, John Stuart,	La Place,
Horace,	Carlyle,	George Sand,
	Ruskin.	Comte.

In this list the names are arranged according to nationality and time, and it is limited by the purely arbitrary and capricious number, one hundred, which, for any reason to the contrary except its "roundness," might just as well be increased to one hundred and one or any number above, or cut down to ninety-nine or any number below. Such a limitation is altogether uncritical and puerile, and is consequently misleading. Having been led to a consideration of this subject, let us gather and arrange according to their traits and affinities the names of

THE GREAT WRITERS OF THE WORLD.

POETS.

PURE, κατ' ἐξουχὴν : Goethe.

PROPHETIC: David, Isaiah, Ezekiel, Jeremiah, John.

PRAGMATIC: Hesiod.

EPIC: Homer, Virgil, Dante, "Nibelungenlied," "Chanson de Roland," Milton.

DRAMATIC: Author of the Book of Job Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, Plautus, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Corneille, Racine, Molière, Calderon, Schiller, Browning.

NARRATIVE: Chaucer, Morris.

MORAL-ALLEGORICAL: Spenser.

LYRIC: Pindar.

CRITICO-LYRICAL: Horace, Burns, Byron, Béranger, Heine, Hugo.

PHILOSOPHICO-LYRICAL: Lucretius, Wordsworth.

DESCRIPTIVE-LYRIC: Ovid, Catullus, La Fontaine.

SATIRICAL: Juvenal, Pope.

PROSE WRITERS.

RELIGIOUS FOUNDERS: Moses, Confucius, Paul, Mahomet, Luther.

THEOLOGIANS: Augustine, Athanasius, Tertullian, Calvin.

CHURCHMEN: Jeremy Taylor, Bossuet, Fénelon.

RELIGIOUS THINKERS: Thomas Aquinas, St. Bernard, Pascal, Spinoza, Strauss, Maurice.

DEVOTIONAL: à Kempis (? author of "Imitatio Christi").

PHILOSOPHERS: Plato, Aristotle, Bacon, Locke, Kant, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, Comte, Mill (J. S.), Spencer.

DOUBTERS: Hume, Voltaire.

HISTORIANS: Herodotus, Thucydides, Polybius, Tacitus, Froissart, Gibbon, Niebuhr.

BIOGRAPHIC HISTORIAN: Plutarch.

MILITARY HISTORIANS: Cæsar, Xenophon.

HISTORICAL ORATORY: Demosthenes.

PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY: Vico, Herder.

PHILOSOPHIC STATESMEN: Cicero, Machiavelli, Burke, Guizot.

JURISTS—PHILOSOPHICAL: Grótius, Bentham.

HISTORICAL: Savigny.

POLITICO-ECONOMICAL: Adam Smith.

PRAGMATIC: Franklin.

CRITICS OF SOCIETY ("Moralists"): Solomon, Rabelais, Montaigne, Swift, Addison, Johnson, Carlyle (Prophetic), Emerson.

LITERARY CRITICS: Aulus Gellius, Quintilian, Scaliger, Lessing, Sainte-Beuve.

PHILOLOGY: Humboldt (William), Bopp, Grimm.

CRITICS OF THE ARTS OF DESIGN: Winckelmann, Ruskin.

ARCHITECTURE AND ANTIQUARIAN ART: Viollet le Duc.

QUANTITATIVE SCIENCE: Galileo, Newton, Leibnitz, Laplace, Humboldt (Alexr.).

PROSE FICTION: Author of "Arabian Nights," Boccaccio, Bunyan, Goldsmith, Fielding, Le Sage, Walter Scott, Balzac, George Sand, Thackeray, Hawthorne, George Eliot.

SENTIMENTALIST: Rousseau.

HUMORISTS: Cervantes, Sterne, Richter, Dickens.

By this list, which includes of course all the names in the former, and, I believe, presents all the great leaders of the world's thought and masters of literary art, we see that the number of the great writers of all time is not very much more than one hundred—one hundred and thirty-nine. I would not, aping Caliph Omar, advise all other books than theirs to be burned; but it is, I fear, true that all other books (apart from those on the exact sciences, which are hardly books) might be burned to-morrow without serious loss to mankind. Certainly no one who has not a thorough knowledge of at least one of the greatest of these great writers, and a moderate acquaintance with half a score and some inkling of the purpose of a greater part of them, should regard his acquaintance with literature with any degree of satisfaction. The absence of the names of Livy, Petrarch, Tasso, Ariosto, Camoens, Shelley, and Tennyson from this list may be noticed with surprise by some readers; but they were intentionally omitted.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

RACHMAN AND FERRAYA.

A STORY OF THE THUGS.

YEARS of absorbing devotion to the study of Oriental languages and literature, and the need thereafter for a temporary respite from such pursuits, suggested the idea of a tour among some of the picturesque villages that dot the plains of southern India. The proposal meeting the approval of several friends, we soon arranged a party of four; and as the "iron horse" had not yet made his appearance in the Carnatic, we had to content ourselves with slower travelling, in Bengal palanquins, each borne, by means of poles, on the shoulders of six stout men, while six more ran alongside, ready to act as a relief. A Pakkiya was the leader of the gang, a Musaljee the torch-bearer, and a Cavady man, with his two square tin boxes balancing each other at the ends of a bamboo pole, carried our table outfit, tea, coffee, etc. We were only *dilettanti*, seeking for recreation and additions to our cabinets, and needed little baggage beyond a few changes of light apparel, our note-books, and specimen bags. The raiment was snugly stowed under the morocco-covered mattresses and pillows of our palanquins; a net suspended from the ceiling furnished convenient quarters for our curiosity pouches, and a supply of oranges and bananas; a "goglet" of water and a drinking-cup hung just outside the window; and a little shelf with a drawer, across the foot of the "palkey," was just the place for arranging a supply of towels and brushes, pens and ink, pencils and paper. Thus equipped, and clad in fatigue suits of buff grass cloth and straw hats with enormous brims, we set forth on our novel expedition, leaving Madras at six o'clock in the evening.

Only the night is used for travel in India, on account of the intense heat; and the usual run of a palanquin is from twenty-five to thirty miles per night, though the speed may be almost doubled when necessity calls for haste. Each morning for the first week of our journey brought us to some little village, where

we rested for the day, in one of the *bungalows* or "rest-house" that are provided all over the East for the accommodation of travellers, and where in the total lack of hotels they may secure comfortable shelter, plenty of water, and such attendance as they need, at reasonable rates; but for provisions they must depend on their own Cavady man, who purchases and prepares them as they are needed. Thus far, not a noteworthy adventure had occurred; but the eighth day repaid us richly for the barrenness of its predecessors. At daylight our "bearers" halted at the entrance of Vanthi-Vasi, or Wandi-Wash, as sometimes incorrectly written, a little town standing in the midst of one of the fairest and most fertile plains of Hindostan.

It contains but little to attract the gaze of the curious, or to interest the tourist; and except that it was once the theatre of a bloody conflict between the English and the French, this quiet little town, hidden away among shadowy palms and wide-spreading banians, would perchance have remained to the present day utterly unknown to the occidental world. Roaming through its narrow limits, the traveller finds now only the ruins of an old fort, the *débris* of a once princely dwelling, several white-gleaming pagodas half hidden amid the tropical verdure, and some two hundred modest little cottages surrounded by paddy fields, fruit trees, and flowering shrubs—the *tout ensemble*, a picture of rural comfort strangely at variance with the moral degradation everywhere visible.

We had strolled out, the morning after our arrival at this secluded village, to the foot of a rugged granite mountain, that rises abruptly from the plain in full view of our bungalow; and learning upon inquiry that the shrine at the summit is a place of note, we determined to remain over for a day, and make the ascent by moonlight, attended by our guides. Several shrines, and some holy tanks whose waters are supposed to wash away sin.

we passed in ascending to the summit, which consists of a perpendicular column of granite, resembling a huge fortress. Near the top we found a graceful little temple and six other shrines, all dedicated to the worship of the elephant-headed Ganesha.

As we stood just at sunrise before the idol with his splendid surroundings, a venerable Brahmin passed us on his way to the altar, where he holds worship every morning. We accosted him, and found him intelligent, and civil even in his refusal to pause for the gratification of our curiosity. He promised, however, when he had gone through with his usual rôle, to return and answer our inquiries concerning this strange place of worship, and what seemed to us its inconvenient location. So on our descent the Brahmin accompanied us, and when about half way down the mountain, as we paused to rest beneath the cool shade of a friendly banian, we reminded the old man of his promise, and learned from him not only the origin of this mountain temple, but some curious facts concerning the Thugs—that strange, fanatical sect, whose history is as replete with mystery as with horror. In fact, so exceedingly reticent have they always been, when mingling with those outside their clan, that until very recently absolutely nothing has been known of them, beyond the simple fact of their existence; and even now our means of information are mainly confined to the confessions made by such of them as have been taken prisoners.

This strange brotherhood, though widely diffused over one of the most densely populated regions of the globe, and claiming, probably with justice, the highest antiquity, were, only a little more than half a century ago, almost unheard of in Europe, and spoken of, even by tourists in the East, with an incredulous smile as a sort of myth born of the vagaries of some crazed brain. While belonging nominally to every rank, caste, and religion of southern Asia, they are yet strangely bound together by a unity of purpose, character, and affection, such as no other clan or faction has ever known. Though they dwell as law-abiding citizens in the midst of their species, they are yet the deadliest enemies of the whole human race; and to destroy a fellow mortal they shrink not from imbruing their

hands in the life-blood of parent, brother, or child, if not a “brother of the good work,” or “an adopted child” of their horrible divinity.

They call themselves “brethren of the good work,” but are more generally known to others by the epithets of *Phansigars*, “stranglers,” and *Thugs*, “deceivers,” from the words *phansna*, to strangle, and *thugna*, to deceive. They claim an antiquity coeval with the creation, and a steadily-continuous increase in the numbers, influence, and intelligence of their bands, scattered now far and wide, from the snow-clad peaks of the Himalayas to the coast of Malabar, and from the banks of the Irrawaddy to the gulf of Cambay—through the Malayan peninsula, the islands of Ceylon, Java, Sumatra, Borneo, and the numerous smaller islands of the Indian Archipelago. They number among their myriads of adherents the Brahmin and the Pariah, the haughty Rajah and the despised Poleah, the Hindoo and the Mohammedan—setting at naught all differences of language, allegiance, and creed, and uniting, under the same dark, fearful oath, their entire membership into a sworn band of “brothers,” whose ends, aims, and interest are identical—one in life, in death, and in the rewards of endless bliss to which they look forward.

This fanatical sect are the worshippers of a horrible goddess called Bhowanie, a furious, bloodthirsty divinity, whose followers are a “priesthood of death,” the sworn foes of every living being, and their chosen work to take life whenever in their power. They know no compact but for death and the grave; no happiness but that of making corpses of the living; no sound so tuneful as the groans of the dying—all that they may glut the fiendish appetite of the fierce Bhowanie by pouring out upon her gory altar one continued libation of the life-blood of human beings. This is her only requirement, and her disciples enjoy her favor just in proportion to their devotion and success in this murderous vocation. The desire of booty is altogether secondary—a pleasant accessory, no doubt, as Thugs, like other men, probably love money and the luxuries and laxities that cannot be enjoyed without it; but it forms no part of the motive that incites to their fierce warfare against human life. Neither do

they kill from malice or revenge, but solely to benefit; and they argue that even the victim, if he were able to speak from the grave into which they have thrown him, would return thanks for the blow that had terminated life's wearying cares and sorrows, in the dreamless sleep of eternal oblivion.

They say that their goddess was present at the creation, and remonstrated with Brahma, the creative power, on the cruelty of bringing beings into existence only to suffer, and that she sought to dissuade him from adapting the race to continuous reproduction. But being unable to move him from his purpose, Bhowanie, in mercy, instituted this priesthood of death, determining thus to destroy as fast as Brahma gave life. By this means she would long ago have depopulated the earth, but for the interference of Vishnu, the preserver, with whom Bhowanie is at perpetual war.

The first instrument of destruction adopted by this exterminating goddess was the knife; but finding that wherever the warm life-blood flowed out there a new being sprang into existence to fill the void, Bhowanie ordered the substitution of the present mode of strangulation by means of a handkerchief, or a cord with a noose at one end, and so her faithful followers have ever since taken the lives of their victims. The noose is thrown with unerring dexterity over the head of the doomed man, and while with one hand it is instantly tightened around the neck by means of a sudden jerk, with the other the captive is thrown violently to the ground, which he scarcely touches ere the blackened face and blood-shot eyes proclaim the struggle at an end. The bodies are buried where slain, and the ground burned over to prevent detection. The leader of a band of Thugs, captured a few years ago, said, while on trial, that the moments of most exquisite pleasure he had ever known were those in which he had gazed on the starting eyes and stiffening limbs of his victims; and the cup of most maddening joy of which he could conceive was that of taking life in order to lay victims on the altar of the goddess Bhowanie; "whose longings," said he, "can never cease while a single human being still exists."

The majority of the Thugs are trained to their murderous vocation from early

childhood, and are carefully instructed in its doctrines and duties by a Guru, himself a retired Thug, too old or feeble for active duty. Quite a considerable number of adults, however, annually enter the lists as candidates for membership. When thus received, they are for a long while carefully watched, being first employed only as decoys or guardsmen, then as grave-diggers; and not until after long trial and well-attested fidelity are they received into full fellowship, and intrusted with the signals and technicalities by means of which the gang converse freely with each other without the possibility of being understood by the uninitiated.

The "investiture with the handkerchief" is the ceremony that inducts either a new member or juvenile novice into full fellowship; and this must be performed in the presence of the entire company, and by unanimous consent. It was formerly customary to tattoo the name of Bhowanie on the upper side of the left arm of her followers by puncturing the skin, and tracing the characters with a fine needle dipped in the juice of the abana root. As the virus diffused itself, the letters became of a fiery red, and were utterly ineffaceable. But this practice has been discontinued, as affording to their enemies too clear an evidence of discipleship to Bhowanie. The knowledge of the password is now the fullest proof of membership, and without this it is impossible to obtain admittance to any of their secret sessions or solemn convocations.

The chief symbol of worship is a *Khodali*, or pickaxe, known among the Phansigars as *nishan-kassi*, from *nishan*, a sign, and *kassi*, any instrument to dig with. The *nishan-kassi* is also their standard; and the *nishanwalla*, or "bearer," enjoys many special privileges as perquisites of his office. The highest dignitary of the clan is the *jemidar*, whose province is to preside at meetings and festivals, and appoint to each member his duties, while he is entitled in virtue of his position to one-tenth of all the booty taken by his company. Next in rank is the *buttoat*, or chief executioner, who always takes command of the most difficult or dangerous expeditions, and may either perpetrate the murders *in propria persona*, or select as his proxy whomsoever he pleases.

Sometimes the Thugs go out in large parties, then divide, sending the younger members ahead to attack solitary travellers, while the main body, and the buttoat especially, look out for large and well-guarded caravans; and when their work has been accomplished they reunite at some appointed rendezvous. Occasionally they send out *tillai*, or decoys, to lure, by smooth words and proffers of service, the unwary into their toils; but generally they depend on chance; and in a country so densely populated as Hindostan, among a people of leisure and migratory habits, where every thoroughfare is thronged with travellers, soldiers and pilgrims, beggars and priests, people of all ranks and classes, ever in pursuit of business or pleasure, these sanguinary fanatics are seldom at a loss for victims.

The headquarters of the Thugs is Mundesoor, where all are required to meet annually to report progress, and unite in the feast of the *pūja*. Together they partake of the consecrated cakes of the order, after which the nishan-kassi is brought out, bathed and perfumed in benzoin and frankincense, and then laid in the open fields across the road on which the gang purpose going. If a jackal, a jay, an owl, or an ass move to the right of the nishan, the omen is propitious, and the journey is forthwith prosecuted; but if to the left, it forebodes calamity, and the project is forever abandoned.

In addition to the annual assembling at Mundesoor, there is another rendezvous at the temple of Mirzapoor, where the entire priesthood are "brethren of the good work," and the goddess Bhowanie the only divinity. To this shrine every Thug, old and young, makes a yearly pilgrimage, to lay in person some costly oblation upon its altar, praying that if he should never return, "Bhowanie will welcome her faithful servant to the delectable fields where she dwells in cloudless sunshine, amid shadowing trees and rippling brooks, surrounded by beauteous maidens whose charms never fade, and brightest flowers that bloom for aye." To this celestial paradise none will be admitted but the followers of Bhowanie, and as no sorrow can enter there, there will be no need of death as a deliverer. So endless life is to be the crowning bliss of this priesthood of death—a beauteous finale to a rôle of fiendish atrocity.

"Let me sing you a song," said the old priest, as we sat beneath the banian. "It is one that is always chanted in full chorus by the Phansigars at the opening of their solemn festivals while the brotherhood dance with frantic violence around the khodali. It is Bhowanie's call to her followers." So saying, he sang, in low, tremulous tones, the following:

Ye brethren of the good work, hail !
Nor from the solemn festal fall :
Bhowanie calls from high.
Ye chosen ones of mystic vow,
Now in her gladsome presence bow :
'Tis she that becks thee nigh.

Bring in the gory sacrifice,
That pallid, cold, and pulseless lies :
Bhowanie's eyes would feast.
What to her so bright and fair
As the corpses grim ye bear,
And you, her 'nointed priest ?

Pile them on her altar, higher
With fragrant incense—holy fire :
Bhowanie quaffs the odor.
Blood, and wounds, and ghastly death,
And the horrid, gurgling breath—
These her dearest treasure.

Now bring forth the bright khodali !
Bathed in incense see it lie,
Bhowanie's mystic sign !
Around it dance, before it fall,
And on your chosen goddess call—
Thine for aye, and only thine.

Ever to her drink life and health—
To man's foul race, destruction, death !
Bhowanie bids thee so.
Forth go, more gory gifts to bring,
And yet more glad rejoicings sing !
On, on, forever go !

"How did you learn it?" we all asked in a breath, as the old man finished.

"Never mind," he said tremulously, "I will tell you by and by," and turned away to hide his emotion, but presently sat down again, and went on with the story he had promised. "There," he said, pointing to the stately ruins we had noticed in the village below, "was the ancestral domain of the Brahmin Akbar, a stately palace, whose glittering turrets shot upward to the clouds, reflecting the golden sunbeams; while its massive gates, well-mounted fort, and beautiful grounds proclaimed the boundless wealth and princely rank of its noble occupant. The castle was a quaint combination of white marble and red sandstone, superbly inlaid; its glittering tiles were of green and gold; and from every graceful minaret and cupola hung silver bells, that rang out sweet music with each passing

breeze. The centre building, you can see, was square, surrounded by arcades, with a trelliswork of white marble; but it is now wretchedly broken and disfigured, meet emblem of the fate of its lordly owner. In the rear was the harem, built in the form of an immense pavilion, and profusely decorated within and without with lapis lazuli, jasper, carnelian, and agate mosaics, so gorgeously beautiful that I can find no language to describe them. The ceilings were covered with arabesques of mica, silver, and ebony, that were dazzling indeed when reflecting their prismatic radiance by the light of a thousand wax tapers. The whole was surrounded by stone walls, with massive gates of stone and iron, that were guarded by day and securely locked at night.

"The lofty turrets of that stately castle yet abide, a mournful vestige of departed greatness; but they whose glad voices once sounded merrily within, whose roseate fingers plucked buds of fragrance from those terraced gardens, now sleep beneath the sod, and the old walls murmur the requiem of the past, as noisome reptiles gather amid the tarnished mouldings, or the mournful vampire flaps his wings beneath gilded canopies, while jackals prowl unchecked through tessellated halls, and roam undisputed lords over the doomed domain of the haughty Akbar. Many were the fair flowers that adorned the princely harem of Lord Akbar; but loveliest and most beloved was Amesha, the queen of those gilded halls—the light of her husband's life and the sunshine of his noble heart. She was graceful as a fawn, with eyes like a gazelle's, and hair lustrous as the raven's wing. The bloom of her cheek had borrowed its radiance from the fairest flower of the morning, and her dewy mouth its tint from the red-lipped sea shell. For ten years she had been Lord Akbar's wedded wife. Twice had she made him a father, yet she was even more lovely now than when, a child-bride of ten years, she first came to lie in his bosom. Of her children, Rachman, the eldest, was at this time nine years old, with dark, earnest eyes, and broad intellectual brow. He wore the princely garb of his race, and the sacred cord lay caressingly on his shoulder, as if proud of the honor.

"You know when the son of a Brahmin is twelve days old, a festival is held in honor of his naming; when six months of

age another feast marks the giving of his first meal of solid food; and a third season of rejoicing occurs when he is two years old, at which time his head is shaved, his ears bored, his nails pared, and he is robed in a new style of garments. But the most important epoch in the life of the young heir occurs when he is nine years of age. Then, amid feasting and revelry, songs, shouts, and rejoicings, he is invested with the sacred cord, consisting of a hundred and eight threads, made of cotton gathered and spun by Brahmins. The cord is worn over the left shoulder, and passes across the breast to the right hip. At the time of the investiture the novice is taught the *gayatri*, or Brahminical prayer, that no lips but those of a Brahmin may pronounce; and the young heir, being thereby instated in his legal rights, is thenceforth regarded as "twice born."

"Young Rachman was a noble specimen of a noble race, uniting his mother's rare physical beauty with the dignity, intelligence, and high spirit of his lordly father. His little sister, Ferraya, six years younger, was delicate and graceful, with soft, dovelike eyes, and long, silky hair, that veiled like a summer cloud her fairy beauty. It was at this period that Lord Akbar, intending to make his annual pilgrimage to Benares, the sacred city of the Hindoo, as Mecca is of the Mohammedan, proposed to the Lady Amesha to accompany him, with their children, who as yet had never visited the sacred shrine of Mahadeo. This was shortly after the spirit of the god quitted the image so sacrilegiously fired upon by British soldiers, and descended for safety into a well, where it still abides, ready as before to receive the offerings of faithful worshippers. Lord Akbar greatly desired to have his young son make his first pilgrimage, and offer his first oblation; and so, on a day of cloudless sunshine, they set forth, but forgot to consult the augurs as to a lucky hour.

"The Lady Amesha and her young daughter travelled on an elephant, in a capacious howdah, curtained with cashmere shawls; the little Lord Rachman was mounted on a milk-white Arab steed, whose housings were embroidered in gold and jewels; while the haughty Akbar himself, the proudest of all, affected the deepest humility by walking on foot, ~~all~~ the sandy plains, over which he strode so

loftily, were stained with blood from his lacerated feet. Of the twelve male attendants, some were mounted on camels, while others walked after their lord; and the maidens of Lady Amesha and her young daughter reposed in prettily curtained *bailis* drawn by white buffaloes.

“The costly offerings consisted of a jewelled coronet of immense value, for Lord Akbar’s; a roll of cashmere from the finest looms of Delhi, as his wife’s; a pair of golden vases, filled with fragrant incense, as the gift of the young heir; and a bouquet, every flower of which was composed of a cluster of precious stones, designed for the tiny hand of the little Ferraya; while even for the attendants suitable oblations had been provided, so that of all that happy company not one would enter empty-handed. The offerings were all packed in a howdah curtained with silk, and borne on an elephant richly caparisoned. And thus the gay cavalcade proceeded, day after day, over some of the most picturesque portions of southern India, till, on the evening of the sixth day, they were resting beneath the outspread branches of a sacred banian, little dreaming of the fearful storm about to burst upon their doomed heads. Lady Amesha sat at her lord’s feet, as they conversed lovingly together, while at a little distance gambolled the beautiful children. Rachman was playfully holding at a distance the wreath of wild flowers he had just snatched from Ferraya’s brow, and offering his own jewelled coronet in exchange, while the laughing little one shook her head, declaring that her own bright flowers were the prettiest and the sweetest.

“‘Take mine, for a little while at least,’ exclaimed her brother, ‘and you shall be queen of Delhi, while I will be a robber chief come to rob you of your treasures. But I shall be so charmed with your beauty and sweetness that I will carry you off as my lady love, and forget all about the diamonds and pearls.’

“Were the boy’s words prophetic?

“The ‘robber chief’ was indeed just at hand, ready to snatch forever from those baby brows the child’s brightest crown of innocent joy. Little Ferraya clapped her dimpled hands with glee; but just as the sweet voice rang out its merry peals of laughter, five men rushed past them, to the shady nook where the Brahmin sat

toying with his lovely wife. Among all that group of waiting pilgrims, only one pair of eyes saw the strangers without surprise. They were the eyes of a traitor—a fanatical traitor in that camp of love—one who knew but too well, when the party set out, that few of them would ever return; and his heart even now, traitor as he was, smote him sorely for all the love and trust he was so cruelly betraying.

“But that traitor was a Thug; and when did ever follower of the insatiate Bhowanie hesitate to take the life of any that were not ‘brethren’ in his fiendish vocation? And this cruel ‘deceiver’ had so adroitly concealed his real character, that Lord Akbar deemed him the most faithful and attached of all his attendants, and so had placed in his keeping the jewels and other valuable gifts for the shrine of Mahadeo.

“The traitor had, before the setting out of the party, communicated to his gang the route to be taken, and all the arrangements of his lord; and the Thugs, disguised as pilgrims, had been warily following in the wake of the travellers, from the very shadow of their home. The strangers who had rushed past the children were the buttoat and four picked men, who had been sent ahead by the jemidar, with orders to compass the destruction of the Brahmin’s party in any way most agreeable to themselves. The residue of the gang were encamped in this very jungle, within easy call of their comrades, should their services be needed. The buttoat’s party were clad as religious mendicants, though wearing the sacred cord that distinguishes the Brahmins from other castes; and their foreheads were smeared with clay, as indicative of a recent pilgrimage to the holy river. Trembling with haste and terror, they presented themselves before Lord Akbar, and prayed for protection from a formidable body of Phansigars, whom they reported as lying asleep in the shade of a neighboring grove. They had recognized the murderers, they said, by their knotted handkerchiefs, as well as by the glittering khodali that lay in their midst; and fearing an attack, they had slipped past on tiptoe, and fled for their lives. Again they begged to be received into the Brahmin’s party, and to unite their forces for mutual defence against the dreaded foe.

“ Lord Akbar, despite the courage and intrepid daring that made him ordinarily a stranger to fear, heard this cunningly devised tale with a paling cheek, as he remembered his loved ones thus exposed to a pitiless foe, who strike in the dark, and deal their cowardly blows where there is chance for neither defence nor escape. Then hastily summoning his attendants, he bade them look well to their arms in view of the threatened danger, and with their bodies to form a rampart around the women and children. He also thanked the strangers for their well-timed warning, and supplied them with arms from his own store; after which, all having taken a solemn oath to stand by each other for life or death, the party betook themselves to their journey, turning off the main road, on which, it was said, the Thugs were encamped, and selecting, at the instigation of the pretended devotees, a retired path through the jungle. Here all seemed so quiet that Lord Akbar's fears were completely lulled—especially with this opportune addition to his escort. And when, a little after twilight, the company halted for the night, he retired with his family to their tented beds, surrounded by his trusty servants, and soon all were wrapped in profound repose.

“ All but the traitor, who, joined by the new comers, passed noiselessly around the sleeping group, counting as he went (though he touched them not), till all but the children had been despatched. Unconscious of danger, the little ones were sleeping sweetly in each other's arms, when the buttoat drew near and knelt beside their tented bed, recognizing as he did so some real or fancied resemblance in the boy to his own dead child. Holding back the blow he was about to strike, he sounded the whistle that was to summon the residue of the gang, and resolved to beg the consent of the brotherhood to take charge of young Rachman and bring him up to their own vocation. The jemidar, with a heart more gentle and loving than the rest of the murderous crew, was touched with the beauty and innocence of the sleeping children, and, while yielding the boy to the buttoat, resolved himself to take charge of the girl if the consent of the gang could be obtained. He longed to clasp the sweet child in his arms, and give vent freely to the long-restrained affection of a heart once gentle

and tender as a woman's, and, even amid the horrors of his revolting life, often yearning for something to love. He had been both husband and father, and love had been alike the blessing and bane of his existence. With all the confidence of an ardent and truthful nature, he had in early manhood staked his honor and happiness on the smiles of a lovely but perfidious woman. Fondly he had loved and basely been betrayed. She who was the mother of his child, and the flower he so proudly wore in his bosom, turned from him to lavish her beauty and fragrance on another, and that other his bitterest enemy. Suddenly both mother and child had disappeared from his home, and the bower of love he had twined for her was desolate indeed. All the nobleness of his nature turned to gall and wormwood when, returning from a brief journey, he learned from his servants that their mistress had left the house two days before, in company with a man he despised, and had taken her child with her. He could not even be revenged, for no trace of the fugitives could he find. Nothing was left him but despair. Never had so wild a storm swept over a human heart—the whirlwind of contending passions blasting, like the fierce tornado, all that was bright and fair in his noble, trustful heart, till, in an evil hour, he swore undying enmity to the whole human race, and lent himself a willing coadjutor to ‘the brethren of the good work,’ seeking ~~themselves~~ ^{themselves} the for sorrows that could ~~not be healed~~. Yet there were times when his ~~own~~ manhood would assert itself, when spirits of love and tenderness would fold their fluttering wings over his grieved soul, wooing it back to peace and trust.

“ Thus it was as he gazed down at that sleeping child, and he offered the gang his own share of the booty as a ransom for the girl, to bring up as his own daughter. To this they readily agreed, while the buttoat was allowed to take possession of the boy. Rapidly sped the time, till Rachman had turned of twelve, and six golden-winged summers had shed their brightness over the fairy Ferraya, each adding something to her grace and beauty. She had long ceased to have any memory of her parents, and was too young and innocent to comprehend the horrors of her present position; while as the petted plaything of the entire gang,

to whom her simplest wish was law, she reigned a very queen, exultant and happy.

“But very different was it with her brother. Though he said nothing to recall to his little sister the recollection of their happy past or present ignominy, he ceaselessly brooded over both in his own mind; and during long, sleepless nights of agony, he vainly strove to solve the problem of their coming destiny, and to devise means of escape from a future of unmitigated horror. At last, driven to desperation, he rose one dark night, while the gang were sleeping securely, and taking his little sister from the jemidar's tent, bore her, still sleeping, beyond the encampment, in the direction of a city they had recently visited. Here he intended to present himself to the local authorities, and, without betraying the gang, to whom he felt grateful for constant kindness, to claim protection for himself and his sister, as orphans, whose parents had died suddenly while journeying toward the sacred city, and then, telling their names, to ask to be restored to their home and possessions.

“But his burden soon became too heavy for his boyish strength; and when he awoke the sleeping child, she quickly grew weary, and they were obliged to halt: and then, as day was dawning, they hid themselves in the bushes, to try to sleep, in order to travel again by night, and thus evade pursuit, should the gang send out to search for them. But the sun had hardly risen ere the sleeping children were aroused by a band of tillai, who, with oaths and menaces, bade them return to the encampment. Here a council was at once convened to decide the fate of the fugitives, and their immediate execution was clamorously demanded by the incensed Thugs, who naturally supposed that the boy's object was to inform against them as the murderers of his parents. His indignant denial of the charge failed to convince those whose own consciences were their loudest accusers, and the boy at least would certainly have paid the forfeit of his life for his rash attempt but for the yearning tenderness of the buttoat, who, throwing himself in agony at the jemidar's feet, besought his interposition in behalf of the child he loved so well, and offered to stake his own life as security for the future good conduct of his protégé. The

jemidar was deeply moved, and, induced by affection for his favorite officer, as well as for the boy, he presented himself as a suppliant to the gang for the relieve of the child, and after great difficulty and many entreaties he prevailed on them to accept the security and pardon the boy.

“From this time the children were watched even more closely than before, and the buttoat, hoping thus to strengthen his influence over his protégé, told Rachman that he had ascertained, from some papers found on the person of the Brahmin, that the boy was only an adopted son of Lord Akbar, and further, that he had the most conclusive evidence for believing that Rachman was his own long-lost son. This base fabrication was readily believed by the horror-stricken child, too innocent himself to suspect guile in another; and while overwhelmed with shame and agony that he must owe his being to such parentage, he solemnly vowed that not even filial affection should unite him to a life so horrible as that of ‘the brethren of the good work’; that he would die rather than ever be bound by a compact of such fell malignity as claimed their allegiance. Though still determined to escape whenever there was any chance to attempt it, he tried to appear content, the better to veil his designs; and the buttoat, fancying that he had at last bound the noble boy irrevocably to himself, was already beginning to anticipate the time when, by the bestowal of the mystic handkerchief, his adopted son should be duly installed as a ‘brother of the good work.’ This the jemidar, as a mark of special favor, not less than a stroke of policy, promised should take place several years in advance of the usual age; and the time was already near at hand when unforeseen events defeated all these well-laid plans.

“When Rachman became convinced that Ferraya was not his sister, as he had supposed, his emotions toward her underwent a rapid change—a violent passion usurping the place of his fraternal affection; and young as she was, he conceived the design of making her his wife. Ferraya was nine, Rachman fifteen; but he loved his beautiful playfellow with all the ardor and precociousness of our sunny clime, and throwing himself at her feet, he swore, by all that was sacred, that for

her he would dare every danger, and live or die only with her. The sweet child could not comprehend half he said, but she 'had always loved her darling brother; could not be anywhere away from him, and of course would do all he desired.' So it was arranged, and the consent of the gang, especially the jemidar and buttoat, was sought, for the youthful pair, after the espousals, to retire to any quiet spot the company might select, and, all secluded from the world, to live only for each other. Rachman even proposed to have the name of Bhowanie stamped upon the arm of each; to take the most solemn oath of secrecy; to visit the gang at stated times, and unite in all their solemn festivals; only that he should not be required to take any active part in this priesthood of death, or to imbrue his hands in human blood. But his entreaties were utterly in vain. All he asked was refused, then and forever, and he was bidden to prepare at once for his solemn investiture as one of the brotherhood.

"Driven to desperation by the rejection of his suit and by anticipation of the terrible future of crime and infamy that seemed inevitable, Rachman again fled the camp with his beloved Ferraya, and this time they succeeded in penetrating far into the jungle, meeting many hardships, but sustained by the hope of ultimate success. Twelve days after their flight, while Rachman was resting on a grassy bank, supporting the exhausted Ferraya in his arms, they were surprised by a party of decoys, who had at length, after repeated failures, found out their route and tracked the refugees to their retreat. Weary as were the poor children, they were compelled to start at once, and with inhuman haste were driven back to the encampment. This time no effort or influence was sufficient to save the ill-fated pair from the vengeance of the incensed gang; and after a brief consultation as to time and manner, both were condemned to die.

"Wearied and worn by disappointment and sorrow, the child-lovers welcomed the prospect of death, only too glad to die together, rather than be separated from each other. So, rushing into each other's embrace, with arms twined lovingly, they stood awaiting their doom, as the buttoat went forward to cast the fatal noose. Bending down to take a last, linger-

ing look at the beautiful boy he loved so well, he again recognized, as he had so often done before, the real or fancied resemblance to his own dead child, and his hand refused to perform the cruel deed. Overwhelmed with rage and despair, he rushed from the tent, and with his own hand put an end to his wretched existence, resolving not to survive the noble boy on whom he had so long and earnestly lavished all the tenderness of which his perverted nature was capable. The jemidar, sending a messenger to summon the buttoat to his duty, was notified of the catastrophe that had so suddenly deprived him of his favorite officer; and becoming thus still more incensed against the youthful pair, as the cause of his loss, he rushed forward, and with clenched teeth and a yell of savage triumph cast the fatal noose, and drawing it tightly about the necks of his victims, they fell dead at his feet, still clasped in mutual embrace.

"For a moment the strong man gazed wistfully at the ruin he had wrought, the old tenderness returning, but it was mingled with indignation at such persistent opposition to his wishes, with grief for the loss of the only one of his officers for whom he had any real affection, and above all with self-reproach for permitting himself to love again any object but Bhowanie. Unable to endure the pitiful sight of those fair young faces thus upturned to his, he summoned one of the gang to bear away the corpses and inter them out of his view. The Thug, as is the usual custom, tore away the clothing from the breast to ascertain whether life was extinct, and in so doing found, suspended by a slender chain from the neck of the boy, a curious talisman that he carelessly removed and handed to the jemidar. The officer trembled violently as he grasped the tiny trinket, and retreating to a bank near by, opened the talisman by means of a concealed spring. In an instant he exclaimed, in tones of despair: 'I've murdered my boy! my own long-lost darling, that I would have died to save!' Pressing the fatal charm to his lips, he staggered back to the spot from which the corpses were just being removed, and stooping down had his terrible suspicions confirmed by the sight of a tiny lotus flower on the boy's breast—an emblem he remembered but too well

himself imprinting on the bosom of his own child a few days after its birth. Despair seized his soul, and ere those around comprehended his purpose, he snatched the handkerchief so lately used for the destruction of those innocent children and bound it tightly about his own neck. As he fell, he exclaimed: 'My son, my son! thou art indeed avenged!' and his livid corpse lay stretched upon the identical spot recently occupied by that of his child.

"The explanation came afterward. Soon after the desertion of the jemidar's wife she gave her young child to a woman to bring up for her, and as the mother died within the year, the babe was never called for. The same nurse was summoned, when the first child had been newly placed in her keeping, to attend the accouchement of Lady Amesha; and while bathing the infant heir of Lord Akbar in a huge tank, the child slipped from her arms and was drowned. Fearing the Brahmin's vengeance, she substituted her little nursling—a ruse she was enabled to carry out by the protracted illness of Lady Amesha, that kept the babe at the house of its foster-mother for several months, and her excellent nursing was the reason assigned for the child's rapid growth. Thus little Rachman had grown up—no one, not even his reputed parents, suspecting his identity; and but for his untimely death, the secret might never have been divulged. The talisman, the value of which the nurse did not herself comprehend, was accounted for to Lady Amesha as being the gift of a Fakir, who, she said, had placed it about the child's neck, and at the same time imprinted the lotus flower, as an antidote against evil spirits. The whole affair was explained by the nurse when, a few months after the murder of the children, the remnant of the gang was taken, their crimes confessed, and the perpetrators executed at Vanthi-Vasi, whither they were brought for trial, in order to the summoning of witnesses, and the identification of the family of the murdered Brahmin.

"Thus perished the last of the race of the princes Akbar; but their death was fearfully avenged by the utter extermination of that entire band of 'the brethren

of the good work'—a tragedy quite terrible enough to satisfy the fiendish longings of even the insatiate Bhowanie.

"The only one who escaped the tragical fate of his murderous comrades was he who least deserved mercy—the perfidious traitor who had betrayed the noble Brahmin and his family into the hands of his gang. *I was that traitor*; and stung with a remorse I could no longer endure, after the murder of those innocent children, I fled the camp, little caring what became of me. Why I was not pursued and taken I never knew; how I escaped the thousand deaths I courted, I cannot tell. Every hour since I have longed to die, yet have lived on to suffer and to curse my folly. After years of wandering, barefoot and almost naked, after penances and pilgrimages more than I can now recount to you, I found my way back to Vanthi-Vasi, to make what atonement was left me for my crimes. I had collected gold and costly jewels, partly by begging as a Fakir, but mainly by unearthing the buried treasures of my gang, that after their execution none save myself knew of. With these I built the mountain temple and dedicated it to the memory of my murdered lord. I was then a young man, now I am old and gray; but every day, for more than forty years, I have climbed the mountain side to make prayers and offer sacrifices upon the Brahmin's altar. Now my days are almost spent, and when the time is at hand I shall inflict upon myself the same death by which the noble Akbar fell. I should have done this long ago, but that it is a far greater punishment for me to live than to die. The remorse I suffer no tongue can tell, nor how I long, not only for death, but for annihilation. But there are ages upon ages of suffering in the lowest hell in store for me, wretched sinner that I am. Yet I glory in suffering, that perhaps millions of ages hence may wash away my sins. Oh! that it were over, and I forever at rest."

The old man ceased, and sat with bowed head, the very impersonation of despair. I never saw him after that day; and doubtless ere this he has passed "over the river."

FANNIE ROPER FEUDGE.

M. ROQUE'S HOBBY.

THE little wayside station of Sanremy was empty of all but two moustachioed and puckered individuals, grasping hands and gesticulating with true Southern vivacity. These were M. Roque and M. Marceau, two old friends just met again after some years' interval.

"And my little Hélène?" said M. Roque, as they stepped out on the narrow street. "How goes it there? and what will she say to Papa Roque for coming in his hurry unprovided with a doll?"

M. Marceau's face assumed a certain look of importance. "Her last doll has not yet lost its charms," said he. "The fact is, you come just in time to congratulate her on her betrothal."

"Oh, these babies!" cried M. Roque, with a smile, followed by a sigh. "What a haste they are in to push us old people out of the way! Come then, my friend, tell me all about it."

"It is a most excellent *parti*——"

"The devil!" unceremoniously interrupted M. Roque, "what a magnificent head! there—there!" in his eagerness stopping short and waving his stick toward an advancing figure.

"It pleases you?" returned M. Marceau, in a well-satisfied tone.

"Pleases me! but I say it is adorable. I would not refuse that head a place in my collection."

"Thank you," said M. Marceau, rather drily. "It is hardly probable you will be called upon, however. That is my future nephew, M. de Morainville."

"Indeed!" said M. Roque, in quite a different tone; and in another moment the young man had joined them. On first perceiving M. Marceau he had taken off his hat to wave a gay salutation, and now, in the shadow of the overhanging houses, he continued to stand with uncovered head. Certainly a strikingly handsome face, with the beautifully cut lips and arched nostril, the drooping, heavy-lidded blue eyes, the low, straight brow, crowned by golden hair, which, but that it was too closely cut, would have had the large, antique curl. One does not look to see a demigod pacing the streets of a dull little provincial town, and the eager

though veiled scrutiny with which M. Roque regarded the new-comer was not perhaps surprising. He did not appear to notice the interest of which he was the object, until, just as he turned to go, he shot at M. Roque one short, sharp glance, so utterly at variance with the whole character of the face that, after the lazy lids had fallen again, one might have been tempted to believe it a fancy.

The two elder men walked on together, M. Marceau expatiating on the advantages of the proposed match, and M. Roque listening in attentive silence, with only an occasional nod to keep up his side of the dialogue.

"What has become of young Laurent?" he asked at length, when M. Marceau, having exhausted either his subject or his breath, had come to a pause. "Was there not some sort of childish fancy there, eh?"

"Oh, mere child's play, as you say; nothing more. Laurent has left Sanremy, and is himself betrothed, we hear. There is reason to rejoice that that never came to anything, for there can be no comparison between the two marriages."

"Nor between the two young men," said M. Roque thoughtfully.

"Eh?" said M. Marceau, turning to stare at him; "no—no, of course not. Laurent was a good boy—a good boy; but of course, as you say, there is no comparing him with De Morainville, an Apollo, eh?"

"And naturally Hélène is deeply in love with Apollo?"

"My niece, I trust," began M. Marceau with dignified emphasis, "is not likely to forget the proprieties of her sex and condition——"

"Bah!" interpolated M. Roque.

"But," continued M. Marceau, with no other notice of this irreverence than a greater elevation of chin, "she appears as well satisfied as I could desire with the honor M. de Morainville has done her, and with the advantages which he can bestow upon her."

M. Roque made no reply, and the subject dropped.

He found little Hélène grown into a

tall, lily-like maiden of seventeen, and with the added years had come a certain distance of manner quite unlike his recollections of the child. Or perhaps it was but due to her anticipated honors: some slight shade of hauteur might not be unnatural in a girl who felt herself thus elevated above her natural rank. For Mademoiselle Dessaix's family, although well connected and in good circumstances, was not noble, and undoubtedly in marrying M. de Morainville she would take a decided step in the world.

One might think this reflection should have satisfied M. Roque. Nevertheless, he was unreasonable enough to seek to convince himself that no undue strain had been put on her inclinations, that there was no lingering tenderness for Georges Laurent, her early playfellow, to disturb her future happiness. Hélène bore the cross-examination not only with tranquillity, but with absolute gayety. Did Papa Roque fancy that the good uncle had been playing the tyrant? but surely it was his duty to emphasize the advantages of this alliance. Georges Laurent? oh, but that was ages ago—one of those foolish little childish romances that never come to anything; both had forgotten it and betrothed themselves elsewhere. Whereupon M. Roque committed the crowning indiscretion of asking point-blank if she really loved the man she was about to marry. Hélène cast down her eyes and hesitated a little, girl-wise, then answered demurely that the betrothal was over, the contract signed, and what more would one have? To which M. Roque rejoined that even then it was not too late if she wished—But no, Hélène's fate was fixed, and she had not the slightest desire to unsettle it. And after that there was nothing further to be said.

Had M. Marceau been aware of this conversation, beyond a doubt he would have been highly scandalized; but Messieurs Marceau and Roque, though excellent friends, were by no means each other's models. M. Marceau was a martinet in small matters—a pink of propriety in all things; while M. Roque, immovably fixed on certain broad principles, allowed a good deal of latitude beyond.

M. Roque enjoyed among those who knew him the somewhat paradoxical re-

putation of "a sensible lunatic." Some averred that an early disappointment had made him what he was, others that he had never been anything else. He lived entirely alone, with only one old servant to take care of his house. Not that it was a very heavy charge, though positively overflowing at all points, for the old Marthe was forbidden, with an emphasis too strong for repetition here, to touch so much as the tip of a feather duster to any article of his heterogeneous collection. This hydra-headed darling, the representative of much money, time, and trouble, was made up of a good deal recommending itself at once to the eye of taste, mingled with a good deal more which, though valuable from some consideration of age, rarity, or association, to the uninitiated seemed so much worthless lumber.

But what M. Roque especially prized was his psychological memoranda, as he called a ghastly collection of human skulls, which in life had mostly distinguished themselves by some crime, or folly, or eccentricity. His delight in these was as marvellous to Marthe—whose intrusive brush, it is needless to say, here required no warning—as it was amusing to his acquaintances, some of whom declared that M. Roque's will directed that his own head should take its place in this agreeable society, and that he was anxious to have a thorough understanding with these his future companions. Be this as it may, he certainly did accord to these generally rather disreputable deadheads a degree of consideration and intimacy very seldom bestowed on his living acquaintances, hardly even excepting M. Marceau, who saw him only at long and uncertain intervals, when the antiquary's erratic wanderings took him, as at present, into his friend's neighborhood; at which times he would stop, as it were, on the wing, only to take flight again speedily into unknown regions.

Even so now: a few hours, and he was gone, leaving behind no other memento of his presence than a singularly rare and ugly Indian monstrosity, and the conversation already described with Hélène. He was gone; and nothing more was heard of him until her marriage, when there arrived, not M. Roque himself, but a letter expressing his regrets that he was

unable to deliver his *cadeau* and his congratulations in person.

Time went on his way, and, busying himself after his ordinary officious fashion with human affairs, removed M. Marceau to a better world. This occurred very shortly after Hélène's marriage, and during one of M. Roque's absences. M. Marceau had been long under the ground when his old friend heard of his death. After this he, M. Roque, withdrew himself yet more from the living world, and shut himself up with his museum and his psychological cabinet.

In the latter delightful society he was sitting one morning, when his sacred seclusion was threatened by a succession of feeble taps, followed at last, as he took not the slightest notice, by old Marthe's head cautiously introduced through the door, with the nervous exordium, "If it please monsieur——"

It pleased monsieur then to turn round and launch a tremendous imprecation in that direction, which effected the instant disappearance of the head. Soon, however, the door creaked again, and M. Roque mechanically stretched out his hand in search of something to throw at it; but this time Marthe, though in trembling, stood her ground, and with her apron over her head, whether from fear of her master or of his grinning companions, announced that there was a young man without who insisted on seeing monsieur.

"Let him go to the devil," said M. Roque laconically.

"But, m'sieu, he will not," responded Marthe piteously from under the apron.

"Then fetch a *sergent-de-ville*."

"Alas! m'sieu, I have threatened him with all—even that m'sieu will shoot him; but it is an obstinate young man that! he will not budge, and says that m'sieu can see him first and shoot him afterward."

"Be it so," replied M. Roque, bending his brows ominously. "I will see him, Marthe. It may perhaps prove another head for me."

With a shudder at this ambiguous insinuation, Marthe disappeared and came back ushering a tall young man.

"A thousand pardons, monsieur," began the stranger as soon as they were alone, "for this persistent intrusion, but

I come in behalf of—of—that is, of M. Marceau's niece——"

"Of Mme. de Morainville?"

A sort of spasm crossed the young man's face. He only bowed in reply.

"And you are——"

"Georges Laurent, at your service, monsieur."

There was still something in the earnest dark eyes and steady mouth of the face before him that recalled to M. Roque his early partiality for the boy Laurent. He rose and grasped his hand with warmth.

"And what news do you bring me of my little Hélène?" said he then. "That she is well and superlatively happy?"

"Monsieur, that she is neither," answered Laurent briefly.

"What!" exclaimed M. Roque. "Impossible! Not happy with rank, wealth, a husband who is a demigod——"

"A demigod!—a devil!" said the young man, his features again contracting.

"You astound me!" cried M. Roque, with a certain sarcastic intonation. "What then is the fault of this angelic devil?"

"He is killing his wife by inches—that is all."

M. Roque leaned forward and fixed his eyes steadily on the speaker's excited face. "That is too plain speaking, unless you are prepared to speak more plainly yet," said he. "How is he killing her?"

"Those are the domestic secrets," answered the young man with a bitter smile.

"And how does M. Laurent happen to know these domestic secrets?" asked the other with a keen look. "Mme. de Morainville has confided in him, perhaps, as an old friend?"

"Mme. de Morainville," and he set his teeth over the name as if it were not an easy one for him to speak, "is too proud to confess her unhappiness, even if I dared ask, and I—I have not the right," he added with a sigh. "No, monsieur, I have spoken with her but once since her marriage, and then——No, the secrets are well kept! The whole neighborhood is edified by monsieur's devotion, and pities him that, notwithstanding, madame fails daily! But I—my God! I am not his dupe; I have had evidence enough of his treachery already. He is doing the devil's work under his saintly

mask, and since I cannot tear off that mask, I said to myself, I will find those who can. M. Roque is her friend: I will call him to her aid——”

“And suppose M. Roque declines to interfere between husband and wife on the strength of a suspicion,” quietly interposed that gentleman; “what then?”

“Then I go back and strangle that serpent with my own hands,” cried the young man, starting to his feet; but M. Roque motioned him back again.

“Gently, gently, my young friend,” said he. “When you have reached my age you will have learned that what is done in a hurry is seldom well done. Resume your seat, if you please, and tell me what you mean by evidence of his treachery.”

Laurent then acquainted him with the supposed part De Morainville had played in that early love-drama of Hélène's life. “There was never any promise between us two,” he said, “but a perfect understanding all the same. In point of wealth I was not wholly a match for Hélène, and I was aware that to demand her hand of her uncle, without at least some better future to offer, would be only to ruin my own hopes. Fortune seemed to favor me; I received one day a letter from a relative in a distant province inviting me to visit him, and offering me conditionally certain great advantages. I went; we were agreed; but in making our arrangements my absence prolonged itself from week to week. That time M. de Morainville used to further his own suit, and to poison Hélène against me by cowardly, underhand treachery. Unfortunately there were circumstances to give color to his lies. My relative had a daughter, and, I have reason to believe, would not have objected to strengthen our connection by this alliance; we were much thrown together. Briefly, De Morainville, who must in some way have kept himself informed of my movements, persuaded Hélène that I was betrothed, and gained her promise for himself. Dreaming nothing of all this—how should I?—I resolved to be silent till my return, when I should be able to show her uncle an assured prospect. And I returned to find her the wife of another! I was well-nigh mad, as you may conceive. I was bitter, cruel, when I met her at last. She did not answer my reproaches, but

only looked up at me with such a white face, such hopeless eyes! That was not the look of a false woman. Monsieur, it spoke love and pain as plainly as words could have spoken: it cut me to the heart. I stopped short, bewildered; and then—then I caught a look from M. de Morainville, who was watching us—a cruel, cowardly look this, almost like a secret smile at the misery he had caused. I cannot explain it, monsieur. The unconscious antipathy I had before felt for that man stood out all at once clear, and an instinct told me that we two were his victims. I said so to Hélène: I accused him of his perfidy——”

“And she admitted?”

“She did not deny, monsieur. She only entreated me to forgive the wrong that had been done me, and to forget the doer. I promised—I would have promised anything with her eyes on me—and then when I saw De Morainville approaching, I rushed away and wandered about the night long, at one moment resolved to break my word and take my revenge on him, and the next to turn my back on Sanremy. That was what I did finally. I went away with the purpose never to return, but when I heard such news of her I could not stay longer: I came back, though my presence can do no good. I have not seen her—I shall perhaps never see her alive; they say she will go out no more till she goes to her grave. But you—you can go to her—you will go, you will save her, M. Roque,” and he half rose in his eagerness and laid his hand on the other's arm.

M. Roque was sitting in a favorite attitude of attention with him, his elbows on his chair, and the two forefingers of his clasped hands extended along the bridge of his nose. He raised his head at this appeal and looked shrewdly into the agitated face before him. “I suppose you know, my friend,” he said, “that your case, reasonably considered, has not a leg to stand on?”

“But, monsieur, hear me——”

“No, monsieur, hear *me*, if you please. Sift your story, and to what does it amount? An impression—nothing more. You say that an instinct revealed to you the treachery of De Morainville; but in the same breath you confess the antipathy which might well explain that instinct. Again, Hélène did not deny your

accusations against her husband, but neither did she admit them: she was simply silent, which might mean one thing or another. You have not a morsel of positive proof that M. de Morainville is not in reality a most devoted spouse, or that the treachery was not entirely Hélène's, who was first induced by ambition to sacrifice her regard for you, and then by that very regard to preserve your esteem by tacitly admitting the error into which you had fallen."

"And you can believe this, monsieur?" cried the young man, who had listened stupefied; "you can believe this of Hélène, who is——"

"Who is a woman, neither more nor less," dryly interposed M. Roque. "And a woman! However, I did not say I believed it. I merely showed you that there was no cause why a reasonable being should not believe it. But as I pride myself on not being reasonable in the ordinary understanding of the word, I do not say to you, Have the consideration to attend to your own affairs and not disturb the privacy of this admirable household. On the contrary, I tell you that whatever may have been the truth of your instinct respecting M. de Morainville, the instinct which led you to me did not deceive you. It was necessary that I should first know precisely the terms on which you stood with Mme. de Morainville. I see that she has known how to maintain an admirable prudence in her relations with you; as for the rest, be assured that her mother's daughter will not be wholly helpless so long as I live." And the sigh which escaped M. Roque might have somewhat enlightened his acquaintance as to the disappointment that had made him "a sensible lunatic." "I propose to lose no time in unmasking this mysterious husband: if he prove an angel, so much the better for his wife; if a devil, so much the worse, possibly, for himself."

"We shall go at once, then, to Sanremy," cried the young man eagerly.

"Pardon me," rejoined M. Roque with polite decision, "I shall go at once, but I shall go alone. As for you, you will betake yourself absolutely where you will, only *not* to Sanremy. Reflect that, if there be anything underhand, our appearance together would at once set M. de Morainville on his guard."

Reluctantly Laurent yielded to the rea-

son of this view, and suffered his companion to depart alone.

M. Roque, who had not seen Hélène since her marriage, was deeply shocked, despite the preparation he had just received, by the change in her. White, weak, nervous, she was the merest ghost of her former self. She never stirred now from the room to which by degrees her world had narrowed, and, looking at her, her old friend began to fear that she would indeed never leave it but for that most straitened resting-place of all. But what was amiss with her? M. Roque's questioning got little enough satisfaction from the physician, who discoursed at as great length as his listener's impatience would allow, but whose information, stripped of its husk of learned terms, amounted to this: That Mme. de Morainville's illness was very serious; that he could not detect any sufficient cause for it, and that its origin appeared to be nervous or mental rather than bodily; all of which left M. Roque about as wise as he had been before.

Failing with the physician, he tried the patient next, but for some time to little better purpose. He began by talking of her marriage, but she did not follow this lead very readily. Had this union given her all the advantages she anticipated? he asked. She had no complaint to make. And they loved each other as much as ever? As for that, naturally they were no longer in their honeymoon—with a faint smile. Finally, she was perfectly happy? with impatient sarcasm. Had Papa Roque's experience then taught him that this was a perfectly happy world?

"And so," said M. Roque bluntly, "you are going to another as fast as you can." Then, as she did not answer, "It is of no use, Hélène, beating about the bush: you are aware that you are very seriously ill?"

Yes, she was quite aware of it.

"And that there is nothing on earth to make you so?"

Again Hélène was silent.

"Mental disease," pursued M. Roque, bent on rousing her, "mental disease means imaginary disease. Child! how dare you rebelliously disconcert the designs of Providence, and go to heaven before it is ready for you?"

"I am not rebellious," answered Hélène, missing the ludicrous side of this

apostrophe in the earnestness with which it was put. "I know—yes," she repeated meaningly, "I *know* that it is the design of Providence to remove me from this world."

"And will you have the kindness to tell me how you can possibly know that?"

She did not reply, and he was continuing with an energetic remonstrance, when all at once she turned toward him her averted face, whose deadly paleness startled him into silence, and leaning forward to lay her cold little hand on his, told him in a trembling whisper that she had been repeatedly warned of approaching death by a midnight spectre at her bedside. M. Roque stared incredulous as he listened; then laughed at her, scolded, reasoned, reproached her superstition for putting faith in dreams.

"It cannot be a dream," she interposed decidedly, "for it appears when I am wide awake, and even talking with my maid."

"Your maid! and does she see it too, this mysterious visitant?"

"Such things are visible only to those to whom they are sent," she answered in a low voice.

"Nonsense! there is Dr. Raynal, you see, did not even think it worth while to mention it to me—which, however, he might have done," concluded M. Roque in a muttered aside.

Hélène hesitated. "I have never told him," she said at last.

"Extremely wrong! How can you expect your physician to cure you if you don't confide in him?"

"I do not expect it—and—and I do dread the means he might think necessary for a cure. I have spoken of it only once, to M. de Morainville, and he looked at me so strangely. Oh, Papa Roque!" she cried piteously, "I saw it in his face—he thought me mad! Oh! I shall die soon enough—I do not mind that—but to die *there*, shut up among those wretched, horrible creatures!" and a long, shuddering sigh finished the sentence.

"But, my dear child," said M. Roque soothingly, "you cannot fear that your husband would send you from him thus?"

Hélène was silent awhile. "He might be reasoned into it," she said at last; "he might be persuaded it was the only way of cure. No, no, I dare not run such a risk. I have made him promise to say no

more of it, to tell no one. And you, too, you will promise me, will you not?"

"Listen to me, my dear Hélène," said M. Roque, bending forward and laying his fingers impressively together. "In the first place, I pledge you my word that what you fear shall never happen; I am also ready to promise to tell no one, because I intend to cure you myself—come! you are not afraid of me, I hope!—and you must promise in return to leave the whole in my hands, and not to be surprised or alarmed at anything I may say or do. I am going to make an end, not only of your spectre, but of your illness—to make you a well woman again. You hear?"

Hélène heard, and smiled, but faintly. She had little faith in his ability to perform either of the tasks he had set himself, for she sincerely believed herself doomed by a higher decree; still there was something cheering in his confidence. Perhaps that confidence was really less than it seemed, for M. Roque sighed involuntarily as he sat there thinking; then, to cover the sigh, he said abruptly:

"It occurs to me that we are reckoning a little too fast in agreeing to keep this matter to ourselves, since there is still a fourth in the secret already."

"You mean Justine—my maid? It is true she is in the secret, but I can depend on her to keep it."

"Depend on a woman to keep a secret!" cried M. Roque, "and a secret of that sort, too! I must pay a little more attention to Mlle. Justine. Such a natural curiosity is well worth it. Praying, my dear," he concluded, in a tone between jest and earnest, "and let me commence my studies at once."

Hélène smiled languidly and touched the bell-rope beside her sofa. The summons was answered in due time, but as meanwhile M. de Morainville had entered his wife's apartment, that first curiosity of M. Roque was quite forgotten. He had eyes and ears only for the master of the house.

"M. de Morainville," he said presently, with more than his ordinary abruptness, "what do you think of your wife's mysterious visitor?"

M. de Morainville shrugged his shoulders with a melancholy half smile. "What can I think?" said he. "It is a most lamentable delusion."

Justine, whom her mistress had de-

tained beside her with some work, gave a sort of shiver. "Madame has a supernatural warning," she murmured.

"Madame has a nightmare," sharply said M. Roque, overhearing her.

"Unquestionably it is some distemper of her own mind," assented De Morainville.

"I beg your pardon, not at all," replied M. Roque yet more sharply. "A distemper of her body, if you will."

"But you called it a nightmare," objected the other, looking bewildered.

"Yes, and what is the nightmare but a bodily delusion? Dreams and visions, what are they but other names for physical disturbance?"

"In a general sense, I admit——" began De Morainville, but M. Roque interrupted him.

"I do not speak merely in a general sense. To be more precise, let us recall for a moment these unpleasant spots which in a derangement of the stomach, the blood—the general system, in fine—frequently float before the eyes. Our own experience tells us of the strange and varied shapes they will assume, and we have every right to believe them at the bottom of those singular cases of optical illusion occasionally met with. I myself know a student who has twice threatened his servant with dismissal for letting a white hen into his library. White hen or black cat, natural object or monstrosity, it is all of a piece—the direct work of the deranged body, and only secondarily, if at all, of the diseased imagination. Now let us come yet closer: Mme. de Morainville is ill; there is not a nerve, not an organ in her whole system but is disordered; the turbid blood moves sluggishly through the brain, and, settling in spots about the weak eyes, overcasts them with a kind of veil which may as easily take one form as another. Here, for the first time, the imagination comes in: fancying herself about to die, these visionary disturbances resolve themselves into spectral appearances—warnings from another world, as she considers them. Her feebleness makes the illusions, and the illusions increase the feebleness; so cause and effect are continually interchanging, acting and reacting on each other."

M. Roque, while demonstrating his position as glibly as if he himself believed every point of it, had kept his eye on De

Morainville, who sat listening in an attitude of fixed attention, his head on his hand and his eyes on the ground.

"Your theory is ingenious," he said, when the other had finished speaking, "highly ingenious, certainly," in a tone of polite incredulity.

"Which means that you put no faith in it?" said M. Roque quickly.

De Morainville raised his shoulders and eyebrows, and spread his open palms, with one of those gestures so peculiarly and expressively national. "Since you force me to the avowal!" said he.

"Then may I ask how you do account for the delusion? Perhaps you, too, consider it a supernatural warning?" with sarcastic emphasis.

De Morainville gave the questioner one quick, furtively inquiring look; then his eyes went thoughtfully back to the carpet as he answered quietly:

"Pardon, monsieur, you reason too quickly. Between the supernatural and the purely physical there is a wide range. I confess myself ill qualified to assign to this case its precise degree, only able as I am to feel the melancholy effect which this frightful vision produces upon my wife."

With these words he rose, as if the conversation were become too painful, and going up to Hélène's couch raised her hand to his lips, bade her a tender adieu, and left the room with a shade on his handsome face that did not misbecome it.

"Come," said M. Roque to himself as he sat silently pondering, "so much is clear: that De Morainville has his own reasons for not encouraging a natural, or at least a commonplace solution of his household mystery. Ordinarily, I have observed, he carries his politeness to such a pitch, that he will make almost any concession rather than have an argument; while just now he was something more than ready to refute my nonsense—which is not wholly nonsense, by the way. But what may those reasons be—hum?"

Unconsciously M. Roque spoke the last word aloud, thereby startling the maid, who looked up from her work. "Monsieur spoke?" she asked.

He lifted his eyes and met hers fixed upon him. M. Roque was not very susceptible to feminine charms, but as he looked at her now he thought he had never seen a handsomer creature, and won-

dered that he had not remarked it before; for the magnificently moulded outlines, the warmth of coloring, seemed fairly to challenge the eye. The subdued rays stealing in through the draped windows appeared to gather about her as something akin, and to borrow from her as much glow as they lent. It was as if she diffused her own surplus of life over the whole of the shaded room; only not on that pale, wraithlike figure on the couch near by, which, from the contrast, looked doubly deathlike.

"Monsieur wishes something?" she asked again, as he continued to regard her without replying.

"No—yes, I wish to know if you are French. Mlle. Justine? It is hardly a French type."

"On the mother's side, yes, monsieur," she replied composedly, returning his look, "but my father was Venetian."

"Justine's history is a romance," said Mme. de Morainville. "Is it not so, *ma belle*?"

"Alas, madame, I have indeed known much change."

"And all to end in a dull country chateau and a troublesome sick woman, whose most devoted nurse she is," said Hélène between a smile and sigh. "But no," she added, "the final word is not spoken yet. There will be another toss of the ball after I am gone."

The girl raised her eyes imploringly to her mistress's face. There was evidently a real attachment between the two. Mme. de Morainville laid her hand caressingly on Justine's head, and lifted one of the heavy coils of red brown hair. The movement dislodged one of the pins that held it up, and the whole mass, loosened by its own weight, tumbled down over arms and bosom, over the chair in which she sat, and down to the very floor, a glorious sweep of light and color, such as might well have dazzled M. Roque's bachelor eyes.

"There, Papa Roque!" exclaimed Hélène, "did you ever see such hair? Only come here and look at it."

M. Roque approached and stood looking from one to the other of the two young women. There could have been but little difference in their age, but in all else what utter unlikeness! In its best days Hélène's delicate loveliness must have looked faded beside the other; but now,

in her emaciation, her pallor, she was absolutely ghastly contrasted with that gorgeous picture, all strong, warm hues, steeped and rayed in the light of its own setting. A strange moisture surprised those hard old eyes of his; he stooped down hastily to hide it over the wonderful hair he had been summoned to admire, in which apparent homage he was caught by M. de Morainville, who had come back for some parting word which he had omitted to speak. The latter surveyed the group before him with a frown, the more impressive for its extreme rarity, and turning to Justine dismissed her almost harshly. Her beautiful color deepened painfully, and there was a momentary light contraction of her lips; she was evidently much hurt by his uncalled-for severity. When she was gone Hélène ventured a remonstrance, but he only answered coldly: "I do not share your infatuation."

This little episode gave M. Roque food for some speculation. Why should M. de Morainville, so delicately devoted to his wife, betray in her presence the prejudice he had conceived against her faithful attendant, a creature so necessary to her comfort? above all, why should he betray it at precisely that moment? And then a certain speech of Hélène's persisted in coming back and mixing itself oddly in the matter: "I shall die soon enough." What did that mean? M. Roque set his wits at work on the whole, and had presently constructed a theory at least as ingenious as that on which De Morainville had recently complimented him. It stood thus:

The mental disease that was killing Hélène was connected with her married life. Loving Georges Laurent, she had given herself to De Morainville out of pride, pique—who knows what motives working on a woman's heart under such circumstances?—and yielding moreover to his own and her uncle's urgency. Her husband's first passion past, he cared no more for her, perhaps was secretly unkind—such things before now had been covered by a fair appearance—and Hélène, too proud and too sensitive to betray the utter failure of this marriage, or to allow the hazarding of a guess at the true object of her own affections, was well content to let go her hold on a life which she neither wanted nor was wanted in. So

much for madame. M. de Morainville was at once cruel and cowardly—impossible with that shape of head that he should be otherwise—and these two qualities combined made a hypocrite. Tired of his fading wife, he secretly longed for the time when he could set another in her place, and this other Justine Mazzoletti, whom he was hopeless of obtaining on any lower terms, and whose beauty had so turned his head that he was prepared to bid her own price. His pretended dislike for her, then, was but a cloak for his real feelings, and its only genuine feature had been that instinctive movement of jealousy just now. (Human nature is human nature, and possibly M. Roque was not reluctant to believe a supposition rather flattering to his own vanity.)

This was not all. M. de Morainville, trusting, reasonably enough, in his advantages of person and position to win the wife he wanted, saw the only obstacle to his happiness in the wife he possessed, the sickly wife whose decline was not rapid enough for his impatience. Naturally the next thought was how to hasten it. Deterred, not by principle, but by fear, from the employment of any agent which, if discovered, could involve danger to himself, he had cast about for something at once safe and effectual, and had found it in this mysterious apparition. How much better than the vulgar risk of poison a means which would act alike on body and mind, wearing out the nerves with fright and sleeplessness, while impressing the imagination with a supernatural warning tolerably sure to work out its own fulfilment.

Such was the pleasant theory which M. Roque built up about his polite and attentive host, and he chuckled as he mentally surveyed the edifice. His labor was by no means complete, however; he must ascertain not only *what* De Morainville was doing, but *how* he was doing it, and this threatened to be no easy task. His operations must have been planned and conducted with exceeding skill to deceive not only his wife but her maid, who had repeatedly witnessed the apparition, and who, even allowing for the stupefying influence of superstition, had at least no personal fear like her mistress to blind her. And here M. Roque, with unaccountable shortsightedness, for the first time perceived a terrible flaw in his architecture.

He bethought himself that, according to Hélène's account, the girl, though repeatedly present, had *not* witnessed the apparition!

This was indeed a serious difficulty, for even M. de Morainville could hardly carry his arts so far as to reveal himself to one, and remain invisible to the other, of two persons side by side. The castle began to totter, but after a moment's blank dismay M. Roque propped it gallantly up again. Who could tell what circumstances there might be to explain this seeming contradiction? Perhaps Justine had never chanced to look at precisely the right instant, or had shut her eyes—or—or——. He would have a word with her on the subject at any rate—possibly take her into his confidence; for these embarrassments made it desirable to secure some ally, and Justine's attachment to her mistress would make her a zealous one, while her feelings toward her master just at present were scarcely of a kind to hold her back on his account.

Seizing an opportunity to speak with her alone—

"I believe, Mademoiselle Justine," he began, affecting a light tone, "you have never had the pleasure of seeing madame's unwearied visitor from the other world?"

Justine raised her eyes quickly to his face, dropped them again, looked troubled, and finally, after another doubtful glance at him, said hesitatingly:

"Pardon, monsieur; I have concealed it from madame, fearing to make her worse, but I do not know that I have the right to deceive monsieur. I have often seen the—the *thing*"; and she crossed herself with a shudder.

M. Roque could have hugged her for this confirmation of his theory. He opened his heart to her on the spot. But now came an unlooked-for obstacle in the utter incredulity with which she heard him. M. de Morainville himself the cause of that apparition which so terrified his wife! But what motive then? This was precisely what M. Roque had no intention of telling her, for, as a student of human nature and woman nature, he did not believe in trusting beyond the necessity; forced into a general explanation, he withheld her own share in the motive assigned. But Justine was rather less convinced than before. No, monsieur might

sometimes be prejudiced, unjust perhaps, toward others, but for madame he was all that there is of most tender, most devoted, most solicitous! Besides, how was it possible that any mere mortal could so long and so repeatedly deceive their eyes? Could flesh and blood appear like that, far from any entrance, rising up through the solid wall in a cloud that hung livid about its ghastly figure of a corpse? Impossible, utterly impossible for her to believe! M. Roque in despair at last conceded that he did not ask her belief, only her assistance; and this she promised readily enough, undertaking to beguile her mistress for a while into the adjoining dressing room in order to give him an opportunity of examining her apartment without arousing the suspicion the shock of which it was most important she should be spared.

Justine kept her word, and M. Roque had the doubtful satisfaction of peering and listening, rapping and probing, from corner to corner of the room, without the slightest result. Every square inch had been tested, and every square inch had proved absolutely alike destitute of the least indication of a concealed spring, the least hollowness of sound to imply a secret passage. Foiled, tired, and tolerably out of humor, M. Roque desisted and sought the solitude of his own room, to meditate under the inspiring tassel of a red smoking cap nearly as old and grotesquely ugly as himself.

He could reckon on no opportunity of examining M. de Morainville's apartment, which was on the first floor, opening from a kind of study in which its owner spent a great deal of his time, and which, when out of it, he had the inconvenient habit of keeping locked on account of the many valuables it contained. The only move M. Roque could think of now was to hold a midnight vigil in Hélène's dressing-room, taking care to conceal his intention from the suspected spectre; but though he watched there two long nights no ghost came near, whether owing to an unbeliever's presence or whatever occult cause. On the third night, however, when, worn out with fruitless waking, he was in his bed and slumbering like the seven sleepers rolled in one, the malicious spirit reappeared.

And now M. Roque seemed suddenly to weary of his self-appointed task, or else

the claims of affection were not proof against the fascinations of a "curiosity sale" about to take place in Troiville, a large town some two days' journey from Sanremy. He devoured the advertisement in his morning paper, packed his portmanteau with equal neatness and despatch, kissed Hélène, promising a speedy return, with glorious trophies, figuratively speaking, at his chariot wheels, and in less than an hour was off, M. de Morainville himself politely conveying him to catch his train.

But if M. Roque meant to attend the sale in Troiville, he certainly went about it oddly. His ticket was indeed taken for that place, but at the very first station he got out, and shouldering his portmanteau proceeded to walk back to Sanremy, a distance of some twelve miles. This was eccentric, to say the least. M. Roque was not ordinarily a man given to throwing his money away, except for those artistic monstrosities dear to his heart; and it might fairly be asked why, if he felt himself in need of pedestrian exercise, he should have chosen so expensive a mode of taking it; likewise, why, avoiding the highway, he stole along by a footpath, under cover of wood and hill, turning aside to shun any chance encounter, and, arrived at Sanremy, concealing himself among some cavernous rocks on the outskirts of the De Morainville estate.

Further yet: when the dinner hour came, instead of returning, like a reasonable being, to dress himself and partake of the admirable repast always served at the château, after munching a piece of dry bread out of his pocket, he crept along through the dusk, not by the broad avenue, but toward the back of the house, to a window opening on a narrow passage, and which, from the ease with which it yielded to his efforts, afforded some suspicion of having been tampered with. Once inside, a turn or two, with much caution of ear and foot, brought him to De Morainville's apartment, which he entered, and, after looking carefully about him, proceeded to conceal himself in the outer room under a long bookcase, which, ornamented with a carved front reaching to the floor, at the sides was high enough for a man to squeeze himself beneath.

In this extremely undignified position, flat on his back, M. Roque lay waiting

for what was best known to himself. But after a time, his unusual exercise, the day spent in the open air, the fatigue remaining from his watchful nights, and the determination of blood to the head on that dead level, all combined to overpower him, and even in the act of violently winking his eyes—there was not room to rub them—in order to keep awake, he went sound asleep.

His waking was as sudden as his slumber. How long this might have lasted he did not know. All was dark and still; it might be any hour of the night. He cautiously protruded his head to reconnoitre, then a hand, an arm, till finally, drawing the rest of his person after, he stood upright, and going on tiptoe to the door of the bedchamber, there dropped again to all-fours, and groped his way along the wall to a place which commanded a view of the bed. It was empty.

M. Roque was not surprised, but he was angry with himself. He swore a perfect volley under his breath as he looked to see how the exit had been effected. Not by the door, for it was fastened on the inside, as were also the windows, with the exception of one pane at the top, too small and too high for passage. It was just as he had thought; the secret way which he had failed to discover did exist after all; De Morainville had just gone through it, and was doubtless at this moment—in the character of a ghost—visiting his wife's room. Should he rush thither on the bare chance of confronting him, or should he await here the far greater likelihood of his speedy return and the discovery of the concealed passage? He decided to remain, and crouched himself close on the neighboring sofa. It was much more comfortable than his former couch, but he was in no danger of falling asleep now.

Even his impatience could scarcely have found the time long, when the wall suddenly yawned not three feet from him, and disclosed a pale figure glimmering in a kind of bluish vapor. Before it could close again he sprang erect, pulling the white sofa drapery round him, and cried in a hollow voice: "Prepare for the tomb!" The figure started, staggered a step forward, and fell face foremost on the sofa. M. Roque could not stop to attend to him just then; slipping through the opening, still with the white drapery

gathered about him, he found himself in a passage between the thick walls just wide enough to admit a man's body, along which he groped his way in utter darkness, till he came all at once on something soft and yielding, yet which seemed to bar further progress. Blindly in the blackness his hand felt about, till by good fortune it hit on the secret spring, the wall gave way before him, and revealed, somewhat overhead, a fissure of light, through which glimpsed one side of the chamber, with Hélène's bed and Justine bending over it.

"St!" he hissed, still keeping cautiously back in the shadow. The girl turned from her swooning mistress and darted toward the sound.

"Is anything wrong?" she whispered.

"Everything," laconically replied M. Roque, not remarking in his first flush of excitement that she seemed as little surprised by his dramatic appearance as if she had been expecting him. "Monsieur is fallen in a fit below, and I fear the shock for madame."

"To perdition with you and your madame!" interrupted the girl, with sudden savage energy thrusting him aside. "He is down there, dying—dead perhaps!" and she flew recklessly down the dark narrow way.

M. Roque stood at first too utterly transfixed even for a shrug, but recovering himself in a moment hastened to Hélène, whose struggling consciousness was returning, told her hurriedly that he had made a strange discovery, assured her that she had nothing more to fear and might rest tranquil until his immediate return, and leaving her somewhat restored, rushed after Justine.

He found her kneeling by the sofa, supporting De Morainville, whose face was deathly white as the shroudlike garment that swathed him to the chin. But, press his head to her bosom, call his name with passionate words as she might, neither cry nor caress would bring the dead to life again. M. Roque was convinced that the case was a hopeless one, yet the customary formalities must be observed, the tell-tale tokens removed. The servants were roused and the physician summoned.

Dr. Raynal took in the situation at a glance. "The heart," said he quietly. "It was a constitutional tendency with M. de Morainville. I supposed he would

go off like this sooner or later." And dropping the heavy hand, he turned away and took a pinch of snuff.

Justine listened as calmly as if he had but made some remark upon the weather. She did not resist when M. Roque desired her to follow him, nor make the slightest attempt to evade his questions, but told a plain, straightforward story. M. de Morainville was to have married her after his wife's death, and the possibility of thus hastening that event had been suggested by Justine's own accidental discovery of the secret passage, of the existence of which no one in the château, not even its master, had been aware. Through this means, and by the help of disguise and some simple chemical agents, the apparition, with its livid vapor and ghastly paraphernalia, had been managed with perfect ease. Justine had of course at once warned De Morainville of the suspicions communicated to her by M. Roque, and measures had been taken to deaden the hollow sound at the passage mouth by lining it with soft cushions. The spring it was impossible to discover from the outside, except by such pure accident, most unlikely to be repeated, as had revealed it to herself.

She told her shameful story with the same dry eyes and tone that had never changed since she listened to De Morainville's death-sentence. And when the sole punishment M. Roque pronounced upon her was to quit the château and the neighborhood of Sanremy with that very dawn, she acquiesced with the same kind of stolid indifference, although she could hardly have expected such clemency. She had played for high stakes, and had lost everything; doubtless she was stunned just at first. What she might be, let loose on the world, later, the first violence of the shock over, is a speculation not wholly agreeable and fortunately unnecessary. With her we have nothing more to do.

M. Roque was but too glad to be rid so easily of the scandal he dreaded. Jus-

tine Mazzoletti gone, there was left only himself acquainted with the secret of the dead, which in effect remained a dead secret. He never divulged it except to one person, Georges Laurent, to whom in its relation he remarked that the man had thoroughly justified his estimate, but the woman had been too deep for him; adding, however, that it was really less the woman than her hair; for how could science itself guess the formation of a skull so disguised? Thus he managed to twist his own blunder into a fresh argument for his favorite hobby.

Of course the household mystery could not be wholly concealed from Hélène, but her husband's share in it she never knew. M. Roque too greatly respected the proud delicacy which had uniformly shielded the unhappy secrets of her married life, not to emulate it now in sparing even to her the name she had spared so long to others. He told her that Justine had proved herself a traitor, solacing himself for this half truth with the reflection that it was at least a truth so far as it went, and that Justine's shoulders were surely broad enough to bear the blame for both sides. Hélène accepted in silence what he saw fit to tell her, wise enough not to press a subject that could only give her pain. And so the reëstablished health and spirits of her happy second union, which followed in due time, were not clouded by the knowledge of how thorough a wretch her first husband was, or how narrow an escape Mme. Laurent had of dying the "tenderly lamented" victim of M. de Morainville.

One word more.

No living human being but himself knows it, but—M. Roque has got M. de Morainville's head in his collection after all! How he managed it is his own secret; but there it is, and by no means the least prized of the company; referred to on occasion, proudly though indefinitely, by M. Roque, as "a most remarkable person in his day." He did not love him in life, but he dotes on him in death.

KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

A GLIMPSE OF THE TROPICS.

HAVANA has been described so often by skilful writers, that it might seem as if a fresh traveller could only lend her own limited freshness to the somewhat stale story; but in looking over the late books and magazine sketches of the city, I found many peculiarities of tropical scenery and Cuban life, which I noticed unmentioned in them, and therefore I offer these notes to the public, though many more valuable and thorough accounts of the Pearl of the Antilles are within their reach.

Tropical color will be one of the chief subjects of this article, a color so resplendent in amount and quality that the soul, even in the unfettered, soaring regions of dreamland, could hardly imagine the wonderful combinations of vivid and pure color which everywhere strike the eye in these regions, where the sun-dyes steep the atmosphere.

From its very novelty the scenery cannot be apprehended by one accustomed only to our northern landscape; as our beauties of green pasture and blue sky, our meadows of red clover and white daisies, our undulating wheat fields and maize fields, and forests of shapely, wide-spreading trees, would be inconceivable to a Cuban's foreign eye, accustomed only to the brown ochre tints of the soil against the white sky, alternating with feathery palms and splendidly painted flowers.

Therefore to those bereaved ones who have never seen the tropics, this attempt to show forth the coloring that tints the landscape may be futile, as no corresponding experience of our climate will explain its peculiarities, or answer in the least to its suggestions.

But the effort to catch, detain, and hold up to recognition something of the light and color of tropical scenery, whether in mass, as in sea or sky, or in detail, as in the fruit and flowers, may not be wholly lost upon those travellers who have seen the quantity of light and the gorgeous complexion of the West Indian landscape. Every fresh eye sees anew for itself the same tropics which stir the

blood and exalt the imagination; and to read the first impressions of another person is often a sure method of reviving old memories.

As one sails into southern seas the sky begins to change. The cool, tender blue of our northern dome pales, and the sky whitens and draws nearer, and the shape of its lofty arch changes to a flatter and less hollowed curve. It droops down over us and bleaches at the same time; and the illimitable space vanishes, and all the air is filled with white light, which does not dazzle the eye, but on the contrary acts as a tonic to its nerves. This resplendence of light is equally diffused in even tone all through the great arch, and as we sail into the soaring light, the worship of Apollo, or Baya, or Belus, or Baal, or any other sun god, seems instinctive and natural, for the sun here is the very symbol of beauty, and power, and beneficence.

The sky in its perfection at the north is a lofty, fathomless dome of clear, deep blue, with perhaps white, fleecy, wandering clouds, or piled-up masses of cumuli-set at its sides. But in the tropics the visible clouds are gray, and they float in a white sky, and many that we saw were dark and sombre, and strongly standing out against the deep orange tints of a sunset sky in the west. It seemed as if the delicate color clouds of the north melted away, or were washed out in the intense shining of the white light, and only the dark tints could endure the excessive brightness.

When within a day's sail of Cuba, the tints of the sea began to seize the eye. The cold northern glitter is gone, and the greenish gray also, and a warm, pale, lucent green has taken its place. It is an opaque hue, like the milky green of the chrysoprase, that beautiful sard which ladies have been wearing for a year or two as cameo lockets. The sea shone perpetually with the rare hues of green and white gems, renewing their pure color and vivid contrasts. Of course the color changed in different places, and on our return we saw the Gulf stream, which

sailors know as so brilliant and also so crystalline.

This runs a beautiful sparkling indigo blue, very clear when smooth, and gleaming and glinting in color like the facets of a cut stone, which makes a lovely contrast with the white foam of the wave crests. To look down into its sapphire depths sets the fancy playing. There is a feeling that the supernatural is very near. We think we catch a glimpse of the ocean caves, and look for the gleam of a white arm, or a head crowned with long pale locks, or a Triton blowing his horn to call the sea nymphs together.

In the night phosphorescence flashes in the wake of the ship, and fire follows her keel. The descriptions of this phenomenon in the "Ancient Mariner" are fine and true.

Later in the tropical experience we saw the beautiful star flowers of the sea, called "Portuguese frigates" by the sailors, and also the medusas, which are very beautiful, but dangerous as the gorgon head if handled, being highly electrical. To take them rudely is to run the risk of a shock that will maim the hand or the arm. They are like large glass bowls, where a thick Venetian ornament of opaque white glass, made, we have heard, by mixing arsenic with the clear glass, is wrought in delicate tracery, translucent and very polished, upon the transparent surface of the bowl. This is really the tentacula of the animal, but you cannot discover it in the water. Some of these beauties were ten inches and some two feet in diameter, and they all seemed to float with the cup of the bowl toward the sky. Around the rim of the bowl there was a row of delicate filaments like fringe, and these fringes were in perpetual motion. We counted sixty of these bowls just about the ship at once, which seemed to float in a sea garden of white flowers. It would have been a great pleasure to examine them nearer, but taken from the water they are but shapeless jelly lumps, and many of them could hardly expand their exquisite fringes (which are really nets of destruction, tentacula which hold any unwary thing they seize) in a common-sized pail; so that closer acquaintance was forbidden to our eager and admiring curiosity.

The channel of the broad harbor of Havana is very narrow, and but one vessel

can pass its slender throat, of half a mile long, at a time. On the east side is Morro Castle, a great citadel of a fort, and garnished with a fixed light one hundred and forty-four feet high. On the west side is another strong fortress, called La Punta, and on the southeast a stronger defence still, called La Cabana.

We entered the harbor at daybreak, and rose early to see the magical sunrise. After noting the enchanting combination of rock and fortress, and palm tree and rosy sky, we looked into the crystal water as into a new world, or the old globe of Vasco da Gama, that mystic glass of revelation. Schopf says, and I borrow his language to supplement my ignorance of nomenclature: "The crystalline clearness of the Caribbean Sea excited the admiration of Columbus, who, in the pursuit of his great discoveries, ever retained an open eye for the beauties of nature. In passing over these splendidly adorned sounds, where marine life shows itself in an endless variety of forms, the boat, suspended over the purest crystal, seems to float in the air, so that a person unaccustomed to the scene easily becomes giddy. On the sandy bottom appear thousands of sea stars, sea urchins, mollusks, and fishes of a brilliancy of color unknown in our temperate seas. Fiery red, intense blue, lively green, golden yellow, perpetually vary; the spectator floats over groves of sea plants, gorgonias, corals, alcyoniums, flabellums, and sponges, that afford no less delight to the eye, and are no less gently agitated by the heaving waters, than the most beautiful garden on earth when a gentle breeze passes through the waving boughs."

You are anchored in the immense, almost land-locked bay, a mile from the city, and the health officer in his yellow boat comes to hear the report. Although there had been plenty of seasickness on this always rough passage, it is not infectious on land, and the vessel receives its health papers. During these ceremonies we look about us. Sitting on the deck, keeping guard over our trunks, we survey the imposing entrance to the broad harbor, so well guarded by Morro Castle—which, fort, lighthouse, and castle in one, presides with lofty dignity over the beautiful bay—and see for the first time a palm tree. Then we knew we were in the tropics. They had fringed the shore of Key West,

but we did not land and behold them. This is a cocoanut palm, leaning, with its inevitable swerve from the perpendicular, against the walls of the high enclosure of the castle.

The first distinction that one makes among the new trees he is called to notice is the difference between the slender, twisting trunk of the cocoa palm, with its crown of precious fruit, and the shapely white trunk of the common palm; and he soon recognizes the two kinds, which grow everywhere.

We have time to learn the curve of the cocoanut by heart during the quarantine ceremonies, but this lesson learned we descend the ship's side and enter a large boat with an awning at one end, with four other passengers, besides the factotum of the Hotel Cubano, and two strong oarsmen. Rafts, and boats, and a little steam tug to take the cargo, surround the ship, and barefooted, half-naked negroes are already hauling and tugging at barrels and bales.

We rapidly pass through the anchored vessels, and leave our steamer behind. When, after rowing through the great harbor, filled with ships of every nation, you turn your eyes for the first eager sight of the city, you are surprised at the low houses, the square church towers, and the mellow, delicate pink and yellow tints that decorate them. There is a picturesqueness and a feeling for art that no northern city, with its freestone fronts, can show.

These Cubans must consider two things in building, the excessive heat of the climate and the earthquakes. Both involve low roofs, thick, broad walls, and narrow streets, which shut out the sun. Indeed, one side of the street is always shaded at high noon, and instinctively pedestrians and animals walk within the cooler shadow. The stone archways to the houses and stores are resting places, and the poor donkeys, who come in the mornings to the doors to be milked, poke their heads into the shade while they stand munching the brown paper which is given them as a quieting cud of rumination. Waiters bring out a glass goblet and take a half pint a day for a large family, and then the travelling dairy passes on.

These southrons, denied the efflorescence of Gothic form, shut out from carved tower and pinnacle, and shut into

plain, low lines of square strength, blossom in color, and tint their massive walls with deep or pale hues of green or blue, or pink or yellow, so that at a distance the whole city seems in bloom. The roofs are always tiled with red pottery, arranged in curved lines, which, either in close view or at a distance, make a picturesque impression.

These houses are built for ventilation, with very large, high windows, which drop to the floor, or rather to the level of the street; and these windows are filled with light, delicate tracery of wrought iron. These Moorish metal arabesques are very beautiful, and break agreeably the monotony of the flat surfaces of the walls. Here, as one drives through the narrow streets of Havana in the evening, in the victorias or volantes, the whole family life is revealed to him. He sees the whole interior of the drawing-room; the sofas, the mirrors, the "circles of conversation" can be seen as plainly as possible; and on the inside of these iron gratings stand the young damsels of the family, and on the outside, upon the sidewalk, the cavaliers, who have come to visit them, place themselves, so that love laughs openly at locksmiths in Havana.

The social laws which rule women in Cuba are peculiar, as they involve the mixed elements of severe old Spanish etiquette, the aristocratic customs of old Spanish nobility, and also the new element of a slave caste. Women seem either menials at worst or playthings at best, rarely noble, trusted companions. But we shall speak of this later.

At the custom-house the passengers of the steamer passed without any difficulty, my trunk being the only one which arrested any attention from the officers. The handsome silks and laces and jewelry of the other ladies challenged no suspicion; they instinctively felt them to be harmless; but I had put in some volumes of belles-lettres for my private solace in the hot noontimes, and at the last moment came a generous bundle of fresh stories from the kindness of Mr. Joseph Harper; so that there were a dozen books in all, and the suspicion of the officials was aroused. They turned them upside down, looked at the titles, asked the commendatore of the hotel "if they were all mine?" "what were their names?" "if they were to sell again?" and pon-

dered. I should like to have heard his version of "Lectures on the Renaissance," "On the Greek Poets," Tegner's "Fritiof Saga," Augusta Webster's "Portraits," Hazard's "St. Domingo," "Robin Gray," and "The Story of a Phaëton." They hardly knew whether they were revolutionary or not, or whether I was a fit subject for imprisonment. Evidently their feeling toward me approached that of a savage for his fetich, which he alternately worshipped or beat as it pleased or displeased him. But I could not help smiling at their perplexity over my innocent volumes, and the smile mediated for me, especially when I laughed out aloud. The laugh interpreted between us and said, "So merry and unanxious a person cannot be a conspirator." They gave me as frank smiles back as any men with Spanish blood in them can give, left the trunk's contents, said "Bueno," locked it up, and handed me the key. Think ye Americans who rage at the license of a free press, of the romantic and effeminate poem of "Love is Enough" being pronounced contraband of war! But these custom-house officials were quite right in thinking literature more liberalizing than laces, and books far more dangerous to their institutions than silk dresses.

As we stepped inside the city gates from the custom-house, the first foreign sight we saw was one of the poor little donkeys of the country, all wrapped up in woven onions which he was carrying to market. He had on two very large panniers filled with this strong-flavored edible, which overflowed over the back and sides until it met under the belly like a case armor. This onion armor joined round his neck in front and under his tail behind, while in front appeared a pitiful pair of ears, and a tail flapped slowly behind; otherwise the huge heap of onions would have seemed to be getting about itself, without any manifest means of locomotion.

We soon came to the market, where outside stood rude carts, piled up with green sugar cane, bananas, cocoanuts, etc., drawn by oxen with ropes in their noses. The market itself was rather interesting, although many of the peculiar fruits are not handsome upon the outside. The mamey apple and the sapote have a dull, brown, thick skin. The mamey ap-

ple looks, when cut, like a high-colored squash with a large, glossy, black nut seed in the centre, and tastes like a very sweet, flavorless pumpkin pie. The sapote is a delicate and agreeable fruit, sweet, pulpy, and less coarse in fibre than the mamey. The guanavana is a rough, green fruit, which reminds one of a huge, rounded, irregular cactus leaf. The white pulp of this, with all its seeds like watermelon seeds, is scraped out, and beaten up with cold water and sugar into a sort of sourish, sweetish whip, and called "refreshment," and is quite palatable for foreigners. The caimites are of two kinds, the very light green, and a royal purple color, like an egg plant, but much smaller in size, and symmetrical in shape like a tomato, but more divided, and the clefts less deep and marked. The inside of this is a very beautiful color, mottled from pink to black, through every shade of purple; but the taste is cloying to foreigners, although the negroes are fond of it. The gaunt, shrivelled negress who sat endlessly sewing in one of the corridors of the Hotel Cubano, was delighted to receive our just tasted fruits, and we were as glad to get rid of them. The baskets of fresh, crisp lettuce, light green cabbage, of red peppers and tomatoes, make something of a show; but our northern markets are even now as handsome as the Havana market, for they have the same heaps of oranges, lemons, and clustering bananas, besides apples; and when our season of fruits arrives, with pears, peaches, and plums, melons and apples, tomatoes, and the like, our markets are richer in color than theirs in the month of February, in which we saw it.

But they can claim far more than we in their fish market. The fish upon its shelves are miracles of lovely and varied color. Deep crimson, yellow, dark blue, orange, or soft, opalescent pink fish lie piled up in the stalls. It is impossible to describe the variety of large or small tribes, whether the handsome, rose-colored *buona creatura*, which we often had for dinner, or the nameless pink beauties that we regularly ate for breakfast. To walk through the market and see these gleaming, scaly, finny flowers, reminded us of the Arabian Nights; and if these creatures had opened their mouths and spoken, or even commenced to sing, it would have seemed quite natural. The

sea is the great singer of the world, and surely these lovely children might have learned its secrets of tuneful rhythm as they rocked upon their mother's bosom.

Flowers are expressions of color all over the continents, and although it was not the season of lavish blossom, there were many flowers adorning the gardens. Among these we noticed some tiny pink button roses, that might be about as large as small peas, that seemed to belong to Lilliput or the fairies. Bouquets of lovely pink and red roses were often brought to the Hotel Cubano, but their builders had a way of covering up the long stems with the light green shoots of the spearmint, and the pungent and aromatic odor of this accessory envelope destroyed the finer and more delicate scent of the roses.

Besides the fine public gardens, which are open to every one, we had the pleasure of admission into two private ones of great perfection. The deep crimson hibiscus, which reminds one of a glorified althea, makes many of the ordinary hedges. The flower is very large and high-colored, with a white feather tongue of pistil and stamens. Rose hedges were also frequent, and here and there grew a tree which bore a large yellow flower, shading from delicate to deep tones, and something like an oval ball in shape. It was like a yellow squash flower refined, shut up instead of spread open, and hung up upon a tallish tree with dark, ever-green, glossy leaves. All the greenhouse darlings of our climate were in full bloom in the open air. Oleanders, with their exquisite rose bloom, stood many feet high in the dark courtyards; and there was a giant datura, whose flower was six inches long, and would have been coarse from its size but for the fragility of its white texture and its graceful shape. The dusky orange trees hung laden with golden fruit and fragrant bud and blossom. There we saw the sapote trees and the mamey apple, while the almond tree, with its deep scarlet leaf, seemed a glimpse of our autumn, as a forerunner of their tropic spring.

In the midst of ponds and running brooks, an aviary of bright birds was placed in one of these gardens, which made the lawn vocal with the gay twitter of these pretty creatures, who were settling the important question where each should roost for the night; also a wire

pigeon-house, where this matter was all decided, and the little fluffy bundles did not even lift their heads from under their wings to take one look at the strangers. To this garden one approaches through a long avenue of large silver poplars and feathery pines, whose alternate dark and light foliage made very beautiful contrasts. The pine had much longer needles than our pine, and a different and less elegant cone.

Another garden was devoted to rare Mexican plants. There were dwarf palms by hundreds, of different sorts; and up and down the trunks of trees crept cacti and orchids in full bloom. As there are plants which seem to be links between plant and animal life, and bats are half birds and half beast; as the pig-headed skate is half fish and half beast, and there is an animal with a bill like a bird in New Zealand; as humming birds and butterflies seem flowers endowed with life and motion; so the *espíritu santo* of Mexico seems almost a dove turned to a flower. And the cacti and orchid races remind one constantly of snakes and creeping things by their leaves, and of bugs and insects by their flowers—bugs and beautiful insects, moths and butterflies, in color and shape. With their spotted mouths and throats, which seem to simulate half-open lips, they are links between the crawling creatures and blossoms.

In this garden were rustic arches and grottoes built of the pink limestone; a cave stood behind a limpid pool where many aquatic plants grew, and red and yellow goldfish swam in the glassy stillness among their deep-green leaves.

Once at twilight we drove through a long avenue of palm trees with turned, statuesque trunks, which glimmered white; and waving plummy heads, which glimmered green. It was an avenue leading to a villa, and we wondered why there were not more such avenues planted for their glorious growth and the adornment of the roadside, as the gift of wealth and taste to the island.

To return now from plants and gardens and nature to the customs of the people. We walked through the deliciously hot streets, taking the market in course to our hotel. My companions groaned with the heat, but I rejoiced. Everything struck me with interest, while they sighed at the abomination of desolation they beheld

everywhere, which seemed to me the picturesque in which I revelled. The streets were cleaned, and there is a fine for throwing orange peel upon the sidewalk. We entered the cool carriageway of the hotel, which like other houses was built around a hollow courtyard for ventilation, often filled with tall oleanders. The lower rooms are the stable; then come the servants' rooms, and afterward the family apartments in the middle stories. Our rooms were ready, and we found ourselves in clean, cool, high apartments, overlooking the city and very comfortably furnished. I had prepared myself for discomfort, vermin, imposition, starvation, and neglect. I found, on the contrary, plenty, comfort, cleanliness, fairness, and courtesy; and my brief stay in Havana was a delightful bit of freshness set in a quiet domestic life. To be sure, there were some inconveniences. I could not get my washing returned under a fortnight, but Yankee management and a Cuban tailor for my children helped me out.

Everybody went out at once to shop, but I found nothing to buy. The country is without invention. They really have no manufacture except a sort of coarse Catalan lace, which had to be ordered beforehand. I bought a water-cooler, which is a pretty, white, porous jar, and some linen cambric dresses, a roll of bolan, which is a thin linen which comes from Barcelona, or is said to, some guava jam and jelly, and some pressed flowers of the country. Cigars were in plenty.

Riding on the Paseo de Tacon, a beautiful broad street with a noble fountain and two statues as turning places for the carriages, I saw something of the freedom of the women in certain respects. While the rules of etiquette are very strict in many ways, in other respects they are allowed liberties of dress and demeanor that surprise us: I think it is as you tolerate certain follies in children. For instance, they break out in violent color in their costumes, which strongly contrast with their dark hair and eyes. Pink and scarlet toilets are the rage; bare heads, necks, and arms, the style. As you ride up and down the Paseo, which is the great course for carriages, you pass and repass many handsome equipages, drawn by English or American horses, the beasts of the country being very slink

and disconsolate, as they well may be from the ill usage that is heaped upon them. These carriages are all open, and oftener they are the English victoria with two seats, or the Spanish volante, which is a low chaise, often painted yellow, hung on two long slender thills, between which one horse trots, while another horse, attached by outside traces, with a mounted groom in boots, cocked hat, and a livery, gallops by its side. The top of the volante flops down over the passengers like an old-fashioned calash, and you can only catch glimpses of the Cuban aristocrats who cling to this ungainly national vehicle. But you can discover the uncovered heads, and the elaborately dressed hair, and the nude necks and arms, and the bright pink and buff satin dresses that overflow the sides of the volante. Ladies ride alone without any cavaliers, and receive any compliments which strangers from the sidewalk may pay them with great *sang froid*, if not with gracious smiles.

No lady can walk in the middle of the day. In the fresh, delicious morning the streets are full of mantilla-costumed ladies going to mass. With a rich veil over her head, any lady may take this religious privilege and roam about freely at this hour. But in the middle of the day she must ride everywhere, or dispute the sidewalk, of a foot in width, with the donkeys, who are far more yielding than the humans she will meet. A man seems glad of the chance of jostling a woman into the street; rude men speak in compliment, shopmen plying their trade stare, and the endeavor is to make the daring pedestrian uncomfortable.

But at six o'clock in the evening all this changes. Her imprisonment is over, and she may sally forth, and walk unprotected for hours, dressed in the most conspicuous manner; bare-headed, bare-armed, she may wander unattended all over the city. The laws of Havana arrange that only women of repute can be abroad after nightfall; not a bad law for more civilized countries!

We were told that when there was music in the public parks in the evening, pretty young girls by dozens go to hear it, and no one speaks to them or molests them. A lady may call a carriage and leave the Tacon theatre at midnight and go some miles to her country villa alone; but woe to her if she call any other gen-

tleman to attend her save her father, her brother, or her husband.

The "circles of conversation" indicate the formal relations between men and women. These arrangements consist of ten chairs placed opposite to each other, with a chair between at the head, and a sofa at the foot, where the mother sits. The father takes the chair at the head, and the males sit on one side and the females on the other, like a Quaker meeting; only they all talk, and very fast, so that the effect of this cross speech or fire is very bewildering, as each person speaks to his opposite neighbor instead of the one at his side. It is thought very improper if a lady and gentlemen sit side by side upon a sofa or in two chairs. Indeed, a Spaniard rises as if insulted if an English or American lady should take a seat near him, for fear of interrupting the conversation of others. Political conversation was in bad taste, and only by accident could a foreigner learn anything of the history and present attitude of the two parties who are involved in a ceaseless struggle for principles and power.

To ride in the Havana street cars, which, drawn by four horses, fly around corners and gallop over curves with bells jingling, and whips cracking, and infinite noise and racket, is very amusing. It was pleasant to ride out at twilight on the Cerro, which stretches into the country, and is lined with handsome villas. There were plenty of plain working women that rode; and oftentimes on our return, handsome ladies in opera suits would come from their country-seats, ride the two or three miles into town, and then take a victoria to the theatre. So the world moves.

Perhaps it is not abusing the kindness of some of our hosts to speak of one or two villas which we had the good fortune to visit, on the Cerro and elsewhere. They are one story high. You enter on a piazza often, and open to a broad cool room with sleeping apartments either side. In this first reception-room was a grand piano and a small collection of choice Spanish and Italian authors, on a hanging shelf, for fear of vermin. Back of this parlor, which is very lightly but elegantly furnished, was one very long room stretching the whole length of the house, which opened back into a beautiful garden. At one end of this room was the dining-table, at the other sewing

stands and baskets, and "circles of conversation" arranged between. Here we were received with ease and elegance by the aged mother and sister of some of the exiled patriots, who spoke English, and whose manners seemed the expression of noble natures.

At another villa we were met and most kindly welcomed by some sweet-voiced younglings; a whole flock from eighteen to five years old. There were eight of them, with soft, dark eyes, with "speculation in their gaze." The average Spanish eye is like an opaque, glittering black bead, utterly expressionless and rather disagreeable, like some imitation cut out of blue-black velvet and set in the head. There we saw a regular Cuban dinner, with soup, rice boiled with saffron and eaten with some sharp sauce, a sweetmeat of the country made out of some small sour fruit like our currant, roast turkey, boiled ham, madeira wine, and the detestable black coffee of the country, the rawest, crudest beverage I ever tasted. The *dulces* (pronounced *dulthes*) for dessert were very nice and curiously compounded of eggs, and looked like canned peaches, eaten with meringue sauce; a little like the old Virginian pound-cake pudding with sponge-cake sauce. The preserve of fresh cocoanut we ate every day at our hotel and never tired of it, and we always meant to taste of the *olla* in the centre of the table. But as my wholesome appetite always takes what is set before it, "asking no questions," I regularly forgot it, in the pleasant conversation about us, and actually left without satisfying my curiosity about this national dish, which seemed to be made of beef, chicken, ham, squash, plantains, tomatoes, peppers, onions, and potatoes, all stewed together and hustling each other on the dish, as multifarious as a witch's stew. Our ordinary hotel fare was good enough, but very monotonous—fish, turkey, beef collops cut very thin, as the beef was tough, eggs, fried plantains, and yam cakes. Everything was fried, as the butter was scarce and poor; a miserable little pat always graced or disgraced the table, hid away among the other plentiful, but we had no need of it with the oily cooking. The sugar was nicer than ours, though less white, but it was sweeter and had a rich taste. The molasses seemed coarse and raw.

At an entertainment on board the

American war frigate, where we saw Admiral Green and Captain Creighton, who were very courteous to their country folk, we tasted the greatest possible variety of dulces. They make different cakes from ours, of a different genus, something between cake and confectionery, and these candied cakes and fruits are put together in all manner of queer palatable combinations. One of my little boys, who was determined to taste everything, broke down at the twentieth sort in despair.

This ship party was a pretty and novel entertainment to us. The steam yacht came for us and carried us to the exquisitely clean vessel, which, decorated with flags and manned by our seamen, seemed a glimpse of home—their fair, honest faces and frank manners seemed so manly and virile by the side of the high-flown compliments of some of the Spanish nobles. They did not “kiss our hands,” “que baises su manos,” or place their whole house at “usted disposicion,” but treated us with respect as well as compliment, and gave us the sugar-plums in another form.

But we have wandered from the villa to the hotel, and thence to the ship in the harbor. We must praise the frank, cordial hospitality that we received at the villa. The charming girls and boys showed us their pets and their plays, gave us Cuban music with its peculiar cadence and rhythm, took us through their pretty rooms and displayed their carnival dresses, light silks trimmed with wreaths of flowers, and finally carried us to the roof for a promenade under the same stars that saw Columbus stare hopelessly forward for land. We even went to the kitchen, where a young Chinese cook, sixteen years old, performed miracles of cookery with a sheet-iron table and some charcoal. Here I saw their gallant and elegant way of preparing an orange, as a courtesy from a gentleman to a lady, which takes away all the awkwardness of that juicy and exacting fruit. They cut out the sections of the pulp, leaving the skeleton fibrous divisions on their plate, and the lady takes each bit from the knife with a spoon.

I ought to mention that the common people eat the small sour orange with salt instead of with sugar. I tried it, and found that it really made the sour orange sweet, by what chemical process I know not.

The only thing I could show them in return was my modest camel's-hair shawl. Their climate is so soft that shawls are unknown garments, and after many shy glances at it, as it lay upon the chair behind me, the mother asked me what it was. I told her of the two thousand dollar ones, but her only exclamation was, “Why don't they buy diamonds instead?” I suppose the costly sables of Russia would be still more incomprehensible to these Cuban ladies, whose climate denies them the necessary experience to appreciate the value of warm garments.

The yellow hearses and their red and yellow plumes, and the red and yellow plumes of the horses that draw them, attracted our notice as another indication of the love of this race for the color into which they are born. I was told that white satin and white plumes decorated the funerals of very young persons. For my own part I should prefer to have all the lively colors of the gayest and most joyful flowers placed over my coffin, rather than the chilly white wreaths which decorate our northern burials. If life is a warfare and death a victory, surely the burial of a poor pitiful body, at best the helpful tool, at worst the baffling cell of a glorious soul, should be a festival. I believe in treating the body with great respect while we live in it; but when we leave it, it is but the cast-off shell, or the shuffled clothing, grown too small for the soaring spirit; and I would have a funeral commemorative of the escape of the soul rather than the interment of the body, the birth of the immortal part, not the death of the mortal.

Riding at night, I often noted the exceeding brilliancy of the squares, which had lamps lit every few feet. I wondered if this was to assist the police, but afterward I found the city did not pay for its gas, and could afford this profusion of lights by repudiation.

One day we went to see the outside of the memorial chapel to Columbus. His bones lie under the yellow marble pavement, and near the porphyry altar of the great cathedral; but once a year this chapel is opened and high mass said for his soul, for the repose of his soul—that restless, burning soul, that dared and achieved so much. On that day a foreigner may slip in, as did a certain American female of enterprise, who, happening past on that eventful day, found

herself in the building, but the terror of the sentries was great; and as she thought it might cost them a head apiece, she considerably came out again without seeing anything.

There is a Havana police, but the only knowledge we had of them was in the way of their duty to be sure, but as troublesome interferers. They must protect the narrow streets, and in this wise they sometimes do it.

These Havana streets are often so narrow that but one carriage or cart can pass at a time, and the sidewalks at their narrowest are not more than a foot wide; and as the poor little horses and donkeys of the country stand in the street, their heads hang over one sidewalk and their carts are close to the other, so that you must brush them in passing. Signs are at the corners of many of the streets, "Subida," "Vajada," which mean that all vehicles must pass up one street and down the other; and if a driver disobeys this injunction, he is seized and taken off to the police, whoever they may be, sometimes greatly to the annoyance of the foreigners he is carrying, as well as his own, they not being able to understand one word of the trouble. The only appearances we happened to see of the police were the night bailiffs who took their stations in the twilight on the corners of the streets, with long black poles and dark lanterns, "to comprehend all vagrum men." Shakespeare was often present with us. Besides Dogberry and Verges, we saw Romeo and Juliet constantly, and the balcony scene was acted, if not spoken, over and over in our sight.

The soil of Havana is often red, and there is a red and white limestone which is much used in the older buildings. This lime blackens and yet mellows it with softer tints. The red fades pink and the white becomes yellow, so that the square and rugged forms of the cathedral and church towers stand touched with harmonious beauty against the sky. I never longed for an artist's skill as I did when I first looked over the red roofs, and through the square church towers of black and pink, to the great glittering light of Morro Castle, blazing in the blue twilight sky; and as my days grew fewer and I began to number them, my desire to carry away some specimens of this tropic

beauty began to grow. I saw Señor Cisneros, the director of fine arts under government, but he could give me no way but by remembering the scenes and painting them with words for my friends. I found Señor Cisneros larger in stature and mould than the average Cuban, and strong and intelligent. We discussed the new and wonderful color school of art in Spain, and he was delighted to find that I had seen many of Zamacois' paintings owned by Americans, and that we had a Fortuna in Brooklyn. He told me of a new scientific periodical started in Havana, called "El Científico Mundo," and that it discussed Professor Tyndall's doctrines. Tremble, Romanists!

The gallery of pictures belonging to the city was all stored in boxes, a few miles out in the country—I suppose for fear of a revolution.

I heard several times of a fine collection of pictures hanging in the city palace, either owned personally by the Captain-General, or belonging to him officially. As the Spanish grandees who mentioned them said nothing of showing them to me, I asked no questions. I imagine they may be portraits of Spanish sovereigns or Cuban governors. Between the ignorance of the women, the reserve of the sexes in this atmosphere, my bad French and no Spanish, and their bad English, my curiosity was steadily baffled.

I thought I might find some rude color blot on some of the native scenes—a plantation house of blue, low and long, set in a wilderness of the warm, yellow-green, waving sugar cane; but I could discover no artist or drawing.

Our last sight of Havana was a festal one. On the afternoon of the 22d of February we lay in the harbor taking in cargo. Eight hundred barrels of oranges were the last item! The ships of many flags were about us, decked out in gala colors in honor of Washington's birthday. The American war frigate was decorated from stem to stern and from maintop to deck.

As we lay at anchor, a fine German band circled the ship in their steam yacht, by way of salutation, and then played their exquisite adieux to two musical ladies, who were to sail on our vessel for New York.

EMILY E. FORD.

IN THE DARK.

I.

“**W**HAT shall we do to amuse him?”

“Oh, there is always the river; and when he is tired of that we can drive to Byssham Woods, and picnic, or take him to see the catacombs in Park Place. After all he is not the Shah, that we need worry ourselves to death over his entertainment.”

It is I who say this, in a slightly fretful tone, which makes my good cousin look on me with mild parsonical rebuke. After all it is rather upsetting to a mild village rector to have to entertain a London belle and a real live guardsman at the same time. If I were one of his young lady parishioners, or *only* a cousin, he might give me the rebuke in words; being an heiress, however, and a visitor, he merely looks remonstrance. To my great surprise the London belle, a Miss Tremaine, and his wife's niece, puts in a word of comfort.

“I don't think you need be afraid of Captain Gayle requiring much amusement, uncle. There is nothing he dislikes so much, in general.”

Shakespeare says that a low voice is “an excellent thing in woman.” Don't you think that Shakespeare sometimes tells—crams? Surely there are low voices which are not excellent, voices which seem to glide into your ear like cod-liver oil—voices which creep when others run, and yet always reach you first. Laura Tremaine has a skin like white satin, dove-like eyes of rich, moist brown, and a long, round throat, on which her graceful head sways like some fair garden lily. Men rave about Laura, fight as to who shall hold her bouquet, and make compact groups round her chair directly she makes her appearance. Even Benedicts fall victims to the witchery of her liquid eyes, and happy wives grow grim at the mention of her name. The wonder is that she is not married; that at twenty-five any girl so wonderfully, seductively lovely, should be still unappropriated by any one of her numerous adorers, while dozens of other girls, less

beautiful, and infinitely less run after, are going off every day. My cousin, the Reverend John, says it is because she has no money, and men can't afford to marry penniless women now coals are so dear. Beauty goes down as coals go up. It is a mere item in the stock exchange. My cousin's wife says Laura is *difficile*, and hints at matches she *might* have made if she had only taken a little trouble.

I am rather of Laura's opinion in this matter, however, and think that fish who require so much “play” before they can be made to bite are seldom worth the landing. *My* fish bite soon enough, indecently soon sometimes, considering that I have had to say “No” three times since I “came out” fourteen months ago; but there is no triumph in the fact. Almost any fish will rise to a golden bait, and mine is so very glittering—I am so heavily, enormously weighted. Nineteen, *no* imbecility in the family, and one hundred thousand pounds! Could the most self-abnegatory of mankind refuse that? The answer is humiliatingly easy. I feel humiliatingly small whenever it occurs to me, and am thankful that Providence and my deceased parents have kindly settled my fate for me beforehand by bestowing me and my fortune *in prospectu* on Dallas Gayle, the only son of an old friend whose estate runs side by side with ours.

On second thoughts I am not always thankful: not to-day, at any rate, when Dallas is coming for the express purpose of settling this old arrangement. It is not pleasant to be bound down to “love, honor, and obey” some one unknown while your young affections are as yet centred in the pap bottle; to be ticketed “Sold” before Nature has more than sketched you in barest monochrome, or the buyer emerged into knickerbockers. I should like to know what Dallas is like, to see whether he says “Haw—don't know weally; never could guess widdles,” when I ask him why Dr. Ke-nealy and his client are alike; and subsides into gloomy and offended unintelligence

when I briskly reply, "Because they both got into trouble through Wapping (whopping) relations. How can you be so stupid?" I should like to know whether he is the sort of man to call you a goose, and take you on his knee, or to make the whole house miserable if his little toe aches, and keep a vocabulary of pretty things to say to ladies who are not of his family. As it happens I know nothing about Dallas. When we were weechildren (when I was wee at least) we were put to play together, and he set me in a big cucumber frame that I couldn't get out of, and went off to fish for sticklebacks in the pond by himself. After that he went to school. After that my parents died, and I went to school. After that he was at college, and owing to his mother's death we did not even meet in vacations; his being spent at home, mine with Aunt Funny in Wales, or Cousin John in Berkshire. After that I came out; and he, by ill luck, was with his regiment at Gibraltar. After that, just before the next season, he came home, and I, by more ill luck, took the measles, and had to rusticate at the rectory. Now I am well again—have been so some time indeed. August has come; Miss Tremaine has withdrawn her charms from evacuated London, and come too. Dallas is coming—might have been here before if his manifold engagements had allowed him to accept the invitations sent immediately after my recovery.

And I know nothing about him: nothing more than his photos say—*i. e.*, broad shoulders, straight legs, good forehead, and wide mouth; hair curly—and the last of these was taken three years ago! He may be god or devil for aught I can tell; and yet in a few weeks I shall have fixed the day for marrying him. He will have gone through the formula of asking, "Will you marry me, Miss Jerningham?" I that of uttering the prearranged "Yes;" and it will all be settled without any romance, or sentiment, or lovers' quarrels, doubts, and agonies whatsoever. Well, after all, it is a great saving of trouble; only at nineteen one does not much care about trouble; and I should like to know why Miss Tremaine, who has sat through so many discussions of the absent hero without taking any part in them, should now, on the eve of his coming, suddenly allude to him as to one

with whom she is well acquainted. In the causeless irritation of the moment I speak out:

"Do you know Captain Gayle, then, Laura? Why did you never say so?"

Her beautiful brown eyes open with gentle surprise.

"I have met him in London," she says quietly.

"You never told me so."

"Did I not?" with a little hauteur.

"Possibly I have not mentioned some hundreds of other acquaintances. It is surely not necessary."

I feel snubbed. Not now for the first time am I to learn that Miss Tremaine does not like me. The Reverend John looks at his watch.

"A quarter to five," he says, "and he is to come by the 5:10 train; isn't he, Daisy?" (this to me). "Now, who is going to take the pony carriage into Henley to meet him? It's too hot for the water, I suppose, or you two girls could row down, and he could bring you back."

"Perhaps he can't row," I suggest. "Can't Jane go, if it is necessary that he *should* be met?" John shakes his head. "Jane can't leave Tommy, his teeth are so troublesome; and I have my sermon to write. Daisy, don't be inhospitable. What would you think if you had been met by only a servant?"

"I am not Captain Gayle, and perhaps there is nothing he dislikes so much as being met," I answer saucily, and glancing at Laura. She does not smile: on the contrary, she is very pale. A minute afterwards I hear her telling John, in her soft semi-whisper, that she has a terrible headache. She does not think she *can* stay downstairs, or appear at dinner this evening. John is mad on homœopathy. He darts at a big book and a little chest, and begins fumbling for the prescription. Laura stands waiting in courteous patience, her flower-like head a little bent, a stream of sunlight falling through the open French window upon her crisp white dress and clasped hands. On the window sill I recline warm and flushed, my back against a great tub of azaleas, pink, white, and red, broken half lights trembling through the leaves above upon my insignificant little face and crumpled muslin gown. Outside the gnats are making a little black cloud in the yellow, burning sun-

shine. There is a *smell* of summer in the air, a weight of hot grass and roses and southern-scented heliotrope. John goes on puzzling over aconite and belladonna. He *can't* make out whether Laura is fair or not? Her eyes are *dark*; and in the middle the door opens and James announces "Captain Gayle."

We all start. For one moment I see Laura's hands clench tight—tight, till the soft white flesh grows darkly, cruelly red, beneath the slender fingers. For one moment, athwart that bar of gold-dusted sunshine, I see a face ghastly pale glaring at her in mute, wondering inquiry, and then Laura is gone, and John is shaking hands heartily with the goodliest, kingliest man I have ever seen. Such a man! Ah, heavens! the Greeks of old made gods of them, and worshipped them openly on Mount Parnassus. It is women who deify them now, and pour out their worship in the secrecy of their own hearts; that is all the difference. And yet they are no better than other men: muscles do not mean magnanimity; size is not always coexistent with sanctity. Beauty of face is not inseparable from ugliness of soul. With the generosity of nineteen I make Dallas a present of all these inward charms to match the outer ones. With the headlong hurry of nineteen I fall *fiercely*, furiously in love with the individual for whom I have been so prosaically destined from my babyhood, the individual I have been pettishly depreciating for the last six weeks. My face is scarlet as a peony when John introduces me as "your old friend, Miss Jerningham." A shy, conscious, *too* delighted simper is quivering in every feature as I put out my hand to be taken in that strong, cool grasp.

Ah, well, one is only young once. "Men find women fools and leave them cynics," saith one who, being a man, ought to know. At nineteen folly is natural and delightful.

It is perhaps also natural that in the happy agitation of my own mind I pay small attention to a certain embarrassment and abstraction in Dallas's manner.

We sit down to talk, and he explains how he has been staying with a friend at Wargrave, and so did not come by train at all, but rode over, thus relieving John's palpable conscience pricks on the score of inhospitality. To my cousin he expresses

a polite if listless hope that his arriving an hour earlier is not inconveniencing any one. To me he expresses a listless if polite satisfaction in seeing me so perfectly recovered. Once I catch a critical flash from the keen, semi-veiled depths of his blue eyes over my round and not unfreckled face, over my limp, crumpled frock, and fat pink hands; but otherwise his manner is preoccupied, and his glance wanders to the door through which Laura vanished into the library. Afterwards I remember it all. Now, I am quite glad when he goes to his room, that I may rush to Jane's, and interrupt the spoonful of castor-oil she is trying to force between Tommy's tight-locked teeth by the eager announcement:

"Oh, Jenny, he is *the* handsomest man you ever saw in your whole life; the *most* angelic nose, and eyes——" I have not seen Miss Tremaine till then, though she is busy holding down Tommy's legs from vigorous efforts at kicking his mother's face. Now I stop short; yet surely there is no occasion for that look of cold contemptuous surprise in her face. Is not Dallas *mine*, to praise or not as I like?

Perhaps Miss Tremaine would sneer a second time if she could see the trouble I am taking to dress for dinner to-day—I, who never care how I look in general; but I do take trouble. I want to please my future lord. I turn over all my dresses, and select a silk, soft and thick, of shimmer, silvery green, not perhaps the dress best suited to nineteen, but exquisite in itself and exquisitely made. I make Thomson strain up my hair till the back of my neck nearly cracks in two, and plait it in close yellow coils on the top of my head, and then I go downstairs and am taken in to dinner by Dallas. Laura sits opposite to us. In the simplest of white muslins, with one half-blown Gloire de Dijon rose nestling in the wavy masses of her gold-brown hair, with the low, red sunset behind making warm reflections over cloud-white robe and cream-white flesh, she looks more than lovely—almost divine. Dallas takes his eyes off her twice, once to ask me if I won't have some oranges *à la neige*, once to answer some question from Jane. For the first time in my life I begin to believe myself capable of disliking some one almost as much as Miss Tremaine dislikes me.

II.

DALLAS has been here a week. It is eight days and eight nights this morning since I first saw him—since the day we sat side by side at dinner, and he stared persistently at Laura Tremaine. He does not stare at her now. He seldom looks at, hardly ever speaks to her; and she avoids him with almost marked decision. I need not have been sulky that first evening; for ever since then he has devoted himself to me, not obtrusively, but with a sort of lazy, *bien entendu* attention, a half languid, half good-tempered readiness to gratify my little whims and pleasures, which is, I suppose, all that a muscular young man is capable of in the way of courtship in these used-up days. He has rowed me—all of us—on the river several times. He has ridden with me, and played croquet with me. He has even read aloud a little, and submitted to be read to—closing his eyes, however, and sleeping very sweetly and soundly during the latter enjoyment. John and Jane treat us exactly like engaged people. I suppose we are *engaged*; but somehow I thought he would have said something first. Perhaps he will; perhaps he is only waiting to know me a little better. He can't guess that I like him—that I haven't already fallen in love with some one else. He can't mean to let it be all "taken for granted." I have begun to puzzle a good bit over this; and to be—oh! so grateful for those three prompt rejections. Could I ever have worshipped any one as I do Dallas?

It is afternoon. A golden haze hangs over the further bank of the river. Great blots of pink and scarlet petals relieve the flat, hot greenness of the close-shaven lawn. Clumps of overblown roses, masses of scorching, scarlet geraniums shake down fresh contributions of color at every passing step or gentle breeze. Above, the sky is one vault of pure dazzling blue. Below, the river is one sheet of dimpling, dancing silver flame. Only under one bank, where the trees hang out their broad, thick-leaved boughs, there is a band of shadow, dark, cool, and sharply defined against the blaze beyond. There our boat is lying, a heap of shawls and parasols in the stern, all ready for an outing. Dallas, looking more gloriously handsome than any old world Hyperion, in his boating flannels, is splicing one of

the tiller ropes. Laura and I, in huge shady hats, and cool grass-cloth costumes, are standing on the bank discussing which shall take the first turn at the assistant oar. Jane, a little higher up on the lawn, is trying to bribe Tommy to let go of her dress and cease his ear-piercing howls to be allowed to accompany us. We are going to show Dallas the catacombs at Park Place.

Do you know what these catacombs are? If you have ever been at or in the vicinity of Henley-on-Thames, you do; for they are one of the show places in the neighborhood. If not, it is ten to one you have never heard of them; so I may as well mention that they are supposed to have been excavated by the Romans; that they are now the property of a gentleman residing in a pretty country house on the banks of the river, and that they tunnel, with as many multifarious windings as an ants' nest, one side of a hill in his domains. All visitors to Henley and Wargrave go to see them, and a gardener takes you in at one entrance and out at another, and receives unremonstratingly any donations you may choose to proffer to his acceptance.

This individual is beside us now, for we are all grouped round a rough doorway much encumbered with brambles, and cut in the side of the hill. As he unlocks it a faint, fresh smell of apples issues from the darkness; specimens of that fruit being placed on jutting ledges of the rock, in order to enable one to "follow one's nose," sight being out of the question. Jane and I are behind the guide. She is lamenting that she has got on a dark dress—it will get so irretrievably filthy in these dark, dusty passages. Dallas and Laura have dropped a little behind. He seems to be speaking earnestly, and she is whitely, wofully pale. As I glance back at them she comes hurriedly forward, and suggests that she should stay outside. She is tired; she has been there before—and—and——. It is the first time I have ever seen Laura Tremaine really agitated. Jane will not hear of leaving her. She will be nervous herself without Laura. There may be strange tourists about the grounds, and Laura would have to find her way alone down the hill. Dallas turns round. "You *must* come," he says, in deep, authoritative undertone, and Laura yields. I glide on quickly af-

ter the guide. Huffed? Yes, decidedly huffed. Why should Laura obey *my* master?

We are all in thick darkness now. Our footsteps make no noise in the light, pulverous soil. I seem some way in advance, for Jane's voice, cheering on her eldest hope, comes to me dimly from the background. No one else speaks. There might be no one else in the catacombs; and the apples smell stronger than ever in the close, damp air. I can never bear the scent of an apple now. It makes me sick and shuddering in a moment.

Presently, quite close behind, there is a low, eager whisper, then a quick rustle, and some one—some one in grass cloth like mine—glides rapidly past me without a sound. The next moment there is a hand, a strong, stern hand, on my shoulder, and I hear the whisper again, in my ear this time.

"Why did you do that?" it says as angrily as is consistent with perfect lowness. "Will it hurt you for me to speak to you this once?"

By "that" I suppose he means the involuntary start I give as his hand tightens on me. Instead of answering I begin to tremble like a child. Has the moment for mutual avowals come at last?

"I *must* speak," Dallas says in the same intensely earnest whisper, "and you must listen. Oh! my darling, forgive me. I cannot bear it any longer. I tried—God knows I tried not to love you—to keep out of your way. It was you who came here voluntarily. Why did you? In Heaven's name, why did you, unless——"

He breaks off, and I can make no answer. I came—of course you know that from the first—that he might have an opportunity for settling that old arrangement, but I can hardly say as much. His hand glides from my shoulder to my waist. His voice goes on, persuasive now, with a perfect tenderness in it which I have never heard before—shall never, never hear again in this world or the next.

"My darling, my queen lily, I love you. You know I love you. I have nothing whatever but love to offer you while my father lives. It is the blindest, cruellest selfishness to try and lead you, who could marry a duke if you would, into utter poverty." (Poverty! and what of

my hundred thousand pounds and his good old place? His next words answer the last query.) "Haylands is fearfully, heavily mortgaged. My father had hard ado to keep it from old Jerningham, and I've helped to encumber it with my extravagance. He can't cut me out of the entail; but if I refuse to marry as I am ordered, he can and will stop my present income, and turn me out of the house during his life. Laura, can you forgive me for first trying to win your love when I knew it would be ruin for you, and then, too late, tearing myself away, and trying—trying with all my might—to sell myself to that little foolish thing and her money. Laura, I *cannot*. Worthless, mean, and extraragant as I am, I can't do that while there is even one chance that you would love me well enough to brave poverty at my side. Oh! my darling, tell me if it is so—tell me honestly, and I will leave here to-morrow, sell out, and slave day and night till I've earned some sort of a home for you. It may be long waiting, but if you love me, my beautiful sweet, if you only love me"—For one moment he pauses, with something like a gasp; then, with a sort of fierce desperation, "If not, I may as well go to the dogs, or marry that red-cheeked child, with all her chatter and gush. It would be much the same, as far as my happiness goes, once you were lost to me."

He has hurried out these words, one after another, with only that one pause, and then he finds no interruption. From the moment that he utters *her* name—the moment that it flashes on me that he is speaking to her, not me—all power of answer, or speech of any sort, has ebbed from me; and yet, oh, Dallas, Dallas! that I could ever have been so blindly, madly conceited as to dream of your caring for me when *she* was by! that the shattering of my dream should have driven every drop of warm life-blood in my body back to my heart, and made me reel and stagger so that but for that supporting arm I should have fallen down there at his feet, and betrayed the story of my own utter folly and weakness.

Thank God, he holds me too tightly for that. Thank God that before he can speak again, Jane and Bobbie are stumbling on us from behind. There could not be a better restorative. Dallas drops his

arm as if shot, and turns to speak to her with more readiness than men in general show in such emergencies. I rush blindly on in the dark, knocking myself against sharp corners, slipping past Laura, and almost thrusting the guide against the wall as I dash out into the great glittering glare of yellow sunlight and green, green earth.

Where are my "red cheeks and chatter" now? Ah, reader, have not you known what it is to *feel* horribly, deathly pale; to know by intuition that you are whiter than any chalk marks on your dress? Laura is pale too. There is an expression of mingled fright, joy, and sorrow on her face, which only I understand. She attaches herself to Jane obstinately. I attach myself to Bobbie, whom I do not favor in general; but anything rather than walk with Dallas—Dallas, who is not pale, but flushed with a sort of proud, happy audacity. Does not silence give consent? Little wonder his eyes rest with such open, daring tenderness on Laura's downcast face, all the livelong journey home.

We are there at last. I detect and thwart Dallas in an attempt at speaking to Miss Tremaine aside. She goes to her room. We below join in complaints of the heat, and abuse of the catacombs. "So damp; so dirty." "Daisy has not got back her color yet." "Of course not. Bad air always makes me pale. In the metropolitan underground I am positively ill—sick—as sick as I can be always." This in a sort of defiant reply to Dallas's mild look of disgust. He goes to his room, "to have a smoke," he says. I hear the key turn in his door. It is a noisy key. I shall be sure to hear it when he unlocks it again, and Laura's room is at the other side of the house. I don't think they could meet without my knowing it, and I am determined they shall not—not till I am out of the house, and far, far away.

Unwilling to lose time, and in a miserable feverish hurry which will not let me rest, I open fire directly we are alone, with:

"Cousin John, I am going away."

"Going away!" he repeats stupefied. "Where?"

"Back to Wales, to grandmamma; and to-morrow. Please don't say a word. Please don't, Jane—I *must* go."

"But why? What is the matter?" they both cry together in utter amazement.

"Simply that I have made up my mind that I won't and can't marry Dallas Gale."

"Not—marry—Captain Gale!" repeats John, more astounded than ever. "Why, I thought—we all thought you were quite in—you liked him immensely."

"Nonsense, Daisy," Jane puts in before I can speak. "This is some childish folly. You are jealous of Laura, you silly girl."

"Laura!" repeats John; "why, he—she—they never speak—never—"

"Of course not," interrupts his wife. "Daisy, don't be foolish. Laura shall go away if you like. Indeed, her stepmother wants her back," and Jane nods at me encouragingly. I burst out in indignation:

"She shall not go away. Jane, how can you? I am not jealous of—of any one. I—I do not want to marry Dallas. I—I don't like him."

How loud we must have been talking! After all I have not heard the key turn. As I turn round from uttering this tremendous lie, I see Dallas standing in the open doorway, his face pale with cold, haughty indignation and surprise.

We are all limp, and gaping in conscious guilt. There is a dead silence. He breaks it first:

"I really beg your pardon for my interruption. The door being wide open I did not know that you were engaged in a discussion which"—His blue, beautiful eyes are blazing with utter scorn and wrath in my direction. He can hardly speak with anger, and yet I, who would have been frightened out of my life usually, I, whose cowardice is proverbial, am not afraid now. There are moments when one can dare anything, and this is one of them.

"Dallas," I say—somehow I have always called him by his Christian name—"don't be offended. I should have had to say it some time, and it is better now than later."

"It? Really I hardly understand," he says, turning on me with barely veiled irony. "I was not aware that I had—"

"Asked me to marry you?" I interrupt feverishly. "No, of course not;

but as it was always arranged by our fathers, and was to come off before I was twenty, I thought I had better speak honestly *before* you liked me enough to ask me."

"Thank you," he says satirically. "No one can complain of your frankness, Miss Jerningham, I am sure. The whole house could bear witness to it. Then I am to understand you throw me over, and will have none of me."

Do what he will, a great, glad light is creeping over his face. He forgets even poverty in joy at escaping from me.

"Yes," I say firmly. "I am sorry about the property—you would have managed it better than I; but I can't help it, and you will have the codicil anyhow."

"What codicil? Daisy, are you mad?" cries Jane, finding voice at last. "Captain Gayle, do not mind. She is not herself. It was the sun to-day—the bad air. She does not know what she is saying."

"Yes, Jane, I do," I answer steadily. "He does not, and you don't; but when papa died he left a codicil in his will, to the effect that if I refused Dallas he was to have five thousand pounds as a compensation for the disappointment. It is not much out of one hundred thousand pounds," I add, laughing a little bitterly, "but then it is unencumbered."

It is all for you yourself, and there is no *me* to be taken with it."

"My dear Daisy," sobs Jane, beginning to cry with vexation, "as if losing you were not worse than any other loss—than——"

"Miss Jerningham evidently puts 'mercenary' down among the list of my unlikable qualities," observes Dallas with stinging emphasis, which almost brings the tears into my eyes. He need not be so cruel. In desperate fear of breaking down I go up to him, both my hands outstretched in childish deprecation.

"Don't! Indeed I never thought that. I do like you as a friend, but marriage is so different, and you cannot care much about me yet. I—I'm not very nice—not at all, I think."

The tears are very near the brim now: in another minute they will be over. For one moment his hands clasp mine; for one moment his eyes look down kindly on me. Because I am making him so happy he will even forgive my impertinence.

"I think you nice," he says; and then we both hear *her* step upon the stairs. I pull my hands away and rush, without looking at her, away up to my own room to howl at leisure over my packing.

I have never seen either of them since.

THEO. GIFT.

NECKEN.

I.

SHE sat at the opened window,
And mused o'er an old romance;
And the glorious peal of the legend
Still held her soul in its trance.
But her heart was thronged with yearnings
That cried for utterance.

II.

The world seemed so pale and so dreary,
A vain and inglorious play;
The thundering heroes of old time
Had left it to fade and decay;
The radiant soul had departed
And left the inanimate clay.

III.

She closed the dear book of her heroes,
And down from her tower she sped,
Where the shivering leaves of the birches

A lingering glamour spread.
Strange murmurs stole through the forest,
Strange voices of warning and dread.

IV.

She stood at the brink of the cascade,
And heard the loud waters fall ;
Now rising with passionate thunder,
And wrestling with clamorous brawl ;
Now breathing a quivering whisper
Adown o'er the rocky wall.

V.

Anon o'er the darksome waters
The shadows of midnight brood,
And the ghosts of a thousand legends
Flit through the shuddering wood ;
But still at the brink of the cascade
The maiden, wondering, stood.

VI.

There was a strong soul in the cascade,
A soul grand, noble, and free—
For her yawning abysses panted
With tremulous ecstasy—
Which rose with a misty fulness,
Then burst into melody.

VII.

And hushed was the night-wind's murmur,
And hushed seemed the cataract's roll,
While clear and airily trembling
The tones through the forest stole.
They came like familiar voices,
That soothe the unrest of the soul.

VIII.

The hopes her young heart had cherished,
The dreams of the days gone by,
The yearnings that throbbed in her bosom,
Deep-hidden from mortal eye,
Had gained a voice in the music,
And joyfully rose to the sky.

IX.

A tenderly luring sadness
Abode in the mellow tone.
Ah, there was love and solace
For a life that was drear and lone !
A leap in the dark, a brief flutter,
And darkly the waves rolled on.

X.

Two men at morn sought the river ;
And lo ! to the tree-roots clung
The form of a lifeless maiden,
So wondrously fair and young.
“ 'Twas Necken,” they said, “ who allured her,
Beguiling her heart with his song.”

HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESSEN.

OUR NEIGHBORHOOD.

IF foreign life is more picturesque, English life in a genuine country house and in a socially pleasant neighborhood is more complete. The great difference between English and American country life is, that in America people have their homes, their interests, and their business in the city, and go into the country simply for two or three months' recreation, while in England the class of society corresponding to American ladies and gentlemen *live* in the country, and go up to town for a few months in the year. Home means the country, the manor house, the parish church, the village school, the Dorcas societies. There is on each estate, large or small, a little world in miniature, with everything complete, everything hinging on solid, old established customs. About such a home there is nothing sketchy, nothing unfinished, nothing that smacks of the encampment or the caravansary. A mellow tint harmonizes the angles of the house with the myriad shrubs and trees around them. Time and age have blended art with nature so cunningly that you could not wish and could hardly imagine them apart.

This is a fitting frame for the stately life of an English country gentleman; it suggests not merely wealth, which by itself is always vulgar, but hospitality, leisure, comfort, and a certain sort of display, dusky, unobtrusive, matter-of-course—the very opposite to that distressing *nouveau riche* ostentation which is forever drawing attention to trifles as plainly as if it had a human voice to say, "Mark me well: I am silver, not plated"; or, "Observe: the lace on my pocket-handkerchief cost ten dollars a yard." Everything is perfect and everything is costly, true; but then everything is meant for use, and many things are very old-fashioned.

This privileged existence is as much a national monument as Westminster Abbey; it is the outcome of a thoroughly and slowly ripened civilization, and like the rich cream that crowns the milk tubs of a Devonshire dairy, it argues a sub-

stratum of more than ordinary quality. What this is it is needless to say. Time alone and the essentially conservative spirit of the English mind could have produced this indefinable blossom. The law of primogeniture—against which more has been said than against any other human means of keeping alive a representative body of men—has nevertheless proved to be the safest fence around the nation's "vineyard." It has made of the English aristocracy and gentry a nursery of statesmen, while at the same time it has marked it with so solid and high a stamp that entrance into that order is a real, not merely nominal reward of merit. The primary reason why Englishmen live in the country during eight or nine months in the year, is because the hunting and shooting take up just that much time. Parliament always breaks up before the 12th of August, because if it did not the few devoted officials whose presence is necessary to make a sitting legal would sit in vain expectation and look upon empty benches on that momentous day, the first of the Scotch grouse-shooting. Every one who can afford it, or who has friends to afford it for him, is off to the moors on the 11th, and the affairs of the nation weigh very little in his imagination compared with the weight of the game-bag. The 1st of September (partridge) and the 1st of October (pheasant-shooting) are gala days, and the man who cannot handle a gun is thought proportionately little of. Even in August inveterate fox-hunters meet at four or five o'clock in the morning for cub-hunting, which amusement is all over by ten or eleven. As the winter comes on the real hunting begins, and lasts till late in March. In the midland counties this is an especial feature; the best packs of hounds are all centred within the counties of Northampton, Leicester, Rutland, Nottingham, and Lincoln; the ground is level, and foxes are plenty. Melton, in Leicestershire, is a noted hunting rendezvous; people take "boxes" there for the season—i. e., small villas, with large stables—and beguile the even-

ings with dancing and cards. It is a sort of watering-place, if such a misnomer be permissible, where the wine flows in streams every night, and the neat brandy-flask is filled up every morning "in case of accidents" out with the hounds. Melton and many places near it are within reach of five packs, the Quorn and the Peitchley being the most famous; so that, with plenty of horses and no lack of endurance, an enthusiast might be in the saddle for ten or twelve hours every day of the week but one. That one is generally dull in a hunting country. That Melton is a most characteristic English outgrowth cannot be denied; that it is a creditable product is doubtful. It is probably the only existing representative of the jolly bygone days of which Thackeray's "Virginians" is so powerful a sketch, and of which Lever has drawn such graphic pictures in the corresponding and no less roisterous kingdom of Ireland—the days when George III. was King, and gentlemen thought it not beneath them to sleep on hard beds, with a Turkey carpet for a blanket, and the "mahogany" three feet above their heads by way of a tester. Not that exactly such scenes are reproduced to-day at Melton, for we will not do the town such gross injustice as to hint at such a thing; but the merry spirit of old times yet lingers over the community, and just gives to its pleasures a piquant remembrance of the days of the English "wild huntsmen."

All the houses within this neighborhood are successively made the rendezvous or "meet" of the hunt. People come from great distances, and send their horses by the railway if the station is within reach and the "meet" very far from their homes; others drive or ride in, and send their hunters beforehand by road, under the care of a groom, who starts at dawn and leads the horses at a slow walking pace the whole way. The show of "pink" in the midland counties is generally good. To the uninitiated we will explain that "pink" means the scarlet hunting-coat worn by the professional huntsmen, whippers-in, etc., and also by any gentleman who cares enthusiastically for the national sport. The young men of the hunting neighborhoods who add to their love of sport the desire to make a pleasant appearance before the bevy of ladies always present at the

"meet," are very proud of their gay coats; but the old and seasoned veterans of the field think more of their garments if the tails are discolored and have faded to a pink hue, showing the hard service through which they have been; hence the technical word "pink." Just so would a soldier prefer a tattered standard to an elaborately embroidered and brand new flag. Some men hunt in black, always of course with top-boots. These boots are another cardinal point of a sportsman's dandyism; and it is related of a famous shoemaker of half a century ago, that a customer having indignantly complained of his riding-boots splitting the first time he put them on, the man of leather calmly inquired what his lordship had done after he put on the offending boots.

"Done, man!" was the hasty rejoinder; "why, I only just walked a few yards across to the stables."

"That is enough," said Crispin with an injured and reproachful air. "I made those boots to ride in, my lord, not to walk in."

Once or twice during the season, a hunting-breakfast is given at the house where the "meet" takes place. This is a very pretty and lively scene. The old yellow family chariot brings a group of fair lookers-on from the great house on the hill; the ladies wear as much scarlet as good taste or fashion will allow: some a scarlet feather in their hat, a bow of bright red ribbon at the throat, a scarlet petticoat over which some thick black stuff is tastefully looped up. Then a more modern landau, dark and faultless, draws up just within the gravel square in front of the hall door; the liveries are gray, with gilt buttons, the horses perfectly matched: only one lady and two little children, but this carriage draws off the public attention even from the hounds, who are just mustering on the brow of the hill. The lady is tall and graceful, with handsome aquiline features, delicate and womanly, though commanding; her dress is the perfection of costly simplicity, and her small brown velvet hat looks, on her head, almost like a diadem. The children wear plain black velvet, with broad lace collars and ermine tippets, with jaunty fur caps to match. There are other types too; for instance, that good-hu-

mored, fresh-looking girl, who rides up attended only by a groom and vaults off her horse, gathering up her trailing habit into graceful folds, and running nimbly, like Di Vernon, up the steps. She is soon in the dining-room, where a sumptuous breakfast is laid out. One of the ladies of the house sits at the head of the table, the large antique silver urn before her, and an array of tea and coffee cups marshalled around. The position is almost a sinecure, for the family and guests have breakfasted at the usual hour, ten o'clock, and it now turns out that but few of the sportsmen care to exhibit themselves in-doors. A few ladies drop in, some in riding-habits, some in silks and furs. The probabilities of the coming hunt are discussed; for in this neighborhood the wives and daughters are as technically learned on the subject of fox-hunting as are their lords and masters. Several fair Hebes possess themselves of rolls and cold meat, and fall to diligently manufacturing substantial sandwiches for their friends outside; the daughters of the house stand on the hall steps while gayly-liveried servants hand round wine and cake among the gentlemen, and others carry trays full of foaming tankards of ale and liberal slices of cheese among the farmers and attendants of the kennel. The hounds are gathered in a group, the huntsman standing in the centre cracking his whip and calling each hound by his name; two or three masters of neighboring packs are talking to our own master of the hounds, one of the prominent gentlemen of the county, who stands there the very personification of good-humor and genuine enjoyment. If a hound were to fall lame through any carelessness of his keepers, there might be another tale to tell of the old gentleman's temper; but when you remember that everything pertaining to fox-hunting is held as little short of sacred, and that the killing of a fox otherwise than in the legitimate sportsmanlike manner is reckoned as an eighth addition to the deadly sins, you must allow that carelessness concerning a hound would quite justify any expression of impatience.

Twelve o'clock strikes, and every one begins to stir. Generally business begins at eleven; but in honor of this breakfast a delay has been willingly allowed. The huntsman mounts his horse and

blows his horn, the hounds gather round him, and the whole "field" starts out. They are going to "draw the covers" at Weston Wood, a large plantation just above the park. The "earths" (meaning fox-holes) have all been stopped for miles around, so that the fox, once started, has no refuge to make for, and is compelled to give the hunt a "run." The hounds go first, and, their noses to the ground, search for the scent; the huntsman and whippers-in (professional sportsmen), in scarlet coats and velvet jockey-caps, ride immediately next to them, followed by the "field." For a little while a confusion of rumors and cries is heard in the wood; various calls are blown on the horn, and the frequent cracking of the huge whips (which sound is used to keep the hounds in order) has all the effect of a succession of pistol-shots. Ragged and motley boys from the neighboring villages swarm round the outskirts of the copse; they are often in the way, and are thought a great nuisance by the mounted sportsmen; but the same uncontrollable national love of fox-hunting burns within them, and since fate forbids them a mount and a "pink" garment, they insist upon clambering over stone walls and forcing their tattered clothes through the hedges rather than lose the excitement of the hunt. They know every short cut for ten miles round; and if you do not think it beneath you to bestow a kind and encouraging word on them from time to time, they will let you into secrets that may enable you to be first "in at the death." They will follow unweariedly for hours, without food or rest, and generally manage to see no small part of the fun.

Hark! The fox has "broken cover," and a repeated cry of "Tally ho!" bursts from the wood. Away go the hounds, full cry, and what sportsmen call their "music," something between a bay and a yelp, is indeed a pleasant sound, heard, as it always is, under circumstances calculated to give it almost a romantic character. Quite half a dozen ladies are among the enthusiastic followers of the chase, and many young boys. Almost as soon as a child can ride, and in England that is invariably an early accomplishment, he begins to follow the hounds. I remember a little boy of eight years old, mounted on a small gray pony, the most sagacious and careful animal possible,

who for a whole hunting season almost led the field; keeping pertinaciously close to and sometimes outstripping the huntsman; breaking down walls and making the first gap in hedges, over and through which the rest would be glad to follow at leisure; invariably "in at the death," and who was more than once presented with the "brush," as an acknowledgment of his sportsmanlike energy and enthusiasm. (N. B.—A fox has no tail and no feet: he has a "brush" and "pads.")

The hunt is a privileged body. If a fox takes refuge in your flower garden, neither he nor your parterre is safe. I have known a fox run to earth in an arbor not twenty yards from one of the great houses in the neighborhood, and after ferrets and terriers (which are always kept ready in case of their being wanted) being put into a hole he had chosen for a last desperate stand, the whole arbor was laid in ruins rather than that the poor creature should be allowed to escape. And this is the same sport in which the Saxon youths as vehemently indulged in the days of the Venerable Bede! The farmer never complains if the hunt goes straight through his wheat and turnip fields; he shares in the sport himself, and remorselessly tramples down his own crops, so ingrained is the love of the national instinct in the breast of every rural Englishman.

Shooting, however, is the favorite sport of many. Both pheasants and partridges are first carefully reared, the eggs generally purchased in large quantities, hatched by hens, and the birds fed throughout the summer with meal and other appropriate food. The game-keepers take the greatest pride in the rearing of these birds, and it depends almost entirely on their careful watching whether the game is abundant or not. They frequently have to sit up all night, relieving each other in turns, in order to scare away and trap the rats, weasels, and owls that are constantly on the lookout for a delicate meal, whether of eggs or of young birds. I have seen the most beautiful amber and brown owls conspicuously nailed up against the house on wheels in which the game-keeper often lives for weeks together, out on the plantations. When the covers are full, and a good "bag" is to be expected, the 1st of October is a regular feast day. A large party is asked, and a variety of costumes make the scene pic-

turesque. Some time ago, red or purple stockings, and knickerbockers of stout cloth or velveteen, were in vogue; the shooting dress is always of rough, heavy material, Scotch tweeds and Irish friezes being especially suitable.

The ladies all collect after breakfast to see the party start out; a rendezvous is generally agreed upon, either for luncheon or tea, where the fair sex is expected to come and minister to the wants of the exhausted sportsmen. At two o'clock or five the reunion takes place, sometimes under a sheltering hedge, sometimes on the skirt of a wood. The materials for an ample meal are brought to the appointed place, and a sort of civilized picnic takes place. The scene is one in which the bright though not flimsy costumes of the ladies certainly make a principal "point." Though shooting is a sport in which more real personal work is done by those who join in it, and in which skill is a real ingredient, still it is neither so characteristic nor so picturesque as fox-hunting. There a firm seat in the saddle, a good horse, and a determination to ride straight across country, are all that is needed for the majority of the "field"; qualifications which after all belong as much to a riding school as a hunt; but in shooting there is much patience required, besides an unerring accuracy of aim and a judicious knowledge of when and how to shoot.

A drive through an English park will generally include some pretty sights, especially the herds of fallow deer that haunt the ferny glades beneath the old oaks and beeches. These are kept both for show and for the table; for park-fed venison is a far more delicate morsel than the flesh of the Scotch red deer that run wild on the moors. White, brown, and mottled, with branching antlers, which serve admirably for offensive and defensive weapons, the deer browse in groups, the does and fawns generally keeping apart from the more lordly bucks. There is a man detailed to their especial service; he knows each one, as the huntsman does the hounds; he has to watch them to see that they do not leap the six-foot railings that enclose the park; and when a buck is shot the hide, hoofs, and antlers fall to him as perquisites. He is called the park-keeper, and it is he who decides beforehand upon the victim.

The method of shooting a buck for the table is this: the keeper's assistant drives the herd in a certain direction previously agreed upon (and the sight is very pretty, though one's heart bleeds for the poor doomed animal, who bounds along so royally among his brethren), and the keeper stations himself, rifle in hand, on the fork of some convenient tree along the route. He takes aim at the intended victim, and at the ominous sound the scared herd scampers away faster than ever, leaving their comrade to the knives of the keeper and his second. Fallow deer are seldom hunted with staghounds, in the old approved way of *venerie*, and when it is done it is but a sham after all—very pretty, no doubt, but rather childish sport, as the object is a mere run, and the hounds are trained *not* to kill their game. The stag, in these instances, is given a certain start, being carried, bound in a cart, to the proper place, whence he is released, and the chase begins. Thus the same stag may be hunted a score of times in his life, and be none the worse for it; but the practice certainly seems anomalous.

Christmas week and the first fortnight in January were busy times in our neighborhood. The two county balls, public ones, conducted with great pomp, and to which admission is obtained by ticket, were an era in our country life. From all the houses within ten or fifteen miles came large parties, dressed in the last London fashion, and reinforced by many of the most distinguished lights of the London world. Rural parties are also conspicuous, and with many people who live altogether in the country, this is the chosen occasion for the "coming out" of young ladies—their first public introduction to society. The town hall, or any other appropriate building, where these balls are given, is festively decorated, the band sits on a raised dais at one end, and the different sets form exclusive groups in various parts of the room. The top is generally the stronghold of the "county," while the townspeople take the lower end, next the music, and the two classes seldom mingle except in the final country dances, for the perfection of which large numbers are required. It was at one of these balls that I first made acquaintance with the "Grecian bend," most distressingly represented by the ultra fashionable

of the little town of S——. The head-dresses of the town ladies were also noteworthy—"so fearfully and wonderfully made" that they arrived at the beau ideal of caricature. Besides the dances of civilization, which distinguish a London or Paris ballroom, we see here the old-fashioned characteristic dances which have come down from the days of merrie England and good Queen Bess, or even from earlier days if the truth were known. "Sir Roger de Coverley" and "the triumph" were very favorite ones in our neighborhood. A mixture of homeliness and courtliness is their distinguishing trait; you would imagine the performers to be playing at courtiers, and slyly mingling their native playfulness with the stately movements they aim at reproducing. In "Sir Roger de Coverley" the figure ends by one couple running through the lines of dancers, drawn up in a hedge-row on either side, with hands joined and held upwards so as to form an arch, or rather tunnel, about thirty yards long. It savors of the childish game of "thread the needle," but it is in reality more amusing, more genuinely full of fun than the modern quadrilles or the worst of all solemn farces called the Lancers. There is some pleasure, if even only in the thought that this is the same old measure to which our great-grandmothers danced at their own weddings. Some may think that antiquity is out of place in a ballroom. I can only say that antiquity is the very essence of all English life; it pervades everything, especially the amusements of the people, even of the ruder sort; for though it is but a *triste* compensation, still it mitigates even one of the worst evils that can befall the human race—intemperance. Since this propensity does exist as a fact among the English lower classes, it is some comfort to think that the hereditary national beverage was in just the same equivocal demand ten centuries ago as it is now, and that it is the identical compound of malt and hops in use to-day which in the days of the Venerable Bede muddled the heads of the stalwart Saxons.

The private festivities at Christmas time are still more suggestive than the subscription balls, and then the refreshments are better, which goes for something. The tea-room at S—— boasted only of a tin teapot, kept under the table,

and brought out occasionally by a smart, beribboned matron, whose cleanliness was in inverse ratio to her "dressiness." The liquid dispensed as tea was likewise open to exception, and altogether the apparatus reminded one of the refreshment table of the railway station—from which one might legitimately infer it to have been borrowed for the night. At the private houses for about ten miles around, there was a noble, patriotic rivalry as to who should do most for the honor of the county. Balls were given and tables were spread in true Homeric style, yet always with that refinement of adjuncts which is one of the few modern things worth learning. Nevertheless, the old customs are religiously kept up, and the mistletoe hangs conspicuously from the great lamp in the hall, or over the stag's head at the dining-room door; the rooms are all wreathed with holly, each picture framed in it, the candlesticks made to appear as if growing out of bunches of it, and holly even invades the ladies' head-dresses or festoons their ball gowns. The customary turkey, a mighty bird, under whose weight the bearer staggers, makes an era in the feast; while the plum pudding, all aflame with blue fire and crowned with a young holly bush standing up out of its top, completes the appearance of the board. Mince pies are also set on fire, the burnt brandy being poured over them from a little silver ladle, small and deep, made on purpose. Another custom often followed is the passing round of the "loving cup," a large silver punch bowl containing a hot and sweetened drink. It has two handles, and as you lift it to your mouth the weight obliges you to use them both. Your right and left hand neighbor stand up on each side while you drink, and so on all round the table, until all have sipped from the cup of brotherly good will.

Tableaux vivants are becoming a favorite amusement in country houses. They are easily got up, requiring nothing but a movable stage, raised some three or four feet from the floor, on which looped curtains of green baize are disposed, so as to form a large frame. A row of common lamps is placed in front, and lights arranged to suit the scenes from behind. As to dresses, it is the easiest thing imaginable to procure the appearance required by a judicious arrangement of draperies. Embroidered satin quilts,

cashmere shawls, velvet gowns, a crimson scarf, a Scotch cap, any of the thousand and one stray belongings of guests, or even the more ponderous household effects—all these, when properly disposed, are of the greatest use. A little powder and a flowered silk overskirt are all that is wanted for a Watteau, and so on *ad infinitum*. *Tableaux* give less trouble than charades or private theatricals, and since looks and not brains are the only essentials, they are more easily made perfect. Such and such a tall guardsman, with his military air and fine figure, will make a splendid "Huguenot Lover," but would bungle the few words you might give him on the stage, were his part nothing more exalted than a footman's. That girl with the tawny hair will make a capital "Titian's Flower-Girl," but she could do nothing as a soubrette. Dramatic talent is so rare among men that it is exposing your friends' incapacity to compel them to act; and as your friends seldom thank you for putting them at their worst, you often get small thanks for your pains. But even ugly people are sometimes picturesque, so that in grouping them in a tableau you flatter them, besides providing for your other guests a more pleasant and perfect entertainment than the murdering of a French comedy or the clumsy imitation of great actors.

Christmas and New Year have still some shreds left of their old-time jesting customs. Villagers go about dressed in strangely ragged garb, representing country characters, such as quack doctors, doughty swordsmen, etc., and appear at the door of "the hall," begging to be allowed to perform before the guests. The play is fragmentary, and is probably but a grotesque fag-end of some formerly popular piece; there is invariably a duel, during which one man falls mortally wounded; whereupon the quack doctor rushes forward, and by way of reviving him, draws a tooth, which he holds up to the audience (it is a horse's tooth, and provokes great merriment). A song about the "old folks at home" and "good King George" generally winds up the performance, when the "mummers," as they are called, are sent round to the servants' rooms, where a plentiful supper and horns of ale are dispensed to them. The "waits," or carol singers, are another vestige of old Christian times,

when the birth of the Saviour was an event that came home to every heart—not a mere historical date, commemorated in the calendar. In some remote parts of England it was still the custom not long ago to light up the stables on Christmas night, and give an extra feed to the cattle, in reverent memory of the stable of Bethlehem, and the companions of the brute creation which, not without some mystic meaning, were chosen by our Lord as the witnesses of his entrance into the world.

As for the parish festivities, in which "the hall" always has so prominent a share, the school feasts, the Christmas trees, the clothing-club meetings at Martinmas, they are well known through the religious literature which binds this country with England. Characteristic they are, but perhaps too familiar to be much touched upon, while these social pictures of comfortable and stately English life have somewhat more of the charm of novelty.

Some houses are famous for their banquets, which recur with solemn precision at stated intervals. The personality of a house has often been made a subject of remark: one house looks hospitable, another reserved; one purse-proud, another unpretendingly domestic. Some there are which you could not avoid stopping at and looking in at the windows, expecting to see a group of children, a grandfather telling fairy tales, a young mother rocking a cradle, a tom-cat purring on the rug—anything suggestive of comfort, peace, and ease of mind; another house you would pass with a shiver, urge your horse on, and draw your cloak tightly around you as though to keep out the chilliness forced on you by the sight of the staring windows and bleak hall door; and so on, through all the gamut of silent impressions which the exterior of a house can produce. The style of the last century, when a certain chilly and barren stateliness was the architectural fashion, was visible in some of our prominent houses: a parallelogram of gray stone, pierced with three rows of shallow, square windows, a flight of steps leading to the hall door, a colonnade, and wings extending on each side, like the colonnade of St. Peter's in Rome, and embracing an acre of bare grass—not lawn—and united at

the lower end by splendid but forbidding iron gates; such was one of the great "seats" of the neighborhood. Some one once irreverently called it "a barrack with a drilling-green in front." The interior matched the exterior; the halls were lofty and bare, the rooms wide, cool, and sparsely furnished—a splendid house for summer, and one that needed but a veranda and striped blinds to be appropriate for the tropics; still, with all this, an un-English looking house. Its inmates, however, were far from un-English, and the hunting interest was more strongly represented here than anywhere else in the county. It was in the course of social nature that banquets should be frequent here, although, like all civilized England, this house has abjured the old style of serving at table, and adopted the "*dîner à la Russe*." Still everything else about the board is typical of old times. The courteous host is of that class of commoners which fitly ranks with peers; he has been statesman, soldier, author, courtier, and wit in his day; he has married a duke's daughter, been Lord Lieutenant (*alias* Governor) of the county, has raised a troop of his own during the Peninsular war, has been a public-spirited man, and followed progress at the rate that may be expected of any rational, far-seeing human being. He is quite passive now, has gracefully abdicated the position which his old age and infirmity rendered irksome, and has even given up all social fatigues, except such as may not draw him away from home. He has a thousand pleasant anecdotes to tell, and is better worth a woman's attention than half the young men one meets in our day. His dress is a compromise (and a most becoming one) between the old courtly, rather stiff costume of his youth and the degenerate one of the present day; he has the grace of a Beau Brummel, and the sprightliness of a Buckingham. Still, despite his old-world charm, which is as that of rose-leaves long kept in a rare china cup, the whole banquet leaves a heavy impression on one's memory, as of a velvet portière or a coal fire seen in August—ponderously grand, but somewhat wearisome to the mind imbued with other recollections of small domestic meetings or careless reunions in foreign cities, or even chosen conclaves in smoky London. It remains a mys-

tery to me what is the chief point of a dinner, the cooking, the company, or the duty to society? The first you can get at any good club or restaurant, the third is an arbitrary creation. As if the Ten Commandments did not impose duties enough without our voluntarily, and of "malice prepense," burdening ourselves with more! Remains the second point, the company. Now it is a theory which demands at least some consideration, that without a dash of Bohemianism no society can be agreeable, and that without a piece of this quality in his or her character no one can enjoy society. Companionship is a different thing from company, a different and much higher thing, and can be had only by domestic, or at least misanthropically-minded men; while company is specially accessible to the Bohemian. But diverse from either is the rigid tyrant, many-headed, thousand-tongued, and eel-like in its slippery contortion, which people are doomed to bend to when they enter the recognized ranks of "society." To this bevy belonged the inmates of the house we speak of; indeed, the decorous façade, the stately, empty halls, the severe beauty and classic outline of the colonnades, could admit of no incongruity in the character of the interior. Mrs. Grundy could not find a single flaw in this house.

We had a "show-house," too—a house that Tennyson has immortalized in verse, that Queen Elizabeth has rendered famous in history, and that painters and sculptors have turned into a Medicean palace and a museum of the fine arts. It is really beautiful, but so neglected that it no longer has the charm of home. Queen Elizabeth's oak stands in the park, her bed is shown in one of the weird tapestried chambers, her thimble is kept in a glass case full of precious curiosities. An immense *salon*, paved with marble, and whose walls and ceiling are frescoed, representing the whole of the Grecian mythology, is called "Heaven," and next to it is a room devoted to portraits of champions of the Reformation. What if Luther or Melancthon had entered the hall of heathen divinities, disporting themselves in unblushing *insouciance* on the walls? He would scarcely have chosen the opposite side of that wall as his own sanctum. This house, which it would be tedious to describe, is eminent-

ly a public museum; its possessor is poor and cuts his woods down remorselessly, and the splendid apartments of Tudor times not suiting the *bourgeois* tastes of modern gentlemen, the family lives in a small suite of rooms that look like closets compared with the show rooms. The finest thing is the banqueting hall, where huge Venetian arm-chairs of carved oak line the walls, and a canopy of carved and open oak rafters forms the ceiling; the hall runs up the whole height of the house, and two hundred people could certainly dine comfortably in this princely apartment.

The small houses of the neighborhood are quite as interesting in their way. There you will find groups of old ladies, the squire's sisters, happy in their maidenhood of fifty, sixty, or seventy summers, or the families of younger sons, of retired officers, etc. These are the pleasantest homesteads imaginable; everything in miniature, but just as perfect as in the great houses. Here you will find a drawing-room panelled up to the ceiling with old oak, and if you look over the fireplace, you will perceive a beautiful carved wreath, representing a medley of fruit and flowers, and harmonizing exactly with the panelling. It turns out, however, that this is leather, and is the handiwork of one of the gentle old ladies; another of the sisters plays the organ in the village church, while another, the invalid, is a knitter of unsurpassable agility. The house is as old as the Stuarts, and has two or three curiously contrived hiding-places, in which traces of the formerly proscribed Catholic worship have from time to time been discovered. In another house of this sort live an old couple, equally connoisseurs in art. Their very bed is a marvel of antique carving, and in every available angle stand rare cabinets containing yet rarer china, or some old unfinished picture, one, with miraculously white hands, said to represent Mary Queen of Scots. The hostess has outdoor pleasures, too, and she will show you what is becoming very popular now in England, a spring garden. The very spot for a pre-Raphaelite love scene is this tiny enclosure, bounded on one side by the south wall of the house, and on all others by a thick yew hedge growing on a tall bank of greenest grass. Jonquils, narcissus, violets, cro-

cusses, anemones, etc., grow luxuriantly in this sequestered garden; while the centre is occupied by an old stone vase, gray and green with various mosses, in whose cups lie clusters of every possible variety of heartsease. Gold and purple and pale blue, saffron and straw-color, mauve and white, with purple hearts, they make a lovely and tempting picture, so unlike the garish, bold beauty of the July parterre, so unlike anything our imagination can conceive, save it be the background of the garden courtship of "Faust and Marguerite."

In a retreat such as this you forget that there is such a thing as society, conventionality of any sort; but alas! what are you but a morning caller, and how exceedingly surprised would your hostess be if you showed signs of domesticating yourself in her beautiful gem of a house, as a poet in his chosen abode! Propriety urges your departure, and you dreamily mourn the fact that you have other visits to pay this morning, where illusion will not be so easy as it is here.

Visiting in the country is a perpetual kaleidoscope of human nature for any one who can overlook the tedium for the sake of the observations which it enables him to make. Houses are as different as their masters, and a round of them would entitle one to graduate in the art of social satire. I remember one that was exactly like a hotel, on the Franco-German plan, in Gothico-Assyrian style. The whole house was lighted with gas—quite an exception in the country in England, unless in public buildings—and every floor exactly resembled the other. The hall was in the centre, four stories high, and roofed with glass; round it ran galleries, into which opened the rooms, and every door was alike; they only wanted numbers to be in every respect hotel-like; no candles in any room, but stiff gas jets exactly in the wrong place for comfort. Every modern improvement was there, but none of the old-fashioned home spirit; everything brand new, the furniture fresh from Paris, gilt clocks with Cupids and Psyche, etc., etc.; but one might roam the house in vain for a nook where comfort was. Let us say *en passant* that this was not the abode of a merchant-prince just starting on a social career, but the freak of as kind and motherly a woman as could be—one of an old time-honored fam-

ily, whose roots were gnarled and gray in the soil before many of our glittering dukedoms were created.

Another and more baronial residence was that of a member of Parliament, wealthy, influential, of old lineage, and pleasing quiet manners—a commoner, too, who owns the only wild cattle now left in our too civilized pastures. The house had a certain gloomy and forbidding look, on account of several injudicious alterations made pell-mell in its architecture, but its interior quite made up for its oppressive outside. A courtyard of huge dimensions is enclosed by the square and vast building; in each side of the quadrangle an army could be lodged. Sumptuous taste and an immense collection of family relics give it a mixed and attractive aspect; and its mistress, in her fair Juno-like beauty, her odd but always becoming costume, her hearty imperiousness and dashing unconventionalism, is a fitting châtelaine for the huge pile. The gardens are perhaps the most picturesque thing about the place; lying at the foot of a wall about seventy feet high, which banks up the abrupt descent from the height on which the house stands. A breed of dogs, mastiffs very much like the Mount St. Bernard dogs, are kept there; one of them was the children's pet, and let the baby in white frock and scarlet ribbons ride him round the rooms with the most patient complaisance.

Things are generally supposed to be made pleasant to guests, but one house, far different from this hospitable one, seemed to me an exception to this rule; perhaps it followed in its mistress's wake, and had taken out a patent for the monopoly of sharp angles. The most distressing punctuality reigned in this place, the utmost celerity was used at meals. Hardly had you laid down your knife and fork before the plate was pounced upon and whisked away; such a thing as freedom was non-existent. You arrived very late, and found it impossible to get down in time for dinner. Would they mind sending up a tray—just a little collation—save you the trouble of dressing in a hurry and then sitting down to a half-cold meal? But no; the rule in this house is that no food is ever taken to a bedroom, and it is whispered that so-and-so, when asked to this place, always brings with him some little apparatus by which his servant can

get his toast and coffee ready at any time. So you dress in a nervous hurry and glide guiltily into the empty place reserved for you at the long and showy dinner table; your neighbors are perfect strangers to you, the soup and *entrées* are cold, and you are cruelly conscious of a pair of basilisk eyes fixed upon you from the judgment seat at the top of the table. At the hostess's right hand sits a little purple-faced man—you feel he must be a millionaire, he is so ugly; further down is a Q. C. (cabalistic letters standing for Queen's Counsel), a barrister of some repute, and a thoughtful, observant man of forty; then bony-shouldered young ladies, crowned with rose bushes and ivy wreaths. The evening passes off pretty well, but the next morning the demon of punctuality makes his appearance again, and transforms your toilet into a half hour's agony. Luckily you are in time for breakfast, but lo! you happen to sit near the awful presence, and innocently stretching out your hand over the table for the cottage loaf, whose tempting crust is a peculiar weakness of yours, you hear the voice of your hostess, raised in bland remonstrance, pointing out to you the cut slices of bread on a plate close by your elbow. What answer can you make? but down in your heart you devoutly wish that this were a boarding-house, so that you might pay for your night's lodging at once and have done with the inhospitable abode! The day is more supportable, and you begin to make friends with your fellow guests. The millionaire is gracious; he is the trump card here, but he is apt to pall upon one. A clever little disquisition on his merits catches your ear at dinner; the Q. C. is talking to his pretty neighbor about him and his expectations.

"He has bought a pretty coronet for his daughter, but he would like to buy the wearer of some of the 'strawberry leaves' for himself. A duchess dowager would not come amiss to him." And later on this shrewd observer of human nature says confidentially, talking of a certain lady of exalted rank, whose six or eight daughters had all married no man less distinguished than a marquis: "Don't you know the kind of impression that a girl may get unconsciously from

her surroundings? A well-brought-up young lady hardly needs to be told by her mother, in so many solemn admonitory words, that she is expected not to marry the under-gardener or the groom. Well, Lady So-and-So brought up *her* daughters with the tacit understanding, early instilled into their pliant minds, that it was as much out of the question for them to marry any one below the rank of a marquis, as it was for them to take a fancy to the under-gardener." It would be easy to multiply sketches of this kind, scenes in which the small demand of truth and heartiness is so smothered beneath a heap of conventionalism that a nausea soon seizes you amid the gayest surroundings, and you long for the pen of a Byron before you retire to the hut of a recluse. The death's-head grins so palpably beneath the rose garlands, and the breath of scandal is so mingled with the exotic odors of the beautiful conservatory!

Still, as a picture how fair is this lazy life of *représentation*, this courtly lounging through the thousand graceful nothings that make up social life! It is the existence of gold-fish in a vase, of love birds in a gaudy painted cage, yet to outsiders how enviable, how curiously peered into, how eagerly discussed! Brilliant and witty, or dull and decorous, it is much the same—a salad more or less well mixed, seasoned with flattery, and oiled with untruth; fair and picturesque to look upon, indigestible to partake of, and to an untutored palate pungent and disagreeable to taste. But our consciences, like our appetites, go through a course of unnatural education if we live long in this artificial atmosphere, and with the taste for claret cup, olives, and cayenne, comes the taste for late hours, smart clothes, dulcet tones breathed in the heavy atmosphere of ballrooms, and an interchange of those meaningless civilities which, more forcibly than anything else in this world, bring home to your mind the fact of your utter loneliness, the impossibility of relying implicitly on *one* friend among your swarm of acquaintances, the sensation of a shipwrecked mariner on a pathless sea, or a lost explorer in a nameless land. Solitude in the midst of a crowd: no sentence can better epitomize the so-called pleasures of social life.

LADY BLANCHE MURPHY.

THE TEMPERANCE CRUSADE.

HOW IT STRIKES A FOREIGNER.*

THE temperance lecturer—whom Hepworth Dixon, in his "New America," most unaccountably failed to notice, since he is indigenous to the soil, and has not been transplanted with success—is accustomed to state that the vice of intoxication from excessive use of ardent spirits has become alarmingly prevalent in the United States, and this not only from its pernicious effect on the individual, but as the cause of the great majority of crimes perpetrated.

The listener accepts the truth, as contained in the hackneyed statement, in a placid, indifferent way, which is tantamount to a denial; for if he really believed there was cause for alarm, he would be aroused to an effort to avert the existing or impending calamity.

The danger exists, however, in despite of the weariness the lecturer inflicts by his reiteration of the statement. It has been recognized, in an unreasoning sort of way, by the women of the country, who, in touching manifestation of their habits of dependence, are accustomed to refer every difficult circumstance to a higher power; and so the saloons and groggeries have been made luminous by prayer, and the spirit of evil has at times retreated abashed, and at others courageously withstood this novel onslaught of its old enemy, as has always been the case and always will until the millennium shall come.

The efforts to suppress the evil, made during nearly half a century, are worthy a page in history. But who will say any advancement has been made? Who will deny that the drunkards in the United States are more numerous, in proportion

to the population, and the spread of intemperance more alarmingly on the increase, than when the Puritan deacon of New England carried his jug of native rum to the hay field, and the sideboard in every house was furnished with decanters, free for the use of the family without concealment or consciousness of wrong? The women have recognized the fact that these long years of effort have been futile, and in their despair have stretched their hands to God.

Professional reformers, though perhaps among the best, are not the most practical people. More often than otherwise they strike directly at the superstructure of an evil they would overturn, just where it is impregnable to assault. Having no patience with others who oppose their way, they only pause in their vain labors to denounce those who would attack the foundation, for example, which once undermined the building is sure to fall.

In the question of temperance, fear of the denunciations of this class has silenced all opposition to their views. "He that is not with me is against the cause I uphold," has been their motto; and meanwhile, as says the temperance lecturer, "the evils from intoxication are alarmingly on the increase." Has not the time arrived to lay aside this slavish fear—time to say, "Give an account, Mr. Reformer, of your stewardship, and tell us how it is that under your guidance mothers, sisters, and wives are driven to their knees on the filthy floor of a grog shop to save sons, brothers, and husbands. Herein is a tacit admission that, as far as you are concerned, human means are exhausted. You say, 'We have done what we could: Lord, help!'"

And shall all practical effort cease, therefore, and entire dependence be placed on prayer? Possibly there are ways that are not your ways, O reformer! that might prove successful when you have failed.

Now let us inquire what has been done. First, public opinion has been

*The author of this article is known in Spain and Cuba, and is a writer of some reputation in those countries, to the language of which he has heretofore confined himself. He is in a position to consider the social movements in the United States, including the present subject, from a disinterested point of view; and, a long time resident of various countries in Europe and America, is enabled to speak intelligently of them.

educated to the point of regarding the drinking of spirits as a wicked act *per se*. Second, to do away with it moral suasion and prohibitory legislation have been tried. The mistake in the first will be considered incidentally in the course of this article. Let us glance at prohibition.

There is something in the physical organization of man which demands what are usually known as stimulants. This is proved by the fact that in all nations, from the highest to the lowest, the secrets of nature have been invaded to obtain them. The fact that such demand exists is denied; but all races use them, cry out for them, and so establish its truth. Would it not be well to recognize what is so patent, and shape and control this desire, so that it may redound to man's benefit, instead of attempting to pen it up, and so from the peaceful stream make it the raging torrent? What have been the efforts in this latter direction? Maine, under the inspiration of Neal Dow, who, whatever else he may be, is certainly not a philosopher, passed a law prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors within her boundaries, and a few of the other States followed her example, with certain modifications graciously accorded to "the spirit of our institutions."

The laws of Solon were models in theory. They prescribed that all mankind should be virtuous. Unhappily they failed to recognize certain weaknesses in the race which rendered their enforcement impracticable. Of this character was the Maine law. People revolted against it, and we suspect that it is retained where it originated for the sake of the name which has made the reputation of the State world-wide, and from the pride of consistency. Clearly, it would not do. Perchance Americans can be made models of virtue by legislation, but the four or five millions of Germans, and the other Europeans here, are not susceptible to the gracious influence. Notably you cannot make Frenchmen water-drinkers by special enactment. As they say:

Tous les méchants sont buveurs d'eau.
C'est bien prouvé par le déluge.

But argument is unnecessary. Experience tells the tale. The law has been powerless to suppress intemperance, and the other efforts made have not met with more important results. Meanwhile,

says the reformer, "the vice of intoxication is alarmingly on the increase, and it is easy to trace the great majority of the crimes committed to this source." And now, after fifty years of effort, the women in their crusade find it easier to induce the liquor-seller to abandon his trade than their husbands, sons, and brothers the habit of drinking.

In a consideration of this question the writer, who has resided in many countries and studied the social habits of them all, is aware that he will greatly shock the prejudices of many. But the failure, through acting in accordance with those prejudices, has been great, and so he ventures to speak, only asking credit for disinterestedness and sincerity. Let us consider the question, first stating it:

The use of spirituous liquors has been and is a great evil to this nation. Is it possible to abolish it?

No.

In view of the experience of the past, this is the answer of every practical man. Visionaries, dwellers in Arcadia, have no voice in this matter. They have too long promised the near approach of the millennium.

This conclusion admitted, the question naturally suggests itself, Is it possible in any other way to prevent or mitigate the evils of intemperance in the country? It is sincerely believed that it is. Let us look at the matter.

Neither Americans nor Englishmen drink more spirits than the French, Spaniards, or Italians. Statistics prove the fact, and yet in England and the United States drunkenness is a hundred per cent. more prevalent than in France, Spain, or Italy. A long residence in all of the countries referred to, and some study of the question, has led the writer to the conclusion that there are two causes for this. The first of these is that the English and Americans, especially the latter, do not know how to drink; and the second, that in both England and the United States the liquors are most execrable in quality.

Not long since, a gentleman, while travelling in Central America, remained some time at a hotel, where he formed the acquaintance of an Englishman, an American, a Frenchman, and a Peruvian—all men of wealth and intelligence, travelling for pleasure and information. He soon observed that the latter two were at

all times vivacious and cheerful, talking a great deal and with constant gesticulation; the others maintained a dignified gravity during the day, saying but little. There was, however, a marked change in the evening, when they became noisy, turbulent, and, in a word, drunk. This continued for several days, when one morning the American, who had arisen after his customary debauch with no very agreeable sensations, remarked to the Frenchman, "I must confess the Latin race has this advantage over us, it is more sober."

"True, but it is not because we drink any less than you."

"You do not drink less?"

"No."

"But observe the example in this hotel."

"Certainly. I have observed it. Examine our bills, and you will find the Peruvian and myself have used more spirits than you."

This proved to be true. The Frenchman and Peruvian had drunk more wine, brandy, and other liquors than the other two.

"How do you explain, then, that you are never intoxicated, while we are rather the worse for our potations every night?"

"It is very easy of explanation, but I fear I may wound your *amour propre*."

"By no means. Proceed: I am curious for the explanation."

"Very well, then, I shall express my opinion freely. In England and the United States children are taught that the drinking of wine or spirits is a great sin, which of course they wish to commit as soon as they appreciate it; that is human nature, you know. You breakfast early in the morning, you take one meal at noon and another at six in the evening, drinking water, or may be tea and coffee. During the day you make an occasional visit to the bar-room, and in the evening you are sure to be there. You stand before the bar and you purchase a glass of liquor for yourself and your friend, and this drunk, without any regard to your wishes or inclinations, he says to you, 'Come now, drink with me.' It would be discourteous to decline, and you drink again. Another and another follow at intervals, all of liquors adulterated with the worst of poisons. As a natural consequence, you become drunk first and sick afterwards.

"In France we are accustomed to drink

wine from our childhood at table. It is not a forbidden fruit to us, and no more a temptation than the bread we eat. There are no bar-rooms for the better classes, and the *marchand des vins* is obliged to be very careful that he does not cause his humble customer to become intoxicated. Liquors are freely and openly provided and partaken of in the coffee-houses and restaurants; they are served upon the tables, and thus the natural demand for stimulant is met. If the weather permits, the tables are placed out of doors, upon the broad sidewalks, and there ladies and gentlemen drink their wine or brandy, or whatever they choose, a proceeding which would seriously reflect upon their reputation in your country, but in which there is really nothing criminal.

"We use, but do not abuse liquor. Indeed, I am inclined to think that the wit or *esprit* attributed to my nation results from our knowledge of the proper method of eating and drinking."

Doubtless the Frenchman struck the keynote of the trouble in his remarks. An education based on an untruth, and prohibitory legislation, have resulted in an excessive indulgence in intoxicating liquors, at a time when they should be least used, and in the drinking of water at table.

Now to extirpate or greatly modify this evil, a radical change in the habits of the people is required. Nor is this so difficult as at first sight may appear. At the beginning of this century the hours for meals in France, Spain, and Italy were the same as they are in England and the United States at present: a light breakfast at an early hour, dinner or luncheon at noon, and supper at night; this was sometimes followed by a fourth meal late in the evening. The French subsequently adopted the habit of two meals, and between 1846 and 1850 a change to the existing French fashion was made throughout Spain. The same thing has since occurred in Italy. Americans have no inconvenient prejudices, but wonderful adaptability, and they can be easily taught to abandon the bar-room and drink at proper times and places.

Liberal legislation to reduce the price of liquors and improve their quality is necessary to this change. The Americans, of all people, look upon wines and liquors only as luxuries. With much re-

spect for their intelligence, which is great, possibly the rest of the world is right in considering this a mistake, and that legislation based on the idea must be erroneous. The truth is that a proper appreciation of the demands of man's physical nature, which Americans have never had time to study, will teach that these are necessities as well as bread and meat. They, or some substitute for them, will be obtained and used, and the wise statesman and political economist will recognize the fact.

Naturally the protectionists and the temperance reformers, as they at present exist, will object to the legislation proposed. The former will insist that to remove the duties on the imported liquors will be to destroy one branch of American industry; and the other, with hands upraised in horror, as is their custom when any one disagrees with them, will exclaim, "What! when the nation is in danger owing to the use of intoxicating liquors, and all good people are organizing to suppress it, would you throw the flood-gates wide open, that we may be inundated by a fresh supply of this poison?"

In response to the first it must be admitted that the proposed legislation certainly would result in the abolishment of those laboratories from which issue the poisonous liquids which are the cause of so much misery and crime in the United States. And do these constitute the branch of American industry which it is thought desirable to protect? As to the manufacturers of really pure liquors in the country, they would have no stronger competition than in the poisons now in so general use, or at least only sufficient to incite them to effort in gratifying the tastes of the people. As to the question of revenue, the economist will be satisfied with the fact that a reduction in the duties on imported liquors will be followed by such increase in the quantity that the revenue will not be materially diminished.

A few words to the reformers. The opening of the flood-gates would at the worst only substitute pure liquor for the adulterated. Bear in mind, gentlemen, that you must deal with human nature as it is. You cannot idealize it and then legislate for it with success. You cannot make it virtuous by legislation. Opposi-

sition to what it considers its rights, though ostensibly in its interest, only irritates it and throws it into an attitude of hostility. A stream flows along peacefully in its bed when undisturbed, but once attempt to arrest its progress and it becomes a raging torrent. Learn modesty in the fact that you are found in no other country, and nowhere else is there need for you. Perhaps the necessity for you has grown out of the fact of your existence.

Let us look at facts in the face. Intoxication is very infrequent in those countries where good liquors are cheap and abundant, and where they are used in every household as a necessity, as not seldom the result of religious precept. On the other hand, in those countries where spirits are dear and bad, and drinking them is considered a sin, intoxication takes the proportions of a national calamity which threatens to destroy the foundations of society. In the first the people are taught how to use good liquors; in the second, dear prices, and social, if not legal prohibition, have only succeeded in teaching the people how to abuse bad ones.

In order to a more comprehensive illustration of the matter, let us observe for a moment the propensities of human nature as developed by social customs among different people. In Spanish countries the social laws in reference to association between the sexes are so strict that young ladies can speak with a gentleman only in the presence of the mother or some other equally watchful guardian. To transgress the rule is to commit a criminal act. They are kept carefully housed, and are not permitted out except when accompanied by some member of the family of years and discretion. In those countries man has but little respect for the female of his kind. Women are frequently insulted, and scandalous scenes of varied description often take place. At the same time the young men, as a rule, abandon themselves to habits of sensualism. The freedom of women under the social laws of the United States is considered a great error, and if the good results are pointed out in the superior intelligence, strength of character, and innate purity of the women, it is met with the response, "Oh! those northern people are cold and passionless; but allow

the same liberty with us, and the result would be disastrous."

Thousands of families, reared under these restrictions, have taken up their abode in the United States, and among them the same young ladies who could not be trusted alone for a single moment when at home, here go out without attendance, receive their friends as do American ladies, always maintaining the same dignity and purity of character. Let it be observed that those people who suppose they are by nature more inclined to abuse freedom in the association of the sexes than are the North Americans, use the same argument that the latter do in regarding themselves as more inclined to intoxicating liquors than others.

In the races referred to, a curious anomaly is presented. In Spain, and other countries where the liberty of women is so restricted, the faults of men in their relations to them are looked upon with a most charitable eye, and their social standing is not apt to be affected by them, while here they are, in theory at least, condemned utterly. Again, the mantle of charity is very broad which covers the drunkard in the United States, while in Spain intoxication is unpardonable. As will be seen, the restrictive laws in both cases lead to a lax judgment of their violation.

The reform proposed, then, has two bases: a radical change in the method of drinking, and legislation on the principles of free trade. It is assumed that man will use stimulants, that his nature requires them. Throughout Christendom these are found in the use of wines and liquors. A study of the habits of other countries shows that his system is satisfied by the manner of drinking these usual in them, and that drunkenness is comparatively unknown there. A legitimate conclusion is, that the drinking of good wines and liquors, at regular times and in proper quantities, is not a criminal act, nor one necessarily injurious to health and morals.

It may be incidentally mentioned here that an increased refinement and an improvement in social habits are certain to result from the change proposed. Americans are the most easily cultured people in the world. At no age do their minds and habits become so set as to be incapable of change and improvement. The

habit of drinking only at special hours and in special places, as a distinctive act, separate from social intercourse, and especially away from the society of ladies, is an exceedingly deleterious one. A safeguard is thrown around the drinking of wines and liquors by the presence of cherished friends in the social circle. In the bar-room there is an absence of all restraint, and excesses are almost inevitable.

Would it not be well, ladies, to remove the ban from the temperate use of intoxicating liquors? Arise from your knees in the bar-rooms and take with you to your firesides your husbands, sons, and brothers.

The question may be asked, Is it expected that the proposed improvements in the art of drinking, and in the quality of liquors, will metamorphose the habitual drunkard into a sober man? Certainly not. What is proposed is not so much reform as to do away with the necessity for reform in the future—to prevent the further manufacture of drunkards, that the race may die out with the present exemplars. The unfortunate victim of a vicious habit cannot easily break away from it. The drunkard may continue incorrigible, but his lot will be at least ameliorated. He will be no more subject to the fearful effect of those poisonous adulterations in so general use throughout the country. Instead of becoming infuriated or stupefied, he will become joyous and placid in his cups.

The crusade of the women against the bar-rooms is right in so far as these represent bad liquors, a bad method of drinking, and the attending evils of intoxication, enmity to social refinement, and crime. Let this outburst of feminine indignation against a great evil be given a proper shape and direction. You cannot remedy the evil by ignoring the nature of man or combating his instincts. The people of this great nation are too intelligent to suppose that the juice of the grape and of other fruits, which held sway long before the time of which written or even traditional history speaks, can be annihilated by legislation or crusades of any character, and not to realize that man possesses tastes and instincts which can be shaped and guided, but never destroyed.

J. DE ARMAS CESPEDES.

THE PARODY OF THE PERIOD.

THE compiler of this essay conscientiously confesses that he is a born collector. Authors may be made; collectors must be born. He is possessed by the accumulating mania; he has collected postage-stamps (when a boy), monograms (for a lady), and in later years coins (for himself); indeed, if there were nothing else possible, he would probably collect buttons or boots. To his credit be it said, O reader—for all else may be pardoned him—he has never collected autographs. When, therefore, some years ago, it struck him that it would be a good idea to write an article on parody, he began at once to assiduously accumulate all available material with the idea of deducing a theory therefrom. He industriously read magazines and newspapers, carefully clipping all parodies, and paragraphs relating to parody, and he deduced this theory: "All parodies are bad—but there are exceptions."

Parody has its uses and abuses. It is sometimes, says the elder Disraeli, "a refined instructor for the public, whose discernment is often blinded by party or prejudice." It is the touchstone of genius. A poem or a play which will not bear parody will scarcely stand the test of time. Parody holds the same relation to a good poem that a farce does to a tragedy, following it and often heightening the effect. Leigh Hunt calls it a compliment, and not a satire. Théophile Gautier, in a scorching criticism of a burlesque on Victor Hugo's "Burgraves," maintains that the "only amusing and curious parody of the works of the great masters is made by their disciples and their admirers; it is they who, by their clumsy imitation, bring into relief all the faults of the work they copy." Hugo, however, has suffered both from enthusiastic imitators and professional perverters; his "Marie Tudors" was recently parodied under the title of "Marie, tu ronfles!" When Herr Wagner's "Rienzi" was produced at the Théâtre Lyrique, some Parisian punster brought out a parody called "Rien! scie en trois actes."* This article, however, is too

* *Scie*, literally a "saw," is about equivalent in the *argot des coulisses* to our slang use of the word "sell."

short to discuss the subject of theatrical parody, now fallen into deserved discredit, although there are few better things in their way in our literature than Beaumont and Fletcher's "Knight of the Burning Pestle," the Duke of Buckingham's "Rehearsal," Fielding's "Tom Thumb," Sheridan's "Critic," and Poole's "Hamlet," with its absurd notes. Rarely does an author parody himself, but a burlesque upon Mr. W. S. Gilbert's "Wicked World," called the "Happy Land," was written by G. A. Beckett and F. A. Tomline, the latter being but a *nom de plume* of the witty author of the Bab Ballads.

It was not until the beginning of this century that parody generally ceased being political to become more literary. Even at the present day it is occasionally used effectively. When the nomination of a certain Massachusetts military hero for Governor of the State was pending, the Boston "Post" published this couplet:

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: We may have Ben!

But when it was definitely settled that the polemical politician would not be the candidate of his party, the Boston "Post" gleefully remarked that

Of all glad words of tongue or pen,
The gladdest are these: We shan't have Ben!

There are two kinds of parody: first, a perversion of a particular production (which is the cheaper and more common variety); and second, a composition recalling the characteristics of style and mind of a writer, without especially burlesquing any one of his works. Of the first species I do not know perhaps a better specimen than the following, extracted from the "Carols of Cockayne," by H. S. Leigh:

ONLY SEVEN.

(A Pastoral Story, after Wordsworth.)

I marvell'd why a simple child,
That lightly draws its breath,
Should utter groans so very wild
And look as pale as Death.

Adopting a parental tone,
I ask'd her why she cried.
The damsel answer'd, with a groan,
"I've got a pain inside!

"I thought it would have sent me mad
Last night about eleven."
Said I, "What is it makes you bad?
How many apples have you had?"
She answer'd, "Only seven!"

"And are you sure you took no more,
My little maid?" quoth I.
"Oh, please, sir, mother gave me four,
But *they* were in a pie!"

"If that's the case," I stammer'd out,
"Of course you've had eleven."
The maiden answer'd with a pout,
"I ain't had more nor seven!"

I wondered hugely what she meant,
And said, "I'm bad at riddles,
But I know where little girls are sent
For telling taradiddles.

"Now if you don't reform," said I,
"You'll never go to heaven!"
But all in vain; each time I try
The little idiot makes reply,
"I ain't had more nor seven!"

POSTSCRIPT.

To borrow Wordsworth's name was wrong,
Or slightly misapplied;
And so I'd better call my song,
"Lines after Ache-inside"

And of the second sort, the imitation
of manner rather than matter, there can
be nothing more pointed than the follow-
ing parody of Milton by John Phillips,
which was considered by Steele the finest
burlesque poem in our language:

THE SPLENDID SHILLING.

Sing, heavenly muse,
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme,
A shilling, breeches, and chimeras dire.

Happy the man who, void of cares and strife,
In silken or in leathern purse retains
A splendid shilling! He nor hears with pain
New oysters cry'd, nor sighs for cheerful ale.

When mindful of the nymph whose wanton eye
Transfixed his soul, and kindled amorous
flames,

Chloe or Phyllis, he each circling glass
Wisheth her health, and joy, and equal love;
Meanwhile he smokes and laughs at merry tale,
Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint, etc.

To this second and higher school of
parody belong the "Rejected Addresses"
and "Condensed Novels." Mr. Bret
Harte's power of imitation has been call-
ed a sixth sense. In these sketches, sug-
gested by Thackeray's "Prize Novelists,"
he has even dared to perpetrate a parody
of Dickens, evidently his own favorite
author: disciples cannot always see thus
clearly the faults of their masters. Thack-
eray himself appears to be impervious to
parody. In one of the earlier Orpheus
C. Kerr papers was a series of "Rejected

National Hymns"; the poem attributed
to Mr. Bryant being refused, because
from the first line;

The sun sinks slowly to his evening post,
it was evident, that the poet had endeav-
ored to advertise the newspaper of which
he is the editor. But perhaps the best
of all the volumes devoted to this style of
parody is the "Diversions of the Echo
Club," recently reprinted from an Amer-
ican magazine by Hotten of London, and
generally attributed to the pen of Mr.
Bayard Taylor. The following, by no
means the most excellent of the twenty
or thirty contained in the thin book, is,
however, characteristic alike of poet and
parodist:

THE PROMISSORY NOTE.

In the lonesome latter years,
(Fatal years!)
To the dropping of my tears,
Danced the mad and mystic spheres,
In a rounded, reeling rune,
'Neath the moon—
To the dripping and the dropping of my tears.
Ah, my soul is swathed in gloom,
(Uhlume!)
In a dim Titanic tomb;
For my gaunt and gloomy soul
Ponders o'er the penal scroll,
O'er the parchment (not a rhyme)
Out of place, out of time.
I am shredded, shorn, unshifty,
(O the fifty!)
And the days have passed, the three,
Over me,
And the debit and the credit are as one to him
and me!
'Twas the random runes I wrote
At the bottom of the note
In the middle of the night,
In the mellow, moonless night,
When the stars were out of sight,
When my pulses, like a knell,
Danced with dun and dying fays
O'er the ruins of my days,
O'er the dimeless, timeless days,
When the fifty, drawn at thirty,
Seeming thrifty, yet the dirty
Lucre of the market was the most that I could
raise!

Fiends controlled it,
(Let him hold it!)
Devils held for me the inkstand and the pen;
Now the days of grace are o'er,
(Ah, Lenore!)
I am but as other men:
What is time, time, time,
To my rare and runic rhyme,
To my random, reeling rhyme,
By the sands along the shore.
Where the tempest whispers, "Pay him!" and
I answer,
"Nevermore!"

Who, having read Lewis Carroll's

"Alice's Adventures in Wonderland,"
can forget

Twinkle, twinkle, little bat !
How I wonder what you're at,
Up above the world so high,
Like a tea tray in the sky !

and the absurdly comical commingling of
impossibilities in

How doth the little crocodile—
Improve his shining tail,
And pour the waters of the Nile
On every golden scale !

How cheerfully he seems to grin,
How neatly spreads his claws,
And welcomes little fishes in
With gently smiling jaws !

Voltaire gayly parodied Ossian, but he
winced when the lash fell on his own
back. His rule that "all pleasantries
ought to be short, and, for that matter,
gravities too," applies with particular
force to parody. The great American
editor recognizes this fact, and puts into
circulation numberless little bits of paro-
dy, which float hither and thither with
the journalistic wave, bringing laughter
and smiles to North and South. For in-
stance, who, possessing or having pos-
sessed a cat, does not execrate this :

Oh, kittens ! in our hours of ease
Uncertain toys, and full of fleas :
When pain and anguish hang o'er men,
We turn you into sausage then.

And laughter comes unbidden in Indian
summer when we read that

The melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year ;
Too warm, alas ! for whiskey punch,
Too cold for lager beer.

Time cuts short the joys of summer,
and we must

— pull up the wicket and the stake,
And put by the mallet and ball ;
For no more croquet'll be played this year,
It's getting too late in the fall !

A favorite poem, frequently found in the
papers, was written by the witty editor
of the Minneapolis "Tribune." It be-
gins :

I want to be a granger.
And with the grangers stand—
A horny-fisted farmer,
With a haystack in my hand.
Beneath the tall tomato tree
I'll swing the glittering hoe,
And smite the wild potato-bug
As he skips o'er the snow.
I've bought myself a Durham ram
And a gray alpaca cow,
A lock-stitch Osage orange hedge,
And patent-leather plough, etc., etc.

After a careful analysis of about two

hundred and fifty parodies current since
1870, it will be found that there are ten
of Mr. Bret Harte's "Jim," and twenty-
five of the "Heathen Chinee"; ten of
"Jim Bludso," thirty-five of the "Ra-
ven," fifteen of "Maud Muller," twenty
of the "Charge of the Light Brigade,"
twenty of "To be or not to be," and fifty
or more of "Exeelsior," together with
about sixty or seventy of miscellaneous
poems. But the poem most parodied is
undoubtedly "Hiawatha"; the metre
is so easy and the style so simple, that it
lends itself to the perverter.

To conclude, permit the quotation of
two short parodies, the one old, the other
new : Mr. George W. Cable's

THE LAST ARRIVAL.

There came to port last Sunday night
The queerest little craft,
Without an inch of rigging on ;
I looked, and looked, and laughed.

It seemed so curious that she
Should cross the unknown water,
And moor herself within my room—
My daughter, O ! my daughter !

Yet, by these presents, witness all,
She's welcome fifty times,
And comes consigned to Hope and Love,
And common metre rhymes.
She has no manifest but this ;
No flag floats o'er the water ;
She's rather new for British Lloyd's—
My daughter, O ! my daughter !

Ring out, wild bells—and tame ones too ;
Ring out the lover's moon ;
Ring in the little worsted socks ;
Ring in the bib and spoon.
Ring out the muse ; ring in the nurse ;
Ring in the milk and water.
Away with paper, pens, and ink—
My daughter, O ! my daughter !

And finally, a peculiar perversion of a
popular poem written by Barham, and by
him appropriately attributed to a Dr.
Peppercorn. It is contained in eight stan-
zas, three of which only are herewith ap-
pended :

Not a son had he got, not a guinea or note,
And he look'd confoundedly flurried,
As he bolted away without his shot,
And the landlady after him hurried.

All bare and exposed to the midnight dew,
Reclined in the gutter, we found him ;
And he looked like a gentleman taking a snore
With his marshal cloak around him.

Slowly and sadly we all walked down
From his room in the uppermost story ;
A rushlight we placed on the cold hearthstone,
And we left him alone in his glory.

J. BRANDER MATTHEWS.

DRIFT-WOOD.

THE WHISKEY WAR.

THE Homeric episode of the woman's temperance war has been the tilt of Sir Timothy Titcomb at Archbishop Purcell. The Archbishop being asked, as a known promoter of temperance movements and a total abstinence man, to join the crusade, refused to "preach that it is a sin for the day laborer to restore his exhausted strength by a glass or two of beer," and quoted Christ's example at Cana, the custom of the Eucharist, and many passages of Scripture in defence of wine. Then Timothy Titcomb fell dreadfully upon the luckless prelate, flinging at him missiles from his own arsenal, in the shape of counter texts, and plentifully belaboring him. "This, then," the Archbishop with sublime confidence had said, "is the verdict of the Word of God: Use—do not abuse; and if you cannot use without abusing, use not at all." With a sublimer infallibility the Titcomb replied: "You have made a mistake which you can hardly rectify in a lifetime. Your influence has been given to the wrong side." The culprit made no answer. Perhaps he had never heard of this heretical Titcomb, and was not favorably struck by Mr. T.'s initial steps for a colloquy. At all events he deigns no rejoinder yet, and perhaps any way the reply would only be another Scriptural verse, say Paul's advice to Timothy: "Use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities."

Meanwhile the main crusade, rapidly developing itself, reveals that, wondrously successful and useful in towns, in great cities it is a comparative failure. Yet in great cities, in New York, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, St. Louis, where it is wasted breath to talk of prohibition, a check to the awful evils of intemperance is needed more than anywhere else. In the village, where everybody knows his neighbor, and even the whiskey-seller is a regular fellow-citizen, when this person's shop is suddenly besieged by the squire's wife, and the minister's mother, and the doctor's daughter, and by all the village ladies, Boniface is often beaten before a

prayer is made, and surrenders at discretion with the first hymn. But no such awe is inspired in those myriad hell-holes of New York, like Harry Hill's, where the unwonted presence of virtuous women is actually begged, as an advertising device to draw customers, who restrain their thirst while the exercises go on, only to slake it in full libations when the fair visitors go out.

Is there no help for the great cities? In the New Jersey Legislature a sensible act was proposed, to appoint inspectors of liquors, to condemn and destroy all adulterated or poisonous spirits or brewed beverages, and heavily fine the makers or sellers—an act that, if enforced, would destroy the greater part of existing stocks of liquor. In another legislature has been broached a law for very costly licenses, conditioned also on the reputable character of the liquor-seller, who is furthermore put under heavy bonds, with two good sureties, not to violate the laws of selling. Such requirements, with heavy fines for selling to boys, to habitual drunkards, and to men whose families protest against the sale, ought to rid us, when enforced, of two-thirds of the grog-shops, and the vilest at that.

But the men most capable of effecting this reform have of late years been working on a different solution of the temperance problem. The temperance cause now takes the guise not only of total abstinence, but of prohibition. Hence its apostles are content if drinking liquor, no matter how temperately, hurts the drinker; for they burn to save to total abstinence the man who might keep on pulling at spirits forever, provided the beverage were more pure and wholesome. The logic is odd, and starts a smile; but it is familiar in associated effort. Few politicians, for example, desire to see the hostile party cleansed and purified, but more corrupt rather, in order that converts may from sheer disgust come over to the right fold. Temperance men used to work to make the licenses rigid; now the leagues hold that to favor any license

system would bring a stain on the abstinence cause. "Good enough for them," chuckle the prohibitionists when people are sickened by bad gin. "No concern of ours," they cry, when it is proposed to benefit the community by diminishing licenses. So, in fine, we see societies formed expressly to check the evils of drunkenness feeling it a point of conscience to leave a part of those evils without any remedies, when the remedy they desire is not applied.

Teetotalism has wrought so much good, has saved so many men from shame and crime to honor, use, and happiness, that any deliberate policy which its friends adopt must not be hastily condemned. Still, the prohibition principle is not the abstinence principle, nor a necessary sequence of it; teetotalism rests on voluntary self-constraint, the Maine law on forcible prevention. Besides, it is not sure that all temperance men are prohibitionists; and if a man of admitted intelligence, integrity, and humanity opposes a prohibitory liquor law, it will not do to jump to the conclusion that he cannot fully appreciate the evils of intemperance. A man may appreciate the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and yet be skeptical of his power to root it out of human nature by legislation. However, be this as it may, while prohibition is the sole word of ambition with the temperance cause, its scope will be limited. Where it perfectly succeeds there is of course no liquor trade to regulate; but where the struggle for prohibition conspicuously fails, it is worth while to try other appliances for a multitude of evils which are perfectly open to remedy.

ELDER KNAPP.

MULTITUDES have read with emotion the recent tidings of the death, at Rockford, Illinois, of the illustrious Baptist Jacob Knapp, compared with whom common revivalists (as his class of preacher is called) are pygmies. Born in Otsego county, New York, in 1799, he evangelized as far as California on the one hand and Spain on the other. During his half century of labor, he must have been the means of awakening, according to his tally, fully a quarter of a million souls; for, thirty years ago, he gave up the score at one hundred thousand. "After my reckonings took in more than one hundred thousand persons who pro-

fessed conversion in my meetings, I gave them up. I found the attempt to number Israel an impossibility, and suspected that it might be a sin. I must therefore refer the answer to this inquiry to the statistics of the Judgment, which will be more accurate than my most careful endeavors could possibly make it. I abandoned the effort to reckon numbers more than twenty years ago." So wrote the Elder in 1867, in his autobiography, published by Sheldon & Co.—a volume of rare and even romantic interest. This book it became my pleasant task to review at great length for "The Galaxy"; and I still remember that in the two or three specimen sermons of the work, it then seemed to me that a careful hand, whether editor's or elder's, had pruned away some of the juicy outgrowths of the preacher's quaint fancy and his grotesquely original style. But perhaps many of the Elder's best flashes were struck out by the sheer fervor of delivery.

Be this as it may, I chanced to be reporting one series of the Elder's discourses, delivered in 185-; and therefore when, the other day, the wires told the story of the great evangelist's death, I turned musingly to the old note-book, and found in it some Elderisms which may now please the idle reader. For their fidelity I vouch; but, alas! it was the missing voice, look, gesture that gave these gems their lustre.

For homespun wit, sarcasm, fierceness, for an oddity sometimes seeming irreverent, yet joined to solemnity, few pulpiteers in modern times, I fancy, have equalled Knapp. Almost as dramatic as Gough, almost as mirthful in story-telling and as powerful in pathos, the Elder moved people to laughter and tears, to beatitude and terror. Like a consummate orator he *felt* his hearers. "Whitfield preached God," he said in one sermon, "among stones and clubs and rotten eggs and dead cats." At the mention of cats a titter ran through the audience, whereupon the Elder repeated and emphasized the eggs and cats. But it must not be supposed that the only purpose of his oddities was to amuse. "I put some wheat and some chaff in my sermons," he said, "and I throw out the chaff in hopes that some who come to get that may pick up a little wheat among it." With the same view he often gave strange titles to his

discourses. When holding a revival, he sometimes preached twice a day on the first six days of the week, with a prayer-meeting, besides, every morning; and on Saturday there were three prayer-meetings, or else two and one service of preaching. On Sunday he often announced his subjects for ensuing evenings; and here are two lists which I took down, by way of specimens, from his lips:

Monday.—The Personality, Character, and Destiny of the Devil.

Tuesday.—Why God lets the Devil live.

Wednesday.—A Prayer-meeting in Hell.

Thursday.—The Goodness of God.

Friday.—Justice of God in the Damnation of the Wicked.

Monday.—My Ox Sermon.

Tuesday.—My Hen and Chicken Sermon.

Wednesday.—A Funeral Sermon on Men now Living.

Thursday.—Where Cain got his Wife.

One Sunday evening he announced, with the utmost placidity of tone and feature, and with his inimitable drawl, "On Tuesday I will show you scripturally how you'll feel in hell. On Wednesday I shall preach on Universalism." His selection of topics was apparently no random affair, but a matter of thought and conscience; for one evening he said: "I had intended to preach from 'I have great confidence,' etc.; but on praying over the subject, and being desirous always to follow the wishes of God, I have felt it my duty to preach from 'I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love.'"

The energy with which he defended the scheme of "protracted meetings" was remarkable. One of his best stories was that of Elijah praying for "Rain, rain, O Lord, *rain*," and his sarcastic hypothesis that somebody came up to the prophet and asked him, in a soft voice, "if he hadn't better pray for a gentle dew, to water and refresh the earth, and not a great torrent to sweep away houses and destroy the crops, and perhaps folks will be caught out in it, and get cold, and sick, and die. 'Why, for God's sake, sir,' says Elijah, 'you a'n't afraid of *rain* now, are you? Why, you are all dying with drought!' And he went on and prayed, 'Rain! rain!' and the blessing came." The reader will note the art in this analogy, even to the point of men *getting sick and dying*—hinting, of course, at the charge that this is some

times one result of religious excitements. The Elder did not explain the parallel; he rarely explained his keen and sly hits, leaving those to see them who could.

Answering this same charge, he once coolly pointed out a gentleman sitting in a front pew, saying, "Why, there's a brother who was almost dead with heart complaint and rheumatism. But he determined to go to the meetings and do his duty there at all events. And what's the consequence? Why, his heart complaint has left him, and he has got so well that he can come to the meetings three times a day; and if, instead of that, he'd gone to the physicians, they might have kept him ten years, and then he'd have died in agony. And I could give you a dozen such instances of cures as this. I tell you a man will live and *grow fat* if he attends to his religious duties." In another sermon he spoke of a man "who was sick, and they all said he'd die, and tried to keep him away from the protracted meetings. 'Well,' says he, 'I'm a-going to die, then, if my time's come, but I'm going to the meetings anyhow.' And he did come, and he lived and *got fat*; and that's what all the physicians in the world couldn't have done for him."

In the same resolute spirit, the Elder declared that "the converts must keep at it all the time, working hard, or else they'll have a dyspepsia—they'll die like rotten sheep." He defended his system of rapid conversion in the boldest way. He had one story about being invited to take tea with a lady, who told him she "felt a hope." "'Well, madam,' said I, 'just leave your tea a little while, and come right down here with me to the creek, and I'll baptize you.' And she did, and I baptized her, and she went back to the house. Well, her parents didn't so much as suspect she was under conviction, and it frightened the old man a little when he heard she was baptized. However, he was soon rejoicing with the rest." This story caused a little laughter in the congregation.

Enforcing the same theory, he declared: "There are millions and millions in heaven to-night, who would have been in hell if it had not been for their witnessing the ordinance of baptism. For this reason I would not have the baptism of a believer delayed one day. And I hope this church won't attend to

the advice of members of other churches in this. This delay and advice to delay is all the work of the devil from beginning to end. Why, some of these same church-members would teach Jesus about religion if he came on earth again!" To the charge of fanaticism he replied: "If you live a true Christian, they'll call you a fanatic; and if you live as a good many Christians do, they will call you a hypocrite—and not be so very far out of the way either." Referring to some opposition excited among sundry churches against him, he said he solemnly believed that "many churches in this city will be blotted out, unless they repent;" whereas, on the other hand, "I can tell a living Christian as quick as I see him"—even passing him on the street.

Eloquence of a genuine sort was not rare in the Elder's sermons. "There's one language," he said, "that no worldly man can understand, and that's the language of Canaan. Why, there was a deaf and dumb man in ———, that stood up in church meeting and related his conversion—couldn't speak, mind you, but he was admitted at once, and the whole vestry was in tears. Why, blessed be God! if he couldn't speak, his soul stood tiptoe in his eyes!" This beautiful figure may remind the reader of the lines in "Il Penseroso," which, to judge from the Elder's dislike of general literature, he had probably never read:

And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes.

Of course it would be easy to cite hundreds of terse, strong, and *meaty* expressions from the Elder's sermons. He spoke of the "heaven-daring spirit" of Theodore Parker. He described spiritualism as "a conglomeration of all the filth and ~~souls~~ of the damned in the burning lake." Again he asserted that "every Universalist, Atheist, and Deist is a grave spread over by the devil with cobwebs." Of persecution he said: "Persecution is a part of the legacy Christ left us; if you don't take it, you'll go to hell." Again, in his old-fashioned way, he said: "Sit down at the table and eat a piece of custard pie, and it tastes good; but take some honey first, and there's no sweetness in the pie. Now religion is sweeter than honey or the honeycomb; and hence after religion sin is no longer so attrac-

tive as before." Speaking of doctrinal religion that bears no fruit in practical life, he asked: "Why, who does not know that the devil is as orthodox as any doctor of divinity in the world? And if you ask me how I know he's as orthodox as any doctor of divinity, I answer, because he studied divinity in the best theological seminary in the universe, and took his lectures fresh from God."

For novel-reading the Elder had much contempt. "Then there are the rotten-hearted, cracked-brained novelists, whose trash you read instead of the Bible. Why, all the novels ever written haven't got solid sense enough in 'em to fill a thimble; not if it was all boiled down, and evaporated, and pressed down."

I have no room for further illustrations of the Elder's style. Some grave and fastidious persons used to object, and very sincerely, to his droll language; others superciliously regarded him only in a humorous light, as a kind of theological harlequin, whose entertainment they professed to consider of a low but racy order. However, these persons forgot that as it "takes all sorts of people to make up a world," so it takes all sorts of preachers to please them. In face of the enormous number of conversions made by the Elder, coupled with his being invited for forty years from pulpit to pulpit among the leading city congregations of a most intelligent, zealous, and spiritual Protestant sect, we cannot fairly deny either his power or his popularity. His aim was to save souls, not to make unimpeachable harangues; and the statistics of his conversions showed, what the hearer might himself observe, that his pulpit comicalities, so far from killing his pathos or his solemnity, only heightened them for a large class of people, according to the well-known laws of contrast and reaction in human nature. Besides, such sentences as I have given were scattered through many sermons, it being worth while, of course, to quote in so brief an essay only what the Elder had to say that others do not say, leaving out that which all say alike. Still, the effect of this culling the flowers—the Elder-flowers—and so compactly pressing them, is, I confess, to provide for the reader a pretty strong cup of Elder-tea.

PHILIP QUILLER.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

AGASSIZ'S MODE OF TEACHING SCIENCE.

PROF. W. J. BEAL, of the Michigan Agricultural College, contributes to the "School" an admirable sketch of Prof. Agassiz's method of teaching. Mr. Beal was for some time a pupil in the Museum at Cambridge. The first precepts he received were about as follows: "If you study with me, you must not look at a book for some time—several months. You must learn to see, to observe for yourself." After some questions, he handed the pupil half-a-dozen or more dead sea-urchins, and went away, saying, "I want to see what you can make of them, and in a day or two I will see how you get along." Mr. Beal examined the specimens as closely as he could, viewed them through a pocket lens, broke them in pieces, and made some small drawings; but he was glad when night came, for it seemed to him as though he had learned all there was of sea urchins. The next day Agassiz asked, "Well, what have you seen?" He glanced at the drawings, gave a few hints what to look for, gave names for a few of the parts, noticed some mistakes, but made no corrections. The pupil supposed that now other specimens were to be given him for study. But no; he was to study sea urchins for some time yet. Agassiz called every day for two or three weeks, listening to what the pupil had to say, till he committed a mistake. Then he would say, "You are wrong," and go away. "I was surprised at my own work," says Mr. Beal, "surprised at the end of that time to find something new every day."

After this he was put to dissecting specimens which had been in alcohol, and occasionally went to the seaside for fresh specimens. In a similar manner one species of starfish was examined, occupying only a week or so. "These two animals," said Agassiz, "the sea urchin (a flattened sphere) and the starfish (with five rays or arms), are composed of similar parts, arranged in a similar manner. Learn how it is." This was work for

several days. The next animal was a spatangoid, an animal somewhat like both the others. "Now homologize these three," said Agassiz. Then a third and fourth species were given, very different in appearance from the others, and the pupil was told again to "Compare! It is easy enough to observe isolated parts—any one can soon learn to do that; but when you compare two objects, you take a step in philosophy." In course of time corals were compared with sea urchins and starfishes. "I looked two weeks at the corals," says Mr. Beal, "but did not see all of them to suit him. It took more time still."

In a few months books were allowed. Agassiz was wont to say: "Study specimens and refer to books, and not the reverse, as is usually done. Text-book knowledge about nature does not amount to anything." "After realizing the effect of this mode of studying natural history upon myself and my students," says Mr. Beal in conclusion, "and seeing the progress of others pursuing this course, I am sure it is the correct way. With small scholars it may be somewhat modified, but to take a course of a few weeks in a text-book, with a few references to specimens, is time poorly spent. Better by far give each student a grasshopper and a small microscope, let him work at it and tell you all he has seen, give a few hints now and then, and ask some questions."

SCIENCE IN IRELAND.

A VERY remarkable protest was recently addressed to the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin and other members of the Irish hierarchy, signed by a large number of students, past and present, of the Irish Catholic University. Among the signatories were many members of the legal and medical professions, and also several Roman Catholic priests. The memorial, which occupies some thirty closely-printed pamphlet pages, begins by declaring that the defects in the working and administration of the University endanger its existence. They specially regret that the

teaching of science in the University has not been attended to as much as it might be. This was the more to be regretted in view of the current charge that the Roman Church is on principle opposed to the modern sciences. The protest alludes regretfully to the recent secession of Professor Sullivan, and dwells on the melancholy fact that "no Irish Catholic man of science can be found to take his place." The document declares that the lecture list of the "University" does not include the name of a single professor of the physical and natural sciences, or the name of a solitary teacher in even such branches as descriptive geometry, geology, zoology, comparative anatomy, mineralogy, mining, astronomy, philology, ethnology, mechanics, electricity, or optics. With reference to the inferiority of Irish Catholics in scientific knowledge, the memorialists use the following vigorous language: "We are determined that such inferiority shall exist no longer. If scientific training be unattainable in our own University, Irish Catholics will seek it at Trinity, or the Queen's colleges, or they will study for themselves the works of Hæckel, Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, and Lyell." What the prelates are going to do about it has not transpired.

NATURAL HISTORY AT THE ENGLISH UNIVERSITIES.

DR. ROBERT CHAMBERS, in his "Scrap Book," says that at the meeting of the British Association at Cambridge in 1845, Mr. Goadby, who had his beautiful anatomizations of the lower animals exhibited in the model room, was greatly struck by the ignorance of the University students, as shown by the remarks they made and the questions they asked. One, who had a lady on his arm, told her that these were *models*. Another, similarly attended, apparently wishing to avoid troublesome questions, said to his companion very oracularly, "Oh, this is all anatomy." A third collegian inquired who made these things? "The glasses, do you mean?" inquired Mr. Goadby. "No; the things in the glasses." "The same that made you," was the reply. Several men better informed spoke of the objects comprehensively as insects, though only a portion of them were of that class in the animal kingdom. None of these men had ever heard of such a

thing as a mollusk or an echinoderm. Altogether, Mr. Goadby thought he had never shown his preparations to a more ignorant set of men than the students of Cambridge.

As an illustration of the benefit that might be derived from the introduction of natural history into schools, Mr. Goadby was once lecturing on his preparations at Cheltenham, when he had amongst his auditors Lord M., of the Irish peerage. Lord M. was a middle-aged man, congenitally lame, so as to be dependent on others for locomotion. Possessing an active mind, and unable to take the amusements of other men of his order, he had given his mind a good deal to study, but not wholly, for the gaming table had unfortunately acquired a strong dominion over him, and he had thus lost nearly all his patrimonial property. This clever nobleman, who was loved by everybody for his amiable disposition, seemed exceedingly interested in the lecture, and after it was over he lingered an hour, inspecting and inquiring into the peculiarities of the animals. At last he exclaimed, "If I had been taught such things in my youth, what it would have been for me!"—implying that the having such an amusement for his leisure hours would have saved him from those wretched pursuits in which he had found excitement, and which had proved his ruin.

CULTIVATION OF AMERICAN WILD FRUITS.

DR. ASA GRAY discourses as follows in the "Horticulturist" on the possibilities, under cultivation, of certain American wild fruits: "A few wild fruits may be mentioned which manifestly have great capabilities, as for instance the persimmon and the *Asimina*, or western papaw, so called. Both freely offer, from spontaneous seedlings, incipient choice varieties to be selected from; both fruit when only a few years old, thereby accelerating the fixation of selected varieties into races; and both give fruits of types wholly distinct from any others we possess of temperate climes. He that has not tasted a *kaki* has no conception of the *Diospyros* genus. The custard apples of the West Indies give some idea of what might be made of our papaw when ameliorated by cultivation and close selection

from several generations. Our American plums have for many years been in some sort of cultivation, and have improved on the wild forms. Their extreme liability to black rot and other attacks renders them for the present unpromising. Our wild chestnuts are sweeter than those of the Old World, and races might perhaps be developed with the nuts as large as Spanish chestnuts, without loss of flavor. We might have much better and thinner-shelled hickory nuts. The pecan is waiting to have the bitter matter between the shell and the kernel bred out; the butter-nuts and black walnuts to have their excess of oil turned into farinaceous and sugary matter, and their shells thinned and smoothed by continued good breeding; then they will much surpass the European walnut. All this requires almost unlimited time; but it is not for those who are enjoying the fruits which it has taken thousands of years to perfect, to refrain from the good work which is to increase the enjoyments of far future generations."

GEOLOGY OF THE SAHARA.

DR. ZITTEL, the geologist who accompanies the Rolfs expedition through the Sahara, cites many facts in support of the theory that the great African desert is the dried-up basin of a former shallow sea. The fine quartz sand, in particles never larger than a pin-head, which forms at once the main feature and the danger of its surface, is not produced from any formation in or near it, and must have been carried to it by some foreign agency. The real surface of the desert is a bare, dry chalk plateau. Above it rise here and there the isolated peaks called by the Arabs "witnesses," which are of a later chalk formation. The tops of these, where several are visible, are invariably in a plane, showing that they are the fragments of an ancient surface, the intervening spaces of which have been washed away. If the question be asked by what, there being no ground whatever for supposing torrents or glacial action, the answer can only be, by the constant beating on it of waves, dissolving the softer portions.

But a more interesting point to many geologists will be Dr. Zittel's comments on the splinters of flints which are produced in large quantities round certain

peaks, by the cutting process of the alternate slight dews and frosts which the expedition has found to be common in the winter nights in the Sahara. These fragments lie around in profusion, and, to a careless observer, might appear not unlike some of the ruder flint chips of the palæolithic age. But Dr. Zittel, who has made a study of the latter, took pains to examine some thousands of these natural chippings of flint, and found but a single one which an experienced eye could take to resemble those which have attracted so much notice in Europe. Hence he concludes that the Sahara flints afford a fresh and very strong indirect proof of the production of the others by the human agency to which science has already attributed them.

THE CHAMELEON.

ACCORDING to M. Paul Bert, the changes of color in the chameleon are produced by emotions and passions in the animal, and hence they are to be explained through the nervous system. But does this system act directly or only through the bloodvessels? A very simple experiment made by M. Bert shows that the nerves act directly. He ties up the vascular system of one of the animal's limbs, leaving the nerve intact; under such conditions the changes of color take place precisely as though the arteries were carrying blood into the tissues. On the other hand, if the nerve be severed, the tissues become deep black, and retain that color. Probably the nerves concerned in this function are of the same kind as those of the vaso-motor system, for when the animal is poisoned with curare, and all the other nerves thus paralyzed, the chameleon becomes black; but if now an electric current be directed on the sciatic nerve, in which the nerves of coloration are found existing, the muscles do not contract, though the color of the limb changes, proving that this nerve is still affected by electricity; its action continues, despite the curare, as does also that of the vaso-motors.

It is worthy of remark that the chameleon's eyes are mutually independent. Each of its eyes gives the animal a different perception; so true, indeed, is this, that when you awake a sleeping chameleon by bringing a light in front of one eye, the half of the body answering to

the awakened eye takes a color different from that assumed by the other half when it is awakened in turn. The two luminous impressions were different, and this is shown by the two different colorations. The chameleon, furthermore, watches its prey with one eye only. The author speaks of certain microscopic researches made by Pouchet into the cause of the color changes, which will soon be published. He himself has observed that these changes are produced by tubercles situated on the skin, which take various colors, owing to the presence in them of certain very curious bodies, possessed of amoeboid movements. These bodies distend, coalesce, contract, and by these successive changes cause the differences of coloration in the animal.

The way in which the chameleon takes its prey is worthy of remark. On being brought near a living insect, for instance a grasshopper, the chameleon looks at it out of one eye, opening its mouth wide in order to set free the tongue, which is shut up in a special pouch, and then, having in the meanwhile come within ten or fifteen centimetres of the object, it shoots out its long tongue, seizes the insect, and disposes of it with such rapidity that these latter movements can scarcely be analyzed. M. Bert finds that the tongue is shot out by a movement resembling that with which the stone of a cherry is shot out when the fruit is pressed between the fingers.

CULTIVATION OF THE SUGAR BEET.

PROFESSOR C. A. GOESSMANN, chemist to the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture, has made a very searching inquiry into the influence of various fertilizers on the sugar beet. A piece of land upon the college farm, two hundred and eighty-seven feet long and one hundred and fifty-seven feet wide, consisting of a brown sandy loam, which had been well fertilized with stable manure two seasons before, was divided into six plots of equal size. Each lot was separately manured, and all manures were applied at the same time, about two weeks before planting the seeds. These plots ran from east to west, and the various kinds of sugar beets were planted in rows north and south, thus passing through all the plots, treated with different fertilizers. Plot No. 1 received no fertilizer; No. 2 received

erude potassium sulphate, three hundred pounds per acre; No. 3 was treated with kainite and superphosphate, three hundred pounds per acre; No. 4 was manured with a blood guano, containing potash, twelve hundred pounds per acre; No. 5 received blood guano without potash, twelve hundred pounds per acre; No. 6 was treated with fresh horse manure, fourteen tons per acre. Four different kinds of seed were used. The author gives a tabulated statement of the percentage of cane sugar for each plot and each kind of beet, as follows:

	<i>White Beet</i>	<i>Sutton's</i>		
	<i>from Ill.</i>	<i>English</i>	<i>Electoral.</i>	<i>Vilmorin.</i>
Plot 6.....	11 96	9.71	9.42	7.8
Plot 5.....	10 99	9 17	10.10	10.20
Plot 4.....	12.55	10 01	13 24	10.50
Plot 3.....	13.15	10.91	12.16	10.50
Plot 2.....	14.02	12.42	14.33	12.78
Plot 1.....	13.49	— —	12.78	12 19

"The influence of fresh stable manure in the first year," says the author, "is too striking to be passed over without recognizing its decidedly injurious character. Even a light, sandy loam cannot entirely destroy its peculiar reaction on the composition of the roots."

THE LAW OF FATIGUE.

HAUGHTON, in his "Animal Mechanics," thus states the law of fatigue: When the same muscle, or group of muscles, is kept in constant action until fatigue sets in, the total work done, multiplied by the rate of work, is constant. Suppose a man, walking at his ordinary pace, does not become tired until he has gone thirty miles. If he walks twice as fast, then by this law he would be exhausted at the end of fifteen miles, having done only half the work in a quarter of the time; if he walks three times as fast, he will be tired at the end of ten miles, having done one-third of the work in one-ninth of the time; and so on, the total work varying as the square root of the time necessary to produce fatigue.

Where the rate of work is very rapid, as in a boat race, it is of course impossible to keep it up for any great length of time. The actual amount of work is thus illustrated by Dr. Haughton: "A good idea," says he, "may be formed of the rate in which the muscles give out work in a boat race, by comparing this work with the average daily work of a laborer. In many kinds of labor there are four

hundred foot-tons of work accomplished in ten hours. The oarsman performs in one minute the one hundredth part of his day's labor, and if he could continue to work at the same rate, he would finish his day's task in one hour and forty minutes, instead of the customary ten hours. The work done, therefore, in rowing one knot in seven minutes is, while it lasts, performed at a rate equal to six times that of the hard-worked laborer."

A NEW FORM OF ELECTRIC LIGHT.

A NOVEL electric light has been exhibited by Dr. Geissler of Bonn. The instrument employed consists of a tube an inch in diameter, filled with air as dry as it can be obtained, and hermetically sealed after the introduction of a smaller exhausted tube. If this outward tube be rubbed with a piece of flannel, or any of the furs commonly used in exciting the electrophorus, the inner tube will be illumined with flashes of mellow light. This light is faint at first, but gradually becomes brighter and softer. It is momentary in duration; but if the tube be rubbed rapidly, an optical delusion will render it continuous. If the operator have at his disposal a piece of vulcanite, previously excited, he may, after educing signs of electrical excitement within the tube, entirely dispense with the use of his flannel or fur. This will be found to minister very much to his personal ease and comfort. He may continue his experiments, and with increased effect, by moving the sheet of vulcanite rapidly up and down at a slight distance from the tube. This beautiful phenomenon is an effect of induction.

LIGHTNING RODS.

A COMMITTEE of the British Association charged with the study of the question of lightning rods, publishes the following list of questions with regard to lightning strokes, and requests information on the subject to be sent to their secretary, Dr. Mann, 22 Albemarle street, London, W.:

1. The day, hour, and place of the phenomenon.
2. The exact nature of the phenomenon, specifying in particular any unusual appearance or sound that may have accompanied it.
3. A minute and precise description of the damage done by the discharge.

4. Description of the traces of electrical action left by the lightning along its track.

5. The names and addresses of persons who may have witnessed the discharge, or suffered in any way from its effects.

6. The existence or non-existence of a branch rod, of whatever form, in the immediate vicinity of the accident, and an exact description of it. This description should comprise specially—

a. Kind of metal of which the branch consists (copper or iron);

b. Its dimensions;

c. Form of the conductor—whether a cylinder, solid or hollow, or a band, a chain, etc.;

d. State of the conductor's continuity from end to end;

e. Mode of terminating the conductor (whether single or multiple point, platina, or copper; whether it terminates with a ball), and how much higher it is than neighboring buildings;

f. Character of its lower extremity, viz., whether it enters dry or wet soil, how deep it goes, etc.;

g. Manner in which the conductor is attached to the building, and particularly whether it comes near masses of metal, and whether these are in communication with the conductor.

7. Whether the discharge formed part of a common thunderstorm, or was an independent phenomenon.

8. In case there was a thunderstorm, give a description of it, noting its intensity and duration, the rainfall, and the track of the storm.

9. Give any other particulars which might be of interest.

THE ORIGIN OF "GIANTS' POTS."

At a recent meeting of the Paris Anthropological Society, M. Paul de Jouvencel considered the origin of what are commonly called "giants' pots" (*marmites des géants*), circular cavities of varying depth and diameter, which geologists usually attribute to the action of water. M. de Jouvencel admits that many of these cavities may have been thus produced, but there are some which must have been made by the hand of man. The author had seen a large number of these *marmites* on the western coast of Sweden, and their situation and structure were such as to make the geological ex-

planation inadmissible. In his opinion they were hollowed out by man to serve for economic purposes and the like. For instance, there is one near Strömstadt, on a feldspathic islet, which might have been hollowed out to form a cistern for the pirates who at a very early period made descents on the Scandinavian coasts. Other cavities may have served as magazines for provisions, while still others may have been used in brewing beer. This last conjecture he fortifies by certain passages in the Eddas. In these ancient Icelandic chronicles the inhabitants of the Scandinavian coast are called giants, and represented as owning immense pots wherein they make beer. The considerations that induce the author to regard the *marmites* as in many instances of human workmanship, are these: Many of them present in their sides small niches in which are found pots containing ashes or fragments of bone. Then the regular form of their walls, and their peculiar shape, negative the idea that they could have been hollowed out by natural causes. The objects found in these *marmites des géants* are bones of animals, sundry household utensils, flints of various shapes, and fragments of human bones, or even entire crania. The walls of some of the *marmites* are rudely built up with stones.

IMPROVEMENT IN THE BUNSEN GAS-BURNER.

AN improved form of Bunsen burner, invented by Mr. J. Wallace, consists essentially of a brass tube, throwing a jet of gas into a hemispherical chamber, into which air is drawn as well as gas by the expedient of leaving an opening or break of continuity in the gas tube, ensheathed only by a covering of permeable safety-lamp wire gauze, just before it enters the hemispherical chamber. Upon the familiar principle that jets of fluid escaping under pressure from an orifice travel on in their original direction for a certain distance before they disperse, the gas leaps across the open space and enters the hemispherical chamber, carrying in with it a current of air through the wire-gauze sheath. The air and gas mix in the chamber, and then rise through a transverse internal diaphragm of wire gauze, to issue from a burner at the top. The flame produced under this arrangement is an emerald amber-tipped cone, of very remarka-

ble heating power. It gives a temperature of 3,000 deg. Fahr., and readily melts brass, silver, gold, and copper. The burner is made with one, four, twelve, sixteen, or twenty-four flames, according to the uses to which it is to be applied. In one form exhibited, a furnace of thirty burners afforded heat enough for generating steam in a boiler of one and a half horse-power.

ANTE-NATAL IMPRESSIONS.

A VERY singular instance of the force of ante-natal impressions in influencing the character of an individual is recounted in a communication to the "*Lancet*." Dr. F. Mayhew, writing from Glastonbury, England, says that there is now living in a village near that town one Eli H—, aged about seventy-five years. Before he was born his father made a vow that if his wife, then pregnant, should bring him a girl, she having had three in succession, he would never speak to the child as long as he lived. The child turned out to be a boy. And now what is most strange and remarkable occurred: this boy would never speak to his father. Moreover, during his father's lifetime, he would never speak to any one but his mother and three sisters. As soon, however, as his father died, the son being then thirty-five years old, Eli's tongue was unloosed to every one, and ever since he has been possessed of normal powers of speech.

Another correspondent of the "*Lancet*" writes to confirm Dr. Mayhew's statements in substance, while correcting them in a few unimportant particulars. This writer was, as he says, some forty years ago, or at the time Eli H— obtained the faculty of speech to the male sex, an apprentice to a medical man in the immediate neighborhood of Baltonsborough, the village where "dumb Eli" was born. His affliction was spoken of generally as a "judgment" on the father for his wicked threat. The correspondent thinks the number of daughters born in succession was more than three, and that Eli had not the power of speech, even to his mother or sisters, *in his father's presence*, nor to any male person during his father's lifetime.

One who signs himself "Common Sense" having expressed the opinion that Eli had had instilled into his mind from in-

fancy, by his mother, an aversion toward his father, and that "the combined influence in the uprearing of the child by the mother and daughters had so possessed its young mind as to bring about these curious results," Dr. Mayhew comes forward again, and pronounces this theory altogether untenable; the explanation must lie far deeper than the surface. He finds that this strange story was duly chronicled many years ago by Mr. J. W. Eastment of Wincanton, a medical man of high character, who was born in the village where "dumb Eli" lived, and whose evidence will satisfactorily dispose of "Common Sense's" suggestions. After stating the facts already given, Mr. Eastment says: "The afflicted parent would often entreat him to converse with him; but neither entreaties, threats, nor promises were of the least avail. He even promised him the half of what he possessed would he but speak to him; but it was all to no purpose. The mother also often admonished and desired him to oblige his father by talking to him; but his reply was, 'No, mother, do you not think I would talk to father if I could? Whenever father approaches, my voice begins to falter, and before he comes within hearing, the power of speaking entirely fails me.'" This evidence is inconsistent with the theory of maternal vindictiveness. "The facts of the case," says Dr. Mayhew, "are indeed unexplainable by 'common sense.' My appeal was to the more than ordinary acquaintance with psychological and physiological phenomena which may be looked for among the readers of the leading medical journal."

VINE ROOTS AND THE PHYLLOXERA.

In his report to the French government on the ravages of the phylloxera, or grapevine louse, in America, M. Planchon remarks upon the singular fact that while the insect is very partial to the Clinton, yet that vine does not suffer much. Mr. Meehan, editor of the "Gardeners' Monthly," who assisted M. Planchon in the investigations which led to this noteworthy result, accounts for it by the power possessed by the plant of producing a very great number of fibrous roots. Many different varieties of vines were examined. Of these, some had long, cord-like roots, with very few branching fibres; others, among them the Clinton and Concord,

pushed lateral fibres in every direction. Those with few producing fibres are soon devoured by the phylloxera insect, but in the Clinton so soon as one fibre is affected another is produced; and though there were found on some Clinton roots as many insects as on other kinds, or even more, there were hundreds of little rootlets free from their attacks. This sufficiently explains why the Clinton grows well in spite of its insect enemies; the roots were literally "too much for them."

This fact being established, says Mr. Meehan, we have gained a great point in grape culture. We knew before that roots are always produced in proportion to growth; and as we must now favor root production, we must look to growth more than we have done. A vine that is closely summer pruned, and prevented from making a free growth, will not make many new roots; and this matter, therefore, will enter into the root-insect question considerably.

ARSENICAL POISONING.

Two persons in Lima, Ohio, were a short time since fatally poisoned by arsenic in wall paper. They were preparing to paper a room in their house, and in tearing down the old paper, which was of a deep green color, a dust was created which, on being inhaled, poisoned them. They died within a short time of each other. Thus, notwithstanding the fact that many cases of death and of serious injury to health have been traced to arsenic-colored papers, the use of such hangings persists. The most dangerous of these papers, says the "Lancet," are those covered with a thick, unvarnished, loosely coherent layer of Scheele's green. When the walls of sleeping rooms are hung with paper of this kind, the attrition of the bedclothes easily removes portions of the poisonous coloring matter. The fine cupro-arsenical dust which thus becomes diffused through the air occasionally produces in children symptoms resembling those of a violent catarrh. Arsenic occurs not only in the bright green papers, but also occasionally in the white or cream-colored enamel papers so frequently used for drawing-rooms, and in drab papers tinted with native ochre.

Arsenic is most conveniently detected in papers by the Reinsch method. A strip of clean copper foil, one-sixteenth of

an inch wide and three-fourths of an inch long, is boiled in a test tube with about one drachm of diluted hydrochloric acid, and if at the end of three minutes the copper retains its color, the acid may be considered free from arsenic. About a square inch of the paper is now introduced, and the boiling is continued for about five minutes. If arsenic is present, the copper loses its lustre, and becomes covered with a dark crust of arsenic; but the darkening of the metal must not be considered a conclusive proof, as papers often contain ultramarine, blue or green, and this, when treated with an acid, yields sulphuretted hydrogen, which, acting on the copper, produces a dark film of copper sulphide on its surface. After having been washed and dried with blotting paper, the darkened slip of copper is heated to low redness in a narrow glass tube about three inches long. If the dark color was produced by arsenic, a sublimate, consisting of minute shining octahedrons, will be deposited in the cold part of the tube. A lens is often necessary to render the crystals visible.

IRRIGATION OF THE COLORADO DESERT.

WE learn from the "Scientific American" that Senator Jones of Nevada is soon to bring before Congress a scheme for the irrigation of the Colorado desert. This desert extends from Lower California to Inyo county in the State of California, and from the base of the Coast range of mountains to the Colorado river, an area about three hundred miles long by one hundred and fifty miles wide. From the report of the engineers who have investigated the practicability of the scheme, it appears that the whole tract may be reclaimed by turning into it the water of the Colorado river or of the Gulf of California. A large portion of this desert consists, we are told, of fertile soil. It is also shown that the prevalence of sand storms, hot winds, and deficient rainfall in the adjacent country, as far north as the Tularé valley of California, is directly traceable to this arid expanse, from which, as from a great furnace, there constantly rises in summer a vast column of heated air, without appreciable humidity.

Mr. R. E. Stretch, C. E., of San Francisco, in commenting on the report, points

out that shells found on the surface of this desert prove it to have been at one time the bed of a sea, and at a subsequent period the bed of a fresh-water lake. The shore lines of both sea and lake can still be seen in many places; and Mr. Stretch expresses the opinion that the Aztec civilization of Arizona, so many traces of which remain, came to an end in consequence of the climatic changes caused by the evaporation of these vast lakes in Southern California, after the Colorado had cut down its bed in the Great Cañon so deep that its course was at Colville diverted southward.

THE ALABAMA COAL MEASURES.

"ALABAMA Coal and Iron" is the subject of a paper by Richard P. Rothwell, M. E., in the "Engineering and Mining Journal," from which we take the following notes: The coal measures of Alabama form three distinct fields: the Coosa, or most easterly, about one hundred square miles; the Cahawba, or middle field, about two hundred and thirty square miles; and the Warrior field, about five thousand square miles. The author's surveys have been directed especially to the Cahawba field, which for many reasons is the most important of the three. The dip of the rocks underlying these coal beds does not usually exceed 12 deg., and is frequently less than 10 deg. Restricting our observations to the southern portion of this field, where the measures are regular and the width of the field greatest (about twelve miles), the inclination of the measures increases from 6 deg. to 10 deg. on the western limit to 12 deg. or 15 deg. on the Cahawba river, near the Lilly shoals; and from that to the eastern limit of the field the dip increases much more rapidly, though still with tolerable regularity, till along the eastern edge it reaches 45 deg. to 75 deg., and is even vertical in some places. The field is limited on its southern and eastern sides by a fault which cuts off the coal measures and brings to the surface, on a level with the highest coal beds of the field, Silurian rocks which belong fully seven or eight thousand feet below them. Thus the vertical displacement of this enormous "throw" is nearly two miles. The circumstance that the dip of all the rocks is constantly to the southeast exerts a notable influence on the economic value

of the field. In the first place, there is here a far greater thickness of measures than exists anywhere along the eastern side, or probably in any part of the Warrior bed. Then the greater inclination of the Cahawba beds causes them to outcrop within a limited area, and as there is a greater total thickness of measures, so there is a greater number of coal beds, and consequently a greater variety of coals than exists anywhere in the Warrior or Coosa fields. The surface of the ground is nearly everywhere covered by a virgin forest of yellow pine, oak, chestnut, and other valuable timber. The soil is light, and not suitable for agricultural purposes, except in the river and creek bottoms, which are of very limited area.

We have not space even for an epitome of the author's observations on the number and thickness of the Alabama coal beds. As regards the quality of the Cahawba coals, it is shown by analysis to be remarkably good. They are chiefly distinguished for their dryness, small amount of ash, and large amount of fixed carbon. Some of them make a good coke, suitable for blast furnace use. It is noticeable that Indiana and Ohio coals, ranked among the best furnace fuels in this country, contain on an average two and a half to three per cent. more moisture than the Alabama coals; in fact, the analyses would indicate that the Cahawba coal is a better fuel, and altogether an exceptionally pure coal.

In the immediate vicinity of the coal fields are limonite or brown hematite iron deposits of the most wonderful extent and richness. "I have never," says the author, "seen deposits of this kind of ore in any other part of the world to equal them." The red or fossil ores occur to the west, south, and southeast of the Cahawba coal field, and extend in an unbroken line through many hundred miles. The blackband ore of the coal measures is found from sixteen to twenty inches thick in the Warrior field, and forms a continuous bed within a short distance of and between two of the best coal veins of the field; it is of fine quality. In view of these facts the author believes that at no distant day Alabama will hold a prominent place in iron and coal production.

WITHIN the last few years several species of fish peculiar to Germany have been introduced into England. The *Goldschlei* or golden tench, is found to thrive well in English waters. It is a handsome fish, of a bright yellow color, lighter toward the belly than on the back, and is very good eating. It attains a considerable size, many specimens in England now weighing two or three pounds. The *Spiegel*, or looking-glass carp, is the second of the new comers. In Mr. Frank Buckland's museum at South Kensington are some small living specimens which give every promise of thriving. They are an exceedingly pretty fish, having one or two rows of large bright scales on each side, which glisten and shine like burnished gold—hence their name of "looking-glass" carp. The third kind of fish is perhaps the most important, combining as it does the natures of the pike and the perch. It is called *Perca lucio*, or pike-perch. This fish is "capital eating," and as large as the common English pike.

Palæotherium magnum is the name given by zoologists to an animal of the eocene period, of which the first perfect specimen was recently discovered in a plaster quarry near Vitry-sur-Seine, France. This animal is entirely extinct, and has no living representative. It is classed among the perissodactyles; i. e., with the rhinoceros, tapir, and horse. It was a very slender animal, with the neck longer than in the horse, and in general form much resembled the llama. In height it was rather less than the horse. Three toes are found on each of the feet; the head, much like that of a tapir, had most probably the rudiment of a trunk; the femur has a third trochanter; the dentary system is composed, in each jaw, of six incisors, two canines, and fourteen molars, these last corresponding with the same teeth in the rhinoceros.

DURING the heavy fogs which prevailed in London in the early part of the present year, the death-rate was unprecedentedly high, and the patients in the hospitals suffered severely, especially those affected with heart and lung diseases. Nor were the suffering and discomfort

confined to the human race; for animals seem to have been affected to an equal degree. Thus the hardiest rhinoceros in the Zoological Gardens died, having suffered dreadfully, it is said, during the fog. One poor beast, which appeared to suffer a great deal, was taken into a yard and encouraged to drink old ale out of a tub. After this he felt so much better that he was able to resume his place in the cattle show. The pigs stood the fog like Londoners, and did not require old ale, sherry, or negus. The sheep also observed a comparatively calm demeanor in the suffocating atmosphere.

A CORRESPONDENT of the "Journal of the Society of Arts" suggests that Europeans learn of the Chinese a cheap and effectual process for the preservation of meat in the fresh state. He writes that some years since, when in Canton, he observed in several preserved meat shops pigs cut in half, like a side of bacon, geese, ducks, etc., the latter being quite flat, and the whole covered over with a light brown preparation, said to be lacquer, such as is used for tables, and it certainly smelled like it. The Chinese use these preserved meats extensively as provision in their sea-going junks, and on voyages which sometimes last for a year or more, and that in the tropics.

DR. SCHUPPERT, of New Orleans, proposes a simple method of extinguishing fires on shipboard. He would place at various points in the hold of a vessel boxes filled with marble waste. Each box communicates with the deck by means of lead pipes, terminating in a funnel. Should a fire break out in the hold, sulphuric acid is poured down the pipes, and this coming in contact with the marble causes the active evolution of carbonic acid gas, which finds its way in quantity into the hold, through perforations in the boxes, and thus the cargo is quickly surrounded by an atmosphere which will not permit combustion. As carbonic acid gas is much heavier than the air, it is anticipated that it will not escape in any considerable quantity until the hold is filled to overflowing.

THE island of Martinique is infested with a species of serpent called the iron lance. This reptile chooses the coolest

and most delightful places in the garden for his retreat, and it is literally at the risk of one's life that one lies down on the grass, or even takes a rest in the arbor. The wound inflicted by the iron lance is very apt to be fatal, unless immediately cared for. It is said that on an average eight hundred persons are bitten every year, of which number sixty to seventy cases prove fatal, while many others result in nervous diseases almost as bad as death.

ACCORDING to the "Journal of the Linnean Society," 1,190 species of fungi are found in the island of Ceylon. But little difference is observable in the fungous vegetation from the sea level to a height of 5,000 feet; above this it is less abundant, and beyond an elevation of 7,000 feet specimens are rarely found. Of the whole number, 820 species are peculiar to Ceylon; 191 are European species; 49 are found in the West Indies or southern United States; while the remaining 130 species are widely dispersed.

IN Chili there are 1,190 schools, of which 726 are public and 464 private. In the towns there is on the average one school for every 1,760 persons, and in the country one school for every 3,020 inhabitants. In 1872 these schools were attended by 82,152 pupils, and the amount expended by the government for educational purposes amounted to 414,127 piastres. The number of teachers in the primary schools was 896 male and 657 female.

AS one result of the recent explorations of Mr. Gosse and his party in Western Australia, we learn that they have discovered a huge monolith 1,100 feet high and six or seven miles in girth at its base, and the interest in the discovery is heightened by the fact that a stream of water, fed by a spring in the centre of the conglomerate, flows from the rock.

IN a work recently published by Helmholtz, a minute description is given of the *membrana tympani*, which is shown to be not, as hitherto supposed, highly elastic, but an absolutely inextensible membrane, chiefly composed of tendinous fibres. Its curved form renders it essentially different from all other membranes hitherto studied in acoustics.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

"PUBLICANS AND SINNERS; or, Lucius Davoren." A novel. By Miss M. E. Braddon. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This work is, we suppose, Miss Braddon's latest production. The prologue opens "in the far West":

Winter round them—not a winter in city streets, lamp-lit and glowing, or on a fair English country side, dotted with cottage roofs, humble village homes, sending up their incense of blue-gray smoke to the hearth goddess; not the winter of civilization, with all means and appliances at hand to loosen the grip of the frost fiend; but winter in its bleakest, direst aspect, amid barren plains and trackless forests, where the trapper walks alone; winter among snow-beds and savage beasts; winter in a solitude so drear that the sound of a human voice seems more strange and awful than the prevailing silence; winter in an American forest, under the shadow of the Rocky Mountains. It is December, the bleakest dreariest month in the long winter; for spring is still far off.

Over a wood fire, in a roughly built log-hut in the middle of this wilderness, three men sit crouching, dying of starvation. One is Lucius Davoren, surgeon, who came there "compelled by that deep-rooted thirst of knowledge which in some minds is a passion." Another is Geoffrey Hossack, three years since an undergraduate at Balliol, "young, handsome, ardent, fickle, strong as a lion, gentle as a sucking dove," whose object in going on this expedition appears to have been vague and youthful. The third is a "small and plump" Dutchman, Absalom Schanck. They have lost their way, and their Indian guide has disappeared, as well as most of their provisions, when a fourth traveller appears upon the scene, who goes by the Indian name of Matchi-Mohkamarn, or the "Evil Knife," but who is not an Indian. This fourth person is also lost, and stumbles upon them accidentally. They give him shelter, a kindness which he repays by an act of unprovoked cannibalism. Lucius warns Matchi, whom he suspects, by the way, of being an Englishman, and who has as his principal talent an extraordinary skill in playing demoniac music upon the violin, that if he ever crosses his threshold, he will kill him. Matchi, however, does come again for shelter, and Lucius

thereupon shoots him. So ends the prologue. Afterwards the scene changes to England, and we find that Lucius, Geoffrey, and Absalom all escaped from the wilderness, but Matchi has not returned. Matchi's real name we discover to be Ferdinand Sivewright, and he it was who long before had won the affections of Lucius's sister Janet, and by a marriage, valid or invalid, made her his wife. This lady, who now goes by the name of Mrs. Bertram, carries away the heart of Geoffrey, who does not know of her relationship to Lucius; but he cannot overcome the natural scruples which any woman so situated must feel on account of the possible return of her husband. Ferdinand, who married her under still another name, he having been a scoundrel of the blackest kind from his cradle up, having robbed his kind father, and committed a long list of other offences, by the side of which his assumption of the name of Vandeleur for the convenience of the moment of marriage, seems a mere peccadillo. Lucius, of course, knows that he has killed Ferdinand, alias Vandeleur, alias Matchi-Mohkamarn, in the far West; but for obvious reasons does not like to communicate the fact to his sister, or let it be generally known. He therefore hints the actual state of the case to Geoffrey, who at once tells Mrs. Bertram that her husband is dead; that he knows this for a fact. But Mrs. Bertram is still incredulous, and very wise, in the end, she proves herself to have been; for Matchi was not killed at all, but very soon returns to England, where he goes at once to his father's for shelter, not asking it, however, of his father, but of a young girl, Lucille, always spoken of and supposed to be the daughter of Ferdinand, and who lives with and takes care of Ferdinand's father, old Mr. Sivewright. This Lucille, who is betrothed now to Lucius Davoren, was in reality not Ferdinand's daughter at all, except by adoption; but this fact he carefully kept concealed from the world. Old Mr. Sivewright is ill, and grows gradually worse; his treasures he leaves to Lucius, and

makes himself ready to die, when suspicious circumstances occur which tend to convey the impression that he is not dying a natural death—that he is being poisoned. In fact, Lucille has, in fear and terror, given her supposed father admission to the house, and out of pity given him an upper chamber, unknown to every one, communicating in a mysterious way with Mr. Sivewright's room. Here he has a convenient opportunity to poison the old gentleman, which he is not slow in using. In the end, however, the villain is discovered, and attempts to kill his father with a knife; but, foiled again, plunges through a familiar wall, down a mysterious staircase, bringing a part of the house after him, and burying himself in the ruins. He lives just long enough, however, to be able to state the true and honorable parentage of Lucille, whose father was a Glenlyne, and then dies, we are happy to say, a penitent man. So Lucille marries Lucius, and Geoffrey marries Janet, and all ends happily. Of all the morals which may be drawn from this fascinating story, none perhaps is so obvious as that which points to the advantage to be derived from the habit of "going West"—the further, apparently, the better.

"IVAN DE BIRON; or, the Russian Court in the Middle of Last Century." By the author of "Friends in Council," etc. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Mr. Helps at the end of this historical romance tells his readers that it is "a narrative which has attempted to give some representation of several of the chief events during the eighteenth century in that empire which has since gone on increasing in greatness; which, in the liberation of its serfs, has given to mankind an extraordinary example of daring humanity; and which, if it advances with equal persistence in social and moral well-being as material prosperity, is evidently destined to become one of the most beneficent as well as one of the foremost powers of the world." The story begins with a description of the state of affairs at the Russian court, A. D. 1740, in which year, on the 18th of October, Mr. Finch, English ambassador at St. Petersburg, sent a despatch to Lord Harrington, then Secretary of State for "the Northern Department," which contain-

ed the announcement of the death of the Empress Anne. The last will of the Empress declared as her successor Ivan III., then an infant, the son of the Duke of Brunswick and of the Princess Anne, the granddaughter of the elder brother of Peter the Great. In a clause of the same will, the Empress Anne confided the regency of Russia to John Ernest de Biron, Duke of Courland. His real name was Biren, and he was of low origin; but after his rise to power he was discovered to be related to the celebrated Dukes de Biron of France, a fact which led him to alter the spelling of his name. It is not this Ivan who is the hero of the story, but another and younger man of the same name, the private secretary of the Prince Regent. This young man's love adventures, and final marriage with the Princess Marie Andreevna Serbatoff, form the thread on which Mr. Helps has strung his history; for, however useful the love story may have been to him in the composition, it certainly appears to serve a subordinate and useful turn, rather than to be the most important thing in the book. The book opens with the Duke of Courland in full power at St. Petersburg, and all his enemies in Siberia, except the most dangerous of them all, the Field Marshal Count Münnich, whom the Regent resolves to send to the frontier on a mission of great importance, which the Field Marshal wisely resolves not to execute. Instead of executing it, he persuades the mother of the infant heir to the throne that the Regent is a dangerous man, and by a midnight *coup d'état* has him seized and sent to Siberia, where he finds himself in the midst of his own victims whom he has previously sent there. He maintains a disguise for a long time, however, and so escapes molestation. Meanwhile his private secretary, young Ivan, goes with him, and there finds the Princess Marie, to whom he makes love. It is hardly worth while, however, to attempt to follow the plot of the romance backward and forward, as the principal characters disappear and reappear, either in Siberia or St. Petersburg. It is enough to say that the revolution which drives out the Duke of Courland ends in the other which brings on to the throne Elizabeth, and that between the two there are a great many journeys to the north and back to the

south in it. Elizabeth is represented as a magnanimous and noble Empress, and her little weaknesses are quite put into the shade, as they ought to be in a Russian historical romance which is intended to make her career interesting. The book is rather entertaining, if not very romantic, and in the end the young secretary, who has achieved distinction at court, marries the Princess Marie, and we trust lived happily with her afterwards, though some doubts are thrown upon this by the author. Few people who are familiar with Mr. Helps only in his philosophical moods will recognize his hand in this tale of wild adventure, and we do not think that he has quite succeeded in making a beautiful or attractive picture of Russia in the last century. However, of that every one must judge for himself. There are attractions, no doubt, in murder, in tongue-cutting, solitary banishment, treason, stratagem, and spoils; and certainly for these there is no country better than the Russia of a hundred years ago.

"LINCOLN AND SEWARD : Remarks upon the Memorial Address of Charles Francis Adams on the late William H. Seward." With Incidents and Comments illustrative of the Measures and Policy of the Administration of Abraham Lincoln, and Views as to the Relative Positions of the late President and Secretary of State. By Gideon Welles, ex-Secretary of the Navy. New York: Sheldon & Co.

Of the eight persons who formed the cabinet of Mr. Lincoln, four, besides Mr. Lincoln himself and Mr. Seward, are dead. As Mr. Welles observes in the remarks he makes by way of preface to his interesting and instructive volume, only Mr. Montgomery Blair and himself survive. In the "Memorial Address" delivered by Mr. Adams at Albany in April, 1873, the relative positions of Mr. Seward and Mr. Lincoln were, in the opinion of these survivors, so totally misrepresented, that they considered that a duty devolved upon them to set the matter right; and "by special request of Mr. Blair, the duty of stating the facts, and vindicating Mr. Lincoln and his administration from the errors or inadvertences of Mr. Adams, devolved on" Mr. Welles. He has performed this task very well, and his account of Mr. Seward carries conviction with it in

a way that can hardly be said to be true of Mr. Adams's elaborate eulogy. We have now three pictures of Mr. Seward's character: one of them furnished by Mr. Adams, one by the popular estimate formed during his life among the people who knew him best—his general reputation—and third, that given him by Mr. Welles. Mr. Adams's account of Mr. Seward took most people by surprise. They were prepared to hear him praise the subject of his oration, but hardly to select the qualities of statesmanship, steadfastness, wisdom, far-reaching sagacity, for his praise; and they were especially surprised to find him credited with these qualities at the expense of Mr. Lincoln. Throughout the "Memorial Address," as Mr. Welles very justly says, Mr. Adams belittled the fame of Mr. Lincoln for the purpose of extolling that of Mr. Seward. Mr. Lincoln "could not fail soon to perceive the fact that, whatever estimate he might put on his own natural judgment, he had to deal with a superior in native intellectual power, in extent of acquirement, in breadth of philosophic experience, and in the force of moral discipline"; while on the other hand, Mr. Seward is represented as not blind "to the deficiencies of the chief in these respects, however highly he might value his integrity of purpose, his shrewd capacity, and his generous and amiable disposition." Mr. Seward is spoken of throughout the address as a statesman, or at least as a philosopher studying politics, and really managing, not only the State Department, but also the whole government, very fortunately for the country and for Mr. Lincoln, who would have been utterly unable to get on without him.

The common impression on these points has always been that Mr. Seward was a shifty, adroit politician, with enough statesmanship to know beforehand how "the cat" was likely to "jump," and a well-stocked armory of political expedients, which never failed him at a pinch. According to this view of him, his life had been a life of intrigue for place and power, and he had never exhibited at any period any convictions whatever on any subject. Indeed, to speak of him as a man of conviction would have been laughable in the days of his intimate alliance with Mr. Thurlow Weed; and at no time in his career did he show that force

of moral character which Mr. Adams attributes to him. He was not revered among the people who knew him; he was looked on as a talented, able, artful manager of men. During the war he succeeded in making a reputation national which had hitherto only been local, but he did not do any more. His mischievous prophecies from time to time, that the war would be over "in ninety days," did not gain him much credit; and his retention of office after Mr. Lincoln's death, by his adhesion to the Johnsonian policy of reconstruction, did not enhance what he had attained. In those days to attempt to persuade any one that Mr. Seward's anti-slavery principles, or his policy of reconstruction, were the result of moral conviction, or of statesmanlike comprehension of the necessities of the country, would have appeared ludicrous.

Mr. Welles's book confirms us in the belief that the popular apprehension of Mr. Seward's character was correct. The picture we get of him in the office of Secretary of State is that of an extremely clever politician, managing the affairs of his department with great skill and dexterity, but not managing the government; shifty, full of devices, tortuous in his methods of proceeding; caring little for the means by which he attained his ends, so long as they were attained; gaining this point by direct means, that by indirect and discreditable means; persuading when he could persuade, yielding to circumstances gracefully when he could not obtain what he had at heart. We do not see that Mr. Welles at all proves that Mr. Seward administered the State Department and the foreign relations of the country ill; indeed, it seems to remain perfectly clear that he managed them well. Of course he made mistakes; that any man would have done. On the whole, however, he helped to carry the country through a dangerous crisis with great tact and ability. But the statesmanship attributed to him by Mr. Adams, and his superiority to Mr. Lincoln, do not appear. On laying down the book the reader feels quite confident that, far from Mr. Seward managing Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Lincoln always remained in fact as well as in theory the master of the situation; and that had either of them been away, irretrievable mistakes would have been committed. Indeed, the moment Mr. Lincoln died

Mr. Seward began to get into difficulties; and we may well ask, if he managed Mr. Lincoln, why did he not succeed in managing, at least for a little time, his successor?

A good deal of very interesting secret history is told in the book. Perhaps the most curious and characteristic fact touching Mr. Seward is that, from Mr. Welles's account, it appears that at the outbreak of the rebellion Mr. Seward was playing at politics with the enemy. We were, to be sure, not as good soldiers as we were politicians in those days; still, Mr. Seward's behavior does not seem to have been either good war or good statesmanship.

The condition of Fort Sumter and Fort Pickens was among the matters of most pressing importance in the spring of 1861. The President, in his inaugural address, had announced his intention of holding and occupying all such fortified places. Mr. Seward, however, had different views, and opposed sending reinforcements to Fort Sumter, and got General Scott, who was then General-in-Chief, to adopt his views. The President, however, adhered to his original plan, much to the disgust of Mr. Seward; and it is Mr. Welles's firm conviction that Mr. Seward had at that time promised the rebels that Sumter should be evacuated, and quotes Thurlow Weed as his authority. One evening in March, he says, the Sumter question still pending, the members of the Cabinet were informed by the President that he had been advised by General Scott to evacuate not only Sumter, but Pickens. Great astonishment was expressed at this, and Mr. Lincoln decided, as we have said, that supplies should be sent to Sumter, and issued confidential orders to that effect. "To the surprise of the Administration, information of the confidential order to reinforce Sumter was promptly sent to Charleston. It was subsequently ascertained that this telegram was sent by Mr. Harvey, a newspaper correspondent, who was intimate at the State Department. Mr. Harvey himself was soon after appointed Minister to Portugal, on the recommendation and by the request of Mr. Seward." It was on the 28th of March that Mr. Lincoln informed the Cabinet of his determination to relieve the garrison in Sumter. On the 29th Mr. Seward, according to Mr. Welles, sent out, without any con-

sultation with the Secretary of War, General Scott, or any of the Cabinet, a secret military expedition for the relief of Fort Pickens (Fort Pickens being in no need of any such assistance), detaching for this purpose, from the expedition ordered to the relief of Sumter, the naval commander, Captain Mercer, the flagship, and more than all, the instructions for the expedition. "The Powhatan, with boats, supplies, and men destined for Sumter, had been withdrawn from the service to which she was specially ordered, and sent without naval orders or record, under a different and junior commander, on a secret and useless mission to Pensacola, by the Secretary of State." Mr. Welles says: "I was not made acquainted with this secret proceeding until the Powhatan sailed, when I immediately informed the President. So soon as aware of the fact, he directed Mr. Seward, although it was then midnight, to telegraph forthwith and countermand the orders which detached that vessel; to reinstate Mercer, and in no way to interfere with the arrangements of the Secretary of the Navy." Mr. Seward sent "a brief and curious telegram" in his own name to New York, and a fast boat was despatched from the Navy-Yard, which overtook the Powhatan at Staten Island; but nothing was accomplished. "The Sumter expedition sailed without a naval commander, the squadron had no head, and the Powhatan, one of the three naval vessels on the Atlantic coast on which the Government relied in that perilous emergency, with her large crew and armament, was sent to the Gulf, where she was not wanted, and where almost the whole home squadron was concentrated, while the whole maritime frontier north of Cape Florida was left destitute. It was on the night of the 6th of April that the Powhatan sailed for Pickens. On the next day Mr. Seward sent to Judge Campbell, warning secessionists on the Supreme Bench. Faith as Sumter fully kept. War and sea. This story, the essential points of which Mr. Montgomery Blair corroborates, certainly looks as if Mr. Seward's estimate of Mr. Seward ought to be revised."

"PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS, FROM EARLY LIFE TO OLD AGE, OF MARY SOMERVILLE. With Selections from her Corre-

spondence." By her daughter, Martha Somerville. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

As the biographer of Mrs. Somerville very truly remarks in the first chapter of this volume, "The life of a woman entirely devoted to her family duties and to scientific pursuits affords little scope for a biography," and any one who opened these memoirs in the expectation of finding in them a tale of romance would be sadly mistaken. They are interesting rather as a curiosity—as containing the history of a woman of unusual energy of character and strength of mind in all directions. It is not a history which shows at all the ordinary level of attainment which women may expect to reach, any more than that of Mill shows the ordinary masculine level. When we hear of Mrs. Somerville that "it was not only in her childhood and youth" that her "studies encountered disapproval," that it was not "till she became a widow" that she had "perfect freedom to pursue them," we are, perhaps, led to think of her as a person who labored under disadvantages such as no woman nowadays has to cope with, and this would be true; but on the other hand she had advantages of mind and strength such as few women ever have. Her daughter says: "It would be almost incredible were I to describe how much my mother contrived to do in the course of the day, when my sister and I were small children. Although busily engaged in writing for the press, she used to teach us for three hours every morning, besides managing her house carefully, reading the newspapers (for she always was a keen, and, I must add, a liberal politician), and the most important new books on all subjects, grave and gay. In addition to all this she freely visited and received her friends. . . . Finally, to complete the list of her accomplishments, I must add that she was a remarkably neat and skilful needlewoman. We still possess some elaborate specimens of her embroidery and lace work." When women have acquired physical strength enough to accomplish work of this kind, they will not merely compete on even terms with men—they will drive them from the field altogether.

Mrs. Somerville's father was Admiral Sir William Fairfax, who distinguished himself in the battle of Camperdown, and belonged to the elder branch of the Fair-

fax family, so well known in the annals of this country. The descriptions given by Mrs. Somerville of her early life at Burntisland, a small quiet seaport, "with little or no commerce," on the coast of Fife, opposite Edinburgh, are pleasantly old-fashioned. Her memory went back to a time when, upon the death of any of the townspeople, it was the custom for a man to go about ringing a bell at the doors of the friends and acquaintances of the person just dead, and after crying "Oyez" three times, to announce the death which had taken place; when the prisoners in the Tolbooth let down bags from the prison windows for alms; when it was so common to take snuff that Mrs. Somerville is of opinion that "even young ladies" must have taken it; when licensed beggars, called "Gaberlunzie men," wearing a blue coat with a tin badge, wandering about the country, and welcomed as gossips at the farmhouses—a race which is familiar to the readers of Scott's novels from his character of Edie Ochiltree—were not yet extinct; and when it was the curious custom, if a man were a cripple and poor, that his relations should "put him in a handbarrow," and wheel him to their next neighbor's door, and there leave him—"some one came out, gave him oat cake or pease-meal bannock, and then wheeled him to the next door, and in this way, going from house to house, he obtained a fair livelihood;" and when, more remarkable than all, the Scotch were still so strict that a lady in good Edinburgh society, a cousin of Mrs. Somerville, who had carried her love of gossip too far, was "tried for defamation and condemned to a month's imprisonment, which she actually underwent in the Tolbooth. She was let out," Mrs. Somerville continues, "just before the King's birthday, to celebrate which, besides the guns fired at the castle, the boys let off squibs and crackers in all the streets. As the lady in question was walking up the High street, some lads in a wynd, or narrow street, fired a small cannon, and one of the slugs with which it was loaded hit her mouth and wounded her tongue. This raised a universal laugh; and no one enjoyed it more than my uncle William, who disliked this somewhat masculine woman."

"THE LIFE OF CHARLES DICKENS." By John Forster. Vol. III. 1852-1870. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

It can hardly be said that Mr. Forster has succeeded in inducing the public to take his account of Dickens as anything more than a first, incomplete attempt at a biography. He deserves more thanks than he has received for having done as much as he has done, yet we cannot but agree with the general estimate the public has formed of the work accomplished. Perhaps it was impossible that Mr. Forster should have avoided giving us a great deal of himself—we are quite ready to acquit him of all intention of attracting unnecessary attention—but he surely might have given us more of Dickens. The picture we get from this book is that of a rollicking youth, gradually hardening into a rigid and almost severe manhood, which grows gradually more instead of less absorbed in itself, every day more intensely egotistic instead of more genuinely human, and at length reaching a point at which it grows impossible any longer to distinguish between what is of interest to the man himself, and what is of interest to the human race. Yet it must be that a man of so much genius, and who attracted such warm admiration, might be described quite as truly in a different way. Dickens was to the last an agreeable companion; and even though Mr. Forster's account does him justice, it is justice without the sort of sympathetic insight which Mr. Forster indeed seems to have always supposed that he had, but was never really gifted with.

In reviewing Mr. Forster's second volume, we suggested the question whether the taste for Dickens is not a thing of the past. Were Dickens writing even "Pickwick" or "Martin Chuzzlewit" now, would they be read, and who would read them? There is no harm in asking the question, for it cannot be answered; and whether or no the fame of Dickens increases or diminishes as the years roll on, one thing is certain, that there are many hundreds of thousands of people still living who owe to him many of the happiest moments of their lives, and who would find it difficult to recall with certainty any author who had made so vivid and lasting a moral impression on their minds.

In the present volume we have among other things the difficulties between Dickens and his wife, and the trip to this country, which takes us strangely back

to the *furor* made over his readings only a few years ago, when the rush of people was so great that the ticket speculators found it profitable to carry mattresses to the ticket-office and sleep in the street, that they might not be behindhand when the morning's sale opened.

"THE EDUCATION OF AMERICAN GIRLS, Considered in a Series of Essays." Edited by Anna C. Brackett. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"SEX AND EDUCATION," a reply to Dr. E. H. Clarke's "Sex in Education." Edited by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.

The substance of Dr. Clarke's book is easily got at by what the ladies say of it in the above works. The volume edited by Miss Brackett contains twelve essays by eleven ladies, some of whom are experienced school-teachers; that edited by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe contains "the views of a number of thoughtful persons, chiefly women." The ladies, it is needless to say, are "down" on the Doctor with more or less temper, according to knowledge or position. Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi, for example, being better qualified to discuss the question from Dr. Clarke's point of view, is moderate, while Mrs. Howe seems to think that the Doctor has at least been impolite. The subject of education, either of boys or girls, is a difficult one to treat, and particularly at this moment, when theories of progress are getting to be based on what we know instead of on what we hope for. We gather from the above works that Dr. Clarke utters many unpalatable truths from a physiological basis instead of from the old-fashioned sentimental one. He is accordingly pretty roughly handled. The point in his book which the ladies think vulnerable is his charge against female colleges as to the effect of over-teaching on the health of the pupils. The instances he adduces, they say, are insufficient to prove his case. We take no sides in this matter, but content ourselves with offering a few ideas suggested by one or two of the essays.

Girls' colleges, it seems to us, are novelties, and their effects on the economy of life are not yet apparent. The best evidence in relation to institutions of this class that we can offer is the "Letter from a German Woman" in Miss Brackett's book, by Mrs. Ogden N. Rood, where-

in we have a glimpse of results quite good enough, and illustrative of a less pretentious system. If we must tell the truth, we think this letter is worth more for practical purposes than all the other essays put together. But let us try the question in another way. Ask an experienced man which woman he would prefer for wife or companion—one educated in a college or one educated elsewhere; or, in other words, a woman with all the culture obtainable in a private or one that had graduated in a public institution. As we are aware that we should get no reply from any but the husbands of strong-minded women, as well as from strong-minded women without husbands, and as it is not likely that there will be a modern judgment of Paris according to intellectual endowments, we pass on to other views. There is a good deal of vague assertion in respect to the mode of educating girls. Ways and means differ. People do not make a proper distinction between instruction and education, the former concerning the head or brain, and the latter manners and morals. A cynical friend of ours, who is rich and cares nothing for "larnin'," says that the best wife for a young man is a girl that is known as her father's pet. This means that a girl brought up under male authority and direction turns out a better wife, mother, and companion than one who has been wholly subject to maternal influences. When we reflect on the education of Mme. de Sévigné, a woman whose blood and judgment, as Hamlet says, were well commingled, and think of the influence of her "bien bon" uncle, the Abbé de Coulanges, on her, and of Shakespeare's imaginative sanction of the principle in the persons of Prospero and Miranda, with Portia in her obedience to her father's will, we are disposed to regard the principle as a sound one. And again, when we recur to the scrapes into which girls without male protectors and guides have got, relying on being piloted through the quicksands of society by maternal brains! Many a tragedy is due to this circumstance!

We must confess to being "staggered" on reading the essay entitled "The Education of American Girls," by Miss Brackett. She tells us at the outset that they "combine French nerve and force with Teutonic simplicity and

truthfulness. Less accustomed to leading-strings, they walk more firmly on their own feet; and, breathing in the universal spirit of free inquiry, they are less in danger of becoming unreasonable and capricious." What, accordingly, is the use of bothering ourselves about a further development of beings so complete? Nerve, force, simplicity, truthfulness, to which add beauty, not forgetting the "universal spirit of free inquiry"—what more could a sensible man wish for? Conscious of the moral and material difficulties of living in this world, admirers of nerve and force, particularly in those who get ahead of us, worshippers of truthfulness and simplicity, and loyal to beauty, we should shrink from subjecting these qualities to collegiate treatment, as we would from letting a healthy, vigorous rose grow up in a heated conservatory. The ladies under notice must bear in mind that our opinions are limited to the sphere of woman regarded as man's companion in some shape. They do not apply to a state of things in which women are expected to take care of themselves, and trot about the world emancipated from a system of common obligations based upon physical functions and organic refinements.

"ON SELF-CULTURE, INTELLECTUAL, PHYSICAL, AND MORAL. A Vade Mecum for Young Men and Students." By John Stuart Blackie, Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Company.

Professor Blackie is a lively and almost an amusing writer, though his little handbook treats of subjects which are certainly well worn. We do not know that he has discovered any new or startling truths with reference to self-culture; but he has expressed some opinions of his own in a very original way. We have not space for long extracts, but we may refer to page 78, where the author discusses the vexed question of the relation between piety and morality. Speaking of the utilitarians, he says: "A certain school of British moralists, from Jeremy Bentham downwards, have set themselves to tabulate a scheme of morals without any reference to religion, which, to say the least of it, is a very unnatural sort of divorce, and a plain

sign of a certain narrowness and incompleteness in the mental constitution of those who advocate such views." Having thus cleared away all obstructions in the way of criticism, the Professor admits that no doubt "a professor of wisdom," such as "old Epicurus," may be a very good man, and yet believe that the universe is the "product of a mere fortuitous concourse of blind atoms"; just as in these days there are "few more virtuous men than some who talk of laws of nature, invariable sequence, natural selection, favorable conditions, happy combination of external circumstances, and other such reasonless phrases as may seem to explain the frame of the universe apart from mind." But he thinks that to "a healthy mind" this "phasis of morality" is "abnormal" and "monstrous," and makes a curious comparison, which to some minds may seem pious, to others impious, and to still others very funny. "It is as if a good citizen in a monarchy were to pay all the taxes conscientiously, serve his time in the army, and fight the battles of his country bravely, but refuse to take off his hat to the Queen when she passed." And then warming to his subject, he smites the atheist hip and thigh. "If we did not note such a fellow altogether with a black mark"—the man, this is, who refuses to take off his hat on proper occasions—"as a disloyal and disaffected subject, we should feel a good-natured contempt for him as a crotchety person and unmannerly. So it is exactly with atheists, whether speculative or practical; they are mostly crotchety-mongers and puzzle-brains; fellows who spin silken ropes in which to strangle themselves; at most, mere reasoning machines, utterly devoid of every noble inspiration; whose leaden intellectual firmament has no heat and no color; whose whole nature is exhausted in fostering a prim self-contained conceit about their petty knowledges, and who can, in fact, fasten their coarse feelers upon nothing but what they can finger, and classify, and tabulate, and dissect." We have rarely met with a passage in which the atheist received better treatment than this, and the reader must be indeed of a skeptical turn if he doubts the sincerity of the author's remarks here or elsewhere. The book is altogether more like extempore talking on the subject of self-culture, than like a

carefully elaborated system. It contains a good deal of sense, and some remarks are scattered through it which would do a good deal to enliven a duller treatise. We are glad to find, by the way, that as to physical culture Professor Blackie is not to be set down as one of those who think that the true service of God requires of every one that he should follow the practice of Sir Walter Scott and other great men, and begin work at an hour which belongs neither to the day nor the night; for he says: "As to early rising, which makes such a famous figure in some notable biographies, I can say little about it, as it is a virtue which I was never able to practise."

"AMONG OUR SAILORS." By J. Grey Jewell, M.D., late United States Consul, Singapore. With an Appendix containing Extracts from the Laws and Consular Regulations governing the United States Merchant Service. New York: Harper & Brothers.

According to Dr. Jewell's account, the abuses recently discovered to exist in the English merchant service, through the energetic efforts of Mr. Plimsoll, are not without a parallel in this country. We have in American waters, it seems, the same rotten hulks, and in American ports the same rascally owners, sending these hulks on voyages, to their certain destruction and to the almost certain death of all on board, that they may get the insurance money. We have little hope that these abuses will be properly investigated, though a good deal of feeling seems to exist on the subject just now; for sailors have few friends on shore, and the nature of their occupation and their vagrant lives make organized movements on their part for the redress of their own wrongs impracticable. Dr. Jewell's book ought, however, to do something to call attention to the facts. He does not write in an exaggerated way, but a long familiarity with sailors and their habits has made him interested in doing what he can to alleviate their hard lot. The romance of the sea is almost a thing of the past. The days when it was the pride of the owner, the captain, and the crew to have their ship the finest afloat are gone, and we live in days in which the principal desire of all concerned is to make the voyage required in the shortest

possible time, and thus get the highest possible profits. More ships are built every year in which speed is made the main consideration, and safety and staunchness left quite out of view. Sailors are reckless, and their lives are cheap. There is thus a constant tendency to sacrifice every consideration of humanity and decency in the interest of high profit. It seems to us, however, that Dr. Jewell makes a mistake in supposing that the conflicting interests of the owners and underwriters have a bad effect in this respect. It is certainly true, as he says (p. 17), that the captain must obey the owners' orders, and go to sea when they direct him to do so, even if it is blowing a gale, and even though his vessel may be rotten in her timbers, leaky, overloaded, short of men, badly victualled, or insufficiently supplied with extra sails, spars, and boats; and on the other hand, it is equally true that the underwriter's interests are exactly the opposite. "I warn you" (the underwriter is represented as saying) "to exercise great care and diligence, and *run no risks* whatever. If you do run risks, we are pretty sure to find it out, and we shall mark you as an unsafe captain; and we may refuse to insure vessels commanded by you, and you would thereby lose your position." This may be the reverse of the owners' instructions, but notwithstanding this, the general upshot of both conflicting demands is that the captain understands that he must use all means consistent with a due regard for the safety of crew, ship, and cargo, to make a successful and profitable voyage; i. e., the captain has it impressed upon his mind that success in navigating ships, just as success in everything else, depends on the skill with which he combines prudence with bravery, caution with audacity. Even if the underwriter did not exist, the owner—provided always that he is an honest and respectable owner—would not care to have every ship he sent out of port go to the bottom. Of course cases of a fraudulent design to overinsure and sink are beside the question. But in ordinary cases do not the conflicting interests of the underwriters and the owners form a sort of guarantee for good management on the part of the captain?

With regard to the recklessness of modern shipbuilding, Dr. Jewell's fig-

ures show that during the five years from 1841 to 1845 there were 4,069 vessels built in the United States, while during the same period 688 vessels under the American flag were lost, or nearly 17 per cent. But from 1868 to 1872 the number of vessels built was 5,387, while the number lost was 2,177, the percentage of vessels lost to vessels built being about 40. The causes of this frightful increase Dr. Jewell says are numerous. Wooden vessels are not built as they used to be: the timber is insufficient in quantity, not so good in quality, not so carefully selected, not so thoroughly seasoned; timbers not so strongly bolted together; iron bolts used instead of copper, the shaft of the bolt being frequently iron even when copper heads appear. Ships which used to take years in building are now finished in a few months. When we add to this overloading and drunken officers, we can easily understand why it is that marine insurance should have steadily risen since 1845, according to Dr. Jewell, from five or six to twelve per cent.

"ADVENTURES OF AN ATTORNEY IN SEARCH OF PRACTICE." By Sir George Stephen. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

This book, dedicated "To all attorneys who want a client," is a reprint of a collection of attorneys' anecdotes, interspersed with advice to attorneys, which may still be valuable in England, but has little application in this country. The distinction between attorneys and barristers not existing with us, much of the advice is out of place, and a good deal more of it unintelligible; still, the book is amusing. The best story we have found in it is one which is told to illustrate the value of what the author calls "self-command." A solicitor of the name of Fairfield was arguing a point before Master Stratford, and the Master, who was well known not to take contradiction kindly, had already intimated a very strong opinion as to the matter in dispute. The solicitor, however, being resolute, "and finding there was little chance in any other way, determined on angering him into silence," and began very quietly, "I was observing, Master Stratford—" when the Master interrupted him angrily, saying, "I have heard your observations, sir, till I am weary of them. I beg you will be silent.

I have quite made up my mind." The dialogue then continues: "I see you have, sir, but it strikes me that—" "I really cannot help what strikes you, sir. I shall not hear another word." "I am sorry for it, sir. I have a great many yet to offer." "Indeed!" half rising from his chair, and then resuming it. "Pray, how long may you intend to talk?" "Probably half an hour, sir; it depends on the attention you will be so good as to give me." "Half an hour, sir! Did you say half an hour, sir? Do you know who you are talking to?" "It may take me a trifle longer, Master Stratford: it depends on yourself in some measure." "On me, sir? on me? Insufferable insolence! Half an hour! Depends on myself! Pray, what may be your name, sir?" "Fairfield, sir. If you are ready, I will begin." This method of proceeding so astonished the learned Master that he drew back his chair, and gaped in astonished frenzy at this defiance of his authority; while Mr. Fairfield went on with his argument, wholly undisturbed by the judicial agitation, and quoted cases by the dozen. "Meanwhile his client, an honest tradesman who knew as little of the etiquette of the Master's office as of St. James's, being weary of standing, seated himself on the nearest chair. This new offence actually bewildered poor Stratford. He looked from the solicitor to the client, and from the client to the solicitor, in mute amazement, wholly regardless of the argument and the authorities, when, at this instant, a servant boy entered the august presence with the coal-scuttle. A happy idea flashed across the Master's mind. Rising precipitately from his chair, and grasping the lad by the arm, he forced him into it. 'Here, Jack, take my chair! take my chair! I don't see why one gentleman should not sit down as well as another!' The frightened boy took the chair. Fairfield, who was a man of uncommon talent, that justified as it was supported by uncommon assurance, continued speaking, as if unconscious of the substitution. The farce was too much even for the Master's wrath; he laughed himself into good humor, heard the argument to the end, and, *mirabile dictu*, altered his opinion." Whether Fairfield and Stratford are the true names or not, is not mentioned.

NEBULÆ

— It is more than a year since we have seen any of those interesting essays on American social observances and etiquette, any of those recondite discussions on the real nature of the American gentleman, or the aristocracy of America, which used to occupy such a prominent place in the thoughts of all true lovers of their country. We have often maintained in the columns of the "Galaxy" that these discussions were of a somewhat trivial nature; that there was no such thing as a truly distinctive American society or etiquette; that, on the contrary, American social observances were merely a *mélange* of foreign social observances, drawn some from one country, and some from another; that society was too fleeting and mutable with us to establish those fixed rules which in older countries are handed down from one generation to another, and so become part of the tradition of the country; that there was, in fact, nothing for us to do but to admit that we were a provincial people in all these matters, and that our real life was not social at all. We have been recently confirmed in these impressions by looking over a manual of the etiquette relating to cards, issued in New York, for the instruction and information of the public. This little handbook treats of the subject of card etiquette from all points of view, and makes a collection of customs with reference to cards which are said to be of binding obligation in the principal city of the United States. We will mention some of the most important, in order that our readers may judge for themselves. There is no question which has puzzled so many people, probably, who are beginning the study of card etiquette, as those relating to the habit of turning down the corner of a visiting card. There are those who suppose it to be a custom which, like virtue, is to be practised for its own sake; there are those who never practise it at all, as there are also those who practise it capriciously, turning down now one corner and now another; now supposing its signification to be that of an intention to include a whole family in

the attention of your visit, now imagining it to be designed for the exactly opposite purpose of including only a single person. All these explanations we have heard given, but they are radically different, to judge from the rules in this handbook, from the meaning attached to the custom in New York. In New York it seems that any one of the four corners of a card may be turned down, and each one gives a different signification to the visit. The handbook, referring prophetically to the last season, says: "Visiting cards, with words denoting the object of the call, will remain in use to some extent, especially for calls of congratulation, condolence, and regret. The word *Visite*, on the right-hand upper corner, will be printed on the reverse side. The corner with either word denoting the object of the call will be turned down. On the left-hand corner *Félicitation* will be used for visits of congratulation on some happy event—as for instance, a marriage or a birth; on the right lower corner the word *Congé*, or *P. P. C.*, used for a visit previous to leaving town; the other corner, the word *Condol'ance*." And again: "No further doubt need occur regarding the signification of turning down the corner of a visiting card, even when the words are not printed on the back. *Visite* would occupy the right-hand upper corner, *Félicitation* the left upper, *Condol'ance* the left lower, and *Adieu* the lower right." This is a simple and intelligible explanation, and reflects great credit on the genius of the people who, to judge by the language used on the four corners, invented it. There is a neatness and completeness about using all four corners, too, and not stopping short at three, or confusing everything with making the number one, and then not defining what corner this one ought to be, or precisely what the meaning is, if we are so fortunate as to know the proper corner, which shows that etiquette is not a mere arbitrary collection of unmeaning rules, but a growth, subject to laws of evolution of its own, just as much as in animated nature is the tumbler-pigeon

or the giraffe. Perhaps, however, there may be some wonder at the use of French in the familiar words given above, particularly as in another part of this manual we find most of the familiar French abbreviations and phrases explained by their English equivalents, which would seem to argue on the part of the compiler of it a considerable doubt as to the amount of education possessed by the members of good society in New York. We were at first surprised at this, remembering the fame which New York once acquired on account of the peculiarly "French" character of its social life; for it would seem to show a terrible falling off in this respect if the same persons who turn down the right-hand upper corner of their cards to represent *Visite*, the left upper to represent *Félicitation*, the left lower to represent *Condolérance*, and the lower right for *Adieu*, after having the familiar acquaintance with foreign tongues which this seems to imply, still need to have it explained to them that *R. S. V. P.* means "The favor of an answer is requested," that *P. P. C.* means "to take leave," that *cotillon* means cotillion, and that *soirée dansante* means "dancing party." But the curiosity naturally aroused by this inconsistency is removed by turning to another part of the handbook, which relates to the subject of "Cards in Memoriam." Here there is no French whatever. The New York custom with regard to cards in memoriam seems to be almost exclusively English. We give the description of this New York custom—and no doubt it is becoming common too in Brooklyn—as we find it: "The memoriam card is a loving tribute to the memory of a relative or dear friend, and will always be gratefully received. *These cards should be carefully placed in albums.* A prayer, eulogy, or poetic 'quotation' is often added. The memoriam card should not be sent out till about a week after the obsequies."

— We are glad to find in the same compendium some valuable information on the subject of "Kettledrums." A year or so since we ventured to suggest that there were few people in America who knew what a kettledrum was. This we should not be so bold as to say now; for we believe every one in America can to-

day explain what a kettledrum is, though each one's explanation of it will probably be found to differ in a remarkable manner from every other. The explanation before us deals with the question as follows: "Kettledrums are comparatively new entertainments here—are English in character, being in reality tea-parties with music. They are afternoon or evening entertainments, or receptions for discussing the fashionable topics of the day. Cards are issued with 'Kettledrum' in the corner, either for one day or several days during the month. . . . The word is derived from *timbale*, a drinking cup used by the ancients, and which also means a kettledrum. These cups, as used of old, were oftentimes of silver or gold."

— ANNIVERSARY weddings are another interesting topic. It is our private conviction that anniversary weddings are rarely celebrated among cultivated people in America, and that the number of those who are conversant with the lore on the subject is pretty nearly coincident with the number of those who supply the cards for the entertainment, and those who themselves celebrate it. For example, there is the "diamond" wedding. Are our readers familiar with the meaning of the term? It is the anniversary wedding of a couple married for seventy-five years, and, so far as we have been informed, there is the record of one in the history of the world—that of the millionaire Oviado, which was celebrated in Florida some years ago. Then there is the paper wedding, for those one year married; the wooden, for those who have been united five years; the tin wedding, for those who have lived together ten years; the crystal wedding, fifteen; the silver wedding, twenty-five; and the golden wedding, fifty. Who is there who knows what is the etiquette of gifts on these occasions? It is this, and there are many people who will be glad to know that it is so:

Etiquette does not demand the acknowledging of an invitation to these weddings by presentation of valuable gifts. Members of the family, or very intimate friends, are the only persons from whom such gifts should be received. Invited guests should not absent themselves from these festive and agreeable entertainments by any false idea requiring them to contribute costly presents. These remarks refer particularly to presentation of silver or golden articles. For amusement and sociability, trifles in paper, tin,

or wood may be offered by casual as well as personal friends, on the occasion of paper, tin, or wooden weddings. Bouquets or baskets of natural flowers are always presentable, and should not be omitted at anniversary celebrations or birthdays.

We trust no one will be offended or become skeptical on learning the source from which this valuable information has been derived. It all comes from the very headquarters of modern American etiquette—not from any little clique of *soi-disant* aristocrats, who think that they understand good breeding because they belong to the “kid glove and daily bath” orders, but from a quarter which cannot be suspected of narrowness, or of any desire but to represent the facts as they actually are, and from a source which must be credited with a wide acquaintance with American society as it actually exists—one of the best known card engraving firms in the country.

—THE “Emotional Language of the Future” is the title of a curious article in a recent number of an English review, the writer of which hints at certain psychological conclusions of a kind more startling than pleasing. Mr. Herbert Spencer has called the attention of the public to the fact that there are certain “secondary signs of a feeling” which “are to be found in abortive attempts to conceal it.” Most bashful persons are aware of the peculiar difficulty in certain situations of finding “fit positions for the hands,” and we may add the feet; and Mr. Spencer is our authority for saying that a “great mental agitation” is pretty sure to betray itself in “awkward, shuffling movements” made to suppress it; and he calls such indirect signs of emotion its “secondary natural language.” Few people would imagine what ingenious speculations might be built upon this foundation. The “voluntary hiding of feeling,” the writer of the article says (*i. e.*, that indicated by the shuffling and shifting of hands and feet), is really an acquirement of civilization. Savages do not know how to conceal their passions by shuffling and shifting their feet, or in any other way, and it is only “at a certain stage of culture” that we “discover signs of an active emotional restraint.” “Higher up, among a few specially cultivated persons, the acquisition of this power of concealment appears

to be complete, and we have a type of mind capable of a prolonged external serenity unruffled by a gust of passionate impulse; and the survey of these facts at once prompts the question whether the expression of our feelings by smile, vocal changes, and so on, is destined to disappear with a further advance of social organization.” These questions this writer does not attempt to decide dogmatically, but with regard to “distinctly unsocial (anti-social) feelings,” he intimates that it is pretty clear that the expression of them is on the wane, so that “one may perhaps, without too optimistic a bias,” say that “all the stronger manifestations of anger or malice have already become unfamiliar in real life;” so that “when we see their imitations on the stage they are apt to appear ridiculously forced,” a fact which one holding M. Taine’s opinion of the modern English stage, as disclosed in his “English Literature,” would be inclined to explain in a different way. At any rate the progress of social refinement tends to confine all manifestations of unpleasant feeling within ever narrower limits, and so also does “the partial revival” in modern philosophy “of the stoical doctrine that all sentiment is a moral weakness”—a revival which “appears to hold most sway in our own country” (England), “and especially among those classes who are most concerned to maintain a not too obvious gentility.” Of course the suppression of the signs of emotion tends to suppress emotion itself, and in the course of time our feelings will undergo a very considerable modification; “some types of emotion disappearing, it may be, altogether, the rest being so modified as to be scarcely recognizable as the venerable forms of human love, terror, and joy.” Undoubtedly, on the other hand, the progress of society makes us more variable, and variability tends to the expression of feeling; so that we have two forces in operation, one inducing men to suppress feeling, the other to make them crave for a more lively interchange of sentiments with others. What is to be the resultant of these forces, as well as some others which the article notices, is left in doubt, and so we are inclined to leave it ourselves.

—In the third volume of Forster’s life of Dickens occurs a curious passage,

which throws a strange and lurid light upon the condition of American society. In 1868 it seems that Dickens was thinking of reading in Washington. "Baltimore and Washington were the cities in which he was now, on quitting New York, to read for the first time," Mr. Forster says; but "as to the latter some doubts arose." The first objections were that a hall had been selected which was only capable of holding seven hundred persons, and the plan was that everybody should be charged five dollars. To this scheme Dickens was greatly opposed, but yielded at length. It seems, however, that after this difficulty had been surmounted, the late Mr. Greeley dined with Mr. Dickens and advised him not to go to Washington, as it was "full of the greatest rowdies and worst kind of people in the States," and, besides this, "B" came, expressing "like doubts," and the result of these two cautions was, that Dickens sent his agent to Washington, "with power to withdraw or go on, as inquiry on the spot might dictate." It is much to be regretted that the conversation with Mr. Greeley and "B" is not given more at length, for it would be interesting to know why they thought it probable that the "rowdies" and other "worst kind of people"—who were undoubtedly present in great force at the national capital, as they generally are at all times—should have interfered with Mr. Dickens's readings—whether it was that they were expected to go in large numbers to the hall and "capture" the meeting in the interest of their own nefarious designs, or whether they were expected to storm it from outside, or whether it was supposed that for reasons of their own they might be inclined to stay away altogether, and thus deprive the reader of an audience. So far as we recollect the year 1868, it was not very much more turbulent than the year 1867, and in 1867 the dangerous classes in Washington were no more dangerous than they were in Chicago, where the citizens

were so anxious to hear Mr. Dickens read that, according to some one mentioned in the same volume of Mr. Forster's, it was feared they would have "fits" unless he appeared among them. The incident carries us back to the old time of Dickens's first visit to this country, and the days of Macready's visit in 1849, when æsthetic and patriotic feelings were more intermingled and confused than they are now. If after the publication of "Martin Chuzzlewit," Mr. Dickens had returned to this country, and attempted to give public readings, there would no doubt have been difficulties in the way. There was at that time a strong feeling throughout the country that the author of that wicked satire upon the free institutions of our great and enlightened country was worthy of no better treatment than such as might be considered fit for any notorious criminal who had the audacity to attempt a public appearance after a universal horror had been excited by his act. Had Dickens undertaken in those days to read in Washington, it might have been friendly advice to warn him against the danger to which the inventor of Elijah Pogram, General Cyrus Choke, and the Hominy family would expose himself by venturing into situations in which the patriotic feeling of a great and free nation might take the form of hootings, howlings, brickbats, and eggs. Mr. Greeley and "B" had, doubtless, recollections of the days when Forrest's supporters were so much interested in the American stage that they gathered in force about the Astor Place Opera House, and proved their patriotism in the same way that the Washington populace were expected to do in 1868 by their reception of Dickens. This, at least, is the only plausible explanation that we can suggest of this curious passage, though it is still obscure, even when these historical facts are taken into account, why the city of Washington should have been supposed peculiarly dangerous.

THE GALAXY

Miscellany and Advertiser.

"ACROSS AMERICA," by General Joseph F. Rushling, will be published in May by Sheldon & Company. General Rushling, under an order from General Grant, and in company with General Sherman, made a through trip to all our military posts. After the military duties had been accomplished, he visited many almost unknown sections. The book will be elegantly illustrated by drawings by Lumley, and a complete map of the trip, and will be issued in very attractive style.

"WHAT large chickens these are!" Landlady—"Yes, chickens are larger than they used to be. Ten years ago we couldn't pretend to get chickens as large as these." Boarder, with an innocent air—"No, I suppose not; these must have grown a good deal in that time." Landlady looks as though she had been misunderstood.

A NEW idea with regard to weddings has been invented in Connecticut. A citizen of that State announces that his golden wedding will come off just thirty years from now, and offers a liberal discount on any presents his friends design then to make him.

A SMART LITTLE GIRL.—A lady of Washington county is mother of a large family of children, and they are all rather diminutive. A few days after the birth of the youngest, not long since, a little niece of the lady called to see the baby. After looking at the tiny specimen for a few minutes, the little girl said, "Aunt Maria, don't you think it would be better to have less of 'em and have 'em bigger?"

SHELDON & COMPANY will publish during the month of April, Theodore Tilton's new story, "Tempest-Tossed." Mr. Tilton wields a very graceful pen and possesses a vivid imagination. The story is one of marked power and poetic beauty. Mr. Tilton had received thirteen different propositions, from as many different pub-

lishers, for the right to publish the book. The publishers, at least, expect that it will have a great success.

THERE is a woman in Le Mars, Iowa, who calls the cerebro-spinal meningitis the "serious old final come and get us."

A DANBURY liquor dealer offers a chromo to all who get tight exclusively in his saloon.

A POPULAR German song just now runs as follows: "Oh, woman, in our hours of ease, you know we'll do what'er you please. We'll promise to renounce the sin of Bourbon, brandy, rum, and gin; and go so far as to refrain (except when tempted) from champagne; but have some mercy, do, my dear, and leave, oh! leave us lager beer!"

A QUARRELSOME couple were discussing the subject of epitaphs and tombstones, and the husband said: "My dear, what kind of a stone do you suppose they will give me when I die?" "Brimstone, my love," was the affectionate reply.

SECRETARY WELLES's book, "Lincoln and Seward," is awakening a great deal of interest. The papers are all talking about it. Intelligent men are reading and discussing it.

MRS. LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE's new story, "Fettered for Life," is a powerful plea for woman suffrage, under the guise of an interesting story.

A MAINE man is out with a temperance lecture, the taking title of which is, "How Goliath was killed with a sling."

"You'RE the victim of rum," said a crusader, the other day, to a veteran spiritualist. "S'are you, madam," he replied; "I never touched a drop of rum in my life. Whiskey's my poison."

THE Irishman had a correct appreciation of the fitness of things who, being

asked by the judge, when he applied for a license to sell whiskey, if he was of a good moral character, replied: "Faith, yer honor, I don't see the necessity of a good moral character to sell whiskey."

In our advertising columns the old "Connecticut Mutual Life" give their Annual Statement. They show gross assets of nearly 38,000,000 of dollars, and an increase of assets during the past year of nearly 3,000,000 of dollars. These figures speak volumes, and it is a pleasure to recommend such stanch old companies to our readers. Those who take policies in this company are surely laying up something for their families which will not be lost.

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SOME time ago, a Mrs. Buckelby, who lives over in Berrien county, directed her son Samuel, a lad of fourteen years, to take a turn at the churn. Now, as Samuel had set his heart on going a-fishing at that very time, he "got his back up," and flatly refused to agitate the cream. The curvature was promptly taken out of his spine by a slipper, and with "tears in his eyes," he went on duty with the dasher. In about half an hour, and during the brief absence of his mother, his eyes fell upon a plate of fly-poison, and a bright, smart thought struck him. Just before Mrs. B. came in, Samuel lifted the fatal platter to his face, and, as she entered, he put the "poison" from his lips, with the dramatic exclamation: "There, mother, I guess you won't lick me no more!" Now, what did this Spartan dame do? Did she shriek for a doctor, and fall into hysterics? Not much. She simply took Samuel by the nape of the neck, lifted him deftly into the pantry, beat the whites of six eggs together, and told him to engulf the same, instantler. He refusing, she called the hired girl, and, in a twinkling, Sam found himself outside the albumen. Then Mrs. B. began preparing a mustard emetic. Seeing this, Sam's pluck dissolved, and he commenced begging, crying, "I was

only tryin' to skeer ye." But the stern mother was not to be softened, and Samuel had to swallow the mustard. He was then forced to take a dose of pain-killer, and had his back rubbed with the "Vigor of Life," and his stomach with the "Oil of Gladness." Then he vomited up everything but his boots and socks. This being over, he took seven Ayer's pills, two spoonfuls of castor oil, a teaspoonful of salts, and a blue pill. And now, if you want to behold the maddest boy in Michigan, just say "fly-poison" to Sam Buckleby.—*Laporte Herald*.

A DES MOINES druggist sent out his clerk to drum for sales of oil. He called upon a tradesman, and tossed a card upon the counter, saying that he represented that establishment. The tradesman picked it up, gave it a steady look, and said it was a fine establishment, and was informed that he had represented it about three years, whereupon he remarked to the youth that he supposed he would soon be a partner. The youth said he would be pleased to sell him some coal oil, and that his establishment handled more oil than any other in Des Moines. The tradesman took another look at the card, and asked the boy if he wasn't mistaken. He blushing guessed he was, as he returned the girl's picture to his pocket.

"I CONVERSED," says a writer, "with a racist to-day. He told me how he won a race in New Haven. For four weeks he mixed soft rubber with the horse's oats, and every day he hitched that horse to a post and opened a blue cotton umbrella in his face, making him pull back, stretching his neck awfully. Then he'd shut his umbrella, the horse would stop pulling, and his neck would ~~return~~ ^{regain} its original length. He got the horse's neck very elastic, and on the day of the race, as his horse and the other horse's were on the home stretch, side by side, just at the finish, the driver struck this ~~man's~~ ^{man's} horse a blow behind his ears and his neck shot out almost a rod, winning the race by a neck. It is said to be the biggest home-stretch on record. I believe the story to be true, because the man is the only son of a deacon."

A TRUTHFUL young man, being asked if he could play the violin, replied: "I really don't know; I never tried."

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DEEP SEA EXPLORATION, Prof. Wm. B. Carpenter, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S., London.

UNIVERSAL EDUCATION, Ray Palmer D.D., New York.

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WORKING CLASSES IN EUROPE, Hon. Thomas Hughes, M.P., Q.C., author of "Tom Brown at Oxford," London.

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THE GALAXY.

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LINLEY ROCHFORD.

BY JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

CHAPTER XIX.

"MY MASTER" AND HIS SLAVE.

LINLEY could never conceal from herself, while at Dripdeanham, the fact that one or two of the older servants and various other persons regarded her in the light of an interloper, who had no business to occupy the place of the first Mrs. Rochford. Had the dead lady been Rochford's wife and not his mother, the coming of the new, young wife could hardly have been received with less cordiality. In many homes where she tried to do some good for poor Dripdeanham folks, she was frequently saluted with melancholy panegyrics of the first Mrs. Rochford, which charity itself could not interpret otherwise than as disparagement of the second. Yet the first Mrs. Rochford never seemed to have done anything to redeem the place from its animal slowness, its stagnation, its repugnance to all improvement. Mr. Rochford himself disliked any benevolent interference with the habits of the poor, or of anybody else, and did his best to discourage Linley in the days when he yet showed interest enough in her movements to endeavor to control them.

"My dear child," he said to her once, "I do wish you would let these people alone. Go and talk to them, and be pleasant with them, and they'll all like you; but give up your ideas about improving their condition. They are much happier as they are. They like to be let alone, and I sympathize with them. My mother used to tell of a girl she took in as some sort of under-housemaid or something, out of charity, and whom she insisted on clothing warmly, and the girl was found one day endeavoring to poison herself with some stuff for rats; and when reproached with her wicked conduct she explained that she didn't like to disobey Mrs. Rochford, but that on the whole she thought she would rather be dead than wear a flannel petticoat. The story is perfectly true, I assure you, and strictly symbolical of Dripdeanham. So my mother profited by the hint, and left people to their own ways, and they all loved her."

"Then, Louis, would you have people never put out a hand to make the world any better?"

"The world is old enough to take care of itself, Linley, and I don't know

that making it any better would make it any the happier. I have reached the philosophic age, dear, and my doctrine is very simple. It is only—let people alone."

Linley had read of Goethe's mother, how sweet and ever-young, and among her own how sympathetic she was, but how she had little power to make the good grow where it did not already flourish. She made up her mind that the late Mrs. Rochford must have been like Goethe's mother, and she sometimes sighed for the same sweet and unchanging serenity.

"I must think of the martyr girl and the petticoat," she said, "and repress my zeal for improvement."

But this was in earlier days, and before Mr. Platt had become something like a power in Parliament and in the county. Linley now might have had a strong influence at her back if she had desired still to go in for practical philanthropy. For sturdy Mr. Platt was crashing his way over local prejudices and antique fashions, as a rhinoceros might shoulder his path through garden hedges and beds of weeds. The day seemed to be positively approaching when Dripdeanham would come to be shown off as a model village. But much as Linley liked and even admired good Mr. Platt, she often wondered where he was to get the model villagers for his model village. She became daily more and more disheartened about things in general: it seemed to matter so little whether one said or did the right thing or the wrong.

Rochford immensely disliked Mr. Platt's rage for improvement, and at the same time was vexed to see that day after day the unconscious Platt became more and more the great man of Dripdeanham. Even the troglodyte inhabitants who most grumbled against his improvements had to talk about him. Three years ago the name of Dripdeanham suggested Rochford's name; now it began to seem too likely that very soon when people talked of Dripdeanham they would only think of Platt. Already "Platt of Dripdeanham" had long been a familiar phrase.

There was a dinner party at Rochford's a few evenings after Linley's conversation with Mr. Tuxham. The guests included two members of Parliament, one with a wife, who were staying at Platt's, Mr. and Mrs. Platt, and some other old acquaintances of ours. While Platt was staying at Factory Hall, as he called his large, newly-built Dripdeanham house, he was never without two or three members of Parliament as guests. These latter were usually gentlemen who had some special purpose in life, which some called mission, and others "fad." The Hon. Mr. Dudley Stryver, M. P., and his wife, were much interested in Platt's reorganization of the village of Dripdeanham, which Platt, with utter generosity, insisted on describing as the joint scheme of Mr. Rochford and himself, despite the immense difficulty with which Rochford's indispensable consent to the work had been tardily extorted. Rochford disclaimed earnestly all such merit, and so obtained, not desiring it, only the greater praise.

The Hon. Dudley Stryver was the eldest son of Lord Walters, an honest Tory squire of good family, who had been made a peer, during one of the conservative administrations, as a reward for having represented his county in Parliament for forty-five years, having been chairman of Quarter Sessions for nearly as long a spell, and having been the most steady and silent voter with his party during his couple of generations of political service in the House of Commons. The Hon. Dudley Stryver, born of such a parent, naturally enough went in for Positivism, Radicalism, and Views of Life, and professed even a Pla-

tonic attachment for Republicanism. He did not, as may be supposed, represent the county whose political enlightenment had so long been symbolized by the wisdom of his father. He sat for a more northern constituency of advanced views. He was a sincerely good creature, who felt an honest interest in the poor and their ways. He always did his very best to put himself on an equality with working men and their wives; but being dreadfully deficient in conversational powers, and very shy and awkward, he only succeeded in embarrassing himself and them, and making each long to be rid of the other. The Hon. Dudley Stryver had, however, lately married the daughter of a wealthy manufacturer, a lady of some personal attractions, considerable talents, and commanding opinions, and she did all the talking for him.

Two other guests were Mrs. and Miss—still Miss—Courcelles. These ladies made their appearance in certain successive places with the regularity of heavenly bodies. Valentine had long since spoken of their gradual passing from London season into country recess as the transit of the double Venus. They always came at a certain time to visit the friend near Dripdeanham with whom they were staying when they first rose upon our horizon; and of course they came to pass a day or two with Linley. The latter had no objection to their coming. She knew that Cynthia had ceased, for the time at least, to interest Rochford, and rather liked her as an honest, doll beauty, whom it was a delight to look at. Mrs. Courcelles had not yet found Linley out, but had still good hope of being some time able to learn all about her hostess, and tell the news to several persons.

Mr. Rochford took the Hon. Mrs. Stryver to dinner. Mrs. Stryver was a handsome woman, with short, dark, curly hair like a boy's. Sometimes she wore a cloth jacket and a linen collar with a little black necktie; and then, if you only saw her head and shoulders over a table, you might easily imagine that you were looking at a pretty and precocious boy. Just now, however, her low dress and her full figure rendered any such delusion impossible.

Mr. Platt escorted Mrs. Courcelles, who now acknowledged and respected him profoundly, on the modern diplomatic principle of recognizing established facts. Mrs. Platt was confided to the charge of the third member of Parliament present, who paid her immense attention because he felt his seat in the House at present very insecure, and had some hope of coming forward as a colleague with Platt at the next election for the borough Platt represented, having the popularity and the expenses divided. For the same reason he was very friendly and attentive to Mr. Platt's secretary, and generally addressed him as "Marzell, my dear fellow."

Linley, as was fitting, took possession of the Hon. Dudley Stryver.

There remain only two pairs of guests. Albert Marzell, with moustache carefully waxed, and with a gold watch-chain massive enough for a provincial mayor, gave his arm to Cynthia Courcelles, and carefully avoided looking in a mirror as they passed lest he should see that he was not as tall as his stately companion. Mrs. Courcelles was a good deal disappointed that her daughter had not fallen to the lot of Mr. Langton, the member of Parliament just mentioned, who, though not very young, was unmarried, and was a rising man in railway and finance. But she was pleased that at all events Cynthia had escaped Valentine, about whose possible designs upon her daughter's hand she still felt uncertain. Marzell she considered quite safe. It would not matter even if Cynthia chose to flirt with that young man, who was only Mr. Platt's secretary.

For Valentine had been intrusted with the charge of the youngest woman in the room. She was a dark-skinned, brown-haired creature, with deep, dark-brown eyes, of which the very whites had a sort of mellow tint in them, and looked, according to an odd expression used somewhere by the authoress of the once famous "Wild Irish Girl," as if the orbs in question had been put into their places with "dirty fingers." The phrase is expressive in describing eyes which seem to have something of the tropics in them, and if it be not particularly graceful in itself, the reader is besought to remember that the late Lady Morgan is alone responsible for it. Miss Marzell was full of talk, and animal spirits, and pertness, and saucy affectations. She had sucked in self-conceit from the very charity and kindness which had fed and clothed her, feeling complacently satisfied that her own graces and merits could alone have secured such exceptional treatment for her. All Linley's efforts to induce her to learn the beauty of truth had never accomplished anything better than to induce the girl to employ a new kind of deceit, and under Linley's eyes pretend to be truthful.

"Delightful place you have down here, I'm sure," said the Hon. Dudley Stryver to his hostess.

"Dudley, my dear," the Hon. Mrs. Stryver said, addressing him in her clear, quick voice, from the other end of the table, "you really must *not* talk any commonplaces to Mrs. Rochford. You won't allow him, Mrs. Rochford, I hope? We must set ourselves resolutely—we women, I mean—against this habit of talking commonplaces to us as if we were children."

"But it isn't always so easy to begin a conversation, don't you know?" said Mr. Stryver, looking for help to Linley.

"With commonplace women, perhaps. But there are no commonplace women here," said his wife.

"No, we don't profess to be commonplace here," said Linley gravely. "Miss Courcelles is profound in mathematics."

"Her uncle, the Bishop, particularly wished her to learn," Mrs. Courcelles hastened to explain. "He loved mathematics, and Cynthia was always his favorite, and she studied to please him. But Mrs. Rochford knows Latin."

"I studied it to please my aunt," Linley pleaded; and Mrs. Courcelles was puzzled, now as ever, to know whether she was in jest or earnest.

"There never was a time," said Mr. Platt solemnly, "when we needed more the assistance of the ladies. I never feel, for myself, that we are safe when we have not the guidance, or at least the coöperation of the ladies." Mr. Platt never got over the impression that there was something rude, if not actually indelicate, in speaking of "women."

"But are we not, perhaps, going a little too far?" Mrs. Courcelles asked. "In my younger days, I don't think—haven't we a sphere, in fact, of our own?"

"I think a hemisphere ought to be enough," said Linley. "Don't you, Mr. Stryver?"

"Oh, I am a disciple of absolute equality," Mr. Stryver began; and warming to his subject, he preached a gentle little essay to prove that men and women ought to be entirely free and with an equal freedom.

"*You* do not believe in women rushing into politics?" said Marzell in a low, soft tone to Cynthia Courcelles, with an emphasis on the word *you* which spoke volumes of chivalry and devotion.

"I? Oh no," the beautiful Cynthia replied, fixing her bright eyes on him

for a moment, and pausing, with red lips sweetly parted, as if she were about to say something, and then suddenly, as it were, checking herself, and letting the smile fall off and her eyes droop.

"No; your native grace would save you from such a thought," the secretary said in a low tone still.

She looked up again and smiled and drooped her eyelids once more, but this time there was really a faint color tremulous on her cheek. While listening to Mr. Stryver, Linley glanced across the table, and wondered at the unusual display of emotion.

"You ought to be with us, Mrs. Rochford," said Mrs. Stryver. "You have talent and spirit. No woman of spirit ought to submit to tyranny, if it were only for the sake of the tyrant himself. Don't you know that it is far worse in the end to be a tyrant than to be a slave?"

"Then how could we better punish our tyrants than by leaving them tyrants still," asked Linley, "and letting them bear the consequences?"

"My! Mrs. Rochford, I know you ain't so uncharitable as that," said good Mrs. Platt, smiling. "But I don't hold with ladies going on platforms much myself. What do you think of woman's rights, Mr. Valentine?"

"The arguments seem to me irresistible on both sides," said Valentine.

"If I were a man, I should be a tyrant," Miss Marzell said in a clear undertone. "I should love to be a tyrant."

"But as you can't be a tyrant in that way?" Valentine asked.

"Then I only want to be a slave. Women ought to be slaves. I should love to be a Circassian slave."

"Whose slave, Sinda?" Rochford asked, overhearing her words by chance, and smiling.

"Your slave, Mr. Rochford, unless you want to fling me to somebody else."

Mrs. Courcelles put up her eyeglass and stared. It was a long time before she could endure the notion of sitting at table with the little beggar girl, as she called Sinda. Perhaps she never would have been reconciled to it but that persons like the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Stryver, and other philanthropic and viewy members of the aristocracy, had gone into ecstasies over the spirit and the generosity of Mrs. Rochford in treating her poor protégée absolutely as an equal. But this last utterance almost took away Mrs. Courcelles's breath.

"No woman," Mrs. Stryver protested severely, "ought to acknowledge her slavery."

Sinda smiled, and shrugged her saucy shoulders.

Linley could not help looking vexed at this little display. Valentine, who had been listless before, seemed as if Sinda's words had suddenly inspired him with animation and admiration; for he deliberately turned half round to her, and absolutely absorbed her in conversation.

"I protest!" Mrs. Courcelles thought to herself, "that bold little thing has made a conquest of Mr. Valentine! I do declare it is so!"

When the ladies were leaving the room, Albert Marzell opened the door and caught a parting glance from under Cynthia's drooping lids. As Miss Sinda was passing out, she saw that Mr. Rochford's handkerchief had fallen on the carpet. She ran back, with the prettiest air of childlike eagerness, and picked it up and gave it to him with a look of submissive and faithful duty, which might have suited a new and tremulous odalisque, anxious to propitiate a mas-

ter. Rochford smiled and thanked her. None of the ladies but Linley saw the graceful act of homage. Then the last trailing silk disappeared, and the gentlemen were left alone, and drew their chairs together.

"When is your 'affair' coming on, my dear Marzell?" Langton asked as he trifled with a grape, and helped himself to claret.

"My chief has given notice," Marzell said, "for an early day next session. The claret, Langton. Thanks."

"Do the Government give a night?"

"Oh no. Of course they mean to fight it all through."

"But we'll beat them down, sir!" said Mr. Platt. "We'll beat them down, please Heaven. The justice of the case is clear; and the incapacity of the advocate will be forgotten in the merits of his cause."

"Well, I'm with you," said Langton, "for one. You'll go with us, Rochford? Oh, I forgot, you're not in the House."

"More is the pity," said Platt. "If he were, our friend Marzell's case would have an advocate of erudition and of eloquence. I wish we had you with us, Mr. Rochford. Have a try, sir, with me in my place next time."

"Oh, as to that, Platt," said Mr. Langton, who did not care for this view of things at all, "I don't fancy the Tories will let you in without a stiff struggle next time. Rochford could easily find a better place."

"I fear I have grown too lazy," Rochford said. "It must be weary work unless one has ambition—or a mission, like Platt."

"It would serve my cause beyond measure," Marzell observed calmly, "if Mr. Rochford were in the House. Therefore, of course, I can't press him."

"You are with us, Stryver?" said Langton.

"Well now, I don't know, excuse me," said Mr. Stryver, plucking feebly at his thin moustache; "I am not so certain, don't you know? Of course, Mr. Marzell—my friend Mr. Marzell, if he will allow me so to call him—I had the pleasure of his coöperation often lately—of course our friend must have all our good wishes. But the claim, don't you know, I'm not quite clear about—the responsibility of the Government, don't you know? Of course I mean to read all the papers, and give the thing my best consideration."

"May I ask what claim is this?" Valentine asked. The conversation had been completely bewildering to him.

"Haven't you heard?" Mr. Platt asked. "I thought perhaps you were one of those our friend Marzell first consulted."

"A claim of mine," Mr. Marzell explained modestly, "on the English government, as representing the old East India Company, on behalf of my great-great-grandfather, the Rajah of Taramputty, who parted with his rights and his revenues in consideration of a certain sum of money and a hereditary annuity."

"Which has never been paid beyond the second generation," interposed Platt. "And why, Mr. Valentine, do you think? Why, sir, should you say that a Christian government had refused to pay its just debts? Because the grandfather of our esteemed young friend, sir, turned Christian, and married a Christian lady, and left the East to live in a Christian country! Would you believe it, sir? the Company raised the point that the money had been paid on condition of the Rajah's descendants remaining on the spot to influence the native population, and that this couldn't be when they turned Christians and left the place. What do you think of that, Valentine, for a Christian government?"

"In Christendom," said Valentine gravely, quoting from Emerson, "where is the Christian?" which remark served as well as any other, and covered his utter amazement.

"Just so, Valentine; you're quite right; it's too true. And think of our young friend's Christian grandfather and father living in poverty, sir—descending, shall I say, to almost menial occupations?"

"Almost menial," Marzell interposed, with eyes fixed on the table, and a tone of graceful melancholy.

"Almost menial occupations, sir, for a living, and rather than renounce the true religion."

"That is strange," said Valentine meditatively.

Mr. Marzell looked up suddenly, and settled in his mind that he had an enemy in Valentine. The latter cracked a nut, and still remained in the attitude of one who awaits further information.

"Well, that's about all," said Platt. "Some of us have resolved to see this poor young chap—I mean our esteemed young friend Marzell—righted."

"And the affair is coming on in the House of Commons?"

"It is. We'll force them to a fight, sir, and we'll beat them too."

"You have all the proofs, of course?"

"Well, there really ain't any proofs needed."

"Oh!" This was said in the gentlest, gravest tone.

"You see," Mr. Langton explained, "it's really only a question of the fair construction of a treaty the terms and facts of which are not disputed."

"Yes, there is the matter about which I don't quite see my way, don't you know?" Mr. Stryver said. "Of course I mean to give it my best consideration, and with every good wish. But that's one point."

"Of course," Valentine said, "I needn't ask as to the question of pedigree, identity, and all that. That would be the first consideration."

"Naturally it would. That must be the first thing, don't you know?" Mr. Stryver assented, with a certain eagerness, and evidently encouraged by Valentine's half-suggested skepticism. "I assume that our friends are quite clear about that, and able to satisfy us. That, of course, would not be the difficulty."

"Oh dear, no," said Langton, with cheery confidence, not knowing anything about the matter, but anxious to become a parliamentary colleague of Mr. Platt.

"I presume, gentlemen," Mr. Platt said, "that a man is the son of his own father?"

"So far, Platt," said Valentine, "you may take it that the court is with you."

"I think," interposed Mr. Marzell, still with modest eyes fixed on the table, "gentlemen here will do me the justice to assume that I am not about to commit one of my best friends and benefactors to a claim so serious as this, without putting him in possession of facts which are essential to the bare statement of his case."

"Certainly, certainly," murmured several voices.

"Then you actually are in possession of those preliminary evidences, Platt?" pursued the irrepressible Valentine. "That's all right so far. You really have them?"

"I shall have them, of course, when the proper time comes."

"When the proper time comes—yes. But not until then, I suppose?"

"Shall we go up stairs?" said Rochford, as no one hastened to offer any remark upon this subject, and a sort of awkward blank followed.

So they went up stairs, and found Linley being severely admonished by Mrs. Stryver upon the duties she owed to her sex, Mrs. Courcelles lavishly patronizing Mrs. Platt, Cynthia Courcelles vacantly turning over some music, and Sinda Marzell, who chafed at a moment's intercourse with women when once they had seen her clothes and she had seen theirs, reclining listlessly in one of the seats of an ottoman, and apparently contemplating her pretty slippers. Sinda had very pretty feet and ankles, and liked to look at them herself when there was no one else to whom they might be gracefully shown off. She had taken up lately the pretty idea of being an Oriental, and pleased herself by thinking that her ways were not those of dull and formal western women. She had always fed her self-conceit upon the legend that she sprang from princes. She had taught herself to believe it, and it was convenient in many ways. It relieved her from any necessity for feeling grateful to anybody, or any sense of remorse for not feeling grateful. The daughter of princes is not expected to do anything more than accept and endure the kindnesses of ordinary mortals. So far as this high-born damsel could like any woman, she liked Linley, and always made a point of seeming almost as devoted to her as to Rochford. Miss Sinda had, indeed, already a vague idea that devoted attitudes and manners became her, and that there was something peculiarly fascinating in the contrast between her saucy manners to every one else and her prostration before her two benefactors.

Her ways had done one good or bad thing for her. They had succeeded in amusing and interesting Rochford. He was pleased with the supple and spaniel-like devotion of this odd and pretty girl, and he did not even object to it before company. When the gentlemen now entered the room, Sinda's eyes lighted, and she sprang from her place on the three-seated ottoman, tripped swiftly up to Rochford, took his hand, and led or drew him to the seat she had quitted. There was something so open and fearless in all this, that it really looked only like the frank devotion of an over-grown child. It was just the sort of thing that Rochford's pet daughter might have done, if he had had one. Linley could not help wishing now that Sinda had not acquired such ways, or that Rochford had not encouraged them; and she felt a blended pity and scorn for the weak vanity which found pleasure in such demonstrations. But even at this moment, with her eyes fixed on the pair, and her face composed to its very best semblance of interest in what Mrs. Stryver was saying, she felt again a throb of indignation at the evil suspicions which could misinterpret and cruelly pervert such harmless nonsense.

Rochford apparently was about to humor Miss Sinda by sitting beside her. But suddenly up came Mr. Valentine, and took the third place on the ottoman, and said:

"Now, Louis, my good fellow, I can't let you have Miss Marzell all to yourself. I have not seen her for a long time until to-night, and I want her to talk to *me* a great deal. When I knew her best she was a child—that was, let us say, yesterday—and now I find her turned into a woman. It's a chapter out of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, you see, and I want to enjoy it."

Rochford smiled good-humoredly, very glad that Valentine too liked his present favorite; and he joined the little group now made up of his wife and Mrs. Stryver, Mrs. Courcelles and Mr. Stryver. Mr. Langton kept Mrs. Platt in conversation. Mr. Platt smiled on the company generally. The moment

Albert Marzell entered the room, he made straight for Miss Cynthia, who looked up at him under her eyes as he approached, and did not seem to discourage him.

Linley observed everything. She had not heard the words spoken by Valentine, but she saw him seat himself next to Sinda and devote himself to her, and she saw that Sinda looked pleased. Indeed, the little girl had always detested Valentine, believing that he felt a contempt for her; and she was much delighted now by the hope of having conquered him.

"She is, then, really fascinating to men?" Linley thought, with a strange pain and wonder passing through her. "It is not Rochford only who thinks so." For to Linley Sinda had always seemed only a pretty, wilful, stupid little girl, who could not be taught anything, and had no higher quality than a rather demonstrative affection. Linley had had the training and the teaching of her, and knew, with all the weary experience of detail, that no power on earth could make Sinda learn anything she did not like, or rise to a high thought of anything; and she had in great measure been persuaded at first to let Rochford have his whim of converting her into a fine lady, because she feared that the girl really could do nothing for herself—that she, Linley, had had a share in spoiling her from the beginning and was responsible for her, and would be terribly responsible for her fate, indeed, if now she were to suffer her to go adrift.

"I have been lecturing your wife, Mr. Rochford," Mrs. Stryver said. "I have been telling her she has far too low an opinion of our sex and too exalted an opinion of yours."

"Don't blame me, Mrs. Stryver," Rochford replied with a smile. "I have been trying ever since our marriage to convince her that man is the inferior being."

This was a secret appeal to Linley's generosity. Mrs. Stryver, however, took his words literally.

"I am so glad you think so. Dudley Stryver thinks so too. He is convinced of it—he has always been so. He has always recognized the superiority of woman."

"I don't see how he could avoid that in his case," Rochford said.

"I don't care about compliments," Mrs. Stryver interposed, which was indeed the fact. She was a woman at once cold and eager, absorbed in her ideas and not in herself. Men generally fell back from her, despite her pretty face and her well-developed figure. She knew it and was not displeased, for she really thought men in general were weak tyrants, and did not like them. "I don't care for compliments, Mr. Rochford; I care for argument and facts. I think the superiority of woman can be established by observation and by fact. I think I have given your wife some solid argument in support of my position."

So she had. When arguing with ladies, Mrs. Stryver always flattened every plea for the equality of man with the fact that, let him do his very best to rival women in all other respects, he could not become a wet nurse. Woman might become soldier, sailor, lawyer, judge, preacher, and it was only a matter of future experience whether she could not prove more successful than man in all these pursuits, as she had already proved to be on the flying trapeze. But it might be assumed as beyond dispute, that man could never be a wet nurse.

"I think I am convinced," said Linley; "at least I think woman is the

weakest of all created beings, except man." She spoke for the moment as if she felt it.

"We are all weak mortals," said Mr. Platt, now benignly joining in. "Let us hope that our faults may be all excused. Without the ennobling influence of woman, what should we be?"

"But I don't care to regard woman," said Mr. Stryver, "as a being only sent into the world to exert an ennobling influence over man. That is not her work in life."

"Not at all," said Linley, with emphatic concurrence. "Quite otherwise, I think, for the most part."

"But, ma'am," Mr. Platt said eagerly, "the ennobling influence of woman over man—you don't deny *that*, ma'am?" Platt, it will be seen, quite misunderstood. He thought Mrs. Stryver was actually denying the ennobling character of woman's influence, whereas Mrs. Stryver was only showing that woman was far too lofty a being, and sent on earth for purposes far too high, to be always set down to the comparatively poor and unimportant work of showing man how to be noble.

"You surely wouldn't go for to deny *that*, Mrs. Stryver, ma'am," the good Platt went on, thinking much of his kindly loving wife, and how she had always fallen in with his ways, and been his helpmate, and sweetened life for him. "Why, look around you, ma'am—look around!"

Mr. Platt's only efforts at public argument or persuasion had been made since he had become, under pressure of circumstances, a public man. Whenever he grew anxious to impress any truth on a listener of late, his manner, it is to be feared, did become a little like that of a gentleman, not flexible in style, and very much in earnest, addressing the House of Commons. In this instance the advice to look around assumed somewhat the tone of an indignant exhortation. It compelled obedience. Mr. Platt of course was only exhorting his hearers to a mental survey of the world at large; but it was impossible for those who heard him not to look suddenly around the room.

The evidences which they saw there of woman's ennobling influence over man were appropriate and striking. Mr. Valentine, partly turned away from the rest of the company, was absorbed in Sinda. Young Marzell, in an attitude of something like admiration, was pouring his words into the listening ear of the stately Cynthia.

It was impossible not to smile.

"As an oratorical stroke, Mr. Platt," said Linley, "nothing could be finer!"

"Reminds one of Hyperides," said Mr. Dudley Stryver, who for all his views of life could see a joke.

"I don't see anything to affect my argument," said his wife, who could not.

"It's like Sir Peter Teazle and the screen," observed Rochford, who was thoroughly amused.

"Where are we now?" Mr. Platt asked, who had lost the track of the more recent remarks, and had not the least notion of the effect he had produced.

"Mr. Valentine seems much engrossed," said Mrs. Courcelles, raising her eyeglass and then dropping it, and anxious as much as possible to shut out the fact that her daughter seemed much engrossed also. "She grows a pretty girl, that little protégée of yours, Mrs. Rochford. Have you actually adopted her?"

Linley colored a little at this direct question and its various suggestions.

"Oh no," she answered composedly. "Her brother is very anxious that she should live with him, when he has arranged things. She is like one of the family with us; she has grown up imperceptibly. We are very fond of her, my husband and I."

If there was any little peculiarity of emphasis, telling of suppressed emotion, in Linley's tone, most of the hearers found an explanation of it which quite satisfied them, though it was not the true one, and filled them with sympathy and respect. Good Mrs. Platt's eyes filled with water. "And Platt and me too," she thought; "we haven't any children."

CHAPTER XX.

"A DREAM THAT WAS NOT ALL A DREAM."

"LOUIS," said Linley gently to her husband, as they stood alone for a moment in the drawing-room, when the guests who were to leave the house had left, and those who were staying had dispersed to their rooms, "don't you think Sinda Marzell is grown rather too much for all that child-like devotion that she shows to you? She means it well, I know, and demonstrations of gratitude are not too common in the world; but isn't it being a little too demonstrative? She is quite a woman now, and a very pretty woman."

Linley approached the subject under great coercion of conscience, for she thought Rochford rather foolish in his toleration of such homage, and yet did not want him to suppose that she thought so.

Rochford looked at her with a pettish and wearied expression on his face, and only said:

"You are not jealous of that poor little creature, Linley?"

Linley felt the color come into her pale face. The words sounded like a deliberate insult. But she answered without any tone of resentment.

"You know, Louis, that I was never given to jealousy—of anybody. I hate jealousy, and suspicions, and all that kind of thing. But I believe people think her manner rather odd—I mean Sinda's—and I think you and I ought to try to save her from any remarks of that kind."

"What do you want *me* to do, Linley?"

"Only not to encourage her, Louis. It isn't very easy for you perhaps to do anything; for of course you would not like to seem cold or repelling to the poor girl, who is so impulsive; but if you could, in some kind way, let her see that she isn't a child any longer——"

"Really, Linley, I think that is all your affair, not mine. 'Thy maid is in thy hand, dear: do unto her as it pleaseth thee.' She is your property altogether. If you don't approve of her ways, tell her so. But don't ask me to be rude to the poor girl."

"But, Louis, I ought to tell you that people do speak of her—stupidly and unjustly, but still they do."

"Well, Linley, what is that to us?"

"To you and me, nothing. But to her?"

"Oh, she knows nothing about it. Somebody speaks about everybody."

"Still, I feel as if we ought to take such care of *her*."

"And accordingly you wish me to be rude to her, and to signify that I think her a forward and indecorous sort of young woman, who must be taught

modesty by snubbing! Come, Linley, that is indeed a woman's way of befriending a woman."

"Oh no. I never meant anything like that, Louis, and I had some hopes that you would have understood me and helped me—and her."

"My dear Linley. I understand you perfectly, and I wish you would give me credit for my understanding, and not try these roundabout ways, which are useless. I quite understand you. You think Sinda is too demonstrative and all that toward me, and you are a little jealous accordingly. Nothing more natural; the wisest of women are just the same. But do give me credit for understanding women well enough to see this, and just deal frankly with me."

Then Linley condescended to a little bit of deceit. She could not resist the temptation to try the experiment which suggested itself.

"If I were a little jealous, Louis, would it be strange? You are far too young and far too handsome to assume the paternal part just yet."

A perfect light of gratified vanity played over Rochford's expressive face, and he glanced involuntarily at the mirror over the chimneypiece. Linley's heart sunk within her. The experiment had proved but too successful.

"Well, Linley," Rochford said, "I dare say you are right; and perhaps one cannot be too careful. One is apt to forget how soon a child grows into a woman. Prescribe any course you like, and I'll follow it—if I can manage to remember. It is all for you to settle as you will. Now good-night, Linley; I feel tired of all the evening's talk. I'll go and read for an hour or two."

So that subject dropped, and Linley saw, almost with despair, that she had gained nothing by her attempt. Rochford was only to be approached by the side of his vanity. "I suppose," she said to herself with melancholy cynicism, "I could actually rule my husband now and then by a little well-bestowed compliment. But what would be the use? Any other woman who came near could at any moment depose me for the time by the same spells, with the superior flavor of novelty in theirs."

An hour after this talk Rochford sat alone in the library which we know, burning midnight as was his wont. But he was not thinking midnight now. Impossible to say what had happened during the course of the evening, when his guests were with him, or after, to bring back some far-off memories of youthful days and of passing loves that were so sweet and irresponsible. But something of the kind had come up to his memory, and he put down the book he had been reading, and reclined back in his chair, and indulged in all the sweet sensuous softness of reverie over past moments and chapters of existence.

Presently Valentine, who had been smoking in the open air and among the fallen leaves of autumn, came in, followed by a servant bringing soda-water and brandy for both the friends.

"What do you make of this Indian business, Louis?" said Valentine when they were alone. "Marzell's affair, I mean. I never heard of it until to-night."

"I believe it's all right. I never looked into it much, but Platt thinks so, and so does Langton."

"There *was* a Rajah of Taramputty?"

"Oh yes."

"Could you find the place on the map?"

"My good fellow, what do I want with finding the place on the map? It's there; other people have found it, and some people know the place, and that's enough for me. I doubt whether I could find Chicago on the map."

"Well, admit that there was such a Rajah: was there such a treaty, or contract, or whatever it may be called?"

"I believe so. I fancy the fact is not disputed by any one."

"Very good. Is this young fellow really descended from that Rajah?"

"He assures me that he is, and I assume that he can prove it. There really is something very remarkable about him. He's a very clever fellow, Valentine, although I know that you don't like him."

"He's a confoundedly clever fellow—too clever by half for my taste. But it seems to me rather too like the cleverness of a Levantine courier—he reminds me of Juvenal's Greek. He has quite got over Platt."

"Platt has a great liking for him; he has done Platt good service."

"Well, I don't know. These confounded speeches that he writes for Platt are ever so much too smooth and unctuous. You'll find Platt will tire the House with them some day, and become a mere bore."

"But Marzell tells me Platt doesn't remember half what is written for him, and that he spoils the speeches with his interpolations."

"Still he remembers a lot of flatulent, long-worded sentences here and there—enough to spoil his own rough and honest style. I only predicted success for Platt on condition that he didn't go in for being an orator. Now he's trying to learn speeches."

"For myself," said Rochford, "I think Platt's career has been altogether an absurd mistake, and the sooner he finds it out the better."

"I don't think so at all. There was quite a clear, distinct, original way open to him, if he had only kept to it. So he really is going to advocate this young fellow's supposed claim in the House?"

"Why supposed claim?"

"Well, I can't give any very good reason, but somehow I don't believe—I can't bring myself to believe—that this young fellow really thinks he has any claim. I feel a strong conviction that the whole thing is only a piece of show and stage-play—a thing got up to give him importance, and make him the talk of the town, and open drawing-rooms and dinner parties to him. Suppose the delusion goes on for two sessions, what might he not have done in the mean time? I don't know what his little game is—perhaps to marry some girl with money. But I am convinced that he has some game, and that he himself doesn't believe in any of this stuff."

Rochford smiled. He liked to see everybody's motive, even Valentine's, and he thought he could understand the feeling of jealousy prompting this dislike and distrust of Mr Platt's secretary.

Valentine drank a deep draught of soda and brandy, and went on:

"I say, Louis, did you notice Marzell and our old friend Cynthia? Wouldn't it be a sell for that girl if, having known you and me, sir, she were to decline on a lower range of station and a narrower purse, by Jove! even than mine?"

"I think we may trust Cynthia and her mother," Rochford said smiling.

"Still, everybody must have remarked them this evening."

"My good fellow, if you come to that, everybody remarked you and Sinda."

"Did they?" said Valentine eagerly. "I am very glad; I wanted them to do so, Rochford."

Rochford looked up.

"Why so?"

"Can't you guess?"

"You know I never could guess anything, Valentine."

Valentine jumped up and walked a turn or two up and down the room. Then he came and leaned against the chimneypiece at Rochford's side of the table, so that he was rather behind Rochford's chair.

"This thing has to come out at last, Louis," he said. "Well, I kept with that little girl, and talked to her, partly to find out what she was like, if I could; but that wasn't my principal reason, as you may suppose. Look here, Louis, why do you let that little creature fawn upon you in that sort of way?"

"She is a child," said Rochford coldly—"a grateful, affectionate child."

"She doesn't seem like a child now, and she doesn't go in for being thought a child, I can tell you. Put a stop to it, Louis; it doesn't look well. How do you think—confound it, I don't like talking of such things—how do you think your wife likes it?"

"Linley has too much sense to think anything about it—a mere child like that."

"How much younger is she than Linley herself—than your wife, I mean? Four or five years, I suppose?"

"Here's a pleasant fellow," Rochford said, with a considerable effort at being careless and easy, "who comes to remind an old foggy like me that he is married to a very young woman! But, Roche, you are quite mistaken as regards Linley. She and I get on very well together, and are very good friends, and she is incapable of any such suspicions."

"My dear old boy, you don't think *I* have any such suspicions? You know I wouldn't stand here talking with you if I had. Do you suppose I could suspect your mother's son of anything wrong about this wretched girl, or any other girl? Give us your hand."

"Then what on earth do you complain of?"

"Well, in a confounded little place like this, people talk. Not these Stryvers, and people from London, who don't hear such gossip, and are too busy with their own fads; nor the Platts, of course, for they are too good. But other people do talk, and is it worth while? And then, I don't know why, but that confounded brother of hers always seems to have some design or other in his head, and I've sounded the girl, I think, and though there isn't much in her but vanity, I think she is just clever enough to be a good 'pal.' If they are up to any dodge, you—you lazy old epicurean—would be only a child in their hands."

"This girl was Linley's pet, Valentine, and not mine."

"At first, yes, I know. She made a mistake, I think. Anyhow, Rochford, I wouldn't have any more of that sort of thing if I were you. Take my word for it, your wife doesn't like it. No woman would. She's looking very pale lately, and people are saying so. Louis, your wife is a fine creature, although she never much liked *me*. Take care, old boy, not to throw a pearl away richer than all your tribe."

"What solemn nonsense! Who talks of my throwing a pearl away? My dear Valentine, no one can know half so well as I do what a sweet, good woman my wife is. It isn't her fault if she is far too good for me."

"No, but can't you—look here—try to make yourself good enough for her? I would if I were you—I would, by Jove! I wouldn't care what anybody

said or did while I had her. She would devote her life to please you—I am sure of it. I wouldn't hang on to the petticoat-tail of this, that, and the other woman, or let a little brat like *that* fawn on me in company. I stuck to her this evening to take her away from you, and to take people's eyes off, and, by Jove, Louis, I mean to do it! I'll enter myself as your rival, sir, rather than have people looking, and wondering, and perhaps pitying your wife! Pitying her! If I had such a wife, I'd like to see any man or woman attempting to pity her! Well, I've said enough. I've relieved my mind, and I couldn't help it!"

Rochford turned in his chair, and looked up at Valentine with a half melancholy smile. All Rochford's pettishness and vexation had melted away as he listened to his friend's earnest, hurried, and stammering words.

"Roche Valentine," he said, "you needn't fear that I shall misunderstand you, even though you don't always understand me. I know that all you say is spoken out of downright friendship. I think you attach too much importance to the whole affair, and that you don't do justice to my wife's good sense. But I'll think over what you have said, and if there's anything in it, I'll take care for the future. There! What more would you have me say?"

"Not a word, Louis—that's quite enough. I know the thing will be all right now, and so, it's done. *L'incident est vidé*, as the French parliamentary reports say. Now, Rochford, I'm going to talk about myself. I have made up my mind that my life has been all a wretched failure—a miserable mess—and I'm going to turn to and do something."

Rochford smiled.

"You'll not do anything. This great resolve will pass away."

"No it won't—you'll see! My mind's made up. I have repented, and I reform."

"But what can you do, and what do you want to do? You have enough to live upon, and what more do you want? You might have had ever so much more, you know, if you would. My mother always wanted to divide her fortune between us, but you wouldn't have it, with your absurd crotchets about independence."

"Of course I wouldn't. How could you and I ever have got on if I had done so? I couldn't have scolded you as I have been doing this moment, if I had money that ought to be yours; or else I must be always finding fault, just to show my independence. Never mind about that; the thing is the present. I can't lead this sort of life any longer. I'm running to seed. I'm eaten up with rust. I feel like a honeycombed rifle or a mouldy old spade lying in a corner. I'm going to be up and doing, with a heart for any fate, my boy."

"But what on earth can you do—write more books?"

"Never, though Mudie's shelves ran dry, and Smith broke up for want of material, and Baron Tauchnitz was driven to bring out the 'Old English Baron' and 'Thaddeus of Warsaw,' for want of anything new. I'm not going to watch the beastly—I mean the blessed—reviews again, and to growl at my successful rivals—not if I know it! But I am going to turn to something."

"And this really is serious?"

"Platt himself never was more serious. I'm as far off a joke as Cynthia Courcelles could be. It's broken up—or at least on the eve of being dissolved—the philosophic and do-nothing partnership of Rochford and Valentine. After all, Louis, you know that you were the first to break it up when you took upon yourself to get married—that wasn't in the contract."

"Sure enough," said Rochford. "I know, Valentine, you didn't want me to marry. I can't blame you."

"You are all right," the impetuous Valentine went on, without heeding the interruption. "You have all the means of happiness in your hands, old boy. Keep it there; don't let it slip through your fingers! Good night. I'll go and take an hour's tramp through the grounds, or down to the sea, or somewhere, and leave you to your read. I'm glad we've had this talk. It makes me feel lighter. When I have made up my mind about what I'm going to do, I'll come and tell you; and you shall wish me 'Glückauf,' as the miners say in Germany to the fellows mounting the shaft. Good night."

Valentine lighted a cigar, and strode away.

Rochford sat thinking for a while. He was convinced that Valentine never had been satisfied with his having married, and that now he was displeased additionally by the confidence shown to young Marzell. "Valentine is jealous of every one who comes near me," he said to himself. "He is twenty times worse than Linley." He was hurt and pained at the thought of losing his old friend. To a man of his habits, any change must be for a while a pain. But even now he had a certain sense of possible relief from the too close observation of a friend who would always speak his mind. The descent of a character is, at Rochford's years, terribly rapid. At forty people linger in nothing.

Valentine strode down toward the sea, and smoked, and looked out seaward, and stumbled often over stones, and ropes, and chains, and still kept on until he reached the very edge, and in the darkness of midnight could just see the little fringe of white foam that crept up to his feet. He stood there, and had his miserable, unsatisfied, repentant thoughts, and indulged to the full all the wild feelings of regret and half-despair which he had covered up in light and rapid talk all the evening.

Linley had looked from her window the same night to the same sea, and had had her own sad thoughts too. When Valentine was returning, long after the house was all dark save for the ray of light that gleamed in the hall and over the side door, by which he was accustomed to let himself in with a latch-key when he had done one of his nightly rambles, he walked round the house idly once or twice, looking up to its windows as one gazes on some object of which he cannot see enough, knowing that soon he shall not see it any more.

Suddenly he thought he heard a cry—a short, faint scream—come from one of the rooms above him. He fell back into the walk and looked up at the room from which the cry had come. He did not know who slept there, but all was dark. He waited and listened for no short time, but no other sound came. Either he had been mistaken altogether, and had heard from some other quarter the cry of a bird or the wail of a dog, or it was but the voice of some startled dreamer. He made his way silently into the silent house, and to his room.

Valentine did not know that in the chamber from which the cry had seemed to come Linley slept alone. She had started out of a horrible dream, and had allowed one cry to escape her before she recovered her sense, and checked by waking self-assurance her beating heart, and could even try to compose herself for sleep again. She had dreamed that the girl Sinda came creeping into the room to stab her to the heart, and that her husband stood at the door and made no effort to save her. The impression was so strong and so painful

that whenever she closed her eyes the horrible vision seemed to come back again. At last Linley actually rose from her bed, and, undressed as she was, opened her door and looked out and listened. She heard, indeed, some sound below, which she at once inferred to be the movements of her husband or Valentine; and the sounds were better than utter silence. But she went out along the corridor, now broadly flooded by the moon, and, impelled by some impulse she could not resist, she found the room not far off where Sinda slept. She tried the door, and it was not locked. She opened it gently and went in. Sinda lay quietly in her bed. Linley could see the girl's face distinctly. Ashamed of her weakness, she hastened back to her room.

No felonious intent occupied the budding bosom of the pretty, brown-cheeked, bright-eyed Miss Sinda. The girl lay at that moment at peace with all the world, and fast asleep. The moonlight fell upon her face as she slept, and gave it a certain peaceful, childlike, and innocent beauty, which made it seem quite other than as the day usually showed it—saucy, self-conceited, and somewhat elfish. Nothing could be prettier in its way than that picture which Sinda made thus sleeping in the moonlight. It might have been that of the princess in the immemorial slumber, wherein the hero comes at the proper time and looks upon her and awakens her.

It was a very neat and even pretty little bedroom in which Sinda slept, and her toilet table had ivory-backed brushes, and scent-bottles, and other such elegant utilities, fit almost for one of the heroines of Mr. Disraeli's latest romance. The garments which lay here and there were quite suitable for a young lady of considerable fortune and great expectations. We have already spoken of the pretty slippers which Sinda so much admired, and when we first saw her she was barefoot and in rags. It must be owned that, for no merit of her own, this young person had had considerable advancement in comfort of late, and that the lines with which she lazily angled had fallen in remarkably pleasant places.

Much of this Sinda had accomplished by the simple art, when she was a child, of clinging to the young and generous woman who had befriended her, clasping her knees metaphorically or literally, and beseeching, with tears, that she might not be sent away. She had made Linley believe that she could not live if sent away from the home of her patroness, and by the sheer force of protecting her against everybody, Linley came at last to think herself pledged to the child's future. It was Linley's rare and generous weakness not to follow her own will straightforward whithersoever it should lead, as so many very good women do, who are often only saved from doing great injustice by the chance that their instincts are true and just. Linley tried to consider everybody else, and everybody's point of view, as well as herself and her own. The contest was unequal between the woman who put herself last and the girl who put herself first, second, last, and everywhere.

Besides—for in good truth our heroine is far from perfection—Sinda amused and occupied Linley's loneliness. Rochford, as we know, disliked to see his wife occupied in the village work of teaching, and visiting, and helping among the poor, which might have made occupation enough for a woman of means and energy in Dripdeanham. Therefore, as Linley could not think of broadly resisting his wishes, there had to be a sort of compromise, which left her many vacant hours. At such times it was a relief and an amusement to teach the child, and idle with her, and even to indulge her love of gay dress and ornaments. Then came the day when Rochford, seized with a sudden eva-

'nescent burst of generosity and repentance, resolved to be ever so kindly to Sinda's brother and to Sinda, for Linley's sake. There sometimes seems a certain reasonableness in the allegation of which one has heard from indolent and selfish people, that when in good faith they really tried to do a generous thing, only the worst results came of their best intentions. Rochford's motive when he turned to Sinda and her brother was perfectly good; and now he was completely under the influence of the pair. Valentine had exactly estimated the intellect of the girl when he set her down as being clever enough to make a good "pal." With as yet a very imperfect idea of her brother's purposes, she played into his hands with marvellous and instinctive skill. Thus Sinda comes to sleep in soft sheets, and to have her wrists set off with daintily wrought cuffs, and to hug herself in the delight of being a lady. Having attained this position, and being, as she now considered herself, a full-grown and very beautiful woman, with countless merits and fascinations, and a claim for rank and money to come before the House of Parliament, Sinda naturally preferred to consider that everything had accrued to her as a necessary tribute to her birth and charms, and she felt under no manner of obligation to anybody. She was still very loving and submissive in manner to Linley, partly from habit, partly from judgment, and partly because it looked pretty. But she delighted already in telling herself that Linley was only an inconvenient rival, and that if she was dead—or when she was dead—Mr. Rochford would marry *her*. For she looked frequently and closely at Linley's cheek growing paler and more transparent, and she made up her complacent mind that Linley was about to die. When she said something of the kind to her brother, he at first hushed her up quickly; but presently he patted her cheek and said he feared poor Mrs. Rochford was not looking well of late, and that he had heard how her mother died of consumption—and he wondered how Mr. Rochford would bear such a misfortune. Sinda understood, without further words, that their hopes were the same, and tried more than ever to make herself indispensable to Rochford, and saw herself in anticipation mistress of the Dripdeanham house and the house in the London square.

So that after all Linley's dream was not so utterly wild and unsubstantial. Perhaps, while Linley lay and dreamed that Sinda was seeking to kill her, Sinda was dreaming that her time of promotion was at hand, and that Rochford's wife was dead.

TO A MUSICAL CLOCK.

O VAINLY kind, thou voice of breathing joy,
 To stifle Time, and drown his iron tread!
 The fiend will on to trample quick and dead,
 As War, for all his trumpets, will destroy.
 And yet may wisdom hide what would annoy:
 Flowers, sweet though hopeless, may the grave o'erspread,
 And Song's dear flattery fan the aching head
 With airs that waft the memories of the boy.
 Again that swell! as if from pastoral bower;
 And shepherds dance to piping Pan, and sing
 "Hail and farewell!" as each poor victim hour
 Is dragged to slaughter. Let their peans ring!
 And the full jubilant horns of triumph pour,
 That Time may pass the gate of Death a king!

THOMAS WARD.

THE FORTY IMMORTALS.

THERE are a number of academies in Paris, but to the Parisian there is only one, and whenever he speaks of the Academy he always means that one associated with the most illustrious names of France. This is sometimes puzzling to foreigners, for there are five academies grouped together in the Institute, the one referred to being comprised therein; and it is the usage to say that a man is a member of the Institute who belongs to any of the other four academies, but never when he belongs to the French Academy. The word "royal" annexed to three of the other academies—as Royal Academy of Sciences—was not suppressed by the Government of the 4th of September, as one might have been led to expect from the change of nomenclature in streets, libraries, etc.; for the academies, like all public institutions in France, are under the control and protection of the State. Yet the French Academy has always exercised more independence than any other public institution of the country, and been subject to less interference from the Government, and the liberty thus accorded to it has contributed to its growth and elevated position. One of its admirers says it is a republic of letters where every man is a king.

The Academy is of humble origin. In the year 1629 a group of men with literary tastes, at the invitation of Courart, met at stated times in the latter's house to read poems and essays and talk over literary matters, these reunions being usually flanked with a collation. Simplicity, friendship, and love of letters were the principal bonds which held them together. There was frank and friendly criticism of each other's work, candid exposition of faults and praise of merit. There was no jealousy, but each one took as much pride in the excellence of his neighbor's work as his own. Where there was probability of wounding the feelings of a brother member, self-restraint was immediately imposed, and altercations never occurred. Each one endeavored to become every day more virtuous and better informed, and each one in turn was master and disciple. As they were simple, quiet men, disliking noise and parade, an agreement was made to keep the proceedings of their society secret.

It is probable that this interesting group furnished Balzac with his idea of the Cœnaculum, as described in one of his most celebrated studies. "Happy peoples have no history," and the proverb held good in the case of the first few years' existence of this little society.

Courart may be regarded as the founder of the Academy, but the cause is more remote. He had a cousin, called Godeau, in one of the provinces, who spent much time in trying to kindle the sacred fire, and who sent his trials to him for criticism. The prudent and conscientious Courart, desiring to enlighten his judgment, called his friends together and read them the poems of Godeau. There was difference of opinion as to the sacred fire, and animated discussion, postponed and resumed several times. Thus, the verse of Godeau was the acorn which was destined to grow into the great academical oak—not an acorn planted by design, but one that fell accidentally by the wayside.

The little reunions of Saint-Martin street, as has been intimated, were

symposiæ. Not that eating and drinking were deemed of the first importance, but they were agreeable accompaniments, and developed good fellowship and sallies that might have lain dormant. The paraphernalia of the thing was pleasing even to the ascetic, and in this they were like Charles Dickens, who made much ado over the lemons and sugar, the purity of the spirit and the brewing of the punch, but drank little of it when made; in a word, it was the sign of communion—the sociability of the act—which was attractive. The most temperate of the *cænaculum* flowered into engaging conviviality, but ate sparingly and put much water in their wine. These meetings were the only relaxation of the majority of them, and rarely any one missed in attendance. Behind the house was a little garden on which the windows looked, and in summer they were thrown open, and as they loitered in the shrubbery, with some effort of the mind, they possibly imagined that they were beguiling themselves under the branches of the Academia of ancient times.

The academic founders were faithful to the classics of their time, and would have been shocked at the wild freedom of Victor Hugo had he written in their day. The host, especially, was cautious in the expression of poetic feeling, affirming that "genius should be hitched to the car of reason." This led to long meditation before expression, and when the rhyme came the enthusiasm had well nigh evaporated. This system of the prudent and almost silent Courart was characterized by Boileau in the refrain,

Imitons de Courart le silence prudent,

which a number of his contemporaneous academicians inscribed in the crowns of their hats. One of the group, "who was admired by all those who, like him, had made sacrifices to the Muses and Graces," wrote an ordinary little poem called "The Temple of Death"; another wrote about "The Metamorphosis of the Eyes of Phillis changed into Stars," by name Cerisy, who was also charged by the Cardinal with the pleasing duty of "scattering some handfuls of flowers" concerning the versification of the Cid. The printed work of the founders is meagre, and might be embraced in a single ordinary-sized volume. In a word, they left little or nothing for posterity, except as founders of the Academy. It is possible that the crock was skimmed in the symposium, and that what has come down to us is only their blue milk.

The secret of the existence of the *cænaculum* transpired through the indiscretion of one of the tuneful nine named Malleville, who confided it one evening, in a moment of expansion, to an author by the name of Faret, who had made a book called "The Honest Man," and who at once expressed a desire to become a member. The society accepted Faret after some hesitation; but it chided Malleville, who promised to be more discreet in the future. The new member could not keep the secret, and told it to Boisrobert, the poet ordinary of the Cardinal Richelieu, whence it soon entered the ear of his master. Richelieu, desirous of having a hand in everything that might contribute to his reputation or popularity, at once ordered overtures to be made to the astonished people of Saint-Martin street, consisting of brilliant offers to dignify their company with official recognition and letters patent.

When the wishes of the Cardinal were made known to the small band, there was a disinclination to being taken charge of by the Government, which found expression from two tongues; but after reflection it was thought that the interests of literature would be best served by compliance with the offers of the man who was then ruling France. The two who had at first manifested

strenuous opposition submitted to the will of the majority, in obedience to that form of government which the society had adopted for its guidance, which was the republican.

None of the founders of the Academy were great poets, but they furnished the nest for illustrious songsters who came after them. They did not deceive themselves; they knew that their lays were not inspired by genius, but what they did not possess themselves they worshipped in others; so they talked much over what came from Ronsard and Malherbe, who at that time occupied reading France. Besides these discussions, and the reading aloud of their own work with attendant criticism, there was capping of verses, the making of epigrams, and the telling of jokes. And here it may be observed, by way of putting a spike in that proverbial wheel which has been running so long in copy-books and primers, that familiarity did *not* breed contempt.

About this time Courart, having given the subject due reflection, was married, in opposition to the advice of some of his companions, who thought that poets should consecrate themselves to the muse. Courart did not think so. It was felt that it would be an intrusion to continue the reunions in his domicile after this event, and they reluctantly withdrew. The society was merged in the Academy. The fireside nights with suppers and conviviality were over, for as soon as the society became the Academy, social division was brought into it by rich lords from the court. Worldliness came in with the men from the palace, and simplicity went out with the extinction of the original company.

Under the Grand Monarch the Academy became more important. The King considered its members as a body composed of the nobility of the State, and he established a custom of reserving six places for academicians when a theatrical representation was given at the court. Racine was one of the first to whom this privilege was accorded. They were not only conducted to their places with honor, but the officers of the goblet presented them with refreshments between the acts, the same as the greatest lords of the palace. As soon as it was known to be a royal institution, the desire of influential courtiers was so great to enter it that some of the most remarkable men of letters of the time were kept out of it. This, indeed, has been a standing reproach through all its subsequent history. Duclos uttered brave words from his seat in reference to this abuse: "The Academy belongs by right to men of letters, and the title of academician when not justified by literary talents subjects him to ridicule who wears it, and those who confer it upon him to reproach; it is not the business of the Academy to make the world acquainted with obscure names, but to adopt those already celebrated."

When ruffles and lace got into the institution, there were occasional exhibitions of pride of birth and of contempt of humble origin; but as a rule the republican feeling was generally strong enough to restrain or put down the aristocratic disturbers. Marshal de Beauvau uttered the general sentiment when he said, "The highest personages of the State aspire to the honor of being the equals of men of letters."

The Academy as created under Richelieu went down with the throne of Louis XVI., and with the return of tranquillity was reestablished. This question of succession among French *littérateurs* assumes the importance of the unbroken apostolic links among priests. The terrible iconoclasts of 1793 abolished it, as they did all other academies at the time, and at the close of the reign of Terror founded the Institute, laying down a principle in the

words, "Every republic should have a national institute, devoted to the improvement and extension of the arts and sciences, and the encouragement and collection of inventions," which are herewith respectfully recommended to the consideration of the United States Government. The Institute was one of the best creations of the Revolution, and the idea of uniting several societies into one was eminently republican; it brought into closer relations the different representatives of art and science. This organization lasted six years, when the First Consul, dissatisfied with the latitude accorded to its members, brought them closer to the State and more under administrative rule.

The distinctive characteristics of the French Academy appear to have disappeared in the interregnum of 1793 to 1816, but with the restoration it was declared not to have lost its continuity—not to have lost a single link in the academic chain. Under the first empire there were four divisions in the Institute: physical and mathematical sciences, French literature and language, ancient literature and history, and the fine arts; and the salary of each member was fifteen hundred francs a year. After Waterloo there was a reorganization into the Academies of France, Inscriptions and Belles-lettres, Sciences, and Fine Arts; and later on, at the recommendation of Guizot, the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences was reestablished, which makes the present five academies embraced under the name of Institute. *The Academy is more exclusive than the others, and naturally more difficult of entrance. It has neither corresponding, associate, nor honorary members—none but the actual forty. The State makes an annual appropriation of eighty-five thousand five hundred francs for its expenses, the salary of each member being about two thousand francs. It is the depository of a number of munificent bequests for distribution in prizes; among others, those of Montyon, Gobert, Bordin, and Napoleon III. The Academy bestows the prizes annually, according to the wishes of the donors, such as: to the poor Frenchman who during the year has performed the most virtuous action, to the poor French woman who has distinguished herself in the same way, to the Frenchman who has written and published the book most beneficial to public morality, to the authors of the best plays, histories, etc.*

Monuments of marble in the cemeteries are not so durable as the Academy, and rich moribunds, desirous of immortality, so far as it may be attained in this world, thus bequeath annuities in trust to this institution, to be bestowed in the manner described. There are those who are influenced by a different motive; but as a rule, human vanity swells very considerably these bequests, and be the motive what it may, the results are good.

The prizes are generally awarded with wisdom and fairness, although the Academy has made some mistakes in its recompenses of virtue, for which it has naturally been subjected to no little raillery from the press. I believe one of the women who had been designated as an ornament to her sex, in having followed the path of virtue, was afterward found to have deviated therefrom and to have wandered into the ways of wickedness, furnishing a case of complete "throwing of the bonnet over the mill," as the lively Gaul puts it. If I mistake not, there was also a young man who, having pocketed the good Monsieur Montyon's prize, and been crowned with the concomitant bays, was afterward condemned to several years in prison.

It is customary for the incoming academician to pronounce a eulogy on his predecessor, some one responding with a speech of welcome. In the early days De Clermont-Tonnerre refused to conform to the custom, and when asked

by the Academy for an explanation, replied that he had never made a eulogy on a commoner, and did not propose to begin then; he was forced to do it, however, and as a punishment no eulogy was pronounced on himself when death vacated his seat. When a man has been elected, he is conducted by the president of the Academy to the head of the government, who makes a few compliments *de circonstance*. This is a disagreeable duty on both sides when the newly elected is an active politician in opposition to the reigning authority, which, for example, was the case when Jules Favre was presented to Napoleon III., who, however, received him with that suavity of manner which characterized him in all his intercourse.

On election day, as each member crosses the threshold of the Mazarin palace, the president puts the question to him, "Have you promised your vote?" to which he invariably answers, "No;" a response which of course is more or less fictive.

Every man connected nearly or remotely with the State in France has a uniform, and the academician has his, cut after the court model, but differing in decoration. It is a relief to turn from the pervading golden grapevine, pectoral and dorsal, of the usual uniform, to that of the Academy, where green embroidery takes the place of gold, in the form of an olive branch—the sign of peace and immortality.

The forty members of the present Academy may be classed in the following order: thirteen historians, eleven critics or historians of literature, ten dramatic authors, novelists, and lyrical poets, two orators, one traveller and historian, one savant who is a member of the Academy of Sciences, Ollivier, not yet seated, and Dupanloup, voluntarily absent.

Each arm-chair has its history. Number 38 was occupied by Courart, the founder, and Montesquieu; 34 by the *cause* of the foundation, Godeau, and the occupant before the last one was Alfred de Musset; 37 belonged to Lamartine, most of whose predecessors were mediocrities; 30 is one of the most honored, in having such owners as Colbert, La Fontaine, Marivaux, Volney, and the present Duke de Broglie; that wild blade, Bussy Rabutin, sat in 2; Guizot occupies 5, and has had no occupants before him equal to himself; Chateaubriand sat in 6, at present occupied by the Duke de Noailles; the poet Ponsard, whose dramatic pieces are still in the repertory of the French Theatre, was in 8—no predecessors of much mark; 9 belongs to Hugo, and has been honored by both the Corneilles; Royer-Collard sat in 10, now filled by De Rémusat, Minister of Foreign Affairs under the Thiers government; Voltaire sat in 12, at present filled by a man with an unknown name, De Baranti; Dupanloup has an unlucky number, 13, and his stormy academical career furnishes an argument to those who believe in the power of numbers; Buffon was in 7—predecessors and followers but little known to the world; 15 belongs to Thiers; Malesherbes was an ancient; De Tocqueville in 16; Fénelon, 18; Sainte-Beuve, 19; Cousin, 29.

With the beginning of the present century the Academy has had its secretaries for life, and in the reports of each is furnished its rather dry and very voluminous history. Its presidents come and go every few months, but the secretary remains, the guardian alike of its traditions and its archives, and he usually exercises considerable influence over its deliberations. The academicians are sometimes irregular in attendance, sometimes arriving late and going away early, preoccupied with other affairs. Thiers, defending or attacking a government policy involving overthrow or continuation, must necessarily

lend a dull ear to a discussion concerning the doubling of the *b* and the *l*. The soul of the secretary is in the *b* and the *l*. It is part of his avocation. His business is to be absorbed with all that relates to the Academy. He is remunerated, therefore, and placed beyond the reach of want. He makes the minutes and reports, and is familiar with the rules and precedents. He has a drawing-room contiguous to the deliberative hall, where he receives the members, and where they meet on a more informal footing. Here is sometimes prepared a line of action to be adopted in the grand hall, as in a caucus of members of Congress.

It has come to be the acknowledged tribunal which decides all questions relating to letters. It has assumed dictatorship over the language, and its opinions are stamped with the seal of authority. In 1817 it attacked the disciples and imitators of the Abbé Delille for not writing French after the pattern which it approved. In 1826 it bore down upon those who favored the new school of literature called *Romantisme*, to which, among others, Théophile Gautier, Henri Beyle, and Victor Hugo belonged. In throwing down the glove and combating them, the Academy assumed to itself orthodoxy in literature. Light from any other quarter was sectarianism. Beyle (*Stendhal*) wrote: "The President of the Academy has said it—I am a sectarian." The President was Auger, and of the forty it was he who fought the Romantics with the most zeal—a veritable Saul. The ending of the man was in singular contradiction to his opinions and his life. A defender of rules and order, he abandoned them by throwing himself from the Bridge of Arts into the Seine, and his body was afterward found near the shore at Meulan.

The first breach in the barrier of orthodoxy with which the Academy had surrounded itself was made in the election of Lamartine to one of the vacant chairs of the forty. This was the first triumph of the Romantics, for the poet was one of their high priests. Auger had committed suicide anterior to this, and he was thus saved the pain of beholding the first defeat of the Classics. Notwithstanding the opening made by Lamartine, another leader in the same school, Hugo, did not effect an entrance until ten or twelve years afterward. The question of *Romantisme* has long since been put to rest, and the Academy for a number of years has had no more exciting topic—save the elections—than the interminable dictionary.

In these elections the results occasionally surprise a portion of the academicians as well as the public. When Littré first presented himself, his election seemed to have been assured in advance, for the majority of the forty were clearly in favor of him. Sainte-Beuve—who delighted in giving a thrust to Dupanloup, the Bishop, when the occasion offered—said that "the Academy had counted without the intervention from on high, and that the Holy Ghost descended and suddenly set to work as in a conclave." In a word, the Bishop denounced Littré with tongue and pen, and personally urged each academician to vote against him, and his efforts for the time were attended with success.

Considering that it is the main object of the existence of the Academy to protect and encourage distinguished men of letters by taking them into its bosom, it is remarkable how many nobodies it has taken unto itself, and how many men of mark it has rejected. The present forty deplore the action of their predecessors in reference to the election of mediocrities to the exclusion of the gifted, and they are guilty of the same thing with which they reproach their elders. The following named men were never invited to a seat in the

Academy: Descartes, Malebranche, Molière, Pascal, J. B. Rousseau, Bayle, Saint-Simon, La Rochefoucauld, Le Sage, Jean Jacques Rousseau, Diderot, Mirabeau, Beaumarchais, André Chénier, Lamennais, Honoré Balzac, Béranger, Michelet, Alexandre Dumas, Sr., Théophile Gautier. Of these, however, Béranger was assured of his election in advance if he would take the necessary steps, but he declined. Most of the others named have knocked, not once, but several times, in each case, and ineffectually. Among contemporaries, if women were entitled to seats, George Sand should certainly have one; there are others whose claims may not be as strong as hers from a literary point of view, but who would not be out of place in the Academy, such as Louis Blanc, Veuillot, Jules Simon, Emile de Girardin, and J. J. Weiss, whom I would place on the second line, and Taine and Renan on the first.

A seat in the Academy is to a man of letters what the baton of marshal is to the soldier; yet those who reach it are subjected to a trial hardly compatible with its dignified character. The Academy does not elect a man unless he presents himself as a candidate, which means that he must call on each of the forty and solicit his vote. Even if the candidate is sure of his election, he is held to comply with the usage. Where there is little chance of success, the candidate is often encouraged through that French politeness which cannot say no. Occasionally he is subjected to a little catechism in a general way in reference to his claims. One candidate thus questioned said that he had made a book on the Babylonian arch. "What!" exclaimed the academician; "I published one on that subject in 1827." The other had not seen it. "You have not seen it?" returned the immortal indignantly. The candidate meant to say that he had seen it and read it with much interest. "Then, sir," observed the academician, "since I exhausted the subject, you have plagiarized me—you are on the worse horn of the dilemma. I bid you good morning, sir."

Academicians are as susceptible to flattery as other men, and the candidate who goes heartily into the canvas endeavors to get an idea of all the books which they have written, to be able to talk about them with some intelligence. This is an ungrateful task, as one can fancy. Musty volumes out of date, which fell still-born into the world at the time of publication, on such themes as the "Topography of the Tomb of the Kings" and the "Sarcophagus of Herod," must be hunted up and gone through with. Man is apt to gauge other men's knowledge by his own; hence, when an applicant knows nothing of the "Sarcophagus of Herod," to which the academician has devoted his life, he is an *ignoramus*; if he knows something about the ancient king's stone coffin, the bridge of sighs may be converted into the bridge of joy.

Philarète Chasles, a witty savant, for a long time correspondent of the London "Athenæum," was asked why he gave up trying to be niched in the Mazarin temple. "It is very simple," answered he; "the last selections were enough for me—taxidermic business. *J'ai compris qu'on n'empaillait pas les vivants. Et je veux vivre.*"

Béranger said that the Academy was devoted to mediocrity, adding, "*Les abats-jours ont haine du soleil*;" which was characteristically scornful concerning a privileged class, and hardly half true.

According to academic gossip, as one of those who live forever was descending his stairway he encountered his porter, who was waxing the stairs. With a smile of Mephistopheles he said to the waxer, "Make it as slippery as you can; I am to be annoyed with candidates to-day, and if two or three break their necks, their fate may possibly deter others." A candidate, over-

hearing him, hurried off, returned, strewed the stairway with ashes, and left a card under the academician's door, on which was written, "X——, candidata, who, desiring to be immortal, does not want to break his neck."

Epigrams have been made on the Academy and the academicians ever since it became the institution that it is—some innocent and some with a sting. The words of one of its ancient members, D'Alembert, still hold good: "The French Academy is an object of ambition, secret or avowed, of nearly every man of letters—even of those who make wicked epigrams against it." Voltaire was one of those who made it the subject of some of his sharpest witticisms; others, such as Montesquieu and Boileau, also wrote epigrammatic lines against it. And it is worthy of remark that when those who have attacked this body for its faults become part of it, they fall into the academical groove, and do as the others do; their animosities burn out, and they take the institution into their hearts—Victor Hugo, however, being an exception in not accepting and assuming its manners and opinions. The French are not a patient people, but they all have patience to wait for a vacancy in the Mazarin palace, and to hope for it as long as they live.

The Academy has a good effect on those who are outside of it in stimulating them to work to get into it; but once within, there is general letting up in the way of labor, and it is to be feared that much of their time is passed in the inactivity of declining faculties, for most of them are very old, out of the actual currents of thought, and living so much in the past as hardly to know names that are on everybody's lips. Old men do not easily learn new things. The candidate goes into severe training, and if he wins, seeks repose in his academic chair. The heights once scaled, the Excelsior business loses its charm. His talent, having received the official seal from the highest tribunal in the land, must henceforth pass current. Besides, when he reaches the coveted place, he is often so advanced in years that the effort in getting there exhausts him.

As is generally known, the chief business of the Academy, as enjoined by the State and put forth by itself, is the composition of the national Dictionary, but it has not published one for nearly forty years. There has been much talk about the forthcoming book, but so far the Academy is only in the beginning of the alphabet, probably not beyond G or H; and if no more progress is made in the future than in the past, the probabilities are that few of the present members of the Academy will live to see it completed.

The election of Littré to a seat was an episode in the history of the Academy. As has already been said, the first time he presented himself he was defeated, after which he signified his desire to retire forever from the academic field, but he was not suffered to carry out his design. Years ago, Littré, seeing the little progress that was being made in the composition of the Dictionary of the Academy, diligently set to work by himself, and to-day his dictionary is published in four large volumes, the most complete work of the kind ever printed in France, and which even his enemies, with Dupanloup at their head, are obliged to acknowledge as the highest lexical authority. He is the editor of a scientific magazine, and its chief contributor. The leading object in the foundation of the Academy being the purification and perfection of the language, his claims were too strong to be passed by, and his name was again brought forward. The principal opposition to him came from the clerical party, on account of his positivist doctrines, accepting as he does the Darwinian theory of the origin of man. Those not of the clerical party—and in

this public opinion was with them—held that a man's creed had nothing to do with the question of his fitness for membership in a purely literary association, and the French Dr. Johnson was pushed to the front, to take his chances with the rest.

That militant Christian, Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans, headed the clerical party and confronted Littré at the threshold, but there was no withstanding this leviathan. In vain the prelate cried out that the hall would be polluted by the presence of a free-thinker. In he went, in spite of others and in spite of himself, from sheer weight. Then went up to heaven that solemn oath of Dupanloup, that he would never cross the threshold of the Mazarin hotel as long as this walking encyclopædia sat inside of it. The leviathan took his seat with equanimity, his mind probably dwelling on verbal roots or the principles of evolution, while the fuming and belligerent Bishop took his oath. Littré, with apparent unconsciousness, in the language of the New York *Gavroche*, sat down on Dupanloup.

This Gallic Johnson is the Fact of the Academy. There is no getting round him or over him. His dictionary having shown him to be the superior of any other academician in this kind of work, the company could not do otherwise than place him on the committee for the composition of what is usually called *the Dictionary*—always with a capital D—which is considered an honor among academicians, a chieftaincy among chiefs, but which Littré fails to appreciate. To expect his coöperation seems to imply that there is incompleteness and imperfection in the work he has finished; it is like inviting a man to eat who has just risen from the table. It is probable that he takes this view of it, for he has not attended a meeting of the committee for a long time, or even of the Academy except to vote for a candidate he favors. When he does go, his appearance is a reproach to the Academy, for he represents four great volumes of lexical labor which should have been performed long since by the forty.

The journals and pictorials occasionally satirize him on account of his Darwinian views. On the day of his election to the Academy, one of them said that there were movements of *allégresse* and much chattering among the monkeys of the Garden of Plants; another averred that he was much affected when he heard of the death of an orang-outang in the Acclimation Garden. Several times the comic sheets have caricatured his features into a resemblance with these animals. One candidate for the Academy asks Littré's *concierge* how he shall approach him to *get* his vote, and he answers, "Go to him on all fours." This is rather cheap wit, but it amuses many.

The man of letters of an *éclatant* talent, bearing the seal of popularity, is not in favor among academicians, as a rule. Such a one has been in the fight and given blows and made enemies, and this is where their practice often falls short of their profession, for they profess to crown the victor in every department of letters. When Victor Hugo first offered himself, in the zenith of his fame, he was defeated by an unknown man named Emmanuel Dupaty; when De Vigny presented himself, he was beaten by another of the unknown called M. Empis. The greatest orator of the French pulpit is Loyson, better known as the Père Hyacinthe, and he is not of the forty. The most gifted writer on Biblical and Oriental literature is Renan, and it is doubtful if he will ever sit in the Academy. Hippolyte Taine and Edmond About stand at the head of their respective branches of art, and neither belongs to it. The Academy possesses the first historians in Guizot and Thiers, the first poet in

Victor Hugo, the first political orator in Jules Favre, the first dramatic author in Emile Augier, the first critic in Jules Janin; and what follows is mostly second to what is outside of it.

The kind of man most acceptable to this company is not acclaimed of the people, but is known of a few plodding classics—one who has no noisy surroundings—none of the cymbals and trumpets of popularity; a digger in Greek roots or the author of a work on the Greek participle, or several essays in the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*" on the "*Cause of the Decline of Roman Eloquence*"; a scholar and a purist; one who has never broken with the past in religion or politics, never put on the armor and battled for a new idea; respectable in morality and attainments, respectable in his commerce and mode of life; a man of order and conventionality, for whom everything in life is classified according to accepted rules, and to whom expansion is unknown. A person of this description has a better chance for wearing the coat of embroidered green than any genius of the nation.

One can understand that the Academy, composed chiefly of such an element, could have but little sympathy with a man like the elder Dumas, and why it rejected him. The great, overgrown boy, with his tropical nature, his careless and irregular life made up of good and bad, was too far from the academical model, and rejection was a matter of course. The prim elders would have been turned out of their groove had he been in their midst. In a moment of hilarity he would have slapped a neighbor on the back; in an expansive mood he would have embraced him on both cheeks; impecunious days came upon him so often that he would have ended by borrowing from all of his colleagues. Worst of all, he had genius. Impossible to give a chair to such a Bohemian.

At the last election three vacant chairs were filled, and one of these was assigned to the son of the author of the "*Count of Monte Cristo*," on the first ballot, by twenty-two votes. That he was elected so easily was not so much owing to his own claims as those of his father. It was a thorn in the side of the elder as long as he lived, that he was refused admittance to the Mazarin hotel, and the twenty-two academicians strove to make amends to the father through the son. When the name of Alexandre Dumas the younger was presented in the canvass which precedes an election, some of the venerable academicians, who in the way of literature usually confine themselves to classic roots and the subtleties of the Dictionary, took up such plays as the "*Dame aux Caméllas*," "*Demi-Monde*," "*Monsieur Alphonse*," and "*Les Idées de Madame Aubray*," and read them for the first time. This perusal, as may be imagined, was hardly advantageous to the author, whose eccentric morality is well known; notwithstanding, the idea of doing justice to the father had taken such hold on their minds that objection of all kinds was waived. It was urged in his favor, aside from his opinions, that the form was always good—in short, that he was an artist; and this was the best and only reason that could be offered in his behalf.

Before the vote was taken, Victor Hugo, after an absence of twenty-three years, crossed the Bridge of Arts—called by unsuccessful candidates the Bridge of Sighs—and entered the temple of fame with a certain theatrical effect. As he crossed the threshold, the president of the Academy, who had never seen him, asked, "Whom have I the honor of addressing?" "Victor Hugo," was the response as he passed into the body of the building, where all the academicians rose and uncovered as a mark of respect. He went, after this long

absence, to cast his vote for Alexandre Dumas as a tribute to the memory of his friend the father, who had fought with him in the battle of the Romantics in 1830, and who had been one of the most vigorous champions of the literary reform which it inaugurated.

When the ballot was taking place, one of the unknown academicians was urged to vote for the author of the "*Dame aux Camélias*," and he did so, but with reluctance, saying "that he did not mind so much voting for Dumas as he did to the *queue* behind him." What did he mean by the tail? "The Sardous and all that," was the answer, which at this hour he probably regrets, for Francisque Sarcey, hearing of it, impaled him with his critic's spear, and held him before the Parisian public. "That you are something, being a member of the Academy, I admit; that you are somebody, I deny; and that you should look down on a man who has made the '*Pattes de Mouche*' and the '*Patrie*,' I consider to be the most preposterous of academical presumption," was one of the critic's sentences; which was a defence from an unlooked-for quarter, for Sardou has received several severe thrusts from the same pen. On the other hand, it is possible that the day will come when Sarcey will regret his attack on the academician—the day when he in turn presents himself for admittance to the Academy, and knocks at the door of the impaled man to obtain his vote.

I think few American readers have ever heard of Caro, and still fewer of Mézières, the two who were elected at the same time as Alexandre Dumas. They are both after the academical model which has been described, and professors at the Sorbonne. Caro is of the highest type of mediocrity, and one of the staff of writers of the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*," a man who has made the most of the talents confided to him. One of his volumes, entitled "*Etudes morales sur le Temps présent*," was crowned by the Academy in 1855. His other works have had a limited circulation. Mézières is almost entirely unknown in the literary world of France. It was left to the Academy to discover him, and crown him with immortality. He must have written something to entitle him to the suffrages of a majority, but what it is has not yet transpired.

The singular feature in connection with these two newly made academicians is, that Hippolyte Taine was a candidate at the same time and was rejected. Although Dupanloup is voluntarily outside of the Academy, he still exercises considerable influence over its deliberations, and it is directed against Positivism, Protestantism, and Republicanism. The political opinion in the Academy is generally in favor of monarchy, and in the clerical party it is the strongest. It is the constant effort of the clerical party to impose religious obligations on those who seek academical honors—in a word, to exact that the applicant shall be of their religious faith as a primary condition of admission. Were its zeal not held in check, it would turn the Academy into an ecclesiastical institution.

The influence of Dupanloup's friends was manifest in this election, and showed to what extent religion got the upper hand of art. An avowed Positivist like Taine, presented under the auspices and protection of Guizot, was naturally objectionable. His materialistic doctrines assumed such colossal proportions, that they could see nothing behind them or beside them. They regarded and judged him strictly in his character as a Positivist. Whether he is what he is alleged to be was, of course, not a question for them to determine. The only one for them to decide was whether his claims as a man of

letters were greater than those of the other candidates, and this is exactly the question which did not occupy them.

Sainte-Beuve, who held views somewhat similar to those of Taine, met with strong opposition from the same quarter, but succeeded in surmounting it, which leads one to infer that this party is now stronger in the Academy than it was at the time of Sainte-Beuve's admission.

Had public opinion been consulted, Edmond About and Hippolyte Taine would certainly have been designated for the seats to which the two professors were elected. About did not present himself, but had he done so he would doubtless have met the same fate as Taine, and for the same reason—want of orthodoxy. After George Sand, he is the first novelist of his country, yet were he to enter the lists, say with a second-class novelist like Paul Féval, he would probably be defeated. Féval did offer his name, but withdrew it at the last moment, lest he might stand in the way of his friend Dumas; it is probable, however, that he will come forward again when another vacancy occurs. He has not written anything that will live, nor been conspicuous in any kind of literary warfare, and such abstention appears to be a recommendation in the estimation of the Academy.

Louis Blanc has always refused to offer his name, but his brother Charles Blanc, author of a valuable work on the fine arts, was an unsuccessful candidate. J. J. Weiss, also, a rising critic who walks in the footsteps of Jules Janin, and who received ten votes. Besides, an unknown name under the patronage of Guizot. In former times, whoever had the protection of Guizot was pretty sure of success, but this election showed his influence in the Academy to have very much declined.

From its connection with the State, this body feels the effect of political pressure, and occasionally gives way to it, as under the Empire, when it elected Emile Ollivier, who had no other literary claim than an ordinary volume entitled "The Nineteenth of January"; but he was Premier of the Government, and received a round majority. Subsequent events proving that he did not excel in the character of statesman, for which he was chosen, the Academy afterward regretted its action. The fall of the Empire and the flight of Ollivier to Italy prevented his official recognition and reception. Thus, the formalities necessary to the occupation of his seat have not yet been complied with, for when he did return to France the presentation speech which he prepared for his inauguration was found to contain, according to Guizot, indiscreet political references, and the Academy, by a strong majority, postponed his reception. It did not do so, however, before recommending him to change or modify the portions of his speech objected to, but he stoutly and curtly refused. Upon this, it postponed further proceedings in his case, and he is to-day in the singular position of one who is a member of the Academy without the right of participating in its deliberations.* One feature of the rejected discourse is a panegyric on the late Emperor, which a strong majority of the forty think is out of place, especially in the present temper of the French nation. M. Ollivier probably feels that some sort of rehabilitation is necessary, even in his own party, and he desires to make public act of his faith in Bonapartist principles, by proclaiming his adhesion to the dynasty, in a place where he is sure to be heard, like the Mazarin hotel. He is probably not disinclined, either, to undergo a little martyrdom caused by his pub-

* Since this article was written the Academy has admitted M. Ollivier to a seat, waiving the usual ceremony of a reception.

lished adherence to principle and consequent sacrifice of academic honors. Notwithstanding his disastrous ending under the Empire, M. Ollivier is still believed to be ambitious of political distinction; and in the event of the reëstablishment of the old government, this eulogy of the late Emperor is a good *point d'appui* for another venture. On the other hand, the Academy is especially exacting in the case of Ollivier because he is a political failure.

Ollivier had the misfortune to make a blunder as minister, which Talleyrand tells us is worse than a crime; and not only to make it, but to commemorate it with a phrase which is now buckled on his back, to be borne as long as he lives. Before the beginning of hostilities with Prussia, he said, on behalf of the Government, that he was ready to undertake the war "with a light heart"; and when this expression was contrasted with the terrible events which followed, it was generally denounced as ill-timed levity. Thus, he is often called the minister "*au cœur léger*," without any other designation.

After a long resistance, the Academy was captivated by the Empire, its opposition being manifested in its election of Jules Favre, and its capture by that of Ollivier, whose instrumentality in the so-called liberalization of the Empire was rewarded with a *fauteuil* by twenty-six votes, in a vote of twenty-eight members, showing how completely the society had become governmental. The choice was not so much an honor to the minister as a tribute to the Emperor, for the minister had deserted his republican principles in a way to forfeit the general respect. The imposing fabric of a liberal Empire, at the first rude thrust from a foreign power, as we know, fell with a crash, and the frightened Ollivier fled from its ruins and the indignation of a people under a changed government to a foreign country, where he dwelt for four years in expiation of the part he took in bringing on a war for which the French nation was unprepared. When, on the return of tranquillity, he asked for the seat which had been voted him, the Academy felt that it had committed a grave mistake in 1870, and desired to smuggle the new academician in through the back door as silently as possible, and thus make the best of a bad job; but the man "*au cœur léger*" liked to be talked about, and he wrote his speech to this end, and the academical design was frustrated. Then followed the vote of postponement by which Ollivier remains an academician *in partibus*.

It would have been wiser in the Academy to have allowed him to pronounce his discourse and take his seat, with the vanity which characterizes him, for he would soon have been forgotten; but M. Guizot, hot-headed in spite of great age, could not keep still, and he became the spokesman of the general dissatisfaction. Then followed the action which showed that the Academy of 1874 was ashamed of the Academy of 1870. The moral of all this is that the people of the Mazarin palace should never have anything to do with politics; yet if the chief minister of what was considered a well-established government were to present himself anew, they would probably repeat and do again what they said and did in 1870.

In England or the United States this society would have continued to exist without connection with the State, but in France this seems impossible. Individual initiative is contrary to the spirit and the laws of the nation, and whenever a movement assumes any importance, it is taken charge of by the government. Nothing may flourish without the seal of the State, and each administration has generally succeeded in opening the doors of the Academy for one or more of its political favorites, without much regard to their fitness,

and to the exclusion of men who, from their talents and their work, have had a legitimate claim to the seats usurped by the politicians.

The other members of the Academy who have not been named are as follows: The Duke d'Aumale, who has written two or three passable books; Antran, called by his admirers the French Dryden, from having written the "Fille d'Eschyle"; Barbier, who was elected for having composed the "Jambes," over forty years ago; Claude Bernard, a professor, and writer in the "Revue des Deux Mondes"; Duke de Broglie, the present premier of the MacMahon government; De Carné, a satellite of Guizot; De Champigny, an inoffensive compiler, out of politeness called a historian; Cuvillier-Fleury, the preceptor of the Prince, and the antagonist of Sainte-Beuve, whose death has left him without an occupation; Doucet, a highly finished mediocrity; Dufaure, a distinguished advocate and minister under the Thiers government; Duvergier de Hauranne, the president, and an academician after the academic model; De Falloux, a pale reflection of Montalembert; Octave Feuillet, who has well earned his place; D'Haussonville, a brother-in-law of the Duke de Broglie, and an academician after the usual model; Laprade, a character made up of neutral tints; Legouvé, a mediocre dramatic author; Loménie, elected for his "Portraits Contemporains," an ordinary work; Marmier, a traveller and translator of Norwegian literature; Mignet, a historian; Nisard, one of the *littérateurs* of the Ecole Normale; the Duke de Noailles, who owes his place ostensibly to his "History of Madame de Maintenon," but really to his position as a grand signor; Patih, a professor, and the perpetual secretary; Roussel, another unknown historian; S. de Sacy, formerly chief editor of the "Débats"; Jules Sandeau, the novelist and dramatic author; Saint-René Taillandier, a writer of the "Revue des Deux Mondes," and one of the Voltairian group of the Ecole Normale; and Viel-Castel, a dull historian of the Restoration.

ALBERT RHODES.

LOOKING BACK.

I MAY live long, but some old days
Of dear, deep joy akin to pain—
Some suns that set on woodland ways
Will never rise for me again:
By shining sea, and glad, green shore
That frolic waves ran home to kiss,
Some words I heard that nevermore
Will thrill me with their mystic bliss.

O love! still throbs your living heart—
You have not crossed death's sullen
tide.

A deeper deep holds us apart:
We were more near if you had
died—

If you had died in those old days
When light was on the shining sea,
And all the fragrant woodland ways
Were paths of hope for you and me.

Dead leaves are in those woodland ways—
Cold are the lips that use to kiss:
'Twere idle to recall those days,
Or sigh for all that vanished bliss!
Do you still wear your old-time grace,
And charm new loves with ancient
wiles?

Could I but watch your faithless face,
I'd know the meaning of your smiles.
LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

LIFE ON THE PLAINS.

NOT even the proverbial stoicism of the red man was sufficient to conceal the chagrin and disappointment recognizable in every lineament of the countenances of both Satanta and Lone Wolf when they discovered that all their efforts at deception had not only failed, but left them prisoners in our hands. Had we been in doubt as to whether their intention had really been to leave us in the lurch or not, all doubt would have been dispelled by a slight circumstance which soon after transpired. As I before stated, we had almost reached Fort Cobb, which was our destination for the time being. The chiefs who had already made their escape now became anxious in regard to the non-arrival in their midst of Satanta and Lone Wolf. The delay of the last two could not be satisfactorily accounted for. Something must have gone amiss.

Again was stratagem resorted to. We were marching along without interruption or incident to disturb our progress, such of us as were at the head of the column keeping watchful eyes upon our two swarthy prisoners, who rode sullenly at our sides, and whose past career justified us in attributing to them the nerve and daring necessary to induce an effort to secure their liberty should there be the slightest probability of success. Suddenly a mounted Indian appeared far away to our right, and approached us at a gallop until almost within rifle range, when halting his well-trained pony upon a little hillock which answered his purpose, he gracefully detached the scarlet blanket he wore, and began waving it in a peculiar but regular manner. Both chiefs looked anxiously in the direction of the warrior, then merely glanced toward me as if to see if I had also observed this last arrival; but too proud to speak or prefer a request, they rode silently on, apparently indifferent to what might follow. Turning to Romeo, who rode in rear, I directed him to inquire of the chiefs the meaning of the signals which the warrior was evidently endeavoring to convey to them. Satanta acted as spokesman, and replied that the warrior in sight was his son, and that the latter was signaling to him that he had something important to communicate, and desired Satanta to ride out and join him.

To have seen the innocent and artless expression of countenance with which Satanta made this announcement, one would not have imagined that the son had been sent as a decoy to cover the escape of the father, and that the latter had been aware of this fact from the first. However, I pretended to humor Satanta. Of course there was no objection to his galloping out to where his son awaited him, because, as he said, that son was, and for good reason perhaps, unwilling to ~~gallop~~ in to where his father was. But if Satanta was so eager to see and communicate with his son, there should be no objection to the presence of a small escort—not that there existed doubts in my mind as to Satanta's intention to return to us, because no such doubt existed. I was positively convinced that once safely beyond our reach, the place at the head of the column, which had known him for a few brief hours, would know him no more forever. I told Romeo to say to Satanta that he might ride across the plain to where his son was, and not only that, but several of us would do ourselves the honor to volunteer as his escort.

The most careless observer would have detected the air of vexation with which Satanta turned his pony's head, and taking me at my word started to meet his son. A brisk gallop soon brought us to the little hillock upon which Satanta's son awaited us. He was there, a tall, trimly built, warrior-like young fellow of perhaps twenty, and bore himself while in our presence as if he would have us to understand he was not only the son of a mighty chief, but some day would wear that title himself. What was intended to be gained by the interview did not become evident, as the presence of Romeo prevented any conversation between father and son looking to the formation of plans for escape. Questions were asked and answered as to where the village was, and in regard to its future movements, but nothing satisfactory either to Satanta or his captors was learned from the young warrior. Finally, I suggested to Satanta that as we only intended to proceed a few miles further, being then in the near vicinity of Fort Cobb, and would there encamp for an indefinite period, his son had better accompany us to camp, where Lone Wolf and Satanta would be informed what was to be required of them and their people, and then, after conferring with each other, the two chiefs could send Satanta's son to the village with any message which they might desire to transmit to their people. At the same time I promised the young warrior good treatment, with permission to go and come as he chose, and in no manner to be regarded or treated as a prisoner.

This proposition seemed to strike the Indians favorably, and much to my surprise, knowing the natural suspicion of the Indian, the young warrior readily consented to the plan, and at once placed himself in our power. Turning our horses' heads, we soon resumed our places at the head of the column, the three Indians riding in silence, brooding, no doubt, over plans looking to their freedom.

By way of a slight digression from the main narrative, I will here remark that during the prolonged imprisonment of the two chiefs, Satanta's son became a regular visitor to our camp, frequently becoming the bearer of important messages from the chiefs to their villages, and in time he and I, apparently, became firm friends. He was an excellent shot with the rifle. Satanta said he was the best in the tribe, and frequently, when time hung heavily on my hands, and I felt a desire for recreation, he and I took our rifles, and, after passing beyond the limits of camp, engaged in a friendly match at target practice, a much more agreeable mode of testing our skill as marksmen than by using each other as a target.

Satanta had exhibited no little gratification when I first engaged to shoot with his son, and as the lodge in which he was kept a closely guarded prisoner was on my route in returning from target practice to my tent, I usually stopped a few moments in his lodge to exchange passing remarks. He was evidently disappointed when informed as to the result of the first trial with our rifles, that his son had come off only second best; and numerous were the explanations which his fertile mind suggested as the causes leading to this result—a result which in the eyes of the Indian assumed far greater importance than would ordinarily be attached to it by white men. As we had agreed to have frequent contests of this kind, Satanta assured me that his son would yet prove himself the better man. Each meeting, however, only resulted as the first, although by varying the distance every opportunity was given for a fair test. Finally, when all other explanations had failed, Satanta thought he had discovered the real obstacle to the success of his son, by ascribing superior qualities to my rifle as compared with the one used by him. Fairness on my part then re-

quired that I should offer the young warrior the use of my rifle, and that I should use his in the next match; a proposition which was at once accepted, and, as if to be better prepared to make an excellent score, my rifle was soon in his hands and undergoing the critical inspection and manipulation of trigger, sights, etc., which always suggest themselves the moment an experienced marksman finds a new rifle in his hands. The following day we engaged as usual in rifle practice, he with my rifle, I with his. I frankly confess that having entered into the contest from the first with as much zest and rivalry as even my dusky competitor could lay claim to, and having come off victor in the preceding contests, I was not entirely free from anxiety lest the change in rifles might also change the result, and detract, in the eyes of the Indians at least, from my former successes. On this occasion, as on all previous ones, we were alone, and consequently we were our own judges, umpire, and referee. Greatly to my satisfaction, my good fortune enabled me to make a better score than did my opponent, and this result seemed to settle his opinion finally as to our relative merits as marksmen. I attached no little importance to these frequent and friendly meetings between Satanta's son and myself. Any superiority in the handling or use of weapons, in horseback exercises, or in any of the recognized manly sports, is a sure stepping-stone in obtaining for the possessor the highest regard of the red man.

Upon our arrival at Fort Cobb, the day of the seizure of the two chiefs, Lone Wolf and Satanta, we selected a camp with a view of remaining at that point during the negotiations which were to be conducted with the various tribes who were still on the war path. So far as some of the tribes were concerned, they were occupying that equivocal position which enabled them to class themselves as friendly and at the same time engage in hostilities. This may sound ambiguous, but is easily explained. The chiefs and old men, with the women and children of the tribe, were permitted to assemble regularly at the agency near Fort Cobb, and as regularly were bountifully supplied with food and clothing sufficient for all their wants; at the same time the young men, warriors, and war chiefs of the tribe were almost continually engaged in making war upon the frontier of northern Texas and southeastern Kansas. Indeed, we established the fact, while at or near Fort Cobb, that while my command was engaged in fighting the warriors and chiefs of certain tribes at the battle of the Washita, the families of these same warriors and chiefs were being clothed and fed by the agent of the Government then stationed at Fort Cobb.

Surprising as this may seem, it is not an unusual occurrence. The same system has prevailed during the past year. While my command was resisting the attacks of a large body of warriors on the Yellowstone river last summer, the families of many of these warriors, the latter representing seven tribes or bands, were subsisting upon provisions and clothed in garments issued to them at the regular Indian agencies by the Government. But of this more anon.

The three tribes which became at that time the special objects of our attention, and with whom we were particularly anxious to establish such relations as would prevent in the future a repetition of the murders and outrages of which they had so long been guilty, were the Kiowas, Cheyennes, and Arapahoes; the object being to complete our work by placing these three tribes upon reservations where they might be cared for, and at the same time be kept under proper surveillance. The Washita campaign had duly impressed them with the power and purpose of the Government to inflict punishment upon all

who chose to make war; and each tribe, dreading a repetition of the blow upon themselves, had removed their villages to remote points where they deemed themselves secure from further chastisement. Having Lone Wolf and Satanta, the two leading chiefs of the Kiowas, in our hands, we thought that through them the Kiowas could be forced to a compliance with the just and reasonable demands of the Government, and with the terms of their treaty providing for the reservation system.

All demands upon the Kiowas were communicated by me to Lone Wolf and Satanta, under the instructions of General Sheridan, who, although on the ground, declined to treat directly with the faithless chiefs. The Kiowas were informed that unless the entire tribe repaired to the vicinity of the agency, then located not far from Fort Cobb, the war, which had been inaugurated with such vigor and effect at the Washita, would be renewed and continued until the terms of their treaty had been complied with. This proposition was imparted to Lone Wolf and Satanta, and by them transmitted to their tribe, through the son of the latter, who acted as a sort of diplomatic courier between the Kiowa village and our camp.

The Kiowas, while sending messages apparently in accord with the proposition, and seeming to manifest a willingness to come in and locate themselves upon their reservation, continued, after the manner of Indian diplomacy, to defer from time to time the promised movement. There was every reason to believe that, finding the military disposed to temporarily suspend active operations, and resort to negotiation, the Kiowas had located their village within a short distance of our camp, as Satanta's son, in going and coming with messages from one to the other, easily made the round journey in a single day; so that had they been so disposed, the Kiowas could have transferred their village to our immediate vicinity, as desired by the military authorities, in one day. The truth was, however, that while manifesting an apparent desire to conform to this requirement, as a precedent to final peace, they had not intended at any time to keep faith with the Government, but, by a pretended acquiescence in the proposed arrangement, secure the release of the two head chiefs, Lone Wolf and Satanta, and then hasten, with the entire village, to join forces with the other two tribes, the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, who were then represented as being located somewhere near the source of Red river, and on the border of the Llano Estacado, or Staked Plain, a region of country supposed to be impenetrable by civilized man. Every promise of the Kiowas to come in was always made conditional upon the prior release of Lone Wolf and Satanta.

Their efforts to procrastinate or evade a fulfilment of their part of the agreement finally exhausted the forbearance which thus far had prompted none but the mildest measures on the part of the military authorities, in the efforts of the latter to bring about a peaceful solution of existing difficulties. It had become evident that, instead of intending to establish relations of permanent peace and friendship with the whites, the majority of the tribe were only waiting the release of Lone Wolf and Satanta to resume hostilities, or at least to more firmly ally themselves with the extremely hostile tribes then occupying the head waters of Red river.

Spring was approaching, when the grass would enable the Indians to recuperate their ponies, which, after the famished condition to which winter usually reduced them, would soon be fleet and strong, ready to do duty on the war path. It was therefore indispensable that there should be no further delay in the negotiations, which had been needlessly prolonged through several weeks.

General Sheridan promptly decided upon the terms of his ultimatum. Like most of the utterances of that officer, they were brief and to the point. I remember the day and the circumstances under which they were given. The General and myself were standing upon opposite sides of a rude enclosure which surrounded the space immediately about his tent, composed of a single line of rough poles, erected by the unskilled labor of some of the soldiers. The day was one of those bright, warm, sunshiny days so frequent in the Indian Territory, even in winter. I had left my tent, which was but a few paces from that of General Sheridan, to step over and report, as I did almost daily, the latest message from the Kiowas as to their intention to make peace. On this occasion, as on all former ones, there was a palpable purpose to postpone further action until Lone Wolf and Satanta should be released by us. After hearing the oft-repeated excuses of the Kiowas, General Sheridan communicated his resolve to me in substance as follows: "Well, Custer, these Kiowas are endeavoring to play us false. Their object is to occupy us with promises until the grass enables them to go where they please and make war if they choose. We have given them every opportunity to come in and enjoy the protection of the Government, if they so desired. They are among the worst Indians we have to deal with, and have been guilty of untold murders and outrages, at the same time they were being fed and clothed by the Government. These two chiefs, Lone Wolf and Satanta, have forfeited their lives over and over again. They could now induce their people to come in and become friendly if they chose to exert their influence in that direction. This matter has gone on long enough, and must be stopped, as we have to look after the other tribes before spring overtakes us. You can inform Lone Wolf and Satanta that we shall wait until sundown to-morrow for their tribe to come in; if by that time the village is not here, Lone Wolf and Satanta will be hung, and the troops sent in pursuit of the village."

This might be regarded as bringing matters to a crisis. I proceeded directly to the lodge in which Lone Wolf and Satanta were prisoners, accompanied by Romeo as interpreter. I found the two chiefs reclining lazily upon their comfortable, if not luxurious couches of robes. Satanta's son was also present. After a few preliminary remarks, I introduced the subject which was the occasion of my visit, by informing the chiefs that I had just returned from General Sheridan's tent, where the question of the failure of the Kiowas to comply with their oft-repeated promises had been discussed, and that I had been directed to acquaint them with the determination which had been formed in regard to them and their people. At this announcement I could see that both chiefs became instantly and unmistakably interested in what was being said.

I had so often heard of the proverbial stoicism of the Indian character, that it occurred to me that this was a favorable moment for judging how far this trait affects their conduct. For it will be readily acknowledged that the communication which I was about to make to them was one likely, at all events, to overturn any self-imposed stolidity which was not deeply impregnated in their nature. After going over the subject of the continued absence of the Kiowas from their reservation, their oft-made promises, made only to be violated, I told them that they were regarded, as they had a right to be, as the two leading and most influential chiefs of the tribe; that although they were prisoners, yet so powerful were they among the people of their own tribe, that their influence, even while prisoners, was greater than that of all the other chiefs combined; hence all negotiations with the Kiowas had been conducted through them, and

although they had it in their power, by a single command, to cause a satisfactory settlement of existing difficulties to be made, yet so far they had failed utterly to exert an influence for peace between their people and the Government. The announcement then to be made to them must be regarded as final, and it remained with them alone to decide by their action what the result should be. In as few words as possible I then communicated to them the fate which undoubtedly awaited them in the event of the non-appearance of their tribe. Until sunset of the following day seemed a very brief period, yet I failed to detect the slightest change in the countenance of either when told that that would be the extent of their lives if their tribe failed to come in. Not a muscle of their warrior-like faces moved. Their eyes neither brightened nor quailed; nothing in their actions or appearance gave token that anything unusual had been communicated to them. Satanta's son alone of the three seemed to realize that matters were becoming serious, as could readily be told by watching his anxious glances, first at his father, then at Lone Wolf; but neither spoke.

Realizing the importance of time, and anxious to bring about a peaceful as well as satisfactory termination of our difficulties with the Kiowas, and at the same time to afford every facility to the two captive chiefs to save their forfeited lives—for all familiar with their bloody and cruel career would grant that they merited death—I urged upon them the necessity of prompt action in communicating with their tribe, and pointed to Satanta's son, who could be employed for this purpose. Quickly springing to his feet, and not waiting to hear the opinions of the two chiefs, the young warrior rushed from the lodge, and was soon busily engaged in tightening the girths of his Indian saddle, preparatory to a rapid gallop on his fleet pony.

In the mean time Lone Wolf and Satanta began exchanging utterances, at first slow and measured, in tones scarcely audible. Gradually they seemed to realize how desperate was the situation they were in, and how much depended upon themselves. Then laying aside the formality which had up to that moment characterized their deportment, they no longer appeared as the dignified, reserved, almost sullen chiefs, but acted and spoke as would be expected of men situated as they were. In less time than I have taken to describe the action, Satanta's handsome son appeared at the entrance of the lodge, mounted and in readiness for his ride. Although he seemed by his manner to incline toward his father as the one who should give him his instructions, yet it was soon apparent that a more correct understanding existed between the two captives. Lone Wolf was the head chief of their tribe, Satanta the second in rank. The occasion was too important to leave anything to chance. A message from Satanta might receive prompt attention; a command from the head chief could not be disregarded; hence it was that Satanta stood aside, and Lone Wolf stepped forward and addressed a few hasty but apparently emphatic sentences to the young courier, who was all eagerness to depart on his mission. As Lone Wolf concluded his instructions, and the young warrior was gathering up his reins and lariat, and turning his pony from the lodge in the direction of the village, Satanta simply added, in an energetic tone, "Hoodle-teh, hoodle-teh" (make haste, make haste); an injunction scarcely needed, as the young Indian and his pony were the next moment flying across the level plain.

I then reëntered the lodge with Lone Wolf and Satanta, accompanied by Romeo. Through the latter Lone Wolf informed me that he had sent orders to the Kiowa village, which was not a day's travel from us, to pack up and

come in as soon as the courier should reach them. At the same time he informed them of what depended upon their coming. He had also sent for Black Eagle, the third chief in rank, to come in advance of the village, bringing with him a dozen or more of the prominent chiefs. I inquired if he felt confident that his people would arrive by the appointed time? He almost smiled at the question, and assured me that an Indian would risk everything to save a comrade, leaving me to infer that to save their two highest chiefs nothing would be permitted to stand in the way. Seeing, perhaps, a look of doubt on my face, he pointed to that locality in the heavens which the sun would occupy at two o'clock, and said, "Before that time Black Eagle and the other chiefs accompanying him will be here; and by that time," indicating in a similar manner sunset, "the village will arrive."

No general commanding an army, who had transmitted his orders to his corps commanders, directing a movement at daylight the following morning, could have exhibited more confidence in the belief that his orders would be executed, than did this captive chief in the belief that, although a prisoner in the hands of his traditional enemies, his lodge closely guarded on all sides by watchful sentinels, his commands to his people would meet with a prompt and willing compliance. After a little further conversation with the two chiefs, I was preparing to leave the lodge, when Lone Wolf, true to the Indian custom, under which an opportunity to beg for something to eat is never permitted to pass unimproved, called me back, and said that the next day his principal chiefs would visit him, and although he was a prisoner, yet he would be glad to be able to entertain them in a manner befitting his rank and importance in the tribe, and therefore I was appealed to to furnish the provisions necessary to provide a feast for a dozen or more hungry chiefs and their retainers; in reply to which modest request I made the heart of Lone Wolf glad, and called forth, in his most emphatic as well as delighted manner, the universal word of approval, "How," by informing him that the feast should certainly be prepared if he only would supply the guests.

The next day was one of no little interest, and to none more than to the two chiefs, who expected to see the first step taken by their people which would terminate in their release from a captivity which had certainly become exceedingly irksome, not to mention the new danger which stared them in the face. Lone Wolf, however, maintained his confidence, and repeatedly assured me during the forenoon that Black Eagle and the other chiefs, whom he had sent for by name, would arrive not later than two o'clock that day. His confidence proved not to be misplaced. The sun had hardly marked the hour of one in the heavens, when a small cavalcade was seen approaching in the distance from the direction of the Kiowa village. The quick eye of Satanta was the first to discover it. A smile of haughty triumph lighted up the countenance of Lone Wolf when his attention was called to the approaching party, his look indicating that he felt it could not be otherwise: had he not ordered it?

On they came, first about a dozen chiefs, riding at a deliberate and dignified pace, they and their ponies richly caparisoned in the most fantastic manner. The chiefs wore blankets of bright colors, scarlet predominating, with here and there a bright green. Each face was painted in brilliant colors, yellow, blue, green, red, black, and combinations of all of them, no two faces being ornamented alike, and each new face seeming more horrible than its predecessor. The ponies had not been neglected, so far as their outward make-up was concerned, eagle feathers and pieces of gaudy cloth being interwoven in their manes and tails. Following the chiefs rode a second line,

only less ornamented than the chiefs themselves. These were warriors and confidential friends and advisers of the chiefs in whose train they rode. In rear of all rode a few meek-looking squaws, whose part in this imposing pageant became evident when the chiefs and warriors dismounted, giving the reins of their ponies to the squaws, who at once busied themselves in picketing the ponies of their lords, and, in every sense of the word, masters, wherever the grazing seemed freshest and most abundant. This being done, their part was performed, and they waited, near the ponies, the return of the chiefs and warriors. The latter, after forming in one group, and in similar order to that in which they rode, advanced toward the lodge outside of which, but within the chain of sentinels, stood Lone Wolf and Satanta. The meeting between the captive chiefs and their more fortunate comrades occasioned an exhibition of more feeling and sensibility than is generally accredited to the Indian. A bevy of school girls could not have embraced each other, after a twenty-four hours' separation, with greater enthusiasm and demonstrations of apparent joy than did these chieftains, whose sole delight is supposed to be connected with scenes of bloodshed and cruelty. I trust no gentle-minded reader, imbued with great kindness of heart, will let this little scene determine his estimate of the Indian character; for be it understood, not one of the chiefs who formed the group of which I am writing but had participated in acts of the most barbarous and wanton cruelty. It was a portion of these chiefs who had led and encouraged the band that had subjected the Box family to such a horrible fate, of which Major-General Hancock made full report at the time.

Immediately after greetings had been exchanged between the captives and their friends, I was requested, by a message from Lone Wolf, to repair to his lodge in order to hear what his friends had to say. As I entered the lodge the entire party of chiefs advanced to meet me, and began a series of handshaking and universal "Hows," which in outward earnestness made up for any lack of real sincerity, and to an inexperienced observer or a tender-hearted peace commissioner might well have appeared as an exhibition of indubitable friendship if not affection. After all were seated, and the ever-present long red clay pipe had passed and repassed around the circle, each chief indulging in a few silent whiffs, Black Eagle arose, and after shaking hands with me, proceeded, after the manner of an oration, to inform me, what I had had reason to expect, and what the reader no doubt has also anticipated, that the entire Kiowa village was at that moment on the march, and would arrive in the vicinity of our camp before dark. No reference was made to the fact that this general movement on their part was one of compulsion, but on the contrary, to have heard Black Eagle, who was an impressive orator, one might well have believed that, no longer able to endure the separation from their brothers, the white men, who, as Black Eagle said, like themselves were all descended from one father, the Kiowas had voluntarily resolved to pack up their lodges, and when they next should put them down it would be alongside the tents of their white friends.

In nothing that was said did it appear that the impending execution of Lone Wolf and Satanta had aught to do with hastening the arrival of their people. At the termination of the conference, however, Black Eagle intimated that as the tribe was about to locate near us, it would be highly agreeable to them if their two head chiefs could be granted their liberty and permitted to resume their places among their own people.

That evening the Kiowa village, true to the prediction of Lone Wolf, ar-

rived, and was located a short distance from our camp. The next morning the family or families of Satanta appeared in front of headquarters and made known their desire to see Satanta, to which, of course, no objection was made, and the guards were instructed to permit them to pass the lines. Satanta's home circle was organized somewhat on the quadrilateral plan; that is, he had four wives. They came together, and, so far as outward appearances enabled one to judge, they constituted a happy family. They were all young and buxom, and each was sufficiently like the others in appearance to have enabled the lot to pass as sisters; and, by the way, it is quite customary among the Indians for one man to marry an entire family of daughters as rapidly as they reach the proper age. To those who dread a multiplicity of mothers-in-law this custom possesses advantages. To add in a material as well as maternal way to the striking similarity in appearance presented by Satanta's dusky spouses, each bore on her back, encased in the capacious folds of a scarlet blanket, a pledge of affection in the shape of a papoose, the difference in the extreme ages of the four miniature warriors, or warriors' sisters, being too slight to be perceptible. In single file the four partners of Satanta's joys approached his lodge, and in the same order gained admittance. Satanta was seated on a buffalo robe when they entered. He did not rise—perhaps that would have been deemed unwarriorlike—but each of his wives advanced to him, when, instead of going through the ordinary form of embracing, with its usual accompaniments, on such occasions considered proper, the papoose was unslung—I know of no better term to describe the dexterous manner in which the mother transferred her offspring from its cosy resting-place on her back to her arms—and handed to the outstretched arms of the father, who kissed it repeatedly, with every exhibition of paternal affection, scarcely deigning to bestow a single glance on the mother, who stood by meekly, contenting herself with stroking Satanta's face and shoulders gently, at the same time muttering almost inaudible expressions of Indian endearment. This touching little scene lasted for a few moments, when Satanta, after bestowing a kiss upon the soft, cherry lips of his child, transferred it back to its mother, who passed on and quietly took a seat by Satanta's side. The second wife then approached, when precisely the same exhibition was gone through with, not being varied from the first in the slightest particular. This being ended, the third took the place of the second, the latter passing along with her babe and seating herself next to the first, and so on, until the fourth wife had presented her babe, received it back, and quietly seated herself by the side of the third; not a word being spoken to or by Satanta from the beginning to the end of this strange meeting.

The Kiowas were now all located on their reservation except a single band of the tribe, led by a very wicked and troublesome chief, named Woman Heart, although his conduct and character were anything but in keeping with the gentleness of his name. He had taken his band and moved in the direction of the Staked Plains, far to the west of the Kiowa-reservation.

However, the Indian question, so far as the Kiowas were concerned, was regarded as settled, at least for the time being, and it became our next study how to effect a similar settlement with the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, who had fled after the battle of the Washita, and were then supposed to be somewhere between the Wichita mountains and the western border of Texas, north of the head waters of Red river. It was finally decided to send one of the friendly chiefs of the Apaches, whose village was then near the present site of Fort Sill, and one of the three captive squaws whom we had brought with us.

All the chiefs of that region who were interested in promoting peace between the whites and Indians were assembled at my headquarters, when I informed them of the proposed peace embassy, and asked that some chief of prominence should volunteer as bearer of a friendly message to the Cheyennes and Arapahoes. A well-known chief of the Apaches, named Iron Shirt, promptly offered himself as a messenger in the cause of peace. In reply to my inquiry, he said he could be ready to depart upon his commendable errand the following day, and estimated the distance such that it would be necessary to take provision sufficient to last him and his companion three weeks. Having arranged all the details of the journey, the assemblage of chiefs dispersed, the next step being to decide which of the three squaws should accompany Iron Shirt to her tribe. I concluded to state the case to them, and make the selection a matter for them to decide. Summoning Mah-wis-sa, Mo-nah-see-tah, and the Sioux squaw, their companion, to my tent, I, through Romeo, acquainted them with the desire of the Government to establish peace with their people and with the Arapahoes, and in order to accomplish this we intended despatching a friendly message to the absent tribes, which must be carried by some of their own people. After conferring with each other a few minutes, they concluded that Mah-wis-sa, the sister of Black Kettle, should return to her people. Every arrangement was provided, looking to the comfort of the two Indians who were to undertake this long journey. A bountiful supply of provisions was carefully provided in convenient packages, an extra amount of clothing and blankets being given to Mah-wis-sa in order that she should not return to her people empty-handed. To transport their provisions and blankets a mule was given them to be used as a pack-animal. It was quite an event, sufficient to disturb the monotony of camp, when the hour arrived for the departure of the two peace commissioners. I had told Iron Shirt what he was to say to the chiefs of the tribes who still remained hostile, which was in effect that we were anxious for peace, and to that end invited them to come at once and place themselves and their people on the reservations, where we would meet and regard them as friends, and all present hostilities, as well as reckoning for past differences, should cease; but if this friendly proffer was not accepted favorably and at once, we would be forced to regard it as indicating their desire to prolong the war, in which event the troops would be sent against them as soon as practicable. I relied not a little on the good influence of Mah-wis-sa, who, as I have before stated, was a woman of superior intelligence, and was strongly impressed with a desire to aid in establishing a peace between her people and the white men. Quite a group, composed of officers, soldiers, teamsters, guards, and scouts, assembled to witness the departure of Iron Shirt and Mah-wis-sa, and to wish them God-speed in their mission.

After Iron Shirt and Mah-wis-sa had seated themselves upon their ponies and were about to set out, Mah-wis-sa, suddenly placing her hand on the neat belt which secured her blanket about her, indicated that she was unprovided with that most essential companion of frontier life, a *nutch-ka* as she expressed it, meaning a hunting-knife. Only those who have lived on the plains can appreciate the unpurchasable convenience of a hunting-knife. Whether it is to carve a buffalo or a mountain trout, mend horse equipments, or close up a rent in the tent, there is a constant demand for the services of a good hunting-knife. Mah-wis-sa smiled at the forgetfulness which had made her fail to discern this omission sooner, but I relieved her anxiety by taking from my belt the hunting-knife which hung at my side and giving it to her, adding as I did so that I expected her to return it to me before the change in

the moon, that being fixed as the extreme limit of their absence. When all was ready for the start, Iron Shirt rode first, followed by the pack-mule, which he led, while Mah-wis-sa, acting as a driver to the latter and well mounted, brought up the rear.

As they rode away amid the shower of good wishes which was bestowed upon them and their mission, many were the queries as to the probable extent of their journey, their return, and whether they would be successful. For upon the success or failure of these two Indians depended in a great measure the question whether or not we were to be forced to continue the war; and among the hundreds who watched the departing bearers of the olive branch, there was not one but hoped earnestly that the mission would prove successful, and we be spared the barbarities which a further prosecution of the war would necessarily entail. Yet there are those who would have the public believe that the army is at all times clamorous for an Indian war. I have yet to meet the officer or man belonging to the army, who, when the question of war or peace with the Indians was being agitated, did not cast the weight of his influence, the prayers of his heart, in behalf of peace. When I next called Mah-wis-sa's attention to the *mutch-ka* (knife), it was far from the locality we then occupied, and under very different circumstances.

After the departure of Iron Shirt and Mah-wis-sa, we were forced to settle down to the dulllest routine of camp life, as nothing could be done until their return. It was full three weeks before the interest in camp received a fresh impetus, by the tidings, which flew from tent to tent, that Iron Shirt had returned. He did return, but Mah-wis-sa did not return with him. His story was brief. He and Mah-wis-sa, after leaving us and travelling for several days westward, had arrived at the Cheyenne and Arapaho villages. They delivered their messages to the chiefs of the two tribes, who were assembled in council to hear them, and after due deliberation thereon, Iron Shirt was informed that the distance was too great, the ponies in too poor condition, to permit the villages to return. In other words, these two tribes had virtually decided that rather than return to their reservation they preferred the chances of war. When asked to account for Mah-wis-sa's failure to accompany him back, Iron Shirt stated that she had desired to fulfil her promise and return with him, but the chiefs of her tribe would not permit her to do so.

The only encouragement derived from Iron Shirt was in his statement that Little Robe, a prominent chief of the Cheyennes, and Yellow Bear, the second chief of the Arapahoes, were both extremely anxious to effect a permanent peace between their people and the Government, and both had promised Iron Shirt that they would leave their villages soon after his departure and visit us, with a view to prevent a continuation of the war. Iron Shirt was rewarded for his journey by bountiful presents of provisions for himself and his people. True to their promises made to Iron Shirt, it was but a short time before Little Robe and Yellow Bear arrived at our camp and were well received.

They reported that their villages had had under consideration the question of accepting our invitation to come in and live at peace in the future, and that many of their people were strongly in favor of adopting this course, but for the present it was uncertain whether or not the two tribes would come in. The two tribes would probably act in concert, and if they intended coming, would make their determination known by despatching couriers to us in a few days. In spite of the sincerity of the motives of Little Robe and Yellow Bear,

whom I have always regarded as two of the most upright and peaceably inclined Indians I have ever known, and who have since that time paid a visit to the President at Washington, it was evident that the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, while endeavoring to occupy us with promises and pretences, were only interested in delaying our movements until the return of spring, when the young grass would enable them to recruit the strength of their winter-famished ponies and move when and where they pleased.

After waiting many long weary days for the arrival of the promised couriers from the two tribes, until even Little Robe and Yellow Bear were forced to acknowledge that there was no longer any reason to expect their coming, it occurred to me that there was but one expedient yet untried which furnished even a doubtful chance of averting war. This could only be resorted to with the approval of General Sheridan, whose tent had been pitched in our midst during the entire winter, and who evidently proposed to remain on the ground until the Indian question in that locality should be disposed of. My plan was as follows:

We had some fifteen hundred troops, a force ample to cope with all the Indians which could then, or since, be combined at any one point on the plains. But in the state of feeling existing among those Indians at that time, consequent upon the punishment which they had received at and since the Washita campaign, it would have been an extremely difficult if not impracticable matter to attempt to move so large a body of troops near their villages, and retain the latter in their places, so fearful were they of receiving punishment for their past offences. It would also have been impracticable to move upon them stealthily, as they were then, for causes already given, more than ever on the alert, and were no doubt kept thoroughly informed in regard to our every movement.

It was thus considered out of the question to employ my entire command of fifteen hundred men in what I proposed should be purely a peaceful effort to bring about a termination of the war, as so large a force would surely intimidate the Indians, and cause them to avoid our presence.

I believed that if I could see the leading chiefs of the two hostile tribes and convince them of the friendly desire of the Government, they might be induced to relinquish the war and return to their reservation. I have endeavored to show that I could not go among them with my entire command, neither was I sufficiently orthodox as a peace commissioner to believe what so many of that order preach, but fail to practise, that I could take an olive branch in one hand, the plan of a school-house in the other, and, unaccompanied by force, visit the Indian villages in safety. My life would certainly have been the price of such temerity. Too imposing a force would repel the Indians; too small a force would tempt them to murder us, even though our mission was a friendly one.

After weighing the matter carefully in my own mind, I decided that with General Sheridan's approval I would select from my command forty men, two officers, and a medical officer, and, accompanied by the two chiefs, Little Robe and Yellow Bear, who regarded my proposition with favor, I would set out in search of the hostile camp, there being but little doubt that with the assistance of the chiefs I would have little difficulty in discovering the whereabouts of the villages; while the smallness of my party would prevent unnecessary alarm or suspicion as to our intentions. From my tent to General Sheridan's was but a few steps, and I soon submitted my proposition to the General, who

from the first was inclined to lend his approval to my project. After discussing it fully, he gave his assent by saying that the character of the proposed expedition was such that he would not order me to proceed upon it, but if I volunteered to go, he would give me the full sanction of his authority and every possible assistance to render the mission a successful one; in conclusion urging me to exercise the greatest caution against the stratagems or treachery of the Indians, who no doubt would be but too glad to massacre my party in revenge for their recent well-merited chastisement. Returning to my tent, I at once set about making preparations for my journey, the extent or result of which now became interesting subjects for deliberation. The first thing necessary was to make up the party which was to accompany me.

As the number of men was to be limited to forty, too much care could not be exercised in their selection. I chose the great majority of them from the sharpshooters, men who, in addition to being cool and brave, were experienced and skilful marksmen. My standard-bearer, a well-tried sergeant, was selected as the senior non-commissioned officer of the party. The officers who were to accompany me were my brother Colonel Custer, Captain Robbins, and Dr. Renick, Acting Assistant Surgeon U. S. Army. As guide I had Ne-va, a Blackfoot Indian, who had accompanied General Fremont in his explorations, and who could speak a little English. Little Robe and Yellow Bear were also to be relied upon as guides, while Romeo accompanied us as interpreter. Young Brewster, determined to miss no opportunity of discovering his lost sister, had requested and been granted permission to become one of the party. This completed the *personnel* of the expedition. All were well armed and well mounted. We were to take no wagons or tents; our extra supplies were to be transported on pack-mules. We were to start on the evening of the second day, the intervening time being necessary to complete our preparations. It was decided that our first march should be a short one, sufficient merely to enable us to reach a village of friendly Apaches, located a few miles from our camp, where we would spend the first night and be joined by Little Robe and Yellow Bear, who at that time were guests of the Apaches. I need not say that in the opinion of many of our comrades our mission was regarded as closely bordering on the imprudent, to qualify it by no stronger term.

So confident did one of the most prudent officers of my command feel in regard to our annihilation by the Indians, that in bidding me good-by he contrived to slip into my hand a small pocket Derringer pistol, loaded, with the simple remark, "You had better take it, General; it may prove useful to you." As I was amply provided with arms, both revolvers and rifle, and as a pocket Derringer may not impress the reader as being a very formidable weapon to use in Indian warfare, the purpose of my friend in giving me the small pocket weapon may not seem clear. It was given me under the firm conviction that the Indians would overwhelm and massacre my entire party; and to prevent my being captured, disarmed, and reserved for torture, that little pistol was given me in order that at the last moment I might become my own executioner—an office I was not seeking, nor did I share in my friend's opinion.

Everything being ready for our departure, we swung into our saddles, waved our adieus to the comrades who were to remain in camp, and the next moment we turned our horses' heads westward and were moving in the direction of the Apache village.

G. A. CUSTER.

SCANDINAVIA.

II.

IN Copenhagen, nearly in the centre of the city, you will find a large, very singular-looking building, painted yellow with some black frescoing, with a flat roof, and no arches or columns or ornaments of any kind. It looks exactly like a box. Yet its outlines are so delicate and so noble in their utter simplicity, that it cannot be a common wareroom box; it must be a shrine. And the monotony, the gravity and mourning of this shrine are so sublime, so grand, so triumphant, that it cannot be a common tomb; it must be a mausoleum. And so it is. It is the only mausoleum in the world. The day it was finished all other sepulchral monuments became mute, inadequate to the purpose, and comparatively insignificant. In the court is Albert Thorwaldsen buried under a rose-bush, and the four wings of the building which comprise the court and open into it through a number of large gates, thereby making the court the greatest hall in the building, contain all his works and nothing else. Each group has a hall, each statue a room of its own, where the resplendent marble stands in the background, set off by a wall of a calm, mild color, and flooded by the light from the opposite window. The long corridors contain different casts of the different statues, busts, bass-reliefs, and sketches, and through these halls crowds of people throng every day, looking, gazing, and admiring, their souls bending toward the beauty as the leaves of a plant turn against the sun. But is there any other mausoleum in the world in which the hero's deeds stand on his grave, not written in verses or pictured by symbols, but in living presence, speaking to mankind in the same manner and with the same effect as the day they were done, a perpetual challenge to all that is mean and foul, and an eternal source of nobleness and beauty? There is none.

It has been said by some enthusiastic critics that Thorwaldsen was the greatest sculptor who ever lived. It is true that in the bass-relief he excelled the Greeks, as much as the Greeks excelled the Egyptians in the statue. It is also worth noticing that while Phidias has had two thousand years to impress himself upon the understanding and sympathy of mankind, Thorwaldsen has had only two generations. But in comparing Thorwaldsen with Phidias, the first question is, Has he given to the genius of his nation and to the spirit of his age an expression as complete and as perfect as that Phidias gave to his nation and his age? And to this question it must be answered, He has not—he could not. The fundamental ideas of the Greek civilization were eminently plastic. The Greek god was not the redeeming word, but the ideal of beauty. The fundamental ideas of modern civilization are eminently dramatic. The Christian God is the commandment of the conscience. The arts must follow this difference. The hero of the Greek tragedy is a statue representing man in one single moment of his life—in that, namely, in which he meets face to face with Nemesis. He lacks character. There were forms of art which the Greek civilization could not ripen to perfection. The idea of a statue of Thorwaldsen is a concentrated drama; as, for instance, his Hermes lowering with one hand the flute with which he has lulled Argus into slumber, and with the other drawing the sword with which he is going to slay

him. He lacks repose. In modern life the plastic form seems to burst into pictures and dramas. From this point of view other critics have said that Thorwaldsen's works are only an imitation, or at best a repetition of the Greek sculpture, and it is true that the Greek mythology furnished him with the greater number of his subjects. But the manner in which he treated these subjects shows better than anything else could have done it how truly he was a modern man, and how thoroughly he was a Dane. Take, for instance, his Venus and compare her with the Venus of Milo and the Medicean Venus. The Venus of Milo is Greek, and represents the time when the Greek people stood highest, morally and mentally. She is the grandest ideal of true womanhood ever conceived—soft as a wave, sweet as the sunlight, yet so dignified and lofty as to abash every wooer. She is heroic. The Greeks considered it the utmost disgrace to lose the shield in battle. A warrior who surrendered his shield, surrendered himself a slave, disdained by his countrymen, while the slain hero was borne upon his shield to the grave amidst songs of praise. If this Grecian Venus had a son to send to the battle, she would reach him the shield and tell him to come back “with it or upon it.” The Medicean Venus is Roman, and represents the time of the emperors, when Nero burnt up half the city of Rome to see how such a conflagration looked, and Heliogabalus harnessed the young ladies of Rome to draw his triumphal chariot through the streets. She is still softer and sweeter than the Venus of Milo, but she is without dignity. She is still the goddess of beauty and love, but she has been harnessed to the triumphal chariot of the emperor's lust. She has lost that shield behind which beauty and love must be sheltered, or upon which they ought to die; she has lost the purity of her mind. She can still be loved, but she herself cannot love—she is coquettish. Thorwaldsen's Venus represents our time.* She is soft and sweet and pure, but she is no goddess. She is not coquettish, but she is as little heroic. The apple she holds in her hand is not that which Paris gave Aphrodite on Ida, but that which Eve reached Adam in the garden of Paradise. She is a Christian woman. It is not dignity which sits on her brow; neither is it shame. It is thought. She has learned to reason. She is a modern woman. But her reasoning is not that bright sprightliness which corresponds with the brilliancy of a southern sky; it is rather that sublime calmness of mind in which the ideas glitter through the sentiments like the stars of a summer night. She is a northern woman. And still more expressive of his nation and of his age are those works of Thorwaldsen's which treat religious subjects. His apostles are Protestants. They affirm truth, but they affirm it by denying falsehood.† They preach Christianity, but they preach it against Voltaire. Thorwaldsen had met all these types of religious piety and fervor in the churches of Copenhagen, when he was young; and when he gave to the world his conceptions of religious characters, he did only what all great art does: he returned to life what he had received from life. Every Dane knows that Thorwaldsen's apostles are bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh, though they are purified and magnified by the genius of the artist so as to become representatives of the greatest characters that ever lived. Yea, even in such a little picture as Thorwaldsen's “Day” there is something which a Dane feels as belonging to him. He has watched the sun when, rising over Dresden, it reddened a million of small, rippled clouds which yesterday's west wind forgot on the eastern horizon; and he feels what Thorwaldsen meant

* Canova's sleeping Venus represents the Princess Borghèse and nothing else.

† John is an exception. He does not know that falsehood exists.

when he formed an Aurora strewing roses over the sky. That is just what he has thought so often himself, or at least what he now thinks that he has always thought. An Aurora with a torch only he would not have understood.

It is these three nations, the Swedish soldier with his enthusiastic faith, the Norwegian peasant with his proud feeling of responsibility, and the Danish merchant with his keen appreciation, which shall unite and form the Scandinavian people. But will they ever do it? They will at least be compelled to try it. The Scandinavian idea is not a fancy, but a necessity. There is great danger to each of these people in their separation. I do not mean that some day in the future Germany will eat Denmark, and Russia Sweden and Norway. Germany of 1873 is not Germany of 1864. Germany of 1864 was a miserable land divided up among a score of sovereign princes, who schemed and plotted against each other, never agreeing in anything except in robbing their subjects and their neighbors. In 1864 they tore Schleswig from Denmark. Germany of 1873 is a happy land, rapidly developing and nobly fulfilling its destiny. But it is no part of a people's destiny to rob its neighbors. A happy man does not like to make other men miserable. A man who has reason to respect himself always finds reason to respect other men. If Germany does not relapse into its former half-barbarous state of government, it will feel no desire of swallowing up Denmark. And even if it would, it is not absolutely certain that it could. Of course, a people of two millions is not a match for a people of forty millions. Certainly not! But how was it about Greece and Xerxes? And how was it about the Provinces and Philip II.? Was it all a lie? I do not pretend to give a proper estimate of the formidableness of the German army, but I do pretend to know something about the Danish people, about its power of self-defence, and about its capability of waging a war first to the bottom of its purse, and then to the bottom of its heart; and I do not feel absolutely sure that Germany could eat Denmark even if it would. But there is a necessity of another kind which has nothing to do with military genius or the heroism of despair, because it has nothing to do with human passions; a necessity engendered by the progress of civilization itself, and to which a people has to submit, or it must step aside to rot by the wayside while the train of civilization passes by on its forward march. Adam Smith has pointed out that while one man would hardly be able to make one pin a day if working alone, several men who work together, uniting their capital and dividing the labor, can easily make several pounds of pins a day each. Now, when civilization demands that each man shall make several pounds of pins a day, men must unite, or they will have to take leave of civilization. This tells the whole story. Neither Norway, Sweden, nor Denmark has capital enough to carry on their industry separately on the great scale which alone can enable their manufactures to enter successfully into the competition of the world-market; and if they do not unite, they will all three, some day in the future, be lost to civilization. Denmark will slide down into Germany, and Norway and Sweden will drift into the everlasting snow and ice of the north pole, making true the well-known remark that Europe begins at Copenhagen. It would be a difficult and very complicated task to show, first, that the industries of these three countries, although steadily increasing, are yet not increasing at such a rate as to keep pace with the industrial development of Germany, France, England, and America; next, that the reason of this retarded development is lack of capital, not lack of enterprise; and finally, that the only way in which capital can properly be supplied is the Scandinavian union.

Such a demonstration would address quite another audience than that for which this sketch is intended, but I hope that two or three simple facts will be able to illustrate the present state of industry in these countries. For reasons which are easily understood, I will take the illustrations from my own country, but I shall not omit to hint at their bearing on the two sister countries. Glove manufacturing is a Danish industry. Danish kid gloves enjoy a good reputation, and have found quite an extensive market. But here are two observations to be made. First, a pair of gloves costs in Copenhagen half a dollar. The same pair of gloves costs in New York between one dollar and a half and two dollars. Thus, after the cost of transportation and the tax on importation are paid, every pair of Danish gloves sold in New York brings one dollar advance. But who gains this dollar, the Danish manufacturer? or the American merchant? O dear me! If the Danish manufacturer has a little surplus capital, he will find a hundred places close by his door in which his capital is needed, and which it is necessary for him, even economically speaking, to succor before he could think of keeping a store on Broadway. And second, in a city of Jutland, called Randers, is produced a peculiar kind of gloves, named after the city. This glove is not dyed. It shows the natural color of the leather, but it presents so smooth and so delicately tinted a surface that it is one of the most beautiful gloves in the world. It has a singular but very agreeable smell. It is the only kid glove which can be worn comfortably in hot weather. It has a wholesome and beautifying influence upon the skin. But this Randers glove, unique in its kind and most excellent by itself, is entirely unknown to the world. Why? Because it would require half a million or a lucky chance to make it known to the world, and neither the lucky chance nor the half million has as yet been at its disposal. In this way many branches of Danish industry are deprived of half the profit, while other branches, and among them some of the most exquisite fineness and delicacy, are pining away. Danish industry may in many cases be characterized as a sort of job work which can be done without capital, but which always, sooner or later, makes a people miserable. Thus, the street cars now running in the streets of London were built in Copenhagen, but the materials from which they were built were imported ready made from New York. It paid to transport the pieces to Copenhagen and have them put together there, because wages are low in Copenhagen; but such a business is not sound industry; it is only job work. And what is the result of this state of things? In the last generation quite a number of German agriculturists emigrated to Denmark because land is cheaper in Denmark than in Germany, while at the same time quite a number of Danish agriculturists emigrated to Sweden because land is cheaper in Sweden than in Denmark. A movement from Germany to Denmark and from Denmark to Sweden has begun to take place. But whither have the Swedes gone? Ask in Castle Garden. And when will the Danes follow? I do not know. But I know that the necessity of a Scandinavian union has already begun to show its teeth, and before the close of this century the choice will be given to the three northern nations to unite or move away, and they will have to try the experiment of throwing down all artificial bars raised between them, and building up, instead of three small factories, one large one able to yield the same produce, and yet not requiring the same capital.

The Scandinavian union is absolutely necessary, but fortunately it is also natural. It demands no sacrifice except that of some old prejudices. It

comes like the flower on the top of the plant. Every fibre tends toward it, and has been tending toward it through centuries of growth. Let us, for instance, consider the languages. Although there is a great difference between the Swedish and the Danish languages, yet an educated Swede and an educated Dane speak together as freely as if they were using the same language. The two languages were originally one, springing from the same root, the old Danish tongue, now generally called the Icelandic language, as it is still spoken in the settlements of that island. The difference between them is a difference of form rather than of substance. The rich, sounding, and highly varied endings of the Icelandic language are still kept or only slightly modified in the Swedish, while the Danish has thrown them off or altered them. But the roots are the same, with no other differences, either in their material elements, or in their pronunciation, or in their signification, than those which can be met with even within the boundaries of the same language. Take the three English variations of the same root, to scream, to screech, and to shriek; take the different pronunciation of the word lieutenant in England and America; take the different signification of the word clever in Boston and New York; and these differences will give a correct idea of the kind of difference existing between the Swedish and the Danish language as far as regards the great bulk of their vocabulary, the genuine stock of Icelandic words. With respect to the foreign words which each language has adopted, the difference is greater, as in many cases these words were taken from very different sources, and brought into use under very different circumstances. A Swedish and a Danish sailor, meeting each other in the harbor of New York, will hardly notice any difference in their language; but when meeting each other at home, in the sounds, there is at first no end of their wondering at each other's speech, and of their criticism of each other's language. But this criticism and wondering are always occasioned by the foreign words. Suppose, for instance, that the word match had been introduced in the Swedish language in the signification of "some very combustible substance used for lighting a fire," and in the Danish language in the signification of "union by marriage": how ridiculous would it sound in the ears of the Dane when the Swede asked him for a match to light his pipe! As, however, both the Swedish and the Danish language are comparatively very pure, a frequent intercourse soon puts a stop to all wondering and criticism; and among educated people who know something about etymology, nothing of the kind ever occurs. It may indeed be said, without any qualification at all, that, considered merely as a means of communication, the three northern nations have only one language.

A similar uniformity may easily be detected in the history of these three peoples, though at the first glance their annals seem to contain nothing but the records of bloody wars, which they waged one against the other. In olden times they were one nation split into many peoples. Now they are three nations going to unite into one people. That is the short sum of their history through one thousand years. Originally they belonged to the same race, spoke the same language, and worshipped the same gods. The same system of moral ideas, the same set of social habits governed them all, though politically they were separated into many small states. When, later on, these small states gathered into three kingdoms very nearly in accordance with the natural boundaries of the three countries, an independent and somewhat diverging development commenced in each country and caused a certain estrangement between the people. Rivalries sprung up, wars ensued, and yet,

in spite of this estrangement, which at last deepened into popular hatred, the consanguinity of the three nations is apparent throughout the whole course of their history. All great historical events affected them in the same manner and at the same time. They received Christianity, and, six centuries later, the Reformation, at the same time, and to a great extent through the same men. The development of the cities with a tendency toward republican government, the overthrow of the power of the nobility by the absolute monarchy, the dissolution of the absolute monarchy and the establishment of a free constitution took place in all three States at the same time and in the same manner. All fundamental sympathies and antipathies are the same. The Roman law stopped at the river Eider. The Norwegian, the Swedish, and the Danish law systems are original growths independent of Justinian's code. They made crusades of their own, not to the Holy Land. The power of the Pope could never be fully established among them. And even in our days, although an enlightened civilization strives successfully to extinguish all national prejudices, and although a cosmopolitan polish threatens to do away with all national differences, yet there are certain tendencies which a Scandinavian cannot lose without thinking himself degraded, and there is a certain domestic freemasonry which a Scandinavian may get rid of in foreign salons; but—I must confess it is very hard to me not to say, "God bless you!" when I hear anybody sneeze.

The separation into three nations was necessary, because the natural conditions under which life must be led in these three countries are so very different; and when the political union is once accomplished, this national separation will prove a great good, as it will make the Scandinavian civilization richer, more varied, and less liable to stagnate into petrified notions. The estrangement between the nations which followed from their separation was natural, and acted as a guard over their independent growth and development. But the hatred which at last grew out of this estrangement was neither necessary nor natural. It was wholly artificial, and may be said to have disappeared in the very moment that people became conscious of its existence. It was to a great extent caused by the rivalry between the Swedish and the Danish dynasty. The Swedish dynasty was of genuine Swedish origin. It was a highly gifted family; most of its members were strong characters, valiant and sagacious. The Danish dynasty was of German origin, and was very miserable. The most gifted person of the family was crazy, the next in rank was a foggy, only on a great scale, the third was a simpleton, and the rest were conspicuous only for drunkenness and ignorance. The only one who did the Danish people any real good was the last one, Frederick VII. These kings, who were German, and for centuries continued to be German, tried by all means to draw Denmark toward Germany; and they succeeded so much the better, as the highway of civilization naturally goes from Germany through Denmark to Sweden and Norway. A friendly intercourse between Germany and Denmark is as important to the prosperity of Scandinavia as the Scandinavian union itself. But in spite of these facts, the Danish kings could never keep aloof from Sweden. They inherited the Scandinavian idea with the Danish crown, and they found it pulsating in every movement of the Danish history. They did not understand it, and yet they were haunted by it as by an evil spirit. They had no natural sympathy for it, and yet they could not get rid of it. It became their besetting demon. First they tried to conquer Sweden. They did so more than once, but they always lost it again before the

next sunset, because they did not know what to do with it. Next, they tried to crush Sweden, and they employed for this purpose the meanest treachery ever witnessed by history; but they were cruelly punished. At last they tried to persuade Sweden. Cart-loads of proclamations were sent by balloons across the Sound. Eloquence, demonstrations, promises, and fine declamation descended from the balloons, as from heaven; but, unfortunately, the Swedish peasants could not read, and consequently the Swedish court could afford to laugh. The only Danish king of the Oldenburg dynasty who understood anything about the Scandinavian idea was Frederick VII. On a certain occasion he offered to renounce his crown to the Swedish king, Charles XV., and he did it in the most serious manner he knew how—with his hands in his pockets and his pipe in his mouth. But the Swedish government, under the new dynasty, descending from M. Bernadotte, district attorney of Pau, had begun to display a new virtue not seen before in Swedish history; namely, cautiousness. King Charles dared not accept the offer, and thus one of the grandest opportunities in the history of the Scandinavian countries passed away as a grotesque joke. The wars which during these centuries had been waged between Sweden and Denmark, at least one in each generation, had of course influenced the feelings of the two nations. But it is worth noticing that in the beginning the peasants on the borders generally made peace secretly with each other while the kings were warring, and the estrangement between the two nations hardly grew into actual hatred until this was introduced into their minds by their school-books. There is nothing which the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries have spoken so eloquently and philanthropically about as education and school-books, and there is nothing through which these two centuries have diffused so much confusion, prejudice, and stupidity into the mind of mankind as through education and school-books. I remember the feeling with which I, on my first visit to France, in 1860, opened the text-book used by the teacher in history in the common schools. The first two lines read thus: "The Rhine is the natural boundary of France, and was so in olden times." How much blood and how many millions has this little lie cost France! I remember, also, the feeling with which I finished my first lessons in Danish history, a silly record of the wars between Sweden and Denmark. How much I had to revenge! How thoroughly I hated the Swedes! They were my natural enemies, whom I had to fight as long as I lived. And there were many thousands of boys in the three Scandinavian countries who read the same kind of books, with the same effect.

This stifling atmosphere of hatred, which arose from a book, was also swept away by a book. During the eighteenth century the Scandinavian mythology and the ancient Scandinavian civilization attracted considerable attention. Scientific men were deeply interested, and the public was charmed. There was a striking difference between the Greek and the Scandinavian mythology, but the difference was not altogether unfavorable for the latter. The Greek mythology had developed its ideas to consummate individualizations. It had created a bright and gay world of beauty, in which all was distinct, living, and happy. But it had hidden its symbols so far below its impersonations that it had almost forgotten them, and thereby it had somewhat flattened its ideas. And while it had crowded the world of beauty with bright and radiant ideals, it had left the moral world to uncertainty and doubt. The Scandinavian mythology was vast and dim. Its individualizations were vague. Its impersonations were rather grotesque. But in the twilight of sentiment

its symbols shone out with unbroken force, and while its beauty stopped at a somewhat weak impression of picturesque grandeur blended with awe, its moral ideals were as clear and distinct as they were sublime and authoritative. What it told about life after death, of truth and justice, of faith and devotion, of love and friendship, was in many cases more impressive and more exalted than anything the world had heard before on these subjects, and yet there was no Oriental exaggeration or distortion of human nature in it. Of course, people were charmed, and hastened to take possession of the treasure. But there seemed to be a spell on it. Like the enchanted water which no one could raise to his lips, it ran away between their fingers and became muddied. On the one hand, they confounded the myths of the Edda with the vague traditions and monstrous fabuloseities which lingered in the German literature; on the other hand, they mixed them up with the feeble sentimentalism which in the art of that time showed itself as the natural psychological supplement to the horror and atrocity of the French Revolution. In both cases the myths were spoiled. Every endeavor to draw them nearer to actual life failed utterly. Then came Adam Oehlenschläger. He was a poet—that is to say, he created a new world. He gave his readers new eyes, with which they saw what they had never seen before; new ears, with which they heard what they had never heard before; and a new heart, with which they felt what they had never felt before. It may be said of Goethe that he wrote not only a great number of books, but he wrote a great literature. Every work of his built a school, and called forth one or several poets, who finished what he had begun.* In the same manner it may be said that Oehlenschläger wrote the Danish literature of the nineteenth century, but above all he wrote “The Gods of the North,” a cycle of epic poems and ballads comprising the whole Scandinavian mythology. Like every eminently great work of art, this book touched almost every sphere of human life, and exercised an influence everywhere. There is not a mouse-hole in England where you may not find a scrap of Shakespeare; there is not a plough-boy or ship’s hand in the three Scandinavian countries whose brain and heart do not bear a mark of “The Gods of the North.” That book raised the waters to the lips of the people, and they drank, and the first effect was that they recognized each other as brethren. Were they not reared in the same cradle? Had they not the same inheritance? Adam Oehlenschläger’s influence in gathering the three Scandinavian nations together and making them conscious of the intimate relation between them, is beyond all calculation; and when the great Swedish poet, Bishop Esaias Tegnér, in the cathedral of Lund, put the laurel crown on Oehlenschläger’s head, and kissed him as brother and master, it was one of those great events which often seem so singular to contemporaries, because average men must outgrow a whole generation before they fully understand the actions of great men, but which, after the lapse of these years, are recognized as prophecies and are cherished as symbols.

Adam Oehlenschläger’s influence showed its results in the next generation. The fight against German encroachments upon Danish nationality began. The Danish king and the Danish government, partly from cowardice and partly from treachery, but mainly from stupidity, took a very singular position between the Danes and the Germans; and in thus mistaking their true position they helped, half unwillingly, the Germans, and drove the Danes to despair. A revolution was impossible, for the greatest part of the people

* “Faust” and “Lenau”; “Götz von Berlichingen” and “Kleist”; “Iphigenia” and “Grillparger,” etc.

lived in utter dainness and fat prosperity, two conditions which, when aptly combined, are eminently fitted for ushering a nation decently out of history, nobody asking whither it has gone. There was, indeed, only one escape from national ruin; namely, an appeal to Norway and Sweden. It was tried, and it proved successful. The Danish students sent an invitation to the Norwegian and Swedish students to come and visit them in Copenhagen. The invitation was accepted, and two thousand young men, the best educated sons of the best educated families in the three Scandinavian countries, gathered together in the Danish capital. There were halls and feasts, toasts and compliments, protestations and promises, hot speeches, and sky-rockets of every kind, most of which were forgotten the next day. But there was something in the meeting which was never to be forgotten. Do you remember the first time you saw a mountain, the ocean, or the forest? Do you remember the holy surprise with which you recognized in the reality the dreams of your imagination? With Oehlenschläger's poetry, there came a dream over all men's minds in these countries, that the greatest and most precious in their history, the innermost life of their national existence, was something which was common to them all; and now that they had met together, they felt with holy surprise the truth of their dreams. Two thousand messengers flew out from this meeting to two thousand homes, and each carried a new idea under his wings, the idea of the Scandinavian union.

The flag was hoisted and hailed with applause. Then there came a pause. No one could tell exactly what this flag meant. Man's understanding is confined to that which he needs. When it pretends to soar into higher regions it is only running wild. And at that time, between 1840 and 1850, the necessity of a Scandinavian union appeared only as a dim spot in the horizon. But all felt that the flag meant something very serious, and when it began to flap in the wind, all the poultry fluttered and cackled. A union between Norway, Sweden, and Denmark! How absurd! cried the hens. And how impossible! answered the geese. The discussion in the papers was very singular, but very characteristic. On the one hand, long, long articles filled with objections, miles of columns crowded with patriotic protestations, with glowing prophecies of what Russia and Germany would do, with vehement denunciations of treachery against the two ruling dynasties—miles of nonsense (for there is only one thing which can transform a great idea into absurdity, namely, stupidity, and there is only one thing which can make the necessary impossible, namely, cowardice). On the other hand, short, very short answers—a little humor for the Russian prophecies and an elegant phrase for the ruling dynasties. That was all. For these men felt convinced that history herself would in proper time hold court-martial over all objections, and they meant to do what was right, letting God take care of the consequences. Meanwhile, as the necessity drew nearer and nearer, the reality arose, silently but promptly, to receive it. The student-meetings were followed by meetings of clergymen, schoolmasters, lawyers, merchants, and manufacturers. Old institutions were remodelled, and new ones established; old laws were abolished, and new ones enacted. Common interests created common enterprise. The artificial bars began to fall, and the waters sought their natural course. A new spirit was working, and I have no doubt that when in time the solemn moment comes of choice between uniting and moving away, the choice will be made, and Scandinavia be laid out on the map as a country to which a letter can be addressed.

CLEMENS PETERSEN.

RICHARD WAGNER, AND HIS THEORY OF MUSIC.

FOURTEEN years ago the world began to hear something about "the music of the future"—began rather to be told something about it; for there are ears that hear not, and in all matters the speaker is one and the hearer is another. Really to hear, it is necessary to listen, and on this subject the world did very little listening. The man who thought that he had something to say about the coming music was Richard Wagner, a musician and composer by profession, who, although he had then attained the mature age of forty-seven years, and had been writing music for thirty of them, had not yet uttered a single strain that lived in the world's memory. Educated in his earlier years by a stepfather, who was a painter, in his own art, on the death of this semi-parental instructor he turned his attention to music, and studied the piano-forte; but unwilling to submit to the discipline of his teacher, he in turn soon gave up this study, and declaring himself a poet, set to work at writing tragedy. Ere long, however, a hearing of some of Beethoven's symphonies revealed to him, as it has to many another, that he was himself a musical composer and could write grand symphonies. So Wordsworth, as Lamb once said, could have written "Hamlet," "if he had a mind to." Wagner produced an overture which was performed at Leipzig, and received with some favor; but it revealed chiefly the need of the composer to give himself to the study of fugue and counterpoint, an elementary branch of his art to which he had thus far thought himself superior. Indeed, at no period of his life has he been able to see any noteworthy relation between small beer and Wagnerism; the existence of such an ism having been early established in his mind as an article of faith. One of its manifestations was, as might have been expected, a lack of reverence, and even of respect, for the work of men whom the world still persists in regarding as greater than he. At Dresden he produced with some success his "Rienzi" and "Der fliegende Holländer" ("The Flying Dutchman"); and soon after, bringing out there Gluck's immortal "Alceste," a work of the very highest grade in the musical drama, he had the hardihood to re-touch it! In the words of a critic not ill disposed, Gasparini, an admirer of "Lohengrin" and "Tannhäuser," he suppressed certain airs, and in some airs and concerted pieces, even certain phrases which did not conform to his preconceived notions, and under the pretext of purifying and ennobling Gluck, he despoiled the work of some of its most delicate inspirations. So might that distinguished but not yet immortal dramatist, Mr. —, attempt the ennobling and purifying of one of Shakespeare's tragedies, just as Nahum Tate ennobled and purified "King Lear."

It is right to take into consideration these characteristic manifestations of Wagner's mental traits; but it would not be right to allow them to pervert our perception, or prejudicially to blunt our appreciation of the actual worth of anything that he has done. His theory of music, and what he has composed in illustration of that theory, should be judged upon their own merits, apart from his personal peculiarities. Criticism should not be deprived, even by just resentment, of its greatest privilege and highest function, the recognition

and the welcome of a new development of art, a fresh outpouring from the spring of beauty, exhaustless although intermittent.

And could there be a more alluring hope, a more seductive promise, to the lover of music who has not yet learned its place in art, than that held out by Wagner, that it shall become truly a poetic language, uttering thoughts and feelings in accents unmistakable by all mankind? For this is what Wagner does promise; and he adds more—that music and poetry, the poetry of musical sounds and the poetry of words, shall be complements and handmaidens to each other, that they shall be twins born of one divine conception, or rather, that beautiful monster dreamed of by lovers, but never yet found, two bodies with one soul. This, indeed, would satisfy the longing which all men have felt, until they thought, and which found its expression in the line so often quoted, “Music married to immortal verse.” But that wedding, often as its banns have been published, has never taken place. The immortality has been only on one side. Jupiter has consumed the ambitious Semele, or Dian has kissed Endymion, the unconscious shepherd. The words to which great music has been written have been of as little value or meaning as the music which has been written to noble words. I speak of lyric and dramatic themes, not of masses, oratorios, and other religious works. In songs and in the musical drama, the history of music shows but one or two exceptions to the rule that words and music are never of like worth; and without exception, it is true that the artist in language and the artist in inarticulate sound, although they may work together, never divide attention.

Wagner proposes to change all this. He declares that music thus far has been wronged by being unequally yoked; that Pegasus has been chained to the lyric car with a donkey, but that hereafter the muse of lyric drama shall rein a winged team, and water both at Hippocrene. He complains, too, not only of the meanness and lack of significance in the words to which music has been written, but of the formal and unmeaning character of the music itself. Its beauty is merely sensuous, and it has no higher function than that of giving the vocalist an opportunity of pleasing the ear, either by the simple and adequate utterance of symmetrical musical forms, or by the display of highly skilled vocalization which has no more meaning and is little more worthy of intelligent admiration than the leaping, whirling, and foot-twinkling of a ballet-dancer.

It must be confessed that there is good ground for this arraignment. Opera, by which we all generally mean Italian opera, can hardly be accused in this respect in terms too sweeping or too damnatory. Professing to be dramatic, its body and its spirit have been for the most part, and until very recently, formally and stupidly undramatic. Its melodic phrases have rarely had any dramatic meaning, and the forms into which they were worked were totally and inherently at variance with any true dramatic expression. To this general judgment of the opera of former years there is hardly any exception but that of such comic music, for instance, as Figaro’s “Largo al factotum;” and after all there is but one “Largo al factotum.” But what could be more dramatically inept and absurd than the formula upon which operas were rigorously constructed during the half century or more in which Rossini was prince of all operatic composers—was, because he deserved to be so, because he could do incomparably best what was required to be done? It was demanded that the libretto should be so written that there should be a grand air for the prima donna, a grand air for the primo tenore, a grand duet for those two, another grand duet for one of them and the primo basso, or a trio for

the three, or a quartet for the three and a contralto, with an opportunity for a grand concerted piece as a finale. Unless these occasions for display were given, great singers would not sing, the public would not go to hear; and composers were obliged to humor the great singers and the public. An eminent critic, Mr. Chorley I believe, once found fault with "Don Giovanni" itself, because it contained no grand arias worthy to be vocalized by great artists. But what could be plainer upon the face of it than that upon such a rigid pattern nothing of real dramatic significance could be constructed? Opera became a mere occasion for vocal display. And the violence done to the true dramatic spirit was made more flagrant and more outrageous by the structure of the duets and other concerted pieces. In these the stanzas given to the various characters were, of course, written in the same measure and consisted of the same number of lines; otherwise they could not be sung together in the same rhythmical musical cadence. One result of this system was that, however different the characters and the positions, and however various the emotions, of two personages who sang a duet, they expressed themselves in the same musical language. First one sang the air, then the other sang the same air, and then they sang together, if not the same strain, one which had of course but a single musical motive, although one of the singers might be uttering words expressing love and hope and the other those of rage and despair. The structure of the grand aria or cavatina, which required always a slow movement to be followed by a brilliant allegro, was absurd enough, but the duets and trios were absolutely defiant of common sense. Look for example at the last movement of the duet between Othello and Iago in Rossini's opera "Otello." It is the scene in which the jealous and disappointed "ancient" completes his fiendish temptation of the Moor. Othello declares that he will no longer brave the anger of an adverse fate, and that he will die, but that he shall die avenged if he dies after Desdemona:

L'ira d'avverso fatto
Io più non temero.
Morro, ma vendicato,
Sì doppio lei morro.

Iago sings almost the same words, but with the variation that he *ought not* to brave, etc., "temer più non dovro," and that he shall finally triumph over Othello—"di lui trionfero;" all which he is supposed to sing "aside," at the top of his voice, accompanied by the full blast of the orchestra. This idiotic contrivance—it cannot be called a conception—which hardly rises to the dignity of a burlesque of Shakespeare's scene, is merely for the purpose of making a grand duet. And here is the music for the sake of which this ridiculous violence is done to one of the most subtly wrought and moving scenes in dramatic literature:

Allegro vivace.



ro ma ven - di - ca - to si dop - po lei mor - ro mor -

ro ma ven - di - ca - to dop - po lei doppio lei mor -

ro si dop - po le - i si dop - po

lei si si mor - ro.

Both the men sing the same air, although their natures are as unlike as day to night, and their emotions as unlike as their natures. Nor is Othello allowed to complete the expression of his feeling as it is written out above; for after the first eight bars Iago takes up his parable and repeats the strain. Then Othello goes on; and after seesawing thus awhile, they end with a grand bawl in thirds. Dramatically this is ridiculous—ridiculous even beyond the essential monstrosity of opera; for in its very conception opera is inherently monstrous, although like some other monstrous things it has a fascination beyond that of simple nature. And what an air for such a dramatic situation! A flashy, shallow thing, well enough for a cornet-a-pistons at a promenade concert, but for emotional expression as empty as a blast upon a fish-horn. And yet this duet was never sung by a great tenor and a great baritone—say by Rubini and Tamburini—without calling forth extravagant demonstrations of delight from the most cultivated audiences in Europe. Their pleasure was not only unaffected, it was great and poignant; but it was purely sensuous, and had no relation whatever to the emotion proper to the dramatic situation. We need not, however, go to his operas for an example of the severance which Rossini could effect between the sentiment of the words to which he wrote and the music that he wrote for them. Of such violence his last important work, the “*Stabat Mater*,” furnishes us with brutal examples, of which perhaps the “*Cujus animam*” most outrages all sentiment, all propriety, almost all decency. The grandeur of the Virgin mother’s sorrow before the dead body of her divine Son is expressed by a series of phrases more suggestive of the leavings of a colossal kangaroo than of any human emotion, not to say of any mother’s grief. Its every bar is an offence against common sense and good taste, and if music could express blasphemy, would, to a religious mind, be blasphemous.

Allegro maestoso.

Cu - - jus a - - ni - mam ge - men - tam



And yet it has undeniably a certain kind of beauty, sensuous and low although it be, and well played upon an ophicleide or a trombone it gives pleasure by symmetry of musical form, and an expression of sustained power and mastery of means.

Like fault might be justly found with much—shall we say with most?—of Rossini's compositions; and he may be fairly taken as the greatest genius and the grand exemplar of his kind. And yet he has left us one of the finest examples of the truly dramatic style of operatic writing that are to be found in the history of music. For that which Wagner preaches and makes so much ado about is in itself no new thing, and is to be found in eminent perfection in the operas—the “Orphée” and the “Alceste”—of the great master whose work he thought it becoming in him to retouch. This musical declamation is not recitative exactly, nor is it melody, or at least square melody; a square melody being one which, like most airs or “tunes,” consists of four strains of equal length, and which, starting upon one harmony, the tonic, passes into a second, the dominant, and often into a third, the sub-dominant, and returns at its close to the harmony of the tonic from which it started; thus corresponding to the lines of the four sides of a square. Nearly all the great melodies that have been written—all that have lived in the ear and heart of the world—are constructed upon this model. Formality and symmetry are of the very essence of melody—as essential to it as the scientific division of the octave into the diatonic scale, without which the simplest melody and harmony are absolutely impossible. Hence we may be sure that the Hebrews and the Greeks, with all their rhapsodies about music, did not really know what music—that which we call music—was.

Opposed to melody of this kind is recitative, in which there are no formal correspondence of phrases, and no regularly recurring cæsural pauses, but in which the singer merely declaims as long as is necessary, to a free instrumental accompaniment. But more than a little recitative becomes tedious. It bores us. We know in our hearts that it bores us, even if it be written by Handel, Haydn, Mozart, or Beethoven, although we may be ashamed to say so. An opera or an oratorio made up of recitative would drive an honestly acting audience out of the house at its first performance, which would probably be its last. But there is a kind of lyric music which, without being formal melody on the one hand or bald recitative on the other, is at once melodic and declamatory, and is thus well fitted to dramatic expression. Of this kind of composition Gluck was a great master. But not to go so far back as the time of the triumphant rival of Piccini, we may find in Rossini's “Tancredi” one of the most beautiful existing examples of this purely dramatic style of music. It is the recitative which precedes the exquisite air “Di tanti palpiti,” an immortal inspiration, worthy of any composer that ever wrote. The strain “Mi rivedrai, ti revedro” has a simple, enchanting tenderness and grace that might have been the flower of one of Mozart's happiest days. The preceding part of the *scena* is worthy of such a termination. It is too long to be quoted here; but, too often omitted in the published copies of the air, it is yet commonly accessible enough for reference. Every lover of music who does not know it well should turn to it and study it as a masterpiece of musical rhetoric. It

is called recitative; but even the first part, "O patria, dolce e ingrata patria," is far removed from the arid succession of unmeaning intervals too commonly produced under that name. It has on the contrary an emotional significance, and a large loveliness of phrase. It is not melody, but it is melodic, and is in fact melodious declamation. The succeeding passage, "Tu che accendi," is more symmetrical, has a defined rhythm, but is still not sustained melody; and the whole scene is a beautiful example of what could be done in the way of really dramatic musical expression by an Italian composer who had no theory, nor dream of a theory—only inspiration, genius—and who wrote it, *motu proprio*, before Wagnerism was heard of, as unconscious that he was uttering the music of the future as M. Jourdain was that he had been speaking prose all his life.

But there is lamentably little of such writing in the operas that held the stage until within the last few years. Donizetti—not a man of genius, not a composer of the first class even among modern Italians, yet one who had musical intuitions and a gift of spontaneous melody, although not of a high order (he could not, for example, have written "Di tanti palpiti" any more than he could have taken to himself the wings of the morning)—was the first to break in upon the old formal meaningless style, and to give to modern operatic music some freedom and some dramatic force. His "Anna Bolena" marks a period in Italian opera, and his "Lucia di Lammermoor," by its famous quartet and its final air, took a long stride toward the real dramatization of opera. Verdi, coarse, blatant, strident, voice-destroying, yet with a gift of melody, advanced still further toward the same much-desired end. Verdi's elaborate finales are composed upon the model of the quartet in "Lucia"; his declamatory airs in andante or allegretto movement are worked out more or less upon that of Edgardo's dying scene. His allegros, always mean and vulgar, are peculiarly his own. But compare one of his operas with one of Rossini's, and it will be found that the essential difference between them (setting aside secondary traits, instrumentation, and the like) is that Rossini's are more or less a collection of airs, duets, trios, and concerted pieces, connected by recitative of more or less value, but that Verdi's are, however feebly, imperfectly, and coarsely, musical dramas. The model which Wagner sets up as his is one which other composers have, consciously or unconsciously, had in their minds, one toward which operatic music has long been tending. The point to be determined is how this end is to be reached, and with what degree or proportion of mere musical declamation, apart from formal melody, opera will be tolerable. What is the dramatic value of poetry in dramatic music? and can literature and music work together? All this must in the end be determined by experiment. If what is sought in the music of the future, and which has more or less been sought in the music of the past, be attainable, genius will attain it. Once attained, it is not to be disputed; for there is no reasoning with genius, no talking down accomplished fact. But Wagner has yet shown no evidence of musical genius, only of musical skill and constructiveness. He has uttered no musical thought that has any value in itself; and he is too old now for the day-spring of that beauty to dawn upon him. To consider, then, the nature of his experiments.

What dramatic music asks of the dramatist, if so we may call the writer of the words which are to be sung, is merely a plot which shall interest, situations striking, natural, and emotional, and verse the rhythm of which adapts itself easily to melodic forms and the utterance of singers. We need no

dramatic poem. Indeed, poetry is superfluous; except the fruit of that poetic imagination which creates dramatic situation and works out dramatic interest, progress, and climax. Fancy, richness of thought, beauty of illustration, and even fine discrimination of character, are more than thrown away. They are cumbrous surplusage which distract the attention of the composer of the music if he should give them any attention. His function is limited by the capacity of his art, which is only to express emotion, either that of the personages of the drama as it is elicited by action and situation, or (chiefly by means of the orchestra and the chorus) that of the audience as elicited by what passes before their eyes. All expression, all emotional effect, all decoration or illustration, should be, nay, must needs be, left to the music. The words of a musical drama are in themselves nothing; they are made to be hidden, the mere skeleton of the work; bones which the musician is to cover with the flesh and blood, the warmth, the strength, and the beauty of humanity. And yet if the hidden skeleton be not sound and naturally proportioned, the creature will be a dwarf, or a monster, or a cripple.

The notion that two arts are to join for one effect is the falsest that ever was evolved by the spirit of eclecticism—eclecticism which never did, nor ever can, create anything new, or strong, or beautiful. If the vehicle of dramatic or lyric expression is to be language, it must be language only; if music, then only music. Whether we would have it so or not, this must be; for words, as expressive of thought, distinguished from the suggestion of emotion, are almost undistinguishable in lyric music, and quite undistinguishable in the musical drama. Wagner insists upon and labors at a dramatic poem which shall share with the music to which it is sung in producing the dramatic effect of the performance. Vain effort. "Lohengrin," written in German, was translated into Italian; and except for such of the audience as defy common sense, and set at naught all dramatic illusion by glancing from the stage to those impertinent "Books of thoprun talian nenglish," and from the books to the stage, it might as well have been sung in Greek or in English itself. No crotchet more absurd was ever hatched than that the thoughts of a poet can engage the attention of those who are listening to the music which those very thoughts may have inspired. A few words suggestive of emotion may be heard, and have dramatic value, but than these no more. The impossibility is both physical and psychological.

This incapacity of mind and body to receive an impression from two mediums of expression at once conforms to and coöperates with the requirements of all art. Every art is sufficient unto itself. Every art has limits, in endeavoring to pass which it becomes not only powerless but ridiculous; but within those limits it admits no rival, no coworker. Hence it is that great music is not written to great poetry, that music is not married to immortal verse. A beautiful song, like one of those which Shakespeare has scattered through his plays, needs no music. By its inherent quality it attains its end. In itself it is a song. It sings itself, and is both words and music. What would "Take, O take those lips away" gain by being sung to any music? If the music were great, the poetic value of the thoughts would be lost, or sink out of sight for the time; if the music were inferior to the words, it could only provoke the resentment of impertinence. Hence it is that lyric writing not of the highest order, that which embodies the pleasant suggestion of emotion in flowing rhythm, without much strength or beauty of expression, is most frequently made the vehicle of fine musical thought. The composer expresses

that which the song has suggested to him. His is the passion, his its perfect utterance. Lyric expression may come from one soul, not from two. Words written for music should merely minister occasion, and be the humble, unseen nucleus of beauty, like a blade of grass made splendid by the jewels of the morning.

Not only is every art sufficient to itself, but all true art is superior to the substance in which it works. The value of a statue is in its form. It is as beautiful in clay as it is in marble; and if it were in gold, all its worth beyond its form might just as well be in the shape of ingots. Statues are put in marble or in bronze only that their beauty may endure. Moreover, the greatness of any work of art bears a certain proportion to the unlikeness of the substance in which it works to the object represented. The mastery of the art being equal, the greater this unlikeness the higher the pleasure received. The result must not be too like reality, or the skill which produces it ceases to be art, and becomes mere imitation; and nothing is worse than mere imitation except reality. It is a condition of the higher pleasures to be derived from art, that we should never be deceived, but that we should always see, and see very plainly, that we are not looking upon reality. And in proportion to the strength of this impression, combined with the vividness of the suggestion of the truth of nature, is the high quality of the pleasure we receive. Yet further, we must see that the artist did not strive to produce the effect of reality. It is a defiance of this last condition of beauty in art which makes wax figures repulsive and ridiculous. If it be true, as some have believed, that the great Greek statues were colored like nature (of which there does not appear to be sufficient evidence), and that their colorless condition is due merely to the lapse of time, then we owe to accident the attainment of the highest effect of plastic art. If form is our medium of expression, let it be form only; if color, only color. True, painting essays to express both form and color. But it gives no actual form. It works upon a flat surface. You cannot get behind the figures in a picture. The only medium of expression in painting is color limited by outline, by which alone it expresses form. If a painter were, by moulding his canvas, to round out his figures, he would merely make them and himself ridiculous. He must express form, that is, surface and solidity, by modelling, which he does by varying the tint and the intensity of his color.

The pertinence of these considerations to the musical drama is in this: that if music is to be the medium of expression, it should be music only. Whatever is added, either of other arts or of imitation of real life, by so much does the result sink in the scale of art. Scene-painting when it passes the point of mere suggestiveness of situation, costume when it attracts attention to itself, show, pomp and procession, tinsel and banners, and the supernumeraries who bear them—all these are an offence and an abomination. So even the perceptible presence of the poet, the very dramatic poet, upon the lyric stage, is more than superfluity; it is intrusion; or it would be so if, as we have seen and heard, music did not assert itself and blow the poet and his pretensions into the air. For poetry expresses thought; true, it also expresses feeling, but feeling by means of words, which are only thought made audible. But music can express only emotion and moods of mind. It can express neither thought nor fact; and not more the one than the other. Wagner will have it, in his striving after the unattainable in art (and the undesirable), that music preaches, and teaches, and tells truths, and describes occurrences and objects. He thinks that in the second act of "Lohengrin" he has described

sunrise by an orchestral passage. What he has done, and he has done it very skilfully, is merely to write a strain which suits well with, perhaps even suggests, the mood of mind begotten in one who contemplates the breaking of the day. As to expressing sunrise by sound, as well attempt to express a quart of milk by a pastoral air, or a pair of brass tongs by a duet between two trumpets.

The radical fault in this notion of the capability of music is its failure to recognize the easily established fact that the same strain, if unexplained by words or accessories of some kind, will be interpreted in different ways by hearers of equal sensitiveness to music and of equal cultivation, and who derive from it equal pleasure. This is a fact of continual and of inevitable occurrence. In the second act of "Lohengrin" every scenic device is used to show that the day is breaking; whereupon we all expect to see the sun roll up out of the orchestra. But if the stage were to remain dark, and no one came to draw water, and we heard the same strain, no mortal creature who had not been told its meaning would ever think of sunrise.

There could not be a better illustration of this misapprehension of the function of music than Wagner himself furnishes in his monograph on Beethoven, a performance in which much knowledge and critical ability is sadly muddled with that sort of metaphysics in which "the party that's hearin' disna ken what the party that's speakin' means, and the party that's speakin' disna ken what he means himsel'."*

He [Beethoven] now understood the forest, the brook, the meadows, the blue æther, the merry throng, the pair of lovers, the song of birds, the flight of clouds, the roaring of the storm, the bliss of beatifically moved repose. All his seeing and shaping now became permeated with that wondrous serenity which was first imparted to music through him. Even the lament, which is so inwardly original to all tone, hushes itself into smiles; the world regains its childish innocence. "To-day thou art with me in Paradise"—who does not hear the Redeemer's words call to him as he listens to the pastoral symphony? . . . Never has an earthly art created anything so serene as the symphonies in A and F major, with all of those works of the master, so intimately related to them, which date from that divine period of his complete deafness.

It would perhaps be harsh to say that this is mere lunatic maundering; but it is really little better. It is possible that there are some persons to whom the "Pastoral Symphony" says, "This day thou shalt be with me in Paradise"; but to most of the sane who hear it, and who have probably quite as keen an enjoyment and thorough understanding of it as Wagner, it no more says that than it says, "Go thou and do likewise," or, "Last of all the woman died also." To me that symphony, in its lovely simplicity, brings up by suggestion the moods of mind through which I pass in the course of a long, beautiful day in the later spring. The evanescent, emotional charm of such a day the composer has expressed by musical thoughts with which I have sympathy, and which therefore bring me into the mood in which he was when he conceived them. This is the power, and the only power of music. As to the fact, or what not, which is the occasion of the composer's mood, that music cannot express; and so it is possible that the "Pastoral Symphony," if performed before an audience who did not know that it was pastoral, might suggest to one class of hearers one thing, to another another, and to a third something quite different from either. But to all who could appreciate the music, including the composer, it would in one respect—that of mood of mind—be a

* But can we not forgive the critic much metaphysics for saying, "What is the dramatic action of the text to the opera of 'Leonora' but an almost repulsive dilution of the drama presented in the overture, like perhaps a tedious explanatory commentary by Gervinus upon a scene of Shakespeare's"?

common resolvent. Yet further, as to this appreciation of Beethoven: to many, if not to most musical readers, the notion that through him music became serene, will seem, of all that has been said of him, the most unreasonable, the most extravagant. Of serenity there is only so much in Beethoven's music as goes with conscious strength. First, he is a Goth, like all the rest of us; and Gothic art, although grand, is not serene. Serenity belongs to ancient art. Moreover the man Beethoven was possessed by the demon of unrest. His utterance is oftenest a cry, a protest, a moan, or a menace. He is a Titan uttering the endless woes of the rock-bound, wronged Prometheus; and even his lighter strains seem to be only the laughing mockery of the waves that flash around the altar of sacrifice:

Ποντίων κυμάτων ἀνάριθμον γέλασμα.

He leaves to others the expression of the happy serenity that finds utterance in the sweet accords of ever-succeeding harmony, and seems in his greater and more characteristic works to be writing under a consciousness of past wrong and of coming retribution, of sad memory and of hope whose wondrous brightness is the brighter for being often clouded. He is in musical art like the discord of the sharp seventh in the scale—the wail of discontent and the clamor for resolution into the serenity of the undisturbed accordance of all things; which he sees before him, and yearns for, but cannot reach. Such is Beethoven to me, and I am sure to a large proportion of his dearest lovers; to whom Wagner's interpretation of the great master is mere fanciful misapprehension, the result of an effort to see in music more than is there to be seen. A similar effort—to do more with music than can be done—seems to be the guiding motive of his vocal compositions. Moreover, he lacks the one great gift, creative genius. For inspiration he substitutes labor. His mastery of means is great, his contrivance subtle, and his finish high; but he lacks ideas. Nor is there any novelty in his work, except in his method. It cannot be said that we must wait to understand him; for, stripped of their exterior and elaborate embroidery of instrumentation, his commonplace thoughts are as simple as old Father Haydn's "A B C." It is not that he is incomprehensible, but only that he is dull. Once in a while he presents us with a pleasing musical form, and this by contrast with the waste before it seems beautiful and is applauded, although it would hardly furnish a composer of genius with material for a cadence. Nor is he, aiming at a new dramatic style, peculiarly dramatic. His truly dramatic effects are rare, and not musically new. In "Lohengrin" the most emotional and impressive scene, that between Elsa and Ortrud in the second act, attains its musically dramatic effect only by the same means which have been used by other composers. His operas depend for their success upon scenery, dresses, stage effect, acting, a large orchestra, superior artists. But musical ideas that have value impress their beauty if they are played upon an old spinnet. Wagner is too much a critic to be a great composer, even if not too much a composer to be a critic. He is a living proof that genius is never self-knowing as to its methods, even if as to its purposes. He may be preparing the way for such a genius; but he himself is only an illustration in reverse of the truth conveyed in Emerson's immortal line,

They bulled better than they knew.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

HUGH GRANGER'S WOOINGS.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART I.

— the tamer thine own, will bind,
And to make thee sing will blind,
While the little hip grows for the free behind.

HUGH GRANGER knocked more than once, giving peal after peal on the strong oak door with his walking stick. The house seemed like the house of the dead; only a wreath of dense smoke from one of the chimneys gave him a certainty that some one within was enjoying a good fire—a comfort he was cold enough to appreciate.

There was no reason why he should stand there any longer stamping his half-frozen feet. If the servants of his kinsman failed to attend properly to their duty, Hugh need not be the sufferer, if by opening the door he could let himself in. But this was easier to determine than to execute, for the door was securely barred and locked, as if thieves were to be guarded against as well as guests.

Giving up the front door as impracticable, Hugh went round to the side of the house to find some other way of ingress—a door kept on latch for the use of the family, if his kinsman had any. Yes, there was a side door, and it stood partly opened, as if some one had just entered by it, and had forgotten to shut it.

Hugh went in quickly, as if afraid that in this inhospitable house the door would be closed and perhaps locked in his face. On the threshold, though, he stopped a moment to take in the surroundings.

It might be a parlor, if Hugh judged from the furniture, old-fashioned and scanty as it was. If the fire was to be relied on, it was the kitchen—a rousing fire freshly fed with dry fagots, which blazed and crackled cheerily in the huge fireplace, while in one corner of the ample hearth a small saucepan simmered and bubbled, giving out a savory hint of broth. A young girl was kneeling before the fire with hands outspread, as if revelling in its warmth. Her gray cloak was thrown back, in order to free her arms of its heavy encumbrance, and on her uncovered head the ruddy flames reflected their own warm glow. Her back was toward the

door, and she never turned at the sound of Hugh's heavy footsteps on the uncarpeted floor; so that not until he stood beside her on the hearth did he catch a glimpse of her small, childish face, with preternatural bright eyes, which looked a little startled as they glanced up at the tall stranger.

She did not change her position in the least, nor think it needful to give any greeting to the guest; only she said carelessly, "You are fortunate in finding a good fire, if you are cold. Holly Lodge doesn't often boast of such a glorious one."

"I have stood long enough knocking at the door to be chilled to the bone," Hugh said briefly.

"Barbara is getting deaf, I fancy. Not that I heard you, for I didn't. But I would not promise to have let you in if I had," she said quite coolly.

"I like your fire better than your hospitality," Hugh answered with a shrug, "for I suppose it is of your making."

"To be sure it is. Barbara is stingy with the wood. I can never persuade her that two sticks cannot make a blaze, coax them as you will, any more than two heirs-at-law can keep from quarrelling."

"Of which is Barbara skeptical—of the blaze, or the heirs quarrelling?" Hugh asked, laughing.

"The two sticks, of course. Barbara never argues but upon what chances to be personal. The saving of the wood is, unfortunately."

"You have made sad havoc in her savings. I am glad you have, since a good fire is all the welcome I am to get."

"When you are master here things will be different?" the girl said, with a curious mixture of assertion and question.

"I hope that will be some years off," Hugh replied sincerely. The idea of stepping into dead men's shoes made him shudder a little.

"I thought you came here because

Cousin Granger is sick," the girl said, by no means understanding his evident shrinking from her words.

"I came because I was sent for. I hope our cousin is not really ill."

"I can't tell you. I haven't seen him for more than a week. He must be ill, though, for he has not put his foot over the door-sill since Sunday week. Besides, he lets Barbara stay with him constantly, which he never does if he can help it, and he eats nothing but broth."

"The last must be an infallible sign," said Hugh, laughing. "I wonder if he is too ill to see me?"

"I can't tell you; you must wait until Barbara comes. She can't be very long now."

Barbara was in the very act of coming, stealthily and cat-like. The unwonted firelight must have told its own tale through the cracks of the door, which she softly opened. At any rate she saw nothing but the brilliant blaze, and the maker of all the waste kneeling before it.

"What's got over the girl!" she exclaimed wrathfully. "A Christmas fire, and no holiday to warrant it. I might have known you'd be about some fool's trick if I stayed away long. All of my fagots gone, and where are the next to come from?"

"You should not have left the kindling so convenient if you did not want it burned," the girl answered coolly. "But you need not make an outcry, for I have saved the credit of the house this time by my prodigality."

"The credit of the house will never be in your hands, to make or mar," Barbara began; and then, catching sight of Hugh for the first time, she added, in an aggrieved tone, "You might have told me that there was a stranger here, instead of letting me——"

"Scold," the girl said carelessly. "You had such a good chance to use your tongue, it seemed a pity to balk you."

"Never mind the scolding, Barbara, nor the fire either, for that matter, for I was in some need of it," Hugh said good-naturedly.

"I never would have said a word of fault-finding if I had known who the kindling was heaped on to warm," said Barbara, with a low, old-fashioned courtesy, "for I make no doubt I am speaking to Master Hugh Granger, the heir?"

Again Hugh shrank from such a painful title, but he had no chance to disclaim it, for the girl said, "The fagots were never heaped on for him. Only, like half of the good things that befall us in life, he just chanced to enjoy them."

"You're welcome, no matter how you come," said Barbara, still addressing Hugh, and ignoring the girl. "It does my old eyes good to see you here, and——"

"It is Cousin Granger he has come to see," interrupted the girl. "You don't suppose he came all these miles to see you, do you?"

"He and he!" exclaimed Barbara indignantly. "Pretty manners you have! Do you think Mr. Hugh is a heathen, and hasn't been christened, that you can find no name to give him?"

"I don't suppose his name is of much consequence. His seeing Cousin Granger is more to the point," the girl said, unabashed by the rebuke.

"Nevertheless, I would like to have my name," said Hugh. "Am I not your cousin as well as old Mr. Granger's?"

"Nay, she'll never set claim to that, even if she dared to," Barbara broke in fiercely.

"Why shouldn't I?" asked the girl coolly. "Have I any right to? is the question."

"Right? What right can you have?" began Barbara.

"That's shifting the point. I don't want a question from you, but an answer."

"And I'll give you no answer," said Barbara doggedly.

"Why, you can tell yourself," Hugh interposed. "Old Mr. Granger's father and my grandfather were brothers. Now tell me how you are related to Cousin Granger, and our degree of blood is quickly told."

The girl shook her head. "You must ask Barbara. I know nothing save that my name is not Granger."

But Barbara was not to be questioned. She had poured into a bowl the hot, savory broth which had been simmering in the saucepan, and saying she must go back to her master, but would return and tell Hugh when the invalid could see him, she hastily left the room.

Hugh could not help laughing at old Barbara's ruse to get rid of being ques-

tioned. But the girl frowned angrily, and rising from her lowly position before the fire, she walked to the window.

"Never mind," said Hugh good-humoredly; "I have no doubt we are cousins, notwithstanding Barbara will not say we are."

"Do you suppose I care to claim you as my kinsman?" she flashed out. "What possible benefit could it be to me? If it were only that, Barbara would tell me quickly enough, for she knows very well I do not care a rush about it."

"I thought you did care," said Hugh, a little abashed by her rudeness. "I am sure I do."

"Do you?" she asked.

"Certainly. I should like very much to find a new cousin."

"Like it above overseeing Holly Lodge, I suppose?"

"Holly Lodge is not mine," said Hugh gravely.

"Not yet, but it will be some day."

"Perhaps. Why did you question Barbara if you did not wish to discover any relationship between us?" asked Hugh, wishing to talk of something else besides Holly Lodge.

"I only want to find out who I really am—a point I am ignorant of."

"At least you know that you are old Mr. Granger's cousin," asserted Hugh.

"Indeed I know nothing of the kind."

"Yet you call him cousin."

"But that does not make me one. I often feel that I have no right to use the word."

"Some one must have taught you to do it."

"Barbara told me when I first came here to live. I was almost a baby then—too young to question whether I had any right to do so or not."

"You were not born here?"

The girl shook her head.

Just then Barbara came back.

"The master has sent for you," she said.

"For whom?" asked Hugh, knowing very well she meant the summons for him.

"You, sir, if you please; and he says," she added, turning to where the girl stood by the window, "you are not to go out, but you are to stay within call."

The girl never moved, never turned her head. The difference in the intonation of Barbara's voice alone could have told her

that she was spoken to. Yet she answered immediately, "It depends upon the weather if I go or stay. If the sun comes out, I shall not stay in-doors."

"You had better, then," said Barbara threateningly.

But the girl only laughed a soft little laugh, which by no means betokened fear.

"Will you come, Mr. Hugh?" asked Barbara, and led the way out of the room, closely followed by Hugh.

There was a long, gloomy hall to be traversed, and Barbara took the opportunity to say, "You'll find the master sadly changed, sir."

Never having seen his cousin, Hugh would have been perplexed to discover wherein lay the change.

"He's not long for this world, poor gentleman, and he's wild to see you," Barbara went on to explain. "I might as well out with the truth, and say he's something on his mind he would fain out with. It's not so very much, to be sure, but he'll make the most of it. It's the way with us all when death comes nigh and claims us. All we have ever done looks wonderfully more weighty then than when we did it. Yet it's no less a trifle. If I were you, I'd just promise whatever he asked me to; and then, you know, you can judge afterwards whether it is best to keep to it or not."

Hugh would have disclaimed such a laxity of morals, but Barbara lifted her finger to enforce silence, and opened a door. She stood aside to let Hugh enter, and then, following quickly, she softly closed the door.

The room seemed well lighted, to one coming out of the darkness of the hall, and the fire sent up more smoke than flame into the huge, gaping mouth of the chimney.

In one corner of the fireplace an immense easy chair was drawn, large enough and deep enough to conceal the old man who reclined within its great arms, if a paroxysm of coughing had not revealed him. So violent was the paroxysm that Hugh feared the old man's frail life would be ended by it.

Barbara seemed to have no such fear, but quietly and deliberately poured out a mixture to still the cough—so deliberately, that Hugh lost patience, and took the glass from her unwilling hand to ad-

minister the medicine himself. Bending over the chair, he watched the slowly reviving strength of the sufferer, feeling the pity which the strong and vigorous are apt to feel for the weak.

"Thank you; I am better now," old Mr. Granger said, in answer to Hugh's question. "Every paroxysm seems to rack me more than the last. I can't have many more; my strength won't last much longer. I am glad you have come, Cousin Hugh, for I have something to say to you."

"You'd better not talk too much," warned Barbara. "That was an uncommon hard fit, and it will be sure to be followed by another if you talk overmuch. You'd best be quiet."

"Who told you I had much to say?" asked the old man angrily. And then, changing his tone into a beseeching one, he added, "Cousin Hugh has had no dinner, I'm very sure. Can't you manage to find him something to eat, good Barbara?"

"There's nothing in the house—nothing but a ham bone," replied Barbara briefly.

Hugh was about disclaiming an appetite, when he caught the old man's eyes fixed on him.

"I will not object to the ham bone," said Hugh, willing enough that Barbara should be enticed to leave the room if his cousin wished her to, and just as willing to put her out by the shoulders if she demurred.

"Barbara can do much better if she will. She is good at omelettes, and they are quickly made," the old man said in a coaxing tone.

"An omelette, by all means," returned Hugh, slightly authoritatively. "The speediness of its making is in its favor."

"If there are only any eggs," said Barbara hesitatingly.

Was it better to stay and hear what her master had to say, giving her mite of approbation or condemnation, or to make friends with the new master by her good cooking? The argument for the omelette was stronger than for her remaining, since Barbara knew very well what old Mr. Granger was about to confide to his cousin, and only a desire to weaken the effect by a few judicious words made her anxious to tarry—words she could very well speak another time; whereas, to offend

the future master of Holly Lodge might be disastrous. So Barbara came to the wise decision of making the omelette.

"Lock the door," old Mr. Granger ordered, after giving time for Barbara's retreating footsteps to die away. "She'll make quick speed with the omelette, and be back in a twinkling. Lock the door, I say."

Hugh obeyed, amused at the old man's energy.

"Get a wife, Cousin Hugh—get a wife, I say. Women are ill things to fall in the hands of, but you can quarrel with your wife, and no fear of her leaving you. She's bound to stay whether she likes it or no. It's a different thing with one's housekeeper."

"You should have managed to get the whip-hand over Barbara before now, sir," said Hugh, laughing.

"No doubt I should. But one grows cowardly as the years increase. Anything for quiet, we say. That was not my creed when I was a young man. Neither is it what I want to speak to you about. It's my will. I don't care that it should take you by surprise. Hugh Granger, are you very sure you are my nearest tie of blood?"

"I think I am, sir."

"But if you are not?"

"Why, then, I am not your lawful heir, sir."

"Nonsense! What are you talking about? Haven't I a right to leave my property to whom I will? What do you mean by saying you are not my lawful heir? I can pick one up out of the street if I please."

"I suppose you can, sir."

"To be sure I can. But fortunately for you, I don't care to. There is a pretty sum in stocks," the old man added in a wheedling voice, "the savings of years. Don't waste it, that's a good fellow. I've tied up the land so that you can't part with it if you would."

"I have no thought of parting with it," Hugh said, hardly knowing how to receive his cousin's confidences.

"I want one of the name to own the place, and it isn't much without the money. I'd like to know who'll blame me for the wish," he added fiercely.

"I hope there will be no reason to blame you, sir."

"But they will. It's the old fable of

the man and his ass: no matter how he loaded it, some one cried out, Shame to him. So you see, I'll just go my own way; and I've left everything to you because of your name. Yet you are not my nearest kin, Hugh Granger."

"Who is nearer?" asked Hugh, unable to think of any one more closely related to the old man than he was.

"The girl down stairs. Have you seen her?"

Hugh nodded.

"Can you guess who she is? But how could you? Did you ever hear I had a daughter?"

"She's not old enough to be your daughter, sir."

"Of course she is not. My daughter died fourteen years ago. She sent her baby to me by way of legacy. Kind in her to remember me on her death-bed, when I had disinherited her on account of her marriage. Her husband was dead, so I suppose there was no one else to leave the child to. Her constitution was good, unfortunately, so she thrived on next to nothing."

"She had a brave heart, sir."

"A tough one, rather. Most hearts would have broken under the circumstances."

"And now you would do tardy justice, and own your granddaughter?"

"I must; I would not if I could help it. You'll understand why I do, some day, so I'll not tell my motive. I can't leave the girl without any one to look out for her. Barbara hates her, and I can't blame her, for she has the haughty temper of her mother, blended with a deal of foreign impudence. But as I said before, she is a girl, and must be looked after."

"She shall have due care, sir; I'll promise that."

"Not in that way. I don't want to hamper you. Let her marry, if you choose. She'll bear well the old name of Granger, and so lose the foreign one."

"I can't promise that, sir," said Hugh gravely. "I will pledge my word, though, to take good care of your granddaughter."

"She'll need next to nothing, unless you wish to marry her; and even then she'll not be as exacting as her silly sex are wont to be, for the simple reason that she has not been used to much."

"Perhaps her needs will increase," said Hugh, smiling. "I'll not begrudge

her wishes, and I promise you to be true to your trust."

"I don't wish you to be bothered with the girl. She'll not be troublesome if you let her alone. I must tell her myself of our relationship. She'll not love me the better for the closeness of it. Say nothing to her of it, but let her speak first herself. She never would bear questioning. I dare say your omelette's ready now, and——"

A violent paroxysm of coughing came, and Hugh watched the old man gasping for his breath, until he thought he must die in the effort. Hugh did not dare to leave the sufferer even to call Barbara, and he wished devoutly he had foregone the omelette and kept the old woman in the room. She must have heard the coughing, for she came speedily.

"There was no need to have locked the door," she said reproachfully, as Hugh opened it for her. "I've been these twenty years at Holly Lodge, and have never had a door locked on me before."

"It is time you had, then," said Hugh. "One gets sadly spoiled in having one's way the whole of twenty years. But look to your master, for he needs your help."

Barbara turned to the chair, where the old man lay pale and exhausted, with closed eyes, and Hugh, seeing he was of no use to either master or servant, made his escape, and groped his way down the dark hall to the half kitchen, half parlor, where he expected to find the omelette and his cousin's granddaughter.

The omelette was there ready served, flanked by a loaf of bread, and the ham, which was by no means attenuated to the bone, as Barbara hinted. There was no sign of the girl, however. Either the sunset, which looked the brighter after the long rain, or the desire to show Barbara she was not to be let or hindered in having her own way by word or order from her, or perhaps it was just youthful restlessness—one or all, these causes had enticed her out, and Hugh was forced to sit down to a lonely meal, a thing he detested.

The best of omelettes will spoil by standing, and the best of tempers will become irritable under disappointment. Either because the omelette was heavy, or his appetite had gone, Hugh left most of the egg on his plate untouched, and lighting a cigar, he went out of doors to smoke it.

There was neither porch nor piazza in

front of the house, but a broad terrace flagged with stone, broken and worn by time and use into grooves and holes, where the rain which had fallen all day lay in small puddles. Hugh Granger walked up and down the rough pavement, seemingly enjoying his cigar, but in reality a little fretful under the new position of things—as fretful, at least, as one of his easy-going temper could be.

A little perplexed also with the turn fortune seemed to be making in his life. Heretofore he had lived to suit his own whims and pleasure, with no cares nor responsibilities. Now, it seemed likely he would have both thrust on him by his cousin.

A sorry possession, he thought, as he glanced up to the house with its long row of shutterless, broken-out windows. Originally it had been a fine establishment, and had held its own with the best in the county. Even now it showed its substantial build, and that it was capable of being renovated. For the credit of the old name, he would strive to bring back the old prestige to the place.

And the girl—what should he do with her? She was an odd bequest to put into the hands of a bachelor. He would have to make some provision for her away from Holly Lodge. And yet had she not a better right to call the place home than he could ever have, even though the law gave him ownership? After all, he was worrying himself over an unhatched brood—the sick man might live on for years. Hugh's cigar was a mere stump now; should he light another, or go in out of the cold night air?

Before he had decided the important question, there was another footfall on the flag-stones, and looking up he saw old Mr. Granger's granddaughter coming toward him. She was daintily picking her way over the worn stones, so as to escape sweeping her skirts through the puddles of water, and she did not observe Hugh until she was close upon him. She started a little when she saw him standing there watching her.

If Hugh was still in search of a companion, he was disappointed, for without staying even to bid him good evening, the girl swiftly turned round the corner of the house and disappeared.

Perhaps his cousin's abrupt departure decided Hugh to go in also, for he only

lingered some moments longer in order not to appear to follow her, and then he too went round the corner of the house to the door he had found open a few hours before. It was a pity he lingered those moments, for when he went into the kitchen he found only Barbara there clearing away the remains of his scarcely touched dinner.

"Where is my cousin?" Hugh asked Barbara abruptly.

"Oh, you've found out your kin, have you?" the old woman asked in her turn. "She's gone up stairs. He who has the best of rights has sent for her, and he'd have her all to himself while he speaks a word to her—an ill word, to my mind, because a useless one. What's the use of saying what he has taken a power of care to hold back these long years, just because he's going out of the world? Nothing but selfishness makes him do it. It's been hard work enough to keep down her pride by asking her who *she* is to put on airs? But now, with the proper answer in her mouth, I shall be sore put to it to manage matters."

What reply Hugh would have given was lost to Barbara, for just then the door opened from the hall, and a brown head was just visible. "My grandfather wants you, Barbara," a clear young voice called out; and then the door was shut.

"He's told her," Barbara said laconically, with a sigh of regret.

"Of course he has. Didn't he send for her for the purpose? I wonder how she takes the news?"

"Oh, with grand airs enough; you might guess it from the way she spoke just now. 'My grandfather wants you, Barbara'—and the old woman strove to mimic the clear young voice, but failed utterly in Hugh's opinion.

"Give me a light, and show me my room," ordered Hugh shortly. "There is no pleasure in sitting alone, and fortunately, I am tired."

There was no sound in the night to break Hugh Granger's slumbers. Nothing to be heard in the dismal old house but the noise the rats made, holding high carnival in the walls. Yet before morning old Mr. Granger died, unheard even by Barbara, who had undertaken the duty of watching by the sick-bed. Instead, she had slept comfortably in her chair until the day dawned, when she

discovered that a new life had also dawned for her old master, and a new state of affairs for Holly Lodge.

Barbara sent for an old crony of her own to give her needful help and importance under the supposed affliction; and wanting the kitchen for her own purposes exclusively, she opened a small, disused parlor, and lit a fire in the open hearth, intimating to Hugh that it was for his special use.

Hugh found his solitary breakfast served there. He did not ask for his cousin, supposing naturally enough that she preferred taking the meal in her own room that morning at least. Even when Barbara brought in his early dinner he asked no questions, though he began to think such seclusion was by no means good for so young a girl.

As the twilight drew on Hugh grew so weary of his solitude that he determined to send a remonstrance to his cousin, with a request that she would take tea with him.

The sun had been shining all day, and had died gorgeously in purple and crimson. From the stone terrace the view of the west was unbroken, and Hugh sallied out to look at its splendor, and to stretch his long limbs. He had sat in-doors all day, as he thought he was bound to do, to show due respect to his dead cousin; but he could stand the loneliness of the quiet house no longer.

Walking up and down the terrace, Hugh glanced up to the long row of shutterless windows in the vain hope that the brilliant sunset had enticed his cousin to look out from one of them; but he could see no one. He lit a cigar, his sole solace in his loneliness, and paced up and down the uneven stones, in that depressed state which human nature is sure to feel when one of his fellows is lying stark and cold in one quiet chamber in the house.

Certain as Hugh was that he was master of Holly Lodge, assured as he had been by the one interview he had had with its owner, he did not feel inclined to take actual possession until the will was read, which would not be till after the funeral. Unlike the old French custom, the throne was vacant at present—or would have been, if Barbara had not constituted herself regent for the interim, and Hugh thus far had been contented to let her reign.

There was no sign of life in the region of the shutterless windows, but over the brown, muddy fields, where next summer Hugh hoped to see his own corn waving, there was something moving—only a small gray speck. Hugh watched it anxiously, very sure that he would soon be able to discern his cousin in the rapidly approaching figure. He drew back into the shadow of the house, intending to pounce upon the little gray figure as it passed and capture it. For by this time he had discovered that this odd cousin of his was not held by the ordinary customs and restraints of society, and a polite request might prove futile on his part.

The faint scent of his cigar must have reached the girl, for she suddenly turned and went round to the back of the house, evidently intending to make her escape as she did the night before.

Not feeling inclined to be baffled, Hugh followed quickly the fast retiring figure in gray—followed to have the door shut in his very face. There was nothing to do but either to give up the pursuit or open the door and show he was not to be shut out. He was glad he chose the latter, for one glance showed him his cousin had not suspected his following her, so that closing the door on him was unintentional.

The room was filled with the aroma of boiling coffee, and if Hugh had had any doubts of the odor, he would have been made sure of it by the sight of Barbara's evident enjoyment of a cup of the Arabian berry.

The opening of the door by the girl had startled Barbara, and she was irritated at being found drinking coffee surreptitiously, and enjoying creature comforts, when she would fain every one would believe her grief set her above them. This was obvious in the wrathful hitch she had given her chair as she turned to face the intruder, as well as in the tone of her voice.

Hugh's cousin had advanced to the fire, quite regardless of the old woman's angry gesture. Her eyes were fixed upon the coffee-pot, as if questioning if she too might not have a cup from it, before it was sent into the house. She had no time to make her petition, however, before the vial of Barbara's wrath was poured out upon her. "So you've come home, have you?" asked Barbara sarcastically.

"Bad pennies usually come back. Maybe you thought Mr. Hugh would get worried and go in search of you. If you did, you were fooled then, for he has never spoken your name to-day."

"I should think not," the girl answered coolly. "What business is it of Hugh Granger's how I go or come? He may be master of Holly Lodge, but I am not part and parcel of the property."

"He's not master here till the will's read," replied Barbara. "Pretty ways he judges you have, roaming about the country all day like a wild Indian, and the corpse in the house which ought to be treated with a show of respect, if you are capable of nothing more."

"Where was the use in my staying in-doors?" the girl asked impatiently. "I would only have heard you and old Betty telling about ghosts and dead people. I hate such talking, and it would have done me no good, nor my grandfather either, for me to have stayed to hear you."

"Your grandfather! That's the time, is it? Never a word did you ever speak for your cousin, who you thought took care of you for mere charity. But now that you know he was ashamed of you, and never would own you till the breath was nearly out of his body, you are for making the most of your kinship. I'll have grandfather cast into my ears every moment, I reckon, now you've heard his confession."

"I don't think you need be fearful. As you say, I have nothing to be thankful for—much to resent, perhaps. So I can't see why you should expect me to keep his memory green."

"I don't believe you are even mentioned in the will," Barbara went on to say, not heeding the girl's assent to her former assertions. "I don't believe he has left you a penny to bless yourself with."

"I don't care if he hasn't," the girl replied, with a shrug of her shoulders. "Never having owned the immense sum you mention, I don't know its value, and doubt if it were left to me whether it could buy me a blessing. I'll give you my right and title to Holly Lodge, Barbara, for a cup of coffee. I have not had a mouthful to eat since breakfast."

"You sound as grand as Esau, only you've nothing to sell for your sup. Whose fault is it if you are starved? The victuals were cooked just the same as if

there was no corpse in the house. Folks must eat, no matter what befalls; but if they go out against all decency, of course they can't expect to do better than go hungry. You'll get no coffee, I promise you. I've just tasted it to try its strength, before I send it in to those who have the best right to drink it—or will have when the will is read."

"Give me something to eat, then," said the girl, as Barbara rose and took possession of the coffee-pot.

"Can't you see I'm busy, and that Mr. Hugh is waiting for his coffee?" was the surly reply.

"Give me the keys, then. There is something left in the pantry, I don't doubt, and I can help myself."

"Of course, there is something in the pantry. Please Heaven, it will never have the bare shelves it's used to keeping. There's a lovely wing and breast of chicken, not to speak of a fresh boiled ham. But that's nothing to you. If you want your dinner, come when it is served; you can't order meals anyhow, as if you were mistress. The keys indeed!"

The girl made no further remonstrance. Whether under Barbara's spiteful rule she had been accustomed to go dinnerless, or whether she did not care to have any further altercation, it was difficult to tell.

"Send in the coffee at once, Barbara," said the authoritative voice of Hugh Granger. "And some cold meat, please. One grows as hungry staying in-doors all day, as it is proverbial we do on Sundays."

It was impossible to tell whether Hugh had just entered, or had been a witness to their altercation. He gave them no time to discover, for he at once turned to his cousin, and said reproachfully, "Why did you not tell me you were going out? It was neither kind nor cousinly to leave me alone all day."

"There was room enough for both of us out of doors," the girl said curtly. "The sunshine was invitation enough after yesterday's storm."

"But I know nothing of your paths. It would have been but civil in you to ask me."

"I'm used to going my own way without being interfered with," she answered rudely. "You can do the same."

A slight frown contracted the brow of

the good-natured man; but only for a moment. "I will not quarrel with you," he said in a low voice. "I intend to be your friend, whether you will or not."

The color rose in the girl's face; perhaps she was ashamed of her rudeness, or a momentary feeling of her need of a friend came over her. Hugh saw the blush, and the sudden tears which quite quenched the blaze of her eyes.

"Let me be your friend!" he asked. "No one has a better right to be."

She put her hand into his which he held out to her, a little timidly and reluctantly, as if she scarcely understood his frankness. And then, as she felt his fingers close on her little palm, tightly and firmly, as if he had made her his prisoner, she tried to withdraw it from his hold.

"Come into the parlor," said Hugh. "We will have the coffee there. Make haste, Barbara, and send it to us. Two cups and plates, mind, for my cousin will sup with me."

There was no use in struggling; better go quietly and apparently willingly. So she let him draw her into the parlor, seating her in the chair Barbara had placed there for Hugh's comfort. It was drawn, this seat of honor, so close to the blazing fire, that she was forced to undo her cloak and throw it back, for she felt she might suffocate.

"That is right," said Hugh, laughing. "I have captured you, and intend to keep you, so you may as well make yourself comfortable."

She gave a little defiant laugh, and glanced towards the door as if she contemplated an escape. But just then Barbara came in, bringing a tray, which Hugh examined critically as she placed it upon the table. The cold chicken had not been forgotten, neither the two cups and plates; and in sheer gratitude the girl's shyness seemed to disappear, and Hugh Granger was far from lonely that evening, though the shadow of death hung over the old homestead.

The next day was to be that of the funeral, and Hugh was in haste to stop his cousin's walk for the morning. His zeal was superfluous, however, for when he went to find Barbara to send a message by, he found the girl herself in the kitchen, wrapped in her gray cloak to be sure, but evidently waiting.

Hugh's conscience smote him when he

caught sight of the gray wrapping. He ought to have told Barbara to see that his cousin had proper mourning, a bit of respect the old housekeeper had not forgotten on her own part, for she came into the kitchen as black as a raven in point of costume.

"You had better stay at home and let folks think you can't stand the burial, if you haven't a bit of black to wear," said Barbara.

"My dress will do well enough," the girl answered shortly. "What's the use in putting all your mourning on your back? There's little enough in your heart."

"And what's the use in showing your heart? If I've lived here twenty years this coming Whitsuntide, it's but proper I should let folks see I consider myself as good as one of the family. And I'd feel mean, I'm sure, if I chance to be mentioned in the will, and there was no show of black and a proper respect about me."

"I don't think either of us need put on mourning in respect to the will," old Mr. Granger's granddaughter said carelessly.

"I've not a bit of doubt that you needn't to. But that's nothing to do with the black. If Mr. Hugh will go with you in that plight, he may; only I know that I wouldn't."

Hugh had not the slightest objection to walking with his cousin, especially as he felt that the impropriety of her dress was his fault. Soon after, the little cortège went out of the disused hall door, down the stone terrace, and through the fields, the nearest way to the village church. Four of the laborers on the farm carried the coffin, and Hugh and his cousin followed them. Then came Barbara, looking as if the chief mourner had been foisted out of her proper place, and had to take old Betty with her for support.

At the churchyard gate the physician and principal lawyer of the village fell into the procession, being asked by Hugh, who had failed to find any one more nearly associated with his dead cousin. Either the old man had never made any friends, or he had outlived them all.

In the parlor Barbara had opened for the accommodation of Hugh was gathered, a half hour after the dismal funeral, a curious group. On the rug before the fire stood Hugh with the clergyman and

doctor. The three conversed in low, constrained voices, if they really could be said to be conversing.

From the frequent glances all three pairs of eyes turned towards the window, it was not difficult to guess that the cause of their embarrassment was the little figure in a gray cloak who stood there with her back towards them. It seemed very doubtful if she would have cared to hear a word they said, let them talk on what subject they might; and yet she was by no means cast down by her grief. What she had to do with the reading of the will was a question neither the clergyman nor the doctor could answer. Not that she was not in a sort of way familiar with both of the men; but what claim she had on the late owner of Holly Lodge, they never dreamed.

Barbara had gone with the lawyer to show him where old Mr. Granger might have concealed the will, for it was not found with his papers. There was more than one place to be searched, judging from the time they were gone.

There was a look of relief on two of the faces when the lawyer appeared with the paper in his hand. Hugh was evidently nervous as he placed a chair at the table for the lawyer, and motioned to the two gentlemen to sit down.

Barbara, lugubrious both in dress and countenance, yet important and expectant, dropped down into an humble seat at the door, certainly in the hope of being exalted by a handsome mention of her name in the will.

Only the small figure at the window seemed neither interested nor curious; and not until Hugh crossed the room and spoke to her did she turn to listen.

The will was short, drawn up by old Mr. Granger himself. The real estate was left to Hugh Granger only for his life. If he died without a male heir, it was to go to one of the name, to be selected by Hugh from among his distant cousins. All the money, which amounted to three hundred thousand dollars, was Hugh's unconditionally, subject only to the few debts of the deceased, and the named legacies.

The doctor nearly whistled in astonishment at the sum in stocks which old Mr. Granger had left; for he alone of the four men present knew of the penury and stint which had made Holly Lodge but little better than a beggar's hovel.

"To my servant Barbara," so the will read, "who I, the testator, feel assured, from an intimate knowledge of her character, has fully in my lifetime indemnified herself for all her acts of self-sacrifice and thriftiness, I bequeath the sum of fifty dollars, to be paid her by my heir, Hugh Granger, in current money."

Barbara groaned, either in wrath or from wounded feelings, but became attentive and hopeful when, on the other page of the will, a codicil was discovered. Second thought must have made her old master juster, and the near approach of death made him more liberal; for Barbara knew very well the codicil was witnessed the day Hugh Granger was sent for.

At the mention of a codicil Hugh glanced furtively at his cousin, but there was no guessing from her face whether she was building any hopes upon it, as Barbara evidently was.

"To my granddaughter, Madelon Lavalette," so the lawyer went on to read, "the only child of my late daughter, Mary Lavalette, I bequeath the same sum and provision I intended to settle upon her mother, for her use and disposal, to be paid out of moneys left by me to my sole heir, Hugh Granger: to wit, one dime, being all I consider my late daughter to be entitled to, as an ungrateful, headstrong child."

Hugh Granger's face flushed angrily, and he felt inclined to insult the lawyer for reading the words he found written in so legible a hand that there was no slurring them.

Barbara laughed maliciously. It almost repaid her for her own disappointment to find Madelon had fared worse than she. Only the girl herself never changed countenance, nor removed her eyes from the face of the lawyer—a face all aflame at having to read the cruel, unnatural words.

The clergyman and doctor cast compassionate glances at the girl, so oddly acknowledged as having the first claim on the dead man, so cruelly left without any provision for her future. But she did not appear in need of counsel or admonition, nor of a stimulant or a sedative; and they had nothing else to offer her.

The new master of Holly Lodge had but brief congratulations from his three guests, who hurriedly declined his proffered hospitality. Walking over his fields

to the village, they freely discussed old Mr. Granger's will, and the strange revelation he had made in it.

Hugh had followed his guests to the hall door, and stood there watching them walking away over the fields. He wondered, with tingling blood, whether they suspected him of being cognizant of the contents of the will. His cousin had told him everything he owned was to be his; but when he confessed having a granddaughter, Hugh supposed he would make some provision for her, leaving Hugh, perhaps, her guardian. He never dreamed so much malice and injustice could be pent up in any man's heart, least of all in that of a dying man, who soon expected to meet his dead daughter, and be called to account for the legacy she had left him.

"You are lucky, Mr. Hugh," said Bar-

[To be continued.]

bara's shrill voice, at his elbow. "You've got all, and no one to gainsay you as to the management. It's an awful hard world. After all my striving, and lying hard, and eating next to nothing, after all my care and painstaking to save the crumbs, because he didn't like even the looks of waste—after all, I say, to leave me not more than enough to pay for the black I've bought. But maybe he spoke a word to you about the old woman, knowing you're not one to begrudge her her rights, specially as I've been under this roof twenty years this coming Whitsuntide, and——"

Hugh turned impatiently and put Barbara aside, never stopping to hear the end of her speech. He stalked back into the parlor where he had left Madelon, but only to find she had slipped away.

EMILY READ.

SONNETS.

I.

AS one who strays from out some
shadowy glade,
Fronting a lurid noontide, stern, yet
bright,
O'er mart, and tower, and castellated
height,
Shrinks slowly backward, dazed and half
afraid—

So I, whose household gods their stand
have made

Far from the populous city's life and
light,

Its roar of traffic and its stormy might,
Shrink as I pass beyond my woodland
shade.

The wordy conflict, the tempestuous din
Of these vast capitals, on ear and brain
Beat with the loud, reiterated swell
Of one fierce strain of passion and of sin,
Strange as in nightmare dreams the mad
refrain

Of some wild chorus of the vaults of
Hell!

II.

Enough! this glimpse of splendor wed to
shame;

Enough! this gilded misery, this bright
woe.

Pause, genial Wind! that even here dost
blow

Thy cheerful clarion; and from dust and
flame,

The noonday pest, the night-enshrouded
blame,

Uplift, and bear me where the wild-
flowers grow

By many a golden dell-side sweet and
low,

Shrined in the sylvan Eden whence I
came.

O woodland water! O faint-whispering
pine!

Loved of the Dryad none but I have
viewed!

O dew-lit glen, and lone glade, breathing
balm,

Receive and bless me, till, this tumult
rude

Merged in your verdant solitudes di-
vine,

My soul once more hath found her an-
cient calm!

PAUL HAYNE.

VOICE-WORKERS.

II.—THE SINGING VOICE.

FROM Shakespeare, who said that the man who had not music in his soul was fit for treason, stratagem, and spoils, and Dr. Johnson, who confessed that music was the least disagreeable of noises, down to the littlest girl who sits at her piano and sings "Way down upon the Swanee River," or the country choir which intones "Old Hundred" without either art or artfulness, the great mass of mankind are music-lovers, and, when they can be, music-makers. The love of dramatic expression with the aid of the speaking voice alone—which is the art used in common by orators and by actors—is a much more limited passion. Innumerable people care nothing whatever for the theatre; innumerable others are simply put to sleep by oratory; but the man who does not love music is a rarity, and one seldom meets him. Without going so far as to endorse the statement of that enthusiast who said that man's three indispensable requirements were food, shelter, and music, I confess myself a passionate lover of harmonious sounds; and though I *could* no doubt live without music, I should consider that fate had treated me most unkindly if I were forced to pass my days in some portion of the world (if such there be) where the voice of song was never heard. As it is, almost my entire life has been led in great musical centres, and I have been constantly thrown in contact with singers of the highest class, the celebrated singers of the world. Thus, while I am not able to speak of this class of voice-workers from the standpoint of one of themselves, I have passed so large a part of my life in the atmosphere of musical art that I feel at home there. At one period I was so constantly surrounded by this atmosphere, that I quite lost sight of what was transpiring in the other world of voice-workers; for some years I scarcely ever went to a theatre, or conversed with an actor or actress, but was indefatigable in my attention to opera and concert, and constant in my association with singers.

This was during the halcyon period of Louis Napoleon's reign, when music absorbed the attention of the Parisians to a greater extent than it has ever done since. On the stage of the Italian Opera during this period was heard la Penco, that fine artist who has been absent some time from the scene of her Parisian triumphs, but who at this writing is about to try once more the temper toward her of that public which was once at her feet; and Marie Battu, the light soprano, who was so delightful in the parts of the *Sonnambula* and *Rigoletto*. And ah! now that he is an unmistakably old man with an eyeglass and a cracked voice, who shall tell the charm which Mario wove about us in those days when, in velvet doublet and silken hose, he played the gay deceiver, and sang, in a voice of silvery sweetness, his melodious ripple of "*La donna è mobile*," or tutored some fair Rosina in the music lesson in the "*Barber of Seville*"? More than once an American aspirant for musical honors flitted across the Paris scene: Mme. Guerrabella, a beauty with a romantic history, but little voice; Mme. de Wilhorst, one of those much-to-be-pitied American girls who married a count and repented of it; Virginia Whiting Lorini, a prima donna with a lovely voice, who died at Havana during a professional visit there. Out from a music hall where she had sung to the jingling of beer-glasses, and flung her pure notes into an atmosphere of tobacco smoke, came Marie Sax upon the stage of the Grand Opera, there to win unlimited applause from the public, and a lawsuit from Sax the horn-maker, who forced her to take the *x* out of her name, and write herself down Sass. At the Théâtre Lyrique, the fourth operatic stage in Paris (the Grand French Opera being the first, the Italian Opera the second, and the Opéra Comique the third), was produced for the first time Gounod's "*Faust*," with Mme. Miolan-Carvalho as Marguerite. Gounod's "*Faust*" on a fourth-rate stage! Was this richness? And in the

midst of all the good singing on the four operatic stages, dozens and dozens of men and women with cultured voices were delighting other audiences in Paris—that wondrous city where there is an entertainment for every purse, and an audience for every talent, great or small.

Mme. Miolau-Carvalho has now been singing for twenty years, and though her voice has lost much of its freshness, she is still one of the finest vocalists in Europe. The first time I heard her was in the opera of “*La Reine Topaze*,” and I shall never forget the high, clear voice and the surprising skill with which she sang a number of florid variations upon the “*Carnaval de Venise*.” Yet this gifted singer (and I have introduced her name here in order to give this bit of encouragement to aspirants for operatic honors) gave but little promise of eminence when she began to study—not that she was lacking in voice, but that her progress in the art was very slow. Auber said that during the first two years of her studies at the Conservatoire all the professors constantly sent him bad notes concerning her. Her dispositions for singing did not show themselves unmistakably till near the middle of the third year, and it was by force of perseverance alone that she triumphed at last.

Facts like this, which are capable of almost indefinite multiplication, go to illustrate the great truth that, however important may be the possession of a voice, the ability to use it is more important still. And it is only by patience and perseverance that this ability is acquired. So much weight is laid upon this truth by artists generally, that it is a common facetiousness among them to remark that one only begins to learn to sing when one has lost one's voice; and the renowned tenor, Duprez used to say “Nothing injures a singer so much as a fine voice.” These are only exaggerated modes of expressing the great importance of being able to use a voice with skill and effect after you have got it; and the art of using the voice skilfully and effectively consists in nothing more than the power of triumphing over the obstacles which stand in the way of its perfect utterance. Amid the noisy harmonies of an orchestra at the Grand Opera, the sweet little pipe of many a concert-singer would be completely lost; and unless she has ac-

quired the power of making herself heard above the orchestra, what matters it whether her voice be melodious or discordant? In certain alpine regions, where the air is rarefied and the sound diminished in intensity, the singer encounters an obstacle which no skill will overcome. There Mme. Nilsson might cry aloud on that thrilling high note to Faust in the garden scene, “Come! come!” and a Faust a foot off couldn't hear her.

I think I must have met at least fifty girls, in different parts of our country, who have wished they could be opera-singers, and of whom friends in mistaken kindness have said, “Her voice is as good as Kellogg's was when she began.” Without questioning whether this be true or not, a more important query is, Has this débutante the other qualities which have contributed to Miss Kellogg's success? Clara Louise was a born musician—one of those choice geniuses whom nothing can keep away from their bent. She sang complete tunes when she was a baby seven months old. This seems incredible, but I had it from her mother's own lips. When she was “our little four-year-old,” instead of making the bright remarks of other people's four-year-olds (those who were predestined to become lecturers, perhaps), the tiny Kellogg would sit perched up at a piano, playing and singing with intense delight. Whether her voice is great or small, whether she has improved it by practice and hard work or not, this gifted American girl had the immense advantage of being born a musician; and at this day there are few prime donne in the world who are so efficient at all points in music as Clara Louise Kellogg.

The girl who, lacking Miss Kellogg's peculiar forceful musical genius, should set out with the warrant of a slender voice, expecting to imitate her success, would have many a sad disillusion to encounter. A genius for hard work will accomplish much, I know; but it would not enable even a Nilsson to sing successfully on the summit of Mont Blanc. And as for the majority of girls, it is but too true that they would prefer to shirk hard work. The story told of the tenor Caffarelli, exaggerated though it may be, has the essential feature of all good stories in that it has truth for a groundwork; it is founded on truths which all singers

must recognize at the outset of their career. The Porpora instruction sheet is supposed to have contained the following formidable list of exercises—which it seems to me might frighten the stoutest heart; though the trained knowledge of Porpora and the natural talent for music of Caffarelli made these exercises appear to them simple :

I. The diatonic scale, ascending and descending with sustained and equal notes.

II. The intervals of second, tierce, quarte, etc.

III. The grupetto.

IV. The triolet.

V. The arpeggio.

VI. The syncope.

VII. The diatonic scale, ascending and descending, in quick time.

VIII. The chromatic scale (which Caffarelli is said to have been the first to introduce in the art of singing).

IX. The trill and the cadence.

X. The filé sound.

To know merely theoretically what all these exercises mean would be a fair musical education, as musical education goes with the mass of singers; but to know what they mean experimentally, to know when and how they are perfectly or imperfectly executed, and above all to be able to execute them with critical perfection—that is the sort of education which makes the artist, when it supplements voice and talent out of the common order. Happy the girl who is not flattered early into the fatal belief that with *her* heaven-sent gifts such education may be dispensed with.

I was present, some eight or ten years ago, at the début of a young American singer who took the leading part in a light Italian opera—a thing which, it appears, she is not qualified to do even now, as she is to-day singing second and third-rate parts in opera. Yet on this occasion she was the recipient of such adulation from her friends, such thunders of applause, such avalanches of flowers, that I have no doubt she thought her position as leading prima donna of the world a *fait accompli*. “What will they do for her when she becomes an artist?” asked a French friend of me as he heard the applause, and smelled the flowers, and saw the repeated calls before the curtain. An artist! She considered herself that already. She had had a year or two of tui-

tion with some “voice-maker” in New York, and had come out ticketed a prima donna with a repertory of a dozen operas.

A “voice-maker” is a teacher whose aim is to turn out his pupil with a voice which can be used for singing within the briefest possible space of time. He does not exactly go on the German-in-six easy-lessons plan, perhaps, but something very much like it. In France this useful sort of person is called a “menuisier de la voix”—a carpenter and joiner of the voice. Many and various are the workings of these manufacturers of prime donne. Widely and wildly do their methods vary. One celebrated New York teacher instructs his pupils to sing from the moment they get up in the morning till they go to bed at night. All conversation is to be sung. To have this kind of pupil in the house must be extremely agreeable. An operative demand at the breakfast table for coffee and toast, eggs and fried potatoes, cannot fail to be a pleasant accompaniment to the rustling of newspapers, and the anxious discussions of the height and depth of gold. Perelli, the Philadelphia teacher, an Italian ex-tenor who died a few years ago, never permitted his pupils to sing continuously for more than fifteen minutes. His young lady pupils indulged in spasms of vocalism for a quarter of an hour, and then subsided into silence. This system has obvious advantages for listeners, whatever may be its value to the pupil. The “horizontal method,” which I have heard one or two male singers extol, consists in singing while stretched on one’s back on the floor, without shaking a paving-stone or some kindred object which the professor has laid upon the pupil’s stomach. This ingenious device puts the pupil more at the professor’s mercy than seems exactly fair. Those who imagine that I am drawing on my fancy for details in this matter are invited to overhaul their ancient history. The system has actually been in use ever since the days of Nero, who besides being a fiddler was a tenor—I know not how good a one—and was in the habit of exercising his voice by singing with sheets of metal on his stomach. The paving-stone treatment raged with considerable violence in Europe some thirty years ago, as a reaction against the fashionable utterance called facetiously the stomach voice. How a tenor could sing

with a voice from the epigastric regions, it is puzzling to comprehend; but I remember a story told of Louis Philippe which shows what the effect was. Delsarte, a singer who passed half his life in forcing his voice into his stomach, was engaged in forcing it up to his lips one evening at a court concert, and with what he deemed most flattering results. Imagine his flabbergastliness when the citizen king approached him and said, "I see you are shockingly hoarse, M. Delsarte; you need not sing any more."

The choice of a master is a business full of risk to the possessor of a singing voice. The voice has been compared to a diamond, which in the hands of a careful workman becomes a gem of price, but confided to a clumsy lapidary may be so maltreated that nothing remains of it but a spark. Marvellous stories are told from time to time of the wonders performed by this professor or that. Some students have heard of a teacher in Philadelphia who has the most extraordinary success; others have faith only in the teachers of New York; many think that the true musical fire burns but in Boston. Some aspirants for musical honors succeed in getting to Italy. Milan, Genoa, Turin, and other Italian cities yearly shelter scores of American girls who have been enabled, sometimes by heartrending sacrifices on the part of their parents, to go abroad and study a year or two under some well-known master. How many sad failures I have known of girls who set out in the earnest belief that they had been gifted with phenomenal voices, and found that their organ would not stand the wear and tear of the necessary study—not to speak of the exactions of the footlights! But there is almost always this consolation in store for the possessor of a singing voice, no matter how trifling it may be: that a livelihood may be gained by it. If you cannot be a Nilsson or a Patti, a Faure or a Santley, you are at least pretty sure of being able to get a situation as a concert singer; for these artists are of all grades of ability. It may seem a terrible thing that a singer should aim at the grand opera and succeed in hitting nothing higher than the stage of a variety theatre; but as a practical person I should say that it certainly would be better for a voice-worker to do that than to remain a needlewoman or a

shop-girl—for the simple reason that a popular singer in a variety theatre receives an income worth that of a dozen needlewomen or shop-girls. It may surprise my readers to learn that such a singer receives seventy-five or a hundred dollars a week; but it is true. Those who are recognized first-class stars of that sphere are even paid two hundred dollars and upwards; but these are men and women of special talent for comedy as well as vocalism. The most ordinary singers of this class—mere fair-faced girls with small voices and smaller culture—get twenty or thirty dollars a week. How many needlewomen or shop-girls earn as much?

Between the variety theatre and the grand opera what a world of various opportunities lies! And what abundance of talent has grown from the lower grades to the higher! Adelina Patti rising from a concert troupe, and Christine Nilsson from outdoor singing in the streets of the cities of her native land, are familiar examples of one sort; Castle, the graceful tenor, and Campbell, the high bass, rising from the stage of a minstrel company, are equally familiar examples of another sort. The great point with singers, as with other workers, is always to strive to do their work *well*. Then the result will be worthy, whatever the scene. Parepa-Rosa employed every shade of her perfect art in singing "Five o'clock in the morning" as faithfully as she did when singing in an opera or an oratorio.

The best language to sing in—that is to say, the language whose syllables are most favorable to musical emission—is the Italian. The next best is the Turkish. The Turkish language being good for anything from a musical point of view will no doubt be a revelation to many readers; but I have the best authority for the statement. Next in the order of excellence for musical purposes comes the Russian language; the Spanish next; the German next; and then the French. I need not say that French vanity is equal to claiming precedence in this respect for its own tongue, if it were possible; but no well-educated French musician will deny that his language is the worst of all for the singing voice—with one exception; and the exception is the English.

The advocates of English opera are sometimes very sarcastic on the lovers of

the Italian, and apply cutting adjectives to people who have the audacity to pretend they prefer an operatic performance in a language which is all Greek to them. But the precise truth is, that with the latter (when they are in earnest in their love, and not mere parroters of fashion) the music is more important as a means of expression than the words. Some people care more for pantomime than they do for spoken drama; children do, for example. According to the Delsarte system, which vainly endeavored to find favor in New York two or three seasons ago, every emotion of the soul is capable of expression by the mere contortions of the features. This is pressing an idea too far, no doubt; but there is no question whatever that all shades of feeling may be expressed by musical vocalism alone, without regard to words. It requires a long course of experience in listening to music of the highest order, with the insensible education of the ear which comes of that experience, to enable one to fully understand the wordless language of the gamut. All lovers of Italian opera who are ignorant of the Italian language, are necessarily the possessors of a peculiar culture; and the lovers of English opera most innocently exhibit their own lack of musical culture in stickling for the words of an opera instead of relishing the music thereof for its own sake, and as being equal to words or even superior to them as a means of expressing emotion.

Of course, I am far from holding that English opera is not a most excellent sort of music for English-speaking people to listen to. I trust I am superior to the small vanity of presuming that because I have cultivated a keen relish for Italian opera, other people who love their words with their music are not right in their preference. It is merely a question of ranking musical expression over the means of expression we are accustomed to in our daily intercourse with each other. Perhaps Mr. Richard Grant White might find here an untried branch of his favorite subject—words and their uses. It is enough to state the incontestible truth that our vernacular is the most unmelodious—or at least the most unfavorable for song expression—of all polite tongues.

A charming tenor of my acquaintance—an Englishman who had spent many years in Italy—used to afford entertain-

ment of many a pleasant evening to a circle of friends at his home in Paris. He was merely a society singer, though he sang quite well enough to rank as a professional artist, if he had chosen. A favorite diversion of his, in the ardor of his vocalization, while his wife sat at the piano and played his accompaniments, was to seize the tongs and mimic the action of a guitar player with them grotesquely, while his melodious strains would fill the large room in which we sat, and, floating out through the open windows, draw forth heads innumerable from surrounding households, all listening with rapture. Ah, what joyous evenings of mirth and song were those! The floor of our tenor's fourth-story abode was carpetless, after the French fashion; and a prime joke with the singer was that he had no carpet on his floor because carpets absorbed too many notes. (The joke is not very obvious without the pantomime which accompanied it; but he meant a play on bank notes.) Thackeray used to come and sit on the hard sofa and smile beamingly through those spectacles, which seemed to me to stand closer to his eyes than the spectacles of any one else, and, caring little for Italian vocalism, would beg the tenor to sing in English. Our host hated to sing in this language, but to please Thackeray he would seize the tongs and murmur in the sweetest of voices, while thrumming like a troubadour, that choice bit from the "Bohemian Girl,"

When other lips and other hearts
Their tales of love shall tell.

But when he came to the end of the song, those unacquainted with his peculiarities were surprised to hear him sing in his ringing tenor,

Then you'll remember LA!

which certainly was confusion to the sense of the phrase. The explanation of this lingual variation was simply that the vocalist considered the word "me" the most unfavorable syllable to sing a high note on that the mind of man could possibly devise. For his part, he once said, he would quite as lief a bystander should wrench his tongs from his grasp and pinch his nose with them, as expect him to utter the word "me" at that particular place in the celebrated Balfe ballad.

No capable teacher, in instructing pupils with a view to the operatic stage, ever takes the trouble to teach them to

sing in English. Exercises are most generally sung on the monosyllable "la," though some professors prefer "wa," which is a frequently recurring sound in the Italian language. This syllable, joined to Massini's system of diaphragmatic respiration, is used by the best French teachers, including Faure, the great baritone, in instructing pupils. Mazzucato, who has the reputation of being the best teacher in Lombardy, develops his pupils' voices by the aid of the word "volo," preceded by "ah"—descending and ascending, ascending and descending—which, when the pupil gets to going at a lively gait, is as good an imitation of the yells of a lusty baby with a pin pricking it somewhere, as can be imagined.

The vital objection to English opera is, not that the English language isn't good enough for English-speaking audiences, but that it is the most difficult of languages for the singer. The objection becomes vastly modified when the singer has only a ballad to deal with; but when it comes to an evening of opera, the wear and tear upon the vocal organs is frightful. Nevertheless, it is certain that many singers have made most delightful music on the operatic stage with our crabbed and unmusical English tongue. The records of English opera certainly present some very bright examples of artistic vocalism. That repository of delightful reminiscence in every family, "my mother," tells wondrous tales of the superb singing of old-time Mrs. Wood, and how she set Young America stark, staring wild with delight in her English operas; of the Seguin opera troupe, too, with their Anglicized "Der Freischütz." Certainly no Italian operatic singer I have since heard has made sweeter music to my ear than did Louisa Pyne when, with her rich and flexible voice, she warbled Rode's variations in the last scene of "Cinderella." And beautiful Anna Thillon, singing like a mortal but looking like an angel, gave vast enjoyment to the crowds which heard her sing "The Crown Diamonds" and "The Black Domino" in English. For the glorious use Parepa-Rosa made of the English tongue in her concerts and operatic performances, thousands will remember her long and lovingly. I heard her in London at perhaps her very first appearance on the operatic stage. She sang

in the "Bohemian Girl," and the tenor of the hour refrained from singing "Then you'll remember LA" on that occasion.

Any one who has been behind the scenes at the opera, before the curtain has risen, has undoubtedly noticed various singers of the troupe, in divers attitudes of elegance or otherwise—often otherwise—industriously engaged in running the scales, without rhyme or reason, to all seeming. But there is reason for it—as there is for most of the goings on behind the scenes, however mysterious they may appear to the unlearned observer. A singing voice is a musical instrument like any other, and needs tuning up just as carefully as if it were a fiddle. But besides this, there is frequently a cloud on the singing voice, which must if possible be dispersed before going before the public. The loud utterance of a few notes will often accomplish this, but not always. I once heard—or rather saw—Mme. La Grange begin to sing in the "Trovatore" when her voice was so clouded that she could not be heard across the foot-lights. As the evening advanced, however, the cloud gradually cleared away, and in the last act her notes were clear and bell-like.

When the cloud on the singing voice amounts to positive hoarseness, it is most dangerous to force it to exercise. The speaking voice may be so carefully handled by the speaker—especially if he is at liberty to choose the words he is to utter—that hoarseness may be played with to a certain extent; but the singer has no such discretionary power. If the notes are written, she must either sing them correctly and with full power, or make a failure; and the result of an injudicious effort is often fatal to the voice. It has happened that a celebrated prima donna has lost her voice as by a lightning stroke under such circumstances, as was the case with Mme. Fodor, who became suddenly voiceless while singing in "Semiramide," and was never able to utter a clear note again. But singers generally know how to distinguish between the cloud on the voice, resulting from the organ not being warmed to its work, and the hoarseness which comes from cold. The public should be taught indulgence to prime donne who are compelled to relinquish an appearance for which they have been advertised, by such facts as I have stated.

No prima donna will disappoint the public, by whose favor she lives, without serious necessity.

Another fact little known to the public regarding the singing voice is, that almost all vocalists' throats are in a chronic state of inflammation, or an approach to it, which would be considered downright soreness by anybody else. A friend of mine, who is a prima donna, goes through life with a pair of red and swollen tonsils which would serve me very nicely for a quinzey. Familiarity in such cases breeds contempt, as the proverb teaches, for the abnormally enlarged tonsils create no disturbance in my friend's mind. She remarks that a physician who was unacquainted with artists' throats would surely send her to bed if he got a peep at hers. But it is seldom necessary to cau-

tion the possessor of a singing voice to vigilance in the care of it; it is too precious a possession to be lightly guarded. A voice which in the money sense is equivalent to a row of brown-stone fronts in Fifth avenue, or I know not how many oil wells in Pennsylvania, will be treated with the utmost respect by a wise possessor. Unfortunately, the singing voice is short-lived, if it be used. The exactions of modern operas are so destructive in their effects, that it is calculated the average duration in freshness of a soprano voice is eight years, and of a tenor voice only six. The baritone is somewhat harder, while the bass voice will generally last a lifetime; though there are well-known instances of once celebrated basses who still walk the earth in all their manly physical vigor, but sing no more.

OLIVE LOGAN.

IN THE DESERT.

THE sands of the Desert glowed hot and red,
The sun of the Desert beat down,
Till it blistered the top of the Carmelite's head—
Just the round shaven spot on his crown.

An Arab swept up, bare-chested and brown.

"My tent door stands open," he said.

The monk found a wine-skin under his gown,
The Arab brought dates and bread.

"Kind Allah, we thank thee!" the Arab cried,
When our simple repast was spread.

I fell to at once, but the monk replied,
"Nay, Sheik, thank the Lord instead!"

Then the two argued loud and the two argued long
As to how their grace should be said;
But before they had got at the right or the wrong
I had finished both dates and bread.

When they turned to me, I could not declare
On a point so exceedingly fine,
But I rode away on the Arab's mare
With my friend the Carmelite's wine.

Just where my thanks are due I cannot decide,
But honors are easy, I think;
So Allah I thank for the mare I ride—
The Lord for the wine I drink.

JOHN PAUL.

"DIX MINUTES D'ARRÊT."

I WILL tell you how it happened that Delaroche and I were always rivals; why we always were on terms of hostility; why I, who lacked his genius and his superb execution in surgery, still rose to be his acknowledged superior, and triumphed, while his life has been a failure. It is a matter of honesty and conscience—just that. It amazes me sometimes to see the materialists struggle, insensate, against the moral law of the universe—a law more undeviating than the law of gravitation; for a bit of iron will fall up toward the magnet—who knows why?—but the moral law submits to no attraction, deviation, variation, or departure. I avow myself a Christian—I, Alfred d'Estaing Boissy, Principal Surgeon of the Hôtel Dieu, Chief of Anatomy at the Sorbonne, avow it in the face of the men of science, who tell you the world is self-existent and self-sustaining; who declare the only God to be a blind, remorseless leaven of Evolution, which, restless and upheaving, works and seethes through all matter till—what? and who maintain the soul is the result of the mechanical organization of the body.

I was born in Normandy. In that region the climate is cold and cheerless compared with the south of our beautiful France. We grow apples there instead of grapes, so that we lack the rich wines and the warm blood of Burgundy and the districts beyond till you come to the Mediterranean. My mother was a peasant girl. We were not poor, as poverty is reckoned with that class, for my father, who died when I was six years old, left a farm of twenty acres, from which it was not difficult for her to support herself and me—an only child—and lay up something besides. Every day of my life, twice a day, my mother prayed with me to the blessed Saviour, to the Holy Virgin, to the good God. She put a sentiment into my soul—a spiritual sentiment—my poor uncultivated peasant mother! God keep her evermore! She was good, she was religious, and she tried to make me good and religious. She made me the superior of the man of science, who can get no further

than he can see, which is but a very little way. She gave me a belief—belief in the extraneous, the supernatural, the above. When I began to study, and thought to open up for myself much that appeared hidden, and attempting it would discourse to my mother about it, she would reply, "What is it to me, Alfred, how old the world is? What is it to thee? Look beyond that, Alfred, look beyond that." You must not suppose in this way I got to undervalue the deductions of science; on the contrary, I was led to place the true value on them, holding them always subordinate to the spiritual, by which I came to regard man's moral being as the most important object; and my medical studies—comparative anatomy, pathology, physiology, surgery—were interesting from the use I hoped to make of them. All this I owed to my mother. Her intellect seemed to develop with mine, and her clear, bright sense was like an intuition. I did not fall into the senseless talk about "study for study's sake," but I learned early that "study," and "facts," and "truths" were only valuable as they served a moral purpose. For the sake of that purpose I devoted myself. My love for my profession did not consist in an abstract admiration of what I daily discovered about the human frame, but in enjoying in anticipation the use I would make of my knowledge.

I received a good education at a school in a large town near by, and when I had exhausted the library of our village physician, and received his instructions for two years, after a careful footing up of expenses, I went to Paris. I rented a small garret, for almost nothing, in the Rue Copeau, purchased an iron bedstead and bedding, a table, a chair, and a coffee-pot, with cup, saucer, spoon, knife and fork, and plates, and was launched as one of the medical students of Paris. Here, as you are aware, everything is free, except special or private instruction, and my mother had even a small sum reserved for that, when occasion should require. Dupuytren was dead. Velpeau was at the height of his career.

Broussais and Majendie lectured daily. There were at least a dozen medical students who lodged in the same building with me, and there were a large number in the immediate neighborhood; for the place was convenient to the points we had to visit. I soon formed acquaintances from the more studious—the workers, as they were called—and entered with zest on my new life. There was a great fascination in it. Here within my reach was all I had longed for. Whatever I sought to learn, whatever investigation I desired to make, whatever opportunity I wished to have, was directly at hand. The house adjoining the one I was in was nearly filled with young men who appeared to have a free-and-easy, rollicking habit, as if they enjoyed the billiard-room more than the clinique. You cannot always judge by appearances though; for many a young fellow who assumes a gay, reckless manner with his companions, does it from sheer affectation, and is really a hard student and a careful attendant at the hospital and lecture-room. One of these specially attracted my attention. I tell you at once I am speaking of Delaroche. He was then about three-and-twenty, and I thought him the handsomest, certainly the most brilliant-looking man I ever beheld. He came from a place between Bordeaux and Marseilles, not far from the latter town. He was tall, lithe, finely formed, with long, glossy hair, perfectly black, large eyes, equally black, a superb head, and apparently a frank open face. You don't recognize this description, do you, in looking at Delaroche now, famous though he be, with his attenuated form and careless habit, and his eye of evil? I was very much taken with him at first sight, and as we were pursuing the same course we came out of our rooms precisely at the same time, and with several others walked along in company. Delaroche was one of those who, very ambitious and attentive to his work, affected the indolent, careless vein, as if his real object in Paris lay in the billiard-room, the wine-shop, the Odéon, and what came after. We soon became acquainted, and then my dislike commenced. He appeared amiable at first, and as he had preceded me nearly a year, gave me much information about the routine of our student life which I valued. This was done, however, in such an easy, pretentious style of su-

periority, that it carried offence with it. I soon saw that Delaroche was overbearing in his nature, claiming a first rank and position, which to one inclined to contest it made him very disagreeable. His face still looked to be frank and open, but the eyes betrayed him. Bright and reassuring as they were, when he had finished whatever he was saying a side-long glance full of mocking insincerity invariably succeeded, as something involuntary and quite beyond his control. In gay scenes, laughing and talking with a knot of young fellows, this would not be noticed, or if noticed it would serve to add piquancy to his jokes. But on other occasions it was very repulsive—at least to me.

Delaroche had genius for medicine. His diagnosis, for so young a man, was wonderful, and he used the knife with a dexterity which brought encomiums from Velpeau, with whom he was a favorite. Louis considered him the most promising of all who followed him in the fever wards. In fact, he had no superior in our particular community. He soon discovered that I, the new-comer, was to be his rival. The fact is, my two years under our village doctor had been years of careful, thorough study, and what the old physician could do to instruct me he always did, taking me long rides through the country, where I learned a great deal about all sorts of maladies; so that when I reached Paris I was prepared to profit immediately by the advantages there. Delaroche was annoyed, and exhibited the feeling in many petty ways. He soon discovered that I was religious; and he commenced a system of ridicule in which it was not difficult to raise a laugh at my expense. I did not care. By degrees our community settled into two sets. I was the admitted leader of one, Delaroche of the other. I have said he had more genius and brilliancy of execution than I, but I had conscience, he had none; and it was that which gave me the advantage; for it made me industrious, enthusiastic, and honest. Delaroche had no real industry; he only worked hard: do you comprehend the difference? He had no enthusiasm, no honesty. He was the favorite with the distinguished men I have mentioned, and when opportunity offered he endeavored always to throw some ridicule upon me. I am sorry to

say most of our professors were men with no religious views whatever. The famous R——e (I do not name him, for he has gone to his account) was an avowed materialist, and went out of his way to ridicule those who thought differently. In the dissecting-room, while giving us the most valuable instruction, he would take pains to make known his opinions with sneering sarcasm. I had joined a small class who were his private pupils; Delaroche was one, and it was here he made himself most disagreeable. On one occasion R——e was exhibiting a section of the brain and skull of an idiot, by which he undertook to explain why it must have been an idiot. "Look at the machinery, gentlemen—it is all an affair of machinery—you perceive plainly the defect—there we are, you see." "M. Boissy will hardly agree with you," said Delaroche mockingly, with the usual side-long glance. "M. Boissy is a *dévo*t." There was a laugh. "Attends the confessional, and prays to the Virgin, I suppose," said R——e with a sneer. "Both," I replied calmly, looking him full in the face—"both. And please explain to me, M. R——e, how you work moral truths by machinery." "Moral truths," replied R——e, "are but fine logical truths: good logic comes of good brain machinery—*voilà tout!*" "Pure assumption that," I answered. "Bah!" exclaimed R——e; "let us to our occupation, messieurs." These sallies were not uncommon, but my answers were always ready. I held on my course, and at the end of two years I felt a power and a strength which began to be acknowledged. I ought to have said that the two sets which had now become rivals were divided, not on any question of religion or morals, but upon the sharp question (which has caused such fearful divisions in France) of aristocrat and plebeian. I avowed myself a peasant, and there were those who by a certain sympathy ranged themselves with our side who were well born and descended—splendid fellows they were too. Delaroche led the aristocrats, and in derision gave us the name of the "Men of Conscience" out of ridicule to me. We on our part called them "Machine Men," because Delaroche rejected everything but a mechanical result. Many of our party had very little thought of a religious sentiment, but, finding themselves ranged on the "Conscience"

side, assumed a good deal to be quite distinct from their opponents, so that we had, as is usual, our ludicrous element. At the end of two years a good many changes had taken place. The "set" on both sides had been depleted and filled again, but Delaroche and I still remained. Indeed, it had become apparent that neither of us intended to leave Paris, but would seek occupation there.

An occurrence about that time excited a great deal of interest. A lad of sixteen was brought to the Hôtel Dieu with a very bad compound fracture of the thigh-bone. R——e was anxious to try a new process in fracture cases, and selected this poor fellow for the experiment. If it was successful, the leg would be saved; if unsuccessful, the boy's life would be lost. I thought so severe a case should not be experimented with. Besides, I was convinced nothing but amputation would save life. It was bold, I admit, but I resolved to speak out. There were six of us present when the course of treatment was announced. "M. R——e," I said as calmly as I could, "if you submit the lad to that treatment, he will die." "I say he will survive," exclaimed Delaroche quickly. "Messieurs students of medicine," said R——e, in his usual quiet way, "the course is determined on: you two gentlemen will see it is carried out with fidelity." So we did. I never knew Delaroche so careful, and my very soul was stirred to save the poor boy if possible. R——e gave to the case unusual attention. He omitted nothing. He visited the lad twice a day. It was of no avail. In less than three weeks he expired. The event produced a great impression on the class. From that time R——e treated me with much more consideration. Indeed, it led to some immediate employment at the hospital, which was a special mark of honor. For R——e, with all his sneers and his ridicule of things sacred, was unbiassed in judgment, and he gave me the position instead of Delaroche, who was the favorite. The "Men of Conscience" were jubilant, and the "Machine Men" correspondingly depressed, while Delaroche was furious. This little appointment was everything to me, for it was the first step, which we all know is half the journey.

One of the saddest parts of Delaroche's history was his treatment of the sex. He had no respect whatever for woman.

I had been educated to adore and venerate her. I shall have nothing to say about his habits, for they may not have been worse than those of the majority, but his outspoken opinions were deplorable. "I expect to introduce a new queen to you, gentlemen," he said one night; "a lovely creature from my own Côte du Sud; brilliant, too, yet warm-blooded. None of your icicles from the cider departments"—here his eyes swept their sidelong, sinister glance—"but joyous as is the wine and luscious as is the grape." "When may we expect her?" was asked. "Perhaps this very week," was the reply. "And la petite Camille?" "La petite Camille must yield to destiny, and a fairer than she, as others have yielded before her." "And as the new queen will yield after a few weeks," cried somebody. "I suppose so," replied Delaroche, shrugging his shoulders, with another side glance, "but it is quite too soon to talk of that." "Give us a description," exclaimed two or three. "Ah, messieurs, that is really impossible. No words I can employ can convey a proper idea of her loveliness. Besides, you will see her in a few days, and may judge for yourselves. I will say this, so that when you behold her you may the more fully appreciate my conquest. *Elle est vertueuse.*" "*Vraiment!*" "*Absolument!*" "*Est ce bien vrai!*" were the exclamations which followed. "It is true, gentlemen. The lovely creature is virtuous; what is more, she is religious—very appetizing qualities in a young girl—don't you think so, Monsieur Boissy?" and Delaroche turned on me a look of pretentious superiority and triumph. A certain horror seized me. I could not tell why. I had an instinctive feeling, although many young men, Frenchmen especially, are great boasters, and altogether untruthful in talking of their gallantries, that what Delaroche was saying was absolutely true. There was a genuine satisfaction and complacency in his utterance which was not to be mistaken. I did not answer his question. I said very seriously, "It is to be hoped that Monsieur Delaroche is romancing this morning," and turning abruptly on my heel I left the room. I could not get the incident out of my mind—it haunted me. I pictured an innocent, guileless girl lured away from home by some *diablerie* of this wretch. Despite every effort to feel calm and rational,

something constantly whispered to me, "You yourself are involved in this—forever involved." What was I to do? I could not tell. I did not know. I could only wait events. A week, two weeks went by, all which time the whispers continued, repeating the same words: "You yourself are involved in this—forever involved!" Then, after the two weeks, the whispering was at an end. There had been no arrival, meantime, of the promised "queen." The young men rallied Delaroche without stint. For a time he would reply, "Wait a little. There must not be too much haste." At length he lost his temper and would bear no more joking, and after a couple of months the affair was forgotten.

My appointment in the hospital, unimportant as it was, became of great advantage to me. It helped me to acquaintances outside the students, and by degrees I picked up some practice. Twice a year I visited my mother. I began now to look forward to the time when I could take a respectable apartment, so that she could spend a part of her time with me in Paris. This was the great wish of my heart, and I labored diligently for it. Meantime Delaroche, through the influence of Louis, had secured at "La Pitié" a position similar to my own at the Hôtel Dieu, except that mine was the more important from the extent and character of the latter institution. Starting thus together on our Paris career, I may say Delaroche began from the first a systematic course of enmity, which he displayed on all occasions, while I was quite too frank and outspoken not to give my judgment of him when it was proper I should do so.

It was, I suppose, six months after that I availed myself of a singular circumstance to visit Marseilles. I will tell you about it some time. It is a little history in itself, and the account would interfere with my narrative. I had first to go to Bordeaux. Then commenced the romance of my trip. Montauban, Toulouse, Montpellier, Arles—these were names that quickened my blood.

It was a lovely day, the first week in September, when I first saw in the distance the dancing waters of the Mediterranean. In the districts adjoining, the vintage was already yielding its first fruits, and the sight of the animated scenes produced in me an unusual exuber-

ance of spirits. At length the tall spires of Arles came in view, and soon the train swept into the station of that fine old town. The doors were flung open, and the shrill voice of the official was heard: "Dix minutes d'arrêt! Dix minutes d'arrêt!" I got out, and entering the buffet purchased a cluster of grapes, and came upon the area and commenced eating them. While thus occupied, I was addressed by a middle-aged lady who approached me. "Monsieur is a medical man from Paris, is he not?" I regarded the speaker with scrutiny. She appeared above the middle class, plainly but neatly dressed, with a refined but sad expression. Her face was still handsome, and she looked at me wistfully. Before I had finished the examination the inquiry was repeated: "Is not monsieur a medical man from Paris?" "I am so," was the reply. "Follow me then, for the love of the Holy Virgin," she exclaimed. "Follow you? Do you not perceive I am *en route*? We have a stop of ten minutes, of which six are gone already." "Monsieur can take the next train," she pleaded. "But why should I? What is it you want?" "Come with me at once to see a sick person who is very ill," she answered. "Who is the person?" "You will see. Alas! I cannot tell you," she cried. "What is the malady?" "Indeed I do not know. It is for you to discover," and she began to weep. "This is quite absurd, madame," I said. "You have competent physicians at Arles: why don't you consult them?" "Ah, it is idle to do so longer; they have already been consulted." "It is ridiculous to suppose I can be of any service under such circumstances," I retorted; "besides, I will not go under a cloud of mystery."

At that moment the cry of "A voiture! à voiture!" was raised, with a hurried "Montez, montez, messieurs." I sprang forward, but she caught my arm. "Stay, I will tell you. It is for my daughter I come. For the love of God, go with me." I was vexed at her laying hold of me, and I burst away with some violence and entered the carriage. Turning to look at the woman, I perceived her gazing at me with an aspect so broken-hearted and despairing, that it was impossible to endure it. I seized my cloak and bag and jumped out just as the door was closing. "Now," I exclaimed brusquely, "here I am." She seemed for a moment in a

maze, then she turned quickly and said, "I will show you the way." We walked the entire extent of the town, quite to the opposite quarter, thence past the suburbs, till we came to the open country, when presently we stopped before a neat cottage in the midst of a vineyard of considerable extent. My guide opened the door and asked me to enter. I was shown into a neat sitting-room, the appointments of which displayed refinement and taste. I was left alone a few minutes, and had time to look about me. I sat perfectly still, however, quietly awaiting what was to come from this occurrence. I had not exchanged a single word with my conductor the whole of our long walk. I did not feel the least disposition to speak; evidently she did not. When she returned to the sitting-room she had laid aside her hat and shawl, and stood before me with a certain elegance and grace I was quite unprepared for. A weight appeared to be removed from her heart, and her demeanor was so entirely changed I scarcely recognized her.

"Will you please, monsieur, to now go in and see my child?" she said. "First, madame, let me make some inquiries of you about the case." "I would much prefer you would see Marguerite first," she answered. "The doctors have asked me so many questions I am distracted." "As you please," I said, and thereupon I was ushered into the adjoining apartment.

On a large, handsome bed reclined what you would call a wreck of a once beautiful creature, possibly eighteen years old. She was dressed in a neat morning gown, tastefully arranged. The rich brown hair was brushed back and left entirely free upon the pillow, and the full chestnut eyes looked unnaturally large in contrast with the attenuated features and the sunken cheeks. The first impression was unmistakable. There was an imprisoned soul beating fretfully against its mortal bars, which were daily becoming weaker and weaker. "I have found him, my Marguerite," said the mother tenderly; "the medical man from Paris: he has come to you." The girl turned her large, brilliant eyes on me—ah, I cannot explain how searchingly, how full of questioning and of doubt. There was not a ray of cheerfulness or of hope there. She did not speak. I sat down by her side, and felt that I was in a

holy place. At length I said, "My child, what is the matter?" (I was but five-and-twenty, yet it came from my heart to say "My child.") "I do not know," she replied gently. "How long have you been ill?" "Six months yesterday." "Six months yesterday! you remember the day then?" "Ah, yes;" and an expression of pain as from a bruise was on her face. "Were you taken suddenly ill?" "Yes." "A fainting fit, perhaps?" "Yes." "Are you in any pain?" She hesitated. "I mean bodily pain." She answered immediately, "No." "I shall tease you with no more questions at present, my child. I will tell you this: you will recover your health again, after a time. Of that I can assure you." She looked at me reproachfully. "Is it really so? Have you no wish to recover?" I asked. She shook her head. "Not for the sake of your dear mother?" A flush passed over her face, but she made no answer. I turned the conversation on other subjects. I told how much I had, during the morning, enjoyed the beautiful landscape, the fine old towns, the vineyards, and the sight of the sea; of which all were new to me. That my birthplace was in Normandy, a country very different from hers, and that my duties confined me closely to Paris. "You have been in Paris, perhaps, mademoiselle?" I inquired. "Never," she exclaimed with emphasis, and the eyes quickened as if there was a meaning in her tone. I took no notice of it. "You have a garden, I perceive," was my next observation. "I did have one; I have lost all interest in it." "But if I promise this very day to clear it of weeds and make it look as it used to, won't you take some interest in it then?" "I don't know," she said, but a languid smile crossed her features—the first encouraging sign I had beheld. "You will at least come to the window and see me work?" "I will try," she responded. I felt I had made progress, and it was time to end the interview. During it I had not taken Marguerite's hand, or felt her pulse, or made any of the ordinary medical demonstrations. I had not even approached very near the bed. What I said professionally was uttered with decision, and when I told her she would be well again I did not speak as you would speak to a child, encouragingly, but in a tone of authority, as if what I said was

not to be disputed. "I shall look in on you again," I remarked, as I rose to go. "Perhaps your mother will allow me to taste some of her grapes?" "Mamma, the Côte de la Reine are best," said Marguerite. I did not appear to notice the remark, but left the room without any further reply from my patient. "Monsieur, monsieur," cried madame, "you are a magician; you have already worked a miracle; you will save the life of my Marguerite. Of all the physicians we have called, not one has had your power. She seems even now to be changed. To think of her telling me where to find the best grapes for you!" "What have the physicians done?" I asked. "Nothing but tormented her with questions and examinations, sounding the lungs, listening for the heart, with petty prescriptions amounting to nothing." "And did they not declare the malady?" "Oh, yes—a general decline. We were to travel, they said, but I could not induce Marguerite to leave home. And now, monsieur, I am ready to answer any questions about my child you desire to ask. It will not annoy me in the least." "I have nothing to ask," I said. "I comprehend the case perfectly. I require you only to exactly follow my directions." "To the very letter, monsieur," was the eager reply. "Very good. I am going now to spend an hour in Marguerite's flower garden—tell me, by the by, where I shall find hoe, rake, and spade. After some time, do you say to her that the physician from Paris is at work among her flower beds. Be sure you do not ask her to go to the window. Tell her I am there—nothing else. In an hour from now perhaps you will be kind enough to furnish me a slight lunch; we will then talk further." "Everything shall be as you direct, monsieur; but will you now tell me what it is ails my child?" "Madame," I replied seriously, "we both understand what it is. She has been *disappointed*. God knows no malady can be worse." "And may God bless you, monsieur," she exclaimed. "You are like an angel sent to me from heaven."

With no more ado I took up the garden implements and went to the spot Marguerite used to love so much. And here let me tell you, in order to deprive my story of all mystery or plot, that from the moment I made my sudden exit from the railway carriage, impelled by the desolate look of

that unhappy woman, the same whisper resounded in my ears that I had heard six months before in Paris: "You yourself are involved in this—forever involved." And I *knew* I was about to see Delaroche's favored object. When I did see her, I understood the whole at a glance, and I confess it to you: I said at once, "This lovely creature is mine—forever mine." I set diligently about repairing the pretty garden. I pulled the weeds, I thinned the rankest of the flowers, I used hoe and rake on the walks. Not once did I look toward the window, or even steal a glance in that direction, though I confess I longed to do so. At length I reentered the cottage. A charming refection had been prepared for me. Madame was in ecstasies. "Oh, monsieur," she exclaimed, "do you know Marguerite has watched you nearly every moment? In ten minutes after I told her what you were doing she rose quietly and sat by the window." "It is well," I said. "By the way, I *have* one question to ask of you. What sent you to the station to-day, and why did you think me a physician?" "Monsieur will deride me if I tell him, but I will declare the truth. In a dream last night I saw *you* debark from the train at Arles, and a voice said, 'That is the Paris medical man who will cure your Marguerite. Call him.''" "Is that the whole?" "Upon my word and conscience, you have all. I saw you step from the train, and I recognized you instantly. It is God's work." "I am going now into the town," I said, without comment on her statement. "I shall visit you to-morrow." "But will you not go in to see Marguerite again?" "No; and I charge you do not mention me at all. Wait for her to inquire. Everything depends on your carrying out what I say." "You shall be scrupulously obeyed," cried madame. I took my departure. It was a severe self-denial, for I had been offered a chamber at the cottage under the same roof with Marguerite. I went my way with a heart full beating with happiness. Never, in fact, had I been so perfectly content. I selected the very nearest place of entertainment, quite in the outskirts of the town, and although the fare was homely, I was satisfied.

It was about ten the next morning before I ventured to approach my paradise. The day was perfectly lovely, and I could

hardly believe my eyes when I saw Marguerite sitting by the open window looking out on her flower garden. I walked straight toward her. "Here comes the Paris physician again," I said. "I hope you are not afraid of him." "I have little reason to be," she replied very gently. "You are better this morning, are you not?" "I do not know." "But I know—I, a Paris physician, declare that you are much better, and you will before very long be in perfect health." "Ah, never that, never again that." "On the contrary, I say before long, before very long. I am a despot, as well as a physician; my word must not be disputed. I am glad to see you up so early. You must now come into the garden and give me instructions. I wish to commence work." "How can I?" she demanded. "I have not the strength." "Ah, yes you have, with the little assistance I shall give you." She looked frightened. I left her, and entered the cottage, and saluted madame, who had been anxiously watching me. "Go with me to Marguerite's room," I said. "She is to come into the open air. Have you a choice bottle of Bordeaux wine? If you have, bring a tablespoonful to her as soon as we reach the garden." We went to the room. "Here is your physician's arm," I said. "I shall work no more among the flowers without you to direct me." She took my arm, mechanically to be sure, but she took it, and walking very slowly to the spot, I seated her in an easy chair already placed for her use. Madame came immediately with the wine, which I commanded Marguerite to take. Then, after asking some questions, I began work. I labored with a zest which is indescribable. My mother was fond of flowers, and it was my pleasure to keep the little plot which contained them in perfect order; but ten thousand times more than that, was I not occupied under the eyes of Marguerite? Did I not feel there was springing up an indefinable interest in her breast for me—an interest she would fain banish, yet could not? I asked frequent questions, and by degrees she began to really give her mind to what I was doing, and answered me with a certain alacrity. There was a large beautiful shrub standing in the centre of a small circular bed, of which it was the sole ornament. This shrub was covered with magnificent purple flowers, and was the most attractive

object in the garden. I was just commencing to renovate the bed, when I heard a low voice pronounce "Monsieur." It was Marguerite. It was the first time she had addressed me. I stepped immediately to her. "Monsieur," she said, "you will please uproot that plant, and throw it with the weeds." I looked at her for a moment, questioning her sanity, but she was perfectly calm. "It is the handsomest thing in the garden," I said. "I know it," she replied quietly. "I obey your commands, as you must obey mine," was my remark, as I seized the spade, and in a few moments the pride of the garden was torn up by the roots, its beautiful flowers beaten off and bruised, and the wreck tossed away. I did this with an incomprehensible delight—a savage enthusiasm seemed to urge me on. It was the most acceptable task I ever performed. When finished, I again went up to Marguerite, and said, "There!" "You appear to enjoy what you have done," she remarked without emotion. "More than any act of my whole life," I said. "How is that possible?" she inquired, her eyes opening very wide. "I cannot tell you yet, mademoiselle (I had not called her mademoiselle before). When you are stronger, perhaps I may confide the reason to you." I saw she was stirred. I said, "You must go in now and rest. Meantime, what shall I plant in the vacant bed?" "I do not care." "May I plant something of my own selection?" "If you wish to do so." I assisted her to her room. She had borne the exercise well, and even had a little appetite. Besides, her curiosity had been roused, and a new direction given to her thoughts. I went back to Arles, telling madame she might expect to see me the next day again, charging her not to mention my name to Marguerite, unless she herself first spoke of me. I repaired to a gardener, and selecting the finest plant in full bloom in his nursery, I arranged that he should go with me the following morning before sunrise, and place it with great care in the vacant bed. It was to be removed with its full box of earth, and he assured me "the shrub would never know the change." This was successfully carried out without our seeing any one, for not even the stout serving-woman was up, and I walked back to my meagre breakfast and sour wine with a very light heart. Between ten and eleven I repair-

ed to the cottage. To my inexpressible delight, I found Marguerite in the garden standing before the stranger plant. She looked pleased and puzzled, and when she saw me her countenance exhibited a satisfaction I was not slow to notice. "This is getting on very fast," I said—"coming out without any assistance!" "I was curious to see these beautiful flowers. It seems like magic," was her reply. "And you don't regret the withered ones of yesterday?" She looked at me calmly, and with evident effort articulated, "No." We entered the cottage together. Madame greeted me joyfully. "What have you done," she said, "to change Marguerite? She is already a new creature." "She is so far on the road to recovery," I said, "that I have come to take leave of you. I was going to Marseilles when I was so happily intercepted. I must now resume my journey." This was addressed to madame, but I glanced toward Marguerite, to see what would be the effect of the announcement. She looked anxious and sad, while her mother exclaimed with earnestness, "Oh, no, no, no; not yet; do not go yet. Marguerite will relapse, I know she will, if you leave us." "What say you to that, mademoiselle?" I asked. "Do you threaten me with a relapse, now that I have torn that plant up by the roots?" "I don't know," and she tried to smile. "I *must* go to Marseilles," I said, "but if you wish it, madame, and mademoiselle also desires it, I will stop and see you on my return two or three days hence." "I do desire it, monsieur—Marguerite desires it," cried madame; "do you not, Marguerite?" I turned to catch the answer. She did not speak, but she gave me a look from those large chestnut eyes—a look of mild reproach—which took complete possession of me. "I shall come back," I exclaimed. "Promise me to take a drive with your mamma daily, and to look after your flowers." As I spoke, I took her hand in mine for the first time. Bidding her adieu, then taking leave of madame, I hurried across the town to the station. I was three days absent. Not an instant was Marguerite's image separated from me. I carried it about with me as a portion of my existence. How my pulse beat when, returning, the train stopped, and I again heard the cry of "Arles! Arles! Dix minutes d'arrêt."

"Dix minutes d'arrêt," indeed. In-

stead, it was a life stop. I felt that. But no conviction, however certain, could stay the throbbing of my heart as I walked on my way. At length I came in sight of the cottage. I entered the little sitting-room, and was greeted by madame with unaffected joy. We went to Marguerite's room. She rose and came toward me. As she put her hand in mine, she attempted a smile of welcome, when suddenly her countenance changed and she burst into tears. Her mother threw her arms around her. "The dear child is still so weak," she exclaimed, "she cannot bear the excitement!" "I am very sorry," I said. (What an untruth!) "You should have told her I was coming in." I did not stop to converse with Marguerite, but went back to the sitting-room. I accepted madame's invitation to remain, and that night I had a long and full conversation with her. I told her of my acquaintance with Delaroche, and explained why I was satisfied it was Marguerite who had been interested in him. On the other hand, Madame Gaspard—that was her name—recounted a long history, which in brief was as follows:

Delaroche was a native of Arles. The families were intimate, and the young man, from the time Marguerite was fourteen, professed an ardent attachment for her. When she was sixteen they were affianced, and were waiting for Delaroche to take his medical degree, when they would be married. Shortly after, Monsieur Gaspard died. His estate, owing to some unfortunate speculations in Italian railways, was seriously embarrassed, so that it was with difficulty the vineyards near the town were saved to the family, consisting of the widow, Marguerite, and an elder sister already married. The *dot* which was to go with her hand had no longer an existence. Delaroche appeared not to care for this; his protestations were stronger than ever. Marguerite worshipped him, and he so far mistook her that about the time they were to be married he dared to suggest, in specious, sophistical, adroit language, her coming to Paris without the performance of the "foolish ceremony," as he termed it. Marguerite's heart was broken. The delicious dreams of her girlhood, the sweet remembrances of so many happy moments, the halcyon life, the tender heart effusions, vanished swiftly, suddenly, and left in their place a horrible, mocking spectre of

evil. She conceived the utmost abhorrence for Delaroche. But this did not serve to heal her bruised affections, or to save her from the shock of that terrible awakening.

Such was the story condensed from Madame Gaspard's very long narrative. When she had concluded, I told her, without prelude or circumlocution, how much I loved Marguerite—how I knew she was my destined bride. I explained my own circumstances, and I entreated, nay, I enjoined her to carry out explicitly the plan I should lay down for Marguerite's complete recovery. Madame Gaspard welcomed my avowal with unaffected delight. She said her daughter had counted the hours of my absence. At the end of two days she began to fear I might not return, and when I did come the sudden meeting was too much for her. I laid madame under a solemn promise not to disclose to Marguerite a syllable that had passed between us. She was not to know that I had ever met Delaroche, or that I was acquainted with any part of her history.

I retired that night in a halo of bliss. I shall give you no account of the wooing, the charming, life-giving, ecstatic privilege which was mine. I spent a week at the cottage, and when I left, it was with the understanding that the visit should be repeated before very long. One year after that Marguerite and I were married. We returned to Paris, to a neat apartment in a nice quarter of the town.

The rage of Delaroche appeared to have no bounds. He descended to the most despicable means in the hope of doing me an injury. It was futile. He had no conscience, no honesty, and his weapons could not injure me, who had a conscience, who believed in God. It is true, Delaroche has achieved a certain reputation for brilliant performances, but nobody trusts him; he has no good repute among men; his life is solitary and rayless, and he is already a wreck.

After we were married I told Marguerite everything—the scene with Delaroche in Paris, the impressive whispers, the heart yearnings—all. "Wicked one!" she exclaimed, "to have kept this from me in those hours of confidences." "It was the medical man from Paris who did that," I replied gravely. "Nevertheless, my Alfred," she cried, "you yourself are involved in this—forever involved!"

RICHARD B. KIMBALL.

FISHES—CLEVER, EDIBLE, AND OTHERWISE.

HAPPENING recently upon a curious and entertaining paper on "Clever Fishes," printed originally in one of the British magazines, I was induced to group together the result of my observations of the strange aptitudes and ingenious expedients of certain kinds of fish in American waters, both in obtaining food and evading the perils by which they are surrounded. The writer of the article to which I have referred is evidently a gentleman of rare attainments in ichthyology, and his instances of the exhibition of the higher animal instincts by his "clever fishes," amounting in many cases almost to the intelligence of creatures endowed with reasoning faculties, are interesting in the highest degree.

I have long been of opinion that we are in the habit of underrating the intelligence and capacity of the animal creation, and particularly that of fishes of many kinds. I have seen the fish common in southern waters, popularly known as the black snapper, a delicious fish for the table, display an amount of caution and cunning that would do credit to a dog or horse of the most careful training. The snapper, as its name imports, is a greedy, voracious creature, seizing his prey with a sort of avidity implying an ungovernable appetite. And yet such is his instinct of self-preservation, that he can never be coaxed into taking his favorite food until he has satisfied himself that there is no danger, open or hidden, to which he may be exposed. In the harbor of Pensacola, and specially about the navy-yard wharves, the snapper is often found in considerable schools. They play about among the piles with great activity, eagerly searching for something to eat, and the inexperienced angler drops his line, with a tempting bait, confident of rare sport. The fish all rush toward it, as fast as fins and tail can propel them, but the hook remains untouched. It is carefully and suspiciously examined, and after the line has been ascertained to be attached to the hook, two or three of the largest and most sedate-looking snappers trace the line to the surface of the water, shake their heads

gravely, and return to communicate the results of their observation. Not one of the fishes will even look at the bait, however tempting, after the fathers of the school have passed judgment upon the case. After repeated experiments, all of them unsuccessful, I devised a scheme by which I was sure of outwitting the snappers, old and young. At low tide a hook, well baited, was placed where the snappers were accustomed to feed, the line carefully covered with earth well up to the hook. This covering extended some three or four yards, and from that point the line, a delicate one, almost invisible in the water, reached the hands of the fisherman, who was concealed on the wharf. When the fish arrived they clustered about the bait in great numbers, the smaller ones evidently eager to gorge it. The larger ones had their doubts, and kept the little fellows away, seemingly until they should make an examination. But the caution of the older heads was of no avail. A hungry individual made a rush at the bait and swallowed it, hook and all, before his movement could be arrested. When it was seen that he was hooked, several of the larger fishes pounced upon him, and he was torn incontinently from the hook; and from that time forth no expedient or device was equal to inducing another snapper to take a bait, and I never caught one, although the cast net was often thrown with success, taking many other kinds of fish in considerable numbers.

The porpoise is a fish full of cunning, and abounding in resources. Occasionally one is enclosed in a seine, and on finding himself prevented from reaching deep water, he follows the cork line until it touches the shore. Then, turning back, he traces it until the other end is found to communicate with the shore. Without a moment's hesitation he swims swiftly to about the middle of the bight of the seine, and leaps into the air, clearing the net from six to ten feet. He is a gross feeder, and sometimes, when surrounded by the net, he is so busy devouring the menhaden which have been made

prisoners in his company, that he is driven into close quarters before he becomes cognizant of his situation. The moment the fact of his danger becomes known to him, he makes a rush and pops through the seine, breaking the meshes as easily as if they were made of paper.

The notion, generally accepted among sailors and 'longshoremen, that when one of a school of porpoises is wounded so that blood flows he is pursued and devoured by his fellows, is a vulgar fallacy, like many other of the superstitions rife on the shores of the sea. The fact is that a porpoise when wounded swims away rapidly in pain and terror, without any purpose, except to avoid another attack, and his associates follow him from curiosity, thinking he may be in pursuit of food.

Everybody is supposed to have heard of a mode of hunting which insures wholesale destruction of game. It is frequently practised in northern Europe, being called a *skäll* in Scandinavia. Sportsmen in this country were familiar with the method half a century ago. It is a species of hunt in which all the sportsmen of the neighborhood take in a wide space of ground where game abounds, drawing a cordon around it, and gradually contracting the circle, thus driving the game together, and shooting them down in large numbers. Now porpoises are known to practise this method when pursuing their prey, and it must be a scheme of their own invention, for they cannot have profited by the superior ingenuity of man. Mr. Lowe, editor of an English sporting paper, describes a *skäll* made by a shoal of porpoises upon sand eels, near the Channel Islands. He was fishing in the vicinity with a well-known pilot named Peter le Nowry. It was off Guernsey that the affair took place. Mr. Lowe called the pilot's attention to several porpoises which seemed to be engaged in a water frolic, swimming after one another in a circle. "That is no frolic, but very sober earnest for the sand eels," said Peter. "Now," he continued, "I will show you a sight which I have only chanced to see two or three times in my life, and you, therefore, are very lucky to have the opportunity of seeing it at all. There is a great shoal of sand eels yonder, and the porpoises are driving them into a mass; for, you see, the sand eel is only a very

small morsel for a porpoise, and to pick them up one by one would not satisfy the appetite of the voracious creatures, so they drive them into a thick crowd in order that they may take a large number at a mouthful." The fishermen, wanting some of the sand eels for bait, edged down to the spot, till they were within the circle, and joined in the hunt. The terror-stricken sand eels were driven closer and closer, and in their fear came to the surface all about the boat; and just as two or three porpoises made a dash into the crowd, snapping right and left, the fishermen plunged their nets into the water and brought them up quite full of the little fish.

Scarcely any fish in American waters swims as swiftly as the porpoise, or can leap higher in the air. Even the dolphin, which darts through the water with such velocity as to catch the flying-fish, which has taken wing to evade its pursuer, when it falls into the water again can hardly outstrip the porpoise. A variety of the same species, known to sailors as the herring-hog, is one of the most active and agile of fishes. It sometimes happens that a school of these fish, pursuing their prey on an extensive flat which becomes bare at low water, are overtaken by the rapid falling of the tide, and on attempting to reach deep water find themselves obstructed by the low stage of water. In this exigency they will leap many feet into the air. I might perhaps task the credulity of the reader if I should name the distance that I have seen them compass at a jump; but it is certain that twenty feet, and even more, is not an unusual leap with them.

The king-fish, which abounds in the Gulf, is a voracious fish, and a terror to all the smaller members of the finny tribe. It has almost incredible strength and activity. I was once fishing on the wharf at the Pensacola navy yard, when my attention was attracted by an unusual commotion in the water near by. The cause of it was soon apparent. A king-fish, between four and five feet in length, was in pursuit of a school of jumping mullet, a common fish in southern waters. They derive their name from their habit of liberating themselves by jumping over the seine when enclosed by the fishermen. They were swimming in all directions to avoid their pursuer. He was intent on a

particular fish, who approached the wharf where I was fishing. It was a curious spectacle, resembling a greyhound coursing a hare. The poor little fish dodged and turned in every direction to escape; but, relentless as fate, its pursuer, paying no attention to any other fish, bent and turned to every motion, followed sharp upon his track, and cut him off at every turn. At one moment he rushed among a shoal of his fellows, trusting to get away in the crowd and confusion, but all in vain. There was no escape for the little victim. His pursuer, having singled him out, was not to be baffled or eluded. Scattering the rest of the shoal, he followed, determined upon seizing his prey. The wharf is from three to five feet above the surface of the water, according to the stage of the tide. The mullet, finding the chase too hot, leaped out of the water in an agony of terror, when some ten or fifteen feet from the wharf. He was followed by the king-fish, which caught him in mid air, and the two fell upon the wharf, at least six feet from the edge. The mullet, badly hurt, was thrown back into the water, and the king-fish was eaten for dinner.

The hideous, fiend-like monster which Victor Hugo describes in his "Toilers of the Sea," and calls devil-fish, is undoubtedly a gigantic squid. The devil-fish, properly so called, is a very different creature. The fish variously known as the squid and the ink or cuttle-fish is common to our waters, but it rarely grows to weigh more than a couple of pounds. It has wonderful powers of muscular contraction, and strength to correspond. It is able to enlarge or contract itself to an incredible extent. At one moment it will lie spread out in a body and volume at least three inches in diameter, and in the next moment it will so draw itself together that it can readily pop through the cork hole of a boat or the neck of a wine bottle. The larger varieties of this fish, found in the Pacific and elsewhere, have arms of six or eight feet in length, and would drown a man without difficulty, if he was caught under water without a defensive weapon. These arms have prodigious strength, but I doubt whether the creature is viciously inclined. Of course, in the pursuit of its prey, which it seeks for food only, it may be readily believed that it will practise every species

of ferocious cruelty; but there is no reason to suppose that it kills or attacks from mere wantonness.

The monster so common to the waters of our southern coast, and particularly in the Gulf, known as the devil-fish, is a harmless creature, so far as is known. It belongs, I suppose, to the ray family, although it lacks some of the peculiarities of that genus. It attains to great size, some having been taken nearly twenty feet in length and seventeen or eighteen feet broad. They are furnished with arms or flippers, one on each side of the head. These arms are flexible and of great strength. They are employed for taking the food of the creature, and probably for defensive purposes. But the fish use them for picking up any object of a portable size which they find in the water. A gentleman living on the Savannah river, Georgia, was in the habit of sending his negroes down the river to fish with nets, as the tide served. On one occasion, two of his boys reached the fishing ground before the tide had fallen sufficiently for their purposes. Cuffee always goes to sleep when he has nothing else to do. So pushing a pole into the mud, they tied the canoe thereto, and lying down intended to sleep until the tide served. But along came a huge devil-fish, which grubbed up the pole, and tucking it under his flipper, began towing the canoe and its contents toward the deep water. When the negroes awoke they were terrified well-nigh out of their wits. They were proceeding to sea at the rate of about four miles an hour, but the power propelling the canoe was wholly invisible. The first impulse was to jump overboard, but it occurred to them in time, fortunately, that they were unable to swim. Finally the rope by which master devil-fish was towing them was cut, and they reached the land in a pitiable state of terror.

An individual of this species has been known to take up the kedge of a small schooner and carry it for upward of a mile, towing the vessel that distance, when he dropped the anchor, apparently fatigued with the amusement.

A large devil-fish was struck with a harpoon in the lower part of the river St. John by the boat's crew of a small armed vessel engaged in the protection of live oak in Florida. He ran for the mouth of the river, dragging the boat rapidly, al-

though there were eight men exerting themselves to check his speed. They were compelled to cut the line at last, as there was danger of his fouling with the hawser of the vessel.

Pensacola harbor and bay are resorted to by many choice descriptions of fish in great numbers. The west coast of Florida is nothing but white sand, thrown up by the waves of the Gulf. The fishes cruise along the shore, seeking food, all the way from Tampa Bay to the western extremity of Santa Rosa Island. On Pensacola and Escambia bays are several towns and small settlements, the offal of which is thrown into the water. Turning into the mouth of the harbor, the fish find an abundance of food, and there is not a day in the year that there are not several kinds of excellent fish in season. The waters of the Gulf abound in the choicest fish of the known world. The pompano, the most delicious and exquisite morsel ever taken from the water, fresh or salt, which was until quite recently supposed to be confined to the Gulf of Mexico, has drifted northward within the last few years, and is said to have been taken off the capes of Virginia. Several other kinds of fish formerly peculiar to the Gulf are now seen in the New York markets. Among them is the bonito, a dry, coarse, and tasteless fish, but which inexperienced people will buy and continue to buy on account of its attractive appearance.

It is strange, inasmuch as fish constitute so important a part of our diet, that the ignorance among the general public in relation thereto should be so all-pervading. There is no nation in the world that owes more to fishes than the United States. As an article of commerce they are of great importance, and the fisheries have long been proverbial as a nursery for seamen.

But it was with reference to the ingenuity, cunning, and resources of different kinds of fishes that I began to write, rather than with the intent of making general observations on the value of fish as an article of food, or their importance in a commercial or national point of view.

There is a little fish, the *chaetodon*, abounding in the eastern seas, from Ceylon to Japan, which secures its prey by means of an instrument like the blow-pipe used

by mischievous school-boys for projecting peas and other means of torment. The nose of the fish is a kind of beak, through which he has the power of propelling a drop of water with force enough to disable a fly, preparatory to swallowing it. His aim is accurate, and he rarely misses his object. The unsuspecting fly sits on a spray of weed, a twig, or a tuft of grass, near the water, pluming himself in the warm rays of the sun. The fish cautiously places himself under the fly, stealthily projects his tube from the water, takes a sure aim, and lets fly. Down drops the little insect, to be swallowed by the fish. Writers on natural history describe a hideous reptile known as the fishing frog, which angles for its game as expertly and with as great success as the most adroit fly-fisher. He is a clumsy, awkward swimmer, but Nature has compensated him for his unwieldiness by furnishing him with an equivalent for a rod and line, with bait always ready for use. Two elongated tentacles spring from his nose, which taper away like actual fishing-rods. To the end of them is attached by a slender filament, which serves the purpose of a line, a bait in the form of a shiny bit of membrane. The hooks are set in the mouth of the fisherman down below, and in order to induce the fish to venture within reach of them, the angler stirs up the mud at the bottom with fins and tail. This attracts the fish and conceals him from their observation. He then plies his rod; the glittering bait glows in the water like a living insect. The dazed fish are taken in great numbers, perfectly circumvented by the trick of the crafty angler.

Individuals of a species of fish unknown to science, so far as I have been able to ascertain, have occasionally been seen in Long Island Sound. They have an enormous head, a huge mouth, and a voracious appetite. They are never seen except when a variety of duck known as the coot greatly abounds. These birds make their appearance early in the autumn, and continue on their feeding grounds until driven away by the severity of the weather. The nondescript, which preys upon the ducks, is spoken of by the sportsman as a shapeless, hideous-looking creature, weighing from sixty to eighty pounds. It swims stealthily into the midst of the ducks, just below the surface of

the water, and quietly seizing its prey, swallows it without an effort. A fish of this kind has been taken with eight or ten ducks in its maw. The feathers of the ducks are so buoyant that the fish, known as a thrasher, is unable to get below the surface, but floats in utter helplessness, and is easily taken. I have never seen the monster, but credible men, who have frequently seen it, concur in their representations of its appearance.

The tact and power with which many kinds of fishes defend themselves from the attacks of their enemies, and execute vengeance upon those which assail them, is something wonderful. A genus described by naturalists as the *raia* includes the skate and several varieties of the ray, as well as others. The sting-ray, a variety well known in American waters, is armed with a weapon which it uses with great dexterity, and which is capable of inflicting a serious and sometimes fatal wound. This weapon is a sort of dagger or spike, and is placed in the tail of the creature, some distance from its body. The tail is round, slender, and flexible, like a whip, the length being in proportion to the size of the fish.

A large fish sometimes has a tail more than a yard long. It is serrated or barbed, and being whirled about with much muscular power, renders the creature the terror of the fishermen with whom it comes in contact. It frequently happens that in a haul of the seine on the shores of Long Island Sound, where a species of herring known as whitefish are taken in great numbers for the oil they contain, many sting-rays are enclosed and drawn to the land. The whitefish are dipped out as they come into the shoal water, the fishermen wading in for that purpose; but if a ray is visible, the fishermen spring to the land or jump into their boat. It strikes with prodigious force and great accuracy of aim, the dagger being buried in the flesh, from which it cannot be extracted without the most painful laceration. Instances have been known where an arm or a leg has been rendered powerless for a long time by a wound of this kind, and even death is said to have ensued in some cases. It is said that if a hand or even a finger be laid upon the fish, it can, by a turn of the tail, transfix with its dagger the offending member.

BIRDS BY MY WINDOW.

A JUNE SONG

SWEET birds that by my window sing,
Or sail around on careless wing,
Beseech ye, lend your carolling,
While I salute my darling.

She's far from me, away, away,
Across the hills, beyond the bay,
But still my heart goes night and day
To meet and greet my darling.

Brown wren, from out whose swelling
throat
Unstinted joys of music float,
Come lend to me thy own June note,
To warble to my darling.

Sweet dove, thy tender, love-lorn coo
Melts pensively the orchard through :
Grant me thy gentle voice to woo,
And I shall win my darling.

Lark, ever leal to dawn of day,
Pause ere thou wingst thy skyward way—
Pause, and bestow one quivering lay,
One anthem for my darling.

Ah, mocker, rich as leafy June,
Thou'lt grant, I know, one little boon,
One strain of thy most matchless tune,
To solace my own darling.

Bright choir, your peerless song shall
stir
The rapturous chords of love in her;
But who shall be our messenger,
When we salute my darling?

Oh, voiceless swallow, crown of spring,
Lend us awhile thy swift curved wing:
Straight as an arrow thou shalt bring
This greeting to my darling!

EDWARD SPENCER.

MATILDA'S BIRD.

MISS MATILDA was no longer—if the truth must be told—in the heyday of her youth. But she was by no means old or ill-favored as yet. She was a trifle too stout for grace, perhaps; she was rosy in the face, and given to somewhat excessive adornment in the way of ruffles, and ribbons, and laces; and when seen on the street, her hands were commonly encased in a pair of half-worn dark gloves, well mended, but dismally white with age at the finger-tips and on the exposed prominences of knuckles and thumb-joints. And, in accordance with all this, she was wont to exhale a rather faded odor of mignonette, which, to the taste of some persons, might have seemed too powerful to be pleasant.

On closer acquaintance, she was found to possess a trait of character that seemed to harmonize completely with these external attributes. She was quickly susceptible to the attentions of gentlemen, and fond of enumerating former conquests which had all but resulted in her marriage. This was pardonable, for she had reached a point in life when her appreciation of attentions was naturally the nicer by reason of their diminished frequency. She had already begun to live somewhat in the realm of pleasing memories, preferring it to the region of prosaic realities. An index to her state of mind at the period when we have first to do with her, seems to present itself in the yearning eagerness with which she began to talk of having a pet bird. There were reasons, however, why she should hesitate about actually purchasing and installing this visionary feathered favorite. She could not but feel, vaguely, that when once she should hang the captive songster in her window, she would in a manner have caged herself, and have cut off all hope of her own flight from the paternal home.

This home, to her maiden fancy, had come to assume more or less the aspect of a prison. She had too many times considered the possibility of an escape from it, to be altogether satisfied with remaining there in permanence. And yet Miss

Matilda's prison was by no means a terrible one. Viewed from the exterior, it bore the innocent aspect of a narrow section in a long row of houses so contrived as to present the appearance of a single large Greek temple, with an imposing array of fluted wooden pillars in front—a semblance which the builder does not seem to have suspected of any incongruity with a silent and respectable side-street in New York, which had strayed so far away from Fifth Avenue that it began to look a little shabby and ashamed of itself. And, as to interior, it was even less like a prison; for Miss Matilda's father, in the course of many years of honest industry in the great shipping-house of Clogether & Company, had been able to line his little nest in the big temple, if not exactly with down, still with a variety of carpeting and upholstery of a much more practical and durable nature.

Still, Miss Matilda was not wholly alone in her uneasiness with respect to the possibility of having to continue indefinitely in the part of votaress within the temple. Her father, good fellow, was in no haste to have her abandon its sacred precincts; but it would have been unnatural in her mother not to look forward to Matilda's enjoying at some time a similar happiness to that of her own wedded life. And there were not wanting certain disinterested on-lookers who, from time to time, indulged in speculations on her matrimonial prospects. Matrons who had already given their daughters in wedlock, or who felt no doubt that they should be able to establish them advantageously at the proper time, would occasionally eye Miss Matilda on the street, or at parties, and then murmur confidently one to another: "Poor girl, how prettily she looks to-day; but I am afraid she has become fatally unpopular since that affair with the sham Polish count, you know." And one evening, at a little social gathering where the young woman happened to be present, Mrs. Gallagher, the thin little woman who had parted with all her beauty and *embonpoint* to her pair of plump-faced girls, took it upon

herself to turn toward young Artiser, the rising architect, who stood by her side, and beseech him to go and speak to Miss Matilda.

"She looks so lonely, poor girl," said Mrs. Gallagher, with touching sympathy, and possibly not intending that Artiser should reflect upon the contrast between her loneliness and the busy attitude of her two daughters, one of whom, Rosalie, was dancing with a florid bank-clerk, while Annetta, the younger, was talking with a brilliant lieutenant from the Brooklyn navy-yard, whose polished buttons were confidently believed by Annetta's mamma to have been attracted across the East River by that maiden's bright eyes. (For it is well known that a mesmeric relation exists between soft feminine eyes and the bellicose brass buttons of army and navy.)

Mr. Artiser, the rising architect, acted upon the suggestion, and found no reason to regret having done so. Miss Matilda was gay without being pert, and of a contented manner without being dull or indifferent. He enjoyed his conversation with her.

"I can't imagine," he afterward innocently remarked to Mrs. Gallagher one day, "why Miss Matilda doesn't get more attention. She seems a very sensible girl."

"Oh yes, very sensible," responded the mother of Rosalie and Annetta, with a sagacious smile. "But don't you know that when a girl gets to that point where people begin to make excuses for her, and so forth, she is already *passée*? That is the trouble, my dear Mr. Artiser."

"Very possibly," the young man answered, catching an end of his moustache between his lips, and becoming thoughtful.

Mrs. Gallagher measured his mood, and precipitated an invitation for him to accompany Annetta to a concert during the following week. Artiser accepted it. But he was conscious of hastily running over in his mind what might seem an irrelevant comparison between the advantages of a union with Miss Annetta Gallagher, and those of a possible attachment to pathetic Miss Matilda. The effect of Mrs. Gallagher's machination was curious. Artiser went to the concert, and began to think a good deal about Annetta. At the same time, he also thought a good deal

about Matilda. Presently, however, he justified Mrs. Gallagher's calculations by beginning to talk to other people about Miss Matilda in the same half-disparaging, but forgiving and compassionate tone with which Mrs. Gallagher herself had first spoken of her to him.

One evening, when matters had come to this stage, Artiser's friend Werber called at his rooms, attired with unusual splendor. Werber was a colorless youth, who had an ambition to be esteemed dangerous to the affections of young women, and who had already lavished large sums in the vain effort of satisfying this ambition. He was rich, or at least was understood to be connected, in some hazy and uncertain way, with the lucrative gold-broking business of his father, in Exchange Place. As yet, however, he had not distinguished himself by any special aptitude but that for dressing, and for placing himself conveniently in a becoming distant view, whenever he expected young ladies to look at him. The one great obstacle to the success he most desired was his own timidity. When it came to the actual encounter with his predestined victims, he utterly failed to comport himself with even ordinary ease. His eyes watered; he smiled vacantly, stammered, and sometimes relapsed into total silence. But he persevered resolutely in his endeavors. And it was clear from the elaboration of his costume on this particular occasion, that he was still upon the war-path, so to speak. His trousers were made out of thick, pliable cloth, of a ravishing, creamy softness in color; his coat approached maroon, and was smooth, in contrast to the fuzzy texture of the trousers; while the vest, of the same color, had a narrow inner edging of white satin to afford relief to the eye. On the immaculate little enclosure of shirt-front gleamed a single stud, of severely simple pattern. His neck-tie was pearl-colored; and his light hair, disposed in brief ringlets about his ears, made a negligent fall over the forehead. He carried a thin cane of malacca-joint, tipped with gold, and encircled by a narrow gold band, on which was engraved *Augustus Werber*. As Artiser's eye took in all these particulars, he could not help feeling as if the gold band were there to identify the owner, like a collar upon a poodle. But, despite the niceness and

perfection of his appearance, Werber could not conceal a certain despondency. After some desultory talk, Werber's melancholy air deepened slightly.

"Have you any engagement this evening?" he asked.

"No," said Artiser, thoughtlessly.

"Suppose we go and make a call somewhere, then," suggested Werber, speaking as if he felt his destiny upon him.

Artiser saw his drift, but he did not relish the notion of playing stalking-horse to the bashful youth.

"Where did you think of going?" he inquired.

"Oh, I don't know. Hang it all," suddenly proceeded poor Augustus, "I'm sick of this calling business. I never seem to get along with the girls, somehow."

"You don't care enough about them?" queried the young architect, hypocritically. "Or perhaps it's because you care too much for them."

"And they don't care enough for me—is that what you mean?" returned Werber. "Well, perhaps that's it."

"Not at all, my dear fellow," insisted Artiser. "You know your reputation as a heart-breaker, Werber."

"Well," said Augustus, confused and pleased, and near to blushing, "I don't know that I know—that's—well, perhaps I have a little reputation that way, as you say."

"What more do you want, then?" demanded his companion.

"I'll tell you, then, frankly," answered the other. "I should like to get into a real, downright, good flirtation with some one. There!" And the beautifully-dressed young broker stood confessed in all the innocence of his soul, and the poverty of his previous achievements in the feminine world.

"Flirtation!" cried Artiser. "You're joking, Werber. For a man that is on with this new love, and off with the other, at least every month in the year, to talk——"

"No, no," interposed Augustus nervously, with the air of a man who mildly disclaims an exaggerated celebrity. "You're mistaken there. I may seem to—I have no doubt but that I *do* seem to—as you say, I may have a little reputation that way, but"—Artiser laughed.

"I suppose," he said, "that the fact

is, affairs are dull with you just now; and you've come around to regularly organize a campaign with me. Eh?"

The incense was too sweet for Werber to resist. He tacitly accepted his friend's implications, and once more occupied his old altitude of hollow fame.

"Happy thought, though!" exclaimed Artiser, while the heart-breaker still sat smiling, in speechless satisfaction. "We will both go off and get up flirtations this very evening, if you say so."

Werber nodded wisely; and Artiser was before his mirror in a moment, perfecting his toilet.

"It would be better for us to go separately, though," he said, after a moment of silent labor.

Werber's smile of satisfaction disappeared; but he accepted a bitterness which he saw to be inevitable after the soothing deception to which he had just allowed himself to become a party.

"Yes," he assented slowly, "I suppose so."

"You know the Gallaghers, don't you?" asked Artiser, brushing his coat.

"Very slightly," said Werber, slowly retrograding, and subsiding to his old depression.

"But Annetta knows *you*," continued the architect.

"Oh, yes——"

"Well, my proposal is, that you should go and call on her, and I'll call on somebody else. We'll meet again in three days, and report progress. How does it strike you?"

The truth was, it struck Augustus with a very unpleasant tremor. He had expressly designed to get under cover of his friend for the evening, and to extract some valuable information from him as to the best modes of procedure in flirtation. That failing, he found himself quite unable to face the prospect of an encounter, alone and unaided, with a young lady of Annetta's well-known pitiless brilliancy.

"She—she never asked me to call there, you see," he objected.

"But a man in your position can afford to waive that ceremony," said Artiser, relentlessly pursuing his raillery.

"Whom are *you* going to see?" suddenly demanded Werber, catching at a last chance for himself.

"Oh, nobody you'd care about," said

Artiser. Then, with a smile which he was ashamed of himself for making compassionately significant, he added, "Miss Matilda—you know."

Had he said simply "Miss Matilda," Werber might still have been at a loss what to do; but "Miss Matilda, you know," was a beacon to him, and he felt himself saved.

"Look here," he said at once; "I'll go there. She has invited me several times. You go and see Miss Gallagher. You know that's where you'd rather be now; isn't it?"

Thus thrown back upon his interior motives, Artiser could not say that he *would* rather see Miss Gallagher. But, whether from a final relenting toward Werber, or because he could think of no valid reason for preferring Miss Matilda's society, he yielded the point. They started out in high feather, taking different directions. Werber's spirits rose as he walked on through the cold night air. He knew Miss Matilda's current character as a susceptible maiden somewhat too advanced in years to be dangerous; and he felt that here, at last, was his opportunity for making a beginning without incurring personal risks. Still, at the final moment, when he stood under the portico of the Greek temple, he could not help reflecting: "These old hands are sometimes the most dangerous of all, though, I suppose." And so a spice was given to what might otherwise have proved a cloying security. As for Artiser, he did not find Annetta at home. She had chosen to take offence at some supposed delinquencies of his in the matter of attention. She inherited her mother's taste for bold measures, and, though in, declined to see the visitor. Artiser went home, picturing to himself, with troublesome liveliness, the interview which he supposed to be then in progress between his friend and Miss Matilda.

When the two young gallants met again, according to agreement, three days afterward, Werber expressed huge delight at his interview with Miss Matilda. He had not been exposed to any very treacherous sallies of wit, and their conversation had gone off smoothly. They had progressed to terms of considerable intimacy, said the hopeful Augustus. She had even made allusion to one or two old affairs, offers of marriage which she had

for one reason and another rejected. As for that Polish count, Werber declared it was all a mistake. She was never more than half committed to him, any time; and she had as good as broken off the affair long before she discovered his pretensions to nobility to be false. To conclude, he hinted that they had made a quasi-engagement to encounter each other casually at Goupil's gallery, on a certain day not far distant. Augustus could hardly forbear to chuckle as he imparted this piece of news. It seemed to him so precisely like a flirtation, without any of the attendant dangers of entrapment—of that he felt quite sure. But Artiser, for some reason, did not share the young broker's glee. He even found himself rejecting a half-formed resolution to frustrate, in some way, the projected meeting at Goupil's.

That meeting took place in due course; and Werber soon after called at the temple again. But the maiden votaress was quite in a flutter at this. She received him with a certain air of mystery and embarrassment; seemed, at intervals, to become painfully abstracted; and altogether puzzled Augustus a good deal. When he rose to take his leave, she did not ask him to call again.

"Mr. Artiser was speaking of you the other day," said he tentatively, "and he wanted to come to call with me some evening."

"Oh, I shall be glad to see you together," the young lady answered with a slight emphasis on the last word. "But—but you——" Here Miss Matilda clutched at some ornate appendage upon the bosom of her dress, shook it a little, smoothed it with her hand, and seemed unable to proceed.

"What were you going to say?" inquired Werber.

"Do you ever get away from your business early, Mr. Werber?"

"Oh, yes—I can do so," said Werber with ardor.

"It must be so pleasant for you gentlemen to have that long walk up-town in the fresh air, after being all day in those horrid offices."

"I don't know," began Augustus argumentatively.

"To me," said Matilda, concluding her former remark, "walking is delightful."

"Oh, yes, yes; delightful—very," said Augustus, hastily changing front.

"But you know it isn't customary now for ladies to walk below Tenth street, at any rate in the afternoons. So I sometimes wander down that far, and walk slowly up. It is so nice to see the crowd! But I don't know that I've ever seen you there, Mr. Werber, now that I think of it. What do you do with yourself?"

"I? Oh, I—ride," said Werber, blushing, and examining his boots; then grasping an eyeglass which he sometimes carried for effect, and looking at Miss Matilda through it, "But I should be very happy to——"

"Oh, will you?" exclaimed Miss Matilda with seeming surprise. "Will you walk up some day? That would be charming. Now mind, I shall expect you." And she faced him, with a little effort at pretty tyranny.

"All right," said Augustus, reducing the proposition to its lowest terms at once. "Next Friday."

Miss Matilda reddened slightly, but she affected not to notice what he had said. In the mean time, Werber was asking himself, "Why does she want us to call together? Is she going to make a regular comparison of us?"

"Why," he asked, "do you want me to bring Artiser the next time?"

"You suggested that yourself," she replied.

"Yes, I know. But—you spoke as if you'd rather not have me come alone."

"Well, since you press me about it, Mr. Werber," said Matilda, "I will admit that I don't like to have you come too often. Mamma would—people talk so, you know, about the least appearance of that kind."

The young man's mind suddenly became luminous.

"All right," he said again. "Next Friday then, eh?"

This last monosyllable was the symbol of a certain presumption which he was beginning to feel, in his intercourse with Miss Matilda in particular, and a defiance of consequences in general.

But on Friday he did not find the lady in the field. Augustus had no mind to walk from Exchange Place to Tenth street, even for the pleasure of continuing his saunter with Miss Matilda at his side. He therefore availed himself of a stage

until within a block or two of the latter locality. But on dismounting and strolling at leisure up Broadway, through Union Square, he was indignant to find no trace of the votaress. He came to the conclusion that she had been imposing upon him. He was satisfied that she was merely testing the extent of his devotion, and that probably she had stationed some friend, unknown to him, on the line of his march, who should report to her whether or not he had been faithful. His ears burned. He resolved to get up an effective lovers' quarrel, however, at his next meeting with Matilda; and, attempting to console himself by this means, went home to pass a night of wretched suspicions, mingled with vague and yearning sentiment. Miss Matilda's failure to appear, coupled with her previous warning as to his visits, had aroused the most annoying sensations in his breast. He had hardly supposed himself capable of such great anxiety to see her as now afflicted him.

A few days passed, his mind remaining in this state; and then he resolved to brave everything, and go once more to call upon her. Moreover, he determined to make his call without Artiser. In all this time, he had not confided anything of what had passed to the young architect. When Miss Matilda came down to receive him, and found him alone, she appeared surprised, though—much to his relief—not wholly displeased.

"Where is Mr. Artiser?" she asked.

"I haven't seen him since."

"But you ought to have seen him. You know I said I should like to have him come with you."

"Yes," assented Augustus. "But look here," he suddenly exclaimed, with more impetuosity than dignity, "how can you expect me to do as you want, when you don't keep your word with me? What do you mean?"

"But I must ask what *you* mean, Mr. Werber."

"You know what. You know that I expected to meet you on Broadway that day."

"Well, sir, then you should have walked up, as I suggested you might."

"I did walk up."

"What, all the way from Exchange Place, or whatever it is—that dreadful street, where you are always ruining

yourselves, and then making fortunes again? All the way?"

"Not all the way—no; I rode a part of it."

"There, you see! Do you suppose, then, that when I saw you getting out of the stage, I was going to let you off without punishment? Not a bit of it. It was just as easy for me, you see, to turn off, and walk across to the avenue."

"Was it just as easy?" Augustus asked her plaintively. "It wasn't just as easy for me, though."

Matilda laughed in her airiest and youngest manner.

"You sentimental fellow!" she exclaimed, with gay mockery.

"But you promised," retorted Werber, stung into self-possession, and abandoning sentiment; "you know you promised to walk up with me."

"Promised!" cried the young lady with spirit. "Nothing of the kind, my friend. It was you who named the day; I never said a thing about the time, and didn't agree to be there on Friday. You see you should never take too much for granted. But then," she added, becoming a little retrospective, "that's a lesson we all have to learn."

"Hanged if I know," began Mr. Augustus. "Excuse me, Miss Matilda; I mean I can't be really certain whether you were there at all!"

"Oh!" laughed the maiden again. "Well, you must be content with your own fidelity, Mr. Werber. It is enough for you that you were there. Leave mysteries alone."

"How do you know I was there, after all?" demanded Werber, attempting a weak imitation of her tactics.

"There, you mustn't begin to prevaricate like that," said Matilda. "Don't, Mr. Werber, for I shall despise you if you do."

The youthful broker rallied under her fire to a wholesome sense of his shortcomings in artifice of this sort. He even began to feel grateful to Miss Matilda for advancing him so rapidly in the fine art of which he was an avowed apprentice. Their conversation became diversified and more manageable after this; but before he went away it centred upon himself and his prospects. It was very late. He spoke of life in a vague way, and then contracted his remarks to his own life and what it was likely to prove.

"I shall lead a lonely existence, most probably," he said. "Don't you pity us old bachelors, Miss Matilda?"

Miss Matilda was not sure she did.

"But why do you imagine you will never marry?" she asked him.

"Oh, I don't know," said Augustus. "I sort of feel it. I shall never marry. I am not clever enough."

Matilda laughed at him. She did not deny that he was not clever, but said that, even if it were so, it would hardly matter. There would be few marriages if all the candidates had to be clever.

"Do you think it doesn't matter?" Werber exclaimed with fervor.

But at this point he recollected himself. He bade her good-night, feeling unable to trust his feelings to further agitation. She went with him to the door; he turned suddenly, seized her hand, and kissed it. Miss Matilda gave a short cry; and at that moment Augustus became aware of an enormous shadow on the wall at the head of the stairs—the shadow of a mature lady in a cap, whose attitude and profile indicated that she was listening to what went on in the hall. Then he stumbled out, bewildered by his own temerity, on to the doorstep; the door closed behind him, and he walked off at an irregular pace that was half a run, until he became more calm.

The recollection of this scene on the following morning caused a cold moisture to exude from the young man's awakening brow. He experienced a terrible fear that what he had done might have irrevocably committed him with Miss Matilda. The enormous shadow at the staircase-head became like some huge shape haunting a fevered mind. Every moment its magnitude increased, and it seemed about to envelop and utterly extinguish him in its black horror. For it was indeed a horror to him to think of a marriage so untimely as this would be. What! he, the young heart-breaker, the fashionable flirt just entering so auspiciously upon his long and brilliant course—he to fall a victim to the first woman with whom he had come into unguarded contact? His pride rebelled; he was possessed by a mingled feeling of wounded dignity and puerile alarm. His strongest impulse now was to run to some one for aid; to interpose some strong corporeal presence between himself and the dreaded doom. He obeyed this impulse, and

sent a telegram to Artiser's place of business, begging him to be at his room by a certain hour that afternoon. When the hour arrived he opened the conversation in a mood of deep dejection.

"Why didn't I go to Miss Gallagher's that night, as you proposed!" he cried, apostrophizing all the furniture in the architect's apartment.

"Why, what's happened now?"

"Well—I'm bagged; I've gone and done it; I'm in for it; and I can't get out of it, that I see," moaned Augustus.

"Bagged? Done it? What? What are you in for?" asked Artiser, in confusion.

"Committed myself," explained Werber. "Made a demonstration, you see. Confound it! I shall have to offer myself to her regularly now."

"Offer!" thundered Artiser from the sofa where he lay reclined. "You're not going to propose to Miss Matilda?"

"You needn't look so wild, though, if I am," protested Werber, with the air of an invalid trying to state his case under difficulties. "I don't want to propose. And heaven knows I should like you to help me out of it, if it doesn't suit you."

"Well, well," said Artiser excitedly, getting up and walking to and fro about the room; "do talk it out. Speak, utter, declaim! Disgorge your difficulties."

On this, Werber proceeded to sketch, in a brief but telling manner, the outline of his affair with Miss Matilda. He could not avoid betraying that he had spoken to her about bringing Artiser with him.

"You scamp!" broke in the listener, much more in earnest than was agreeable. "And then you went without me, after all."

"Well," continued Augustus, "when she came down, you know, she seemed surprised, and wanted to know where you were."

"Did she?" asked Artiser eagerly and pausing. "Did she ask after me, you villain? And what did you say?" He smiled cheerful expectation.

"Why, I said I hadn't seen you since—of course."

"And what did she say then—anything more?"

"Oh, yes; we went on talking."

"Anything more about me?"

"No," said Werber.

Artiser's smiling expectancy was exchanged for his scowl, and he said short-

ly, "Go on." Werber then made a wandering attempt to follow out the progress of their conversation, and gradually broached the confession that he had grown "a little sappy" (he supposed) and begun "to talk about marriage."

Artiser looked at his friend as if he were a hopeless imbecile, and repeated: "Marriage! I never heard anything to equal this before. And what did you say about it?"

"Oh, I only said I should probably never marry, and so on. You understand."

"Is *that* what you call talking about marriage?" inquired the architect somewhat hotly and with a sarcastic nostril. "Well?"

"Well," echoed Werber. But feeling injured, he stopped. "Look here, Artiser," he said, beginning again, "you don't understand. You're not taking the thing in the right spirit. Of course, if you want to joke, you can joke. But we'll take some other subject for that, if you please."

"Excuse me," answered the other, demolishing Werber's dignity at once; "I do understand very well, and I am rather afraid you've been making an ass of yourself. But I should like to know definitely whether you have or not."

Werber hereupon dismounted from his high horse, and ambled on through the rest of his narrative very humbly. When he explained how, mastered by a sudden, unreasonable impulse, he had kissed Matilda's hand, the architect became absolutely wrathful. He slapped his hand sharply down upon the table, and said that at least he had never suspected Werber of rascality, though this, it must be confessed, looked very much like rascality.

"I'd advise you to be careful," he went on. "I'm your friend, of course; but let me tell you you can't go on trifling in that way without——"

"But I don't want to go on," whimpered poor Augustus. "I should be glad enough to get out of it."

"Well, what are you going to do to 'get out of it'?"

Augustus now unfolded a plan, which in the interval before this interview he had been trying to mature in the golden atmosphere of his father's office. Matilda had confided to him her desire to possess a pet bird. He now bethought him that he might perhaps present her with such a

bird, while gracefully retiring from the scene himself. "A bird in the hand, you know," he concluded, "is worth two in the bush" (with a faint smile at his own levity).

A buoyant thought suddenly darted through Artiser's mental atmosphere at these words—a thought borne, as it were, on the wings of that visionary bird. "We are the 'two in the bush,' I suppose," he said to himself. "Let us see who turns out to be the 'one in the hand,' by and by." Then he looked up at Werber quietly.

"You couldn't do anything in worse taste, Augustus," said he; "but I have thought of a remedy. The fact is, I'm in some trouble myself. Mrs. Gallagher has got her eye on me, I know, as a suitor to Annetta. I don't know but the girl is smitten already [Artiser had been told that he was handsome]; and as I don't want the thing to proceed, I'd rather not keep on going there. I'll tell you, old fellow, if you'll take my place—to a certain extent, that is—in regard to Annetta, I'll agree to occupy Miss Matilda's mind while *you go your way*."

"What a good fellow you are!" exclaimed Augustus, all gratitude. "Do you really think you can manage it?"

Artiser was not without his doubts; but to Werber's incautious question he only opposed an expression of scornful confidence. His friend pressed his hand and went away.

On the morning of that same day Miss Matilda's father, observing her to be somewhat downcast, had brought up the subject of the bird.

"Shall I make inquiries to-day?" he asked benevolently.

"Oh no, papa," cried Matilda, "please don't." And she gave him a quick glance of kindness before resuming her picturesque despondency.

"No, there is plenty of time," said the mother, looking at her daughter from beneath her cap, with a certain contented watchfulness on her features.

All this time Miss Matilda's plump, innocent-looking hand was tingling with the imprint of that weak kiss of Werber's. It was the invisible seal of invisible possibilities; the prophecy which it seemed to record needed some further rubbing to warm it into legibility. In the meantime Miss Matilda did not know whether

to be angry outright or not; and so she remained passive, awaiting the return of the prophet. Of course he did not come, but in his stead Artiser appeared, an evening or two later, deploying toward her in an extremely impressive and courteous manner. The truth is, Artiser had been touched by the spectacle of Matilda's ready response to Werber's timid advances. He had already, as we know, received a favorable impression from his own encounters with her. He now said to himself, "This girl really has a tender heart, capable of strong attachment. Hitherto, for some reason, she has not found a worthy object for that attachment, or has attempted to form it with those who have not perceived her true worth. Why should I be deterred from following a natural regard for her by the mere fact that she has had several failures of this kind?" Indeed, the more he meditated on these unsuccessful movements of her virgin heart, the more tender did he find his own sentiments becoming in respect of her. "Are not these," he argued with himself, "all indications of the final, perfect surrender to some man fortunate enough to be in real accord with her?" Then suddenly he became the prey of a lively fear lest this fortunate man should not prove to be the one whom he, Artiser, would select, if called upon to make the choice. What if the wretched Werber, moved by latent remorse, should suddenly return and hurry Miss Matilda's hopes of happiness to an untimely blossoming? He observed with pain, in this connection, that she did not admit him to the same confidences which she had accorded to Werber. She did not talk with him of her old affairs.

"Do you not see," he said at last, one evening, determined to decide the point—"do you not see, Miss Matilda, that there is something entirely wrong about me?"

"What a strange thing to say, Mr. Artiser! No."

"Not that I am a one-sided, vain, useless, aimless young man, who is trying to be a builder of other men's homes without knowing anything about homes himself?"

"Vain! useless!" echoed Miss Matilda, shocked by the unmeaning words as they fell from her lips. "No."

"Then why do you never show any confidence in me?"

"I? Why, I have no confidences to make, Mr. Artiser."

"At least you should see that I have a confidence to make to you. Have you seen nothing of it, Matilda? Then I must tell you, I love you with all my heart, Matilda."

Miss Matilda's cheeks were flushed, and her eyes were full of tears, and she bent her head. In the sudden light of this love—the love of a man she had scarcely thought to lift her eyes to with looks familiar, and a spontaneous love such as she had only dimly dreamed of—all the littleness of her past life grew intolerably distinct to her, and she felt herself unworthy.

"No, no," she sobbed. "That is too much happiness—more—more than I can bear."

Nevertheless, the young architect put forth all his skill to demonstrate to her how she might not only bear this happiness, but much more hereafter. He had not studied the relative strength of materials in vain; and before they parted the young woman's eyes were clear, and she was smiling. The two had begun to rear together an aspiring fabric of fairy hopes, the wide-spread foundations of which seemed to have enclosed their lives within the instant.

When Artiser and Werber met next, the young broker exhibited all the delight of a contemplative nature in observing those emotions of the feminine heart excited by the presence of an adored or adorable object. He confided to his friend that Miss Annetta Gallagher was not a little "sweet upon" himself, although, for his part, he had no intention of letting it "come to anything."

"But it is really beautiful," he remarked, with an expansive irradiation of lines about his mouth, "to see the trustfulness and enthusiasm of these pure creatures. Now, I've no doubt if I wanted to marry——"

"Marry?" said Artiser with theatrical surprise. "Haven't you taken the precaution, then, this time, to tell her you never expect to marry?"

"Hang it, old boy, how you do run a fellow! Of course I have told her *that*."

Within a month Augustus was engaged to Annetta. His projected career of flirtation was thus suddenly and sadly arrested; but he was resigned, knowing

that however far short he had stopped of that goal he had set out for, he was still to become the husband of a woman who was far more advanced toward it than he could have hoped, with his faculties, ever to be. From this time forward his risky connection with the gold-broking business condensed itself into a settled, gray drizzle of application, which promised to endure pretty well throughout his life. He indulged in one final flight of sentiment, however. His wedding came off some time before Artiser's; and when he sent his invitation to Miss Matilda, he could not forbear paying her a slight additional compliment, as he thought it. Artiser and his betrothed were together one afternoon, and had just been looking at the wedding card of Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Werber (with the lady's maiden name printed in fine hand on the inside of the envelope—like a stage whisper, Artiser said), when the door bell rang. The servant brought in a large bundle, with an umbellated top, and labelled: *A. W. hopes you will accept*. Its brown paper wrappings were hardly pulled off, revealing a magnificent bird cage underneath, when the bird within began to sing. Miss Matilda's countenance heated up passionately.

"How insulting!" she cried.

Then she looked toward Artiser; their eyes met, and she began to laugh in exquisite good humor. So the bird and Miss Matilda executed a short duet together, for the young man's benefit.

"But what will you do with it?" he asked her. "Hang it up in the portico and let me write Greek odes to it? I'll call it Philomela."

"No," said Matilda, throwing up the sash and looking out between the fluted columns of the temple. "Poor little thing! It is spring, and I've no doubt 'twill find its way to some warm country. Hand me the cage here."

Artiser obeyed in silence. Then Miss Matilda thrust back the cage door with her plump hand, and held the cage out of the window. The bird gave a little "tweeet," lifted its wings once, and let them fall again, as if hardly decided to avail itself of this offer of liberty, then shot away into the air, far down the city street, and toward the river and the woody heights upon the west.

G. P. LATHROP.

THE VOLUME OF THE CURRENCY.

IT is proposed in this article to set forth the principal views respecting the volume of the currency that have been advanced, and the main facts and arguments relied upon for their support. The first question that presents itself in the consideration of this subject is, whether or not the currency is redundant. Upon this question there is a wide difference of opinion. Able men are arrayed against each other, and appear to maintain their respective positions with equal confidence. As evidence of the redundancy of the currency, we are generally referred, in the first place, to its depreciation. Some contend that its redundancy is the sole cause of its depreciation, while others, though regarding this as the principal cause, admit that others are also in operation. Those who hold that the currency is not redundant do not deny that greenbacks are worth less than gold. Some speak of this difference in their value as a depreciation of the former, while others regard it as an appreciation of the latter; but whether considered the one or the other, it is attributed by them to some other cause or causes than redundancy of the currency. Several causes, some differing very widely from others, have been alleged by different persons holding this view; and some that have not been alleged by them to the knowledge of the writer have been admitted by persons who regard the currency as redundant, as above mentioned.

It is held by many that the depreciation of the currency, or the premium on gold, whichever one may be pleased to call it, is governed more or less by the state of the public credit. That such was the case to a very great extent during the war is pretty generally admitted. The credit of the Government was then seriously affected by the uncertainty that existed as to how long the contest would last, and how it would terminate, and the doubts that prevailed as to whether the debts incurred in its prosecution would ever be paid, or the greenbacks redeemed. To this has been attributed in a great measure the great depreciation of the currency at that time. The discussion

that arose after the war upon the question whether the United States bonds not expressly payable in gold should be paid in gold or greenbacks, is thought to have promoted depreciation by impairing the credit of the Government. The amount of our bonded debt and greenback currency, the latter of which has been stigmatized as so much failed paper, is supposed by some to produce the same effect in the same way. In accordance with this view, the payment of the bonded debt as rapidly as possible has been urged as a means of bringing the greenbacks to par with gold, on the ground that such payment would improve the public credit. Mr. Van Buren Dinslow maintained, in an article in "Putnam's Monthly" for March, 1869, that as the bonds and the greenbacks were the promises of the same Government, depending for their value on one credit, and for their redemption on one revenue, they always rose and fell together. He stated as proof of this, that whatever the rise or fall in gold, and consequent decline or advance in greenbacks, during the war, the bonds were quoted at the same price in greenbacks. General Butler, in his financial speech of January, 1869, held a view of the matter similar to that of Mr. Dinslow. His position was that the value of the greenbacks was controlled entirely by the price of our bonds in Europe. The reason advanced was, that as the bonds constituted by far the largest portion of the debt, their price determined the value of the whole, including the greenbacks. This was, in his opinion, conclusively demonstrated at the breaking out of the war between Prussia and Austria. Our bonds fell in Europe 10 per cent., and the premium on gold here increased accordingly; and when the war suddenly ended, and the price of our bonds advanced in Europe, the premium on gold fell here in the same ratio. He said that Mr. McCulloch, then Secretary of the Treasury, adopting the theory that the premium on gold could be kept down at the beginning of the war by simply increasing the supply of gold in the market, sold some thirty millions of it for that purpose. But the premium advanced

and declined again, irrespective of such sales. The Secretary might as well have attempted to raise the water in the nose of a tea-kettle above that in the kettle itself, by pouring water into the nose, as to have sold the gold for the purpose he did. Commissioner Wells, however, in his report for 1869, denied that the depreciation of the currency could be attributed to the credit of the Government. As proof of this he referred to Italy, Austria, and Russia. These countries, he said, maintained large standing armies; were constantly threatened with war; their debts were larger, relatively to their resources, than our own, and were in no respect in process of extinguishment; and their annual expenditures were in excess of their ordinary revenues; yet in neither of these countries had the recent depreciation of paper money been more than one-half as great as in the United States.

The sales of gold by the Government, and its alleged extravagant expenditures, have been mentioned as among the causes of depreciation. They are so regarded on the ground that the gold disposed of by these sales, and the money required by these expenditures, lessen the ability of the Government to redeem the greenbacks.

Some attribute the depreciation of the currency, either wholly or mainly, to the non-redemption of the greenbacks by the Government, or the uncertainty as to the time when they will be so redeemed. One of the most elaborate arguments in favor of this view was made by Senator Morton in his celebrated resumption speech of December 16, 1868. He referred to the greenback note as a promise by the Government to pay so many dollars on demand, which it did not pay. The promise, he said, was daily broken, and had long been dishonored. The note drew no interest, and no time had been fixed when it would be paid. Under such circumstances the note must depreciate. The solvency or ultimate ability of the promiser never kept overdue paper at par, and never would. To do that there must also be certainty in the payment and time of payment, and if the payment be deferred, compensation must be made by way of interest. If A. T. Stewart should pay off his numerous employees in due-bills or notes payable on demand, and for the payment of which he would fix no time, they would inevitably depreciate, notwith-

standing his immense wealth and entire ability to pay, and could only be sold at a large discount. And if it was admitted that there was no legal remedy by which he could be compelled to pay, this discount would be increased. It was said in reply to Mr. Morton, that his illustration was not pertinent because there was no real parallel between the cases. The Government was in the position that Mr. Stewart would be in if the due-bills which he neglected to pay in money were received by him at his store for goods, and were taken by all the other merchants and the banks of the city in payment of debts. In that case they would undergo but little depreciation unless they were issued in very large amounts. With the view of showing more conclusively that Mr. Morton was mistaken in supposing that a currency of promissory notes necessarily depreciated from the mere fact that it was not redeemable, it was stated that during the first three years of the suspension of the Bank of England, beginning in 1797, the issues were so moderate that they not only kept at par with gold, but actually bore a small premium. And such political economists as Ricardo, Mill, and Perry are quoted for the same purpose.

It has been held by some that the depreciation of the currency has been partly produced by the refusal of the Government to receive the greenbacks in payment for import duties. To show that this view of the matter was a reasonable one, it has been said that if the Government should also refuse to receive them in payment for internal revenue, such refusal would no doubt cause a still greater depreciation. Then we are referred to the \$50,000,000 of paper money issued in 1861, which, though not made a legal tender, was receivable for import duties as well as other dues to the Government. The result was, that for a long time they were at par with gold, while the balance of the notes were greatly depreciated. Plans for the resumption of specie payments have been devised with this idea, which have had for one of their most prominent features a provision making greenbacks receivable for duties on imports. Senator Sherman, in one of his financial speeches, referred to this as one of the schemes for resumption. Its adoption would, in his opinion, immediately advance our notes to a specie standard.

He did not favor it, however, because he regarded it as subject to the objection that it would violate the public faith pledged to maintain the revenue from these duties in coin, as a special fund for the payment of the interest on the public debt.

Senator Sherman holds that one of the causes of depreciation was the act of April, 1866, which authorized the conversion of all the currency indebtedness of the country, except the greenbacks, into bonds. The effect of this legislation was, in his opinion, to sever at once the bonds from the greenbacks. As all other forms of indebtedness were thus allowed to be converted into bonds, while the greenbacks were excluded from the privilege, the latter became of less market value than any other form of our securities. This at once checked the appreciation of the greenbacks. Gold had gradually lowered till then, when it was worth only 25½ per cent. premium. For years afterward it did not become so low again, but advanced, fluctuating backward and forward.

Senator Morton has recently declared that a permanent depreciation was given to the greenbacks when the Government denied that they were a legal tender in payment of the five-twenty bonds. He regarded this as a gross violation of the language indorsed on the back of the greenbacks, and was confident that if the denial had not been made, the greenbacks would have been at par five or six years ago.

The Hon. Samuel S. Cox, in a speech in the House at Washington June 7, 1870, said that gold had been down to 107 because the Secretary of the Treasury had been pleased to sell it at that rate. It was then about 115. What it would be a month afterward depended mainly upon the Secretary and the surplus of gold at his disposal.

The premium on gold is held by many to be owing, in a great measure at least, to the gold speculators. The high pitch to which they carried it in September, 1869, is referred to as proof of their influence in this respect. That the premium is controlled more or less by them was admitted in the majority report of the late committee of the New York Chamber of Commerce, appointed to consider the matter of a memorial to Congress upon the subject of specie payments.

The Hon. Samuel F. Cary, in a speech in the House at Washington, January 7, 1868, held that gold was in fact a mere matter of merchandise, like cotton, railroad stocks, and whiskey, and that its price was in proportion to its demand for export to settle foreign balances of trade. Others, not going so far as Mr. Cary, regard this demand as having more or less effect upon the price of gold. The more cotton and other productions we are able to export, the less is the balance of trade against us, the smaller the demand for gold, and consequently the lower the premium upon the gold. Senator Morton regarded our excellent crops in 1869 as one of the causes that led to the great fall in the price of gold in the latter part of that year.

The fluctuations in the price of gold, without inflation or contraction, are referred to as proof that such fluctuations do not mark or measure such expansions or contractions, and that the existence of a premium on gold does not prove a redundancy of the currency. Thus we are told that in July, 1865, the premium was down to 138, and went up to 148½ in December of the same year. It was down as low as 125 in March and April, 1866, and rose to 167½ in the following June. With little increase in the bank circulation, and constant reduction of the greenbacks, gold did not in three years get down as low as it did in 1866. It hung at 135-6 during January, 1869, and at 131 during March. It was held at 140 or over during May, and having dropped to 131½ in August, went up to 140, and finally to 162½ in September. And, without contraction, it was over 13 per cent. lower in March, 1870, than in October, 1869. Senator Schurz admitted, in his speech of January 14, 1874, that the amount of depreciation which an inconvertible currency suffered, the extent of its fluctuations in value from time to time, did not depend upon its volume alone. They depended in a great measure upon public opinion, upon the hopes and fears entertained by the people, especially in time of great public danger and political commotion. Unfortunate events, gloomy prospects, would increase the depreciation, and *vice versa*. Popular confidence or distrust in the Government would do the same. The financial operations of the Government, the combined action of speculators, the temporary currents of business, would co-

casional affect it. But such occurrences did not, in his opinion, refute the general principle that the issue of an inconvertible currency, in excess of the natural wants of the business of the country, results at once in its depreciation, and that such depreciation, when it steadily continues in comparatively quiet times, undisturbed by extraordinary events, as it has been during the last four years, is a sure sign of its excess as to the wants of the country.

Another proof offered that the currency is redundant is that we have more of it now per capita than we had before the war. The fact is admitted by those who hold that the currency is not redundant; but they contend that we need more now per capita than we did then, and as much more at least as we have got. One of the reasons why this is the case was urged by Senator Morton in his resumption speech referred to above. He said that before the war the paper money consisted of the issues of local banks, and was not current except in the locality of the banks by which they were issued. Hence the payments of debts and commercial transactions between different parts of the country were largely conducted by bills of exchange and promissory notes. This form of currency, as he called it, was still used, but not near to the same extent as before the war. Now the greenbacks and national-bank notes were, to a great extent, transmitted in such cases from one part of the country to the other. The books of the express companies showed an increased transportation of paper money, the amount of which could not be accurately ascertained. But he thought it would be a moderate computation to say that \$100,000,000 of our currency was now used in this way, which was before the war supplied by bills of exchange and promissory notes. Senator Dixon of Connecticut said, in reply to Mr. Morton, that there might be a case in which a bill of exchange, payable at sight, might come to be considered a part of the currency, though as a general rule it was not. It was the same as a check on a bank, which was not currency. "Suppose," he said, "the Senator goes to his bank and takes out money, gives his check for it himself, and pays it out—are both the check and the money to be considered currency? What difference does it make if he gives me the check and I get

the money?" As to the matter of promissory notes, Mr. Dixon never heard of any one who considered them as money, except Mr. Micawber, who felt his mind entirely relieved when he had given a note, the debt being then honorably settled and paid. He said promissory notes had been given, and were still, but they paid no debt which still existed. General Butler, in his financial speech of November 26 and 27, 1867, referred to the same matter in this way. He said that before the war the Eastern manufacturer went to New Orleans and bought his cotton, giving drafts for six or eight months; the merchant in New Orleans came East and bought the manufactured goods, giving his notes for from six months to a year; and all the cash required was enough to settle up the balances. He held, like Mr. Morton, that this course of dealing was now for the most part changed, paper money being used in the place of notes and drafts, and that for this reason more of the money was now required than before the war. Mr. George Walker, however, takes a different view of the matter. In a letter addressed to Commissioner Wells in November, 1868, he said that large payments either in bank-notes or coin had almost ceased in America, domestic payments being generally made by checks, and remittances to a distance by drafts.

Another reason urged why we need more currency per capita than before the war is, that transactions requiring the use of money have greatly increased in number. We are referred to the revenue required to be collected in consequence of the enormous national debt incurred during the war, and the increased expenditures of the Government in its general administration. Some have included in this calculation the revenue collected in coin at the custom-house; but others who hold that the currency is not redundant admit that this revenue should not be considered in this connection, as coin is practically out of circulation except in such special cases. The internal revenue, which is much larger than the entire receipts of the Government before the war, still remains to be considered. We are also referred to the State, county, town, and other municipal taxes, which are claimed to be much greater than before the war. Besides, as it requires much time for the currency to pass from the tax-

payers to the different governments, and thence through disbursements to the circulation again, a large amount of it is constantly withdrawn in this way from business transactions. There has also been great increase in the general business of the country. Trades and transfers of property are much more frequent than before the war. By means of labor-saving machines and rapidity of transportation and locomotion, the productive wealth of the country has multiplied faster than population, and the annual production has greatly enlarged, while individual expenses have increased accordingly.

It is not denied, in reply to the foregoing, that the business, production, and wealth of the country have greatly increased since 1860. But Commissioner Wells held, in his report for 1869, that this increase had not been in proportion to the increase of the currency. Then it is contended that an increase of business, etc., does not require a proportionate or even approximate addition to the volume of the currency. As this increase goes on, money is more frequently passed from hand to hand; and the more frequently it is so passed, the greater the amount of business that can be transacted by the same volume. Then the use of money is more and more economized by bank deposits, checks, and the clearing house. This is said to be the case to such an extent in this country, that not more than one-fifth of the exchanges of property are effected by money. The clearing house of New York alone for the last ten years made daily exchanges to the average amount of \$96,000,000, which were all settled with a daily average of three and a half millions, and even this was mostly paid in checks and clearing-house certificates. As evidence that the demand for money does not keep pace with the growth of business, etc., we are told that while the total bank-note circulation of Great Britain in 1844 was \$198,352,985, twenty-four years after, in 1868, it was only \$196,000,000, showing a decline of over \$2,000,000. The highest point it touched in this period was \$210,000,000. Yet, we are assured, in this period the wealth of the kingdom doubled, and the volume of foreign and domestic trade more than trebled. We are also referred to Massachusetts, New York, and our country at large. In Massachusetts,

from 1850 to 1860, the bank-note circulation increased only 22½ per cent., while bank capital increased 74 per cent., population 24 per cent., and the property, by the census valuation, 42 per cent. In New York, during the same decade, the increase of circulation was only 15 per cent., against an increase in bank capital of 101 per cent., in population of 25 per cent., and in property of 71 per cent. The circulation of all the banks of the United States increased only 35½ per cent. from 1837 to 1861, while from 1840 to 1860 the population increased 82 per cent., and property, according to the census valuation, 329 per cent. That the volume of currency was sufficient to transact the business of the country before the war, is regarded as conclusively shown by the fact that, although the system of bank-note issues was essentially free and unrestricted, the circulation could not be carried above certain limits. The issues being unrestricted, except by the necessity of redeeming the notes in coin, the amount floated was governed by the laws of trade. The highest circulation which the banks ever attained while they continued specie payments was \$215,000,000 in 1857. But that figure was reached only by an excessive expansion of credits, which terminated in the crisis of that year. For several years prior to 1857 the banks had pushed their discounts to a dangerous point, for the sake of securing circulation. Loans were made in bank bills to distant customers, especially at the West, to railroad and other corporations, to contractors, and to banks, with a distinct agreement that the bills should be kept in circulation till the paper matured. In other cases the agreement was that the bills should be locked up in the safe of a borrowing bank, to constitute the reserve of Eastern exchange, which was required to be kept by the laws of the Western States. It is claimed, therefore, that the \$215,000,000, of bank-note circulation in 1857 was in excess of the legitimate wants of the country. And yet it is said to have been far less than the banks had authority to issue. In Massachusetts banks were allowed to circulate bills up to the amount of their capital, but the circulation never came near to that limit. In July, 1857, with a capital of \$60,000,000, they maintained a circulation of only \$24,000,000. In New York there was no restriction on the amount of circulation;

each bank could issue as many bills as it could secure at the banking department. The amount issued therefore depended on the means of the banks to pledge securities, and the demand of the public for bills. Yet in 1857, with a capital of \$96,000,000, the circulation of the New York banks was only \$34,000,000. In the whole United States the bank capital was \$371,000,000, while the total circulation was \$215,000,000. The circulation of the country was, in short, far within its statute limits, which, it is held, can only be attributed to the absence of a demand for more.

The fact that the total bank-note circulation of Great Britain did not increase from 1844 to 1868 is not regarded by some as proof that no more was needed. It is claimed that more was needed, but as it could not be lawfully obtained a resort was had to a device, not recognized by law, by which their circulation was practically and largely increased. In addition to the authorized bank notes, it is said that there was in extensive use a paper circulation in the form of individual bills of exchange or promises to deliver money at a future day. Large quantities, estimated as high as \$1,000,000,000, were in constant circulation, returning finally to their payers covered with indorsements, sometimes fifteen or twenty or more, and performing the duty of bank notes during the time they were out.

The arguments drawn from our own currency on account of the smallness of the increase of its volume from 1837 to 1861, and the amount of circulation before the war, have also been assailed. It is claimed that the currency in circulation at the time mentioned was no evidence as to what was needed. Free banking was not a universal thing. The circulation was greatly limited by law, and still more so by credit. Hundreds of banks rested upon their individual credit, and though perfectly solvent, their bills were worthless a few miles from home. For this and other reasons, such as the individual folly of bank officers, speculations, frauds, and wanton violations of law, paper money was in many communities an object of scorn, and scouted as shimplasters, rags, and trash. With this view of the matter, it is held that a test has never been applied to the business of the country as to the amount of paper money actually needed, and never can be with mere local banks.

Another reason urged why such an increase of the currency is required, is that the South needs more of it now than before the war. The planters had occasion to use but little then. The slaves received no wages, for which, therefore, no currency was required; and the ordinary custom of the planters was to consign their crop and draw upon their consignees at the North. Matters, it is said, are very different there in this respect at the present time, and a large amount of currency is in demand.

Other reasons are, that the area over which the currency is scattered has been increased at least one-fifth since 1860; that commercial transactions are principally for cash or upon short time, while they were formerly upon long time; that the amount of money in the hands of the people and carried about with them is much larger than it was then; and that the amount of money we must have—in the purchase of the necessities of life and other articles of constant and daily use, which constitute the greater portion of all the exchanges for which money is employed—has increased in consequence of the increase of prices.

This increase of prices is the last evidence offered of the redundancy of the currency that we shall mention. It is regarded as such evidence on the ground that prices always advance as the currency is inflated. But it is denied by some that any such increase has taken place, except in cases where it is clearly attributable to other causes than inflation. Representative Coburn of Indiana assumed this position in one of his financial speeches delivered in 1870. He said that New York flour bore the same price on the 1st day of January, 1861, that it did on the same day in 1870; and Western flour was higher in 1861 than in 1870. Wheat was 5 cents a bushel higher in 1870 than in 1860, and 10 cents higher than in 1861. Hops were the same in 1870 as in 1861. He said that hay was 25 cents a hundred higher in 1870 than in 1860, and 5 cents higher than in 1861; but according to a table of prices embodied in his speech, it was 25 cents higher in 1860, and 5 cents in 1861, than in 1870. Leather in 1860 was 20 cents a pound, and in 1870, with 35 per cent. duty upon it, which nearly made the difference, it was 30 cents a pound. Tallow was 10½ cents a pound in 1859, 10½ in 1860, and 10 in 1870.

Wool, which was 42 cents a pound in 1859, 40 in 1860, and 30 in 1861, was 48 in 1868, 57 in 1869, and 51 in 1870, and had upon it at the last date a duty of 10 cents a pound, and 11 per cent. *ad valorem*. The price of corn was higher owing to the failure of the crops. In 1866, a year of plenty, it was within 5 cents a bushel of the price of 1860. Whiskey was 24½ cents, 26 cents, and 19½ cents a gallon in 1859, 1860, and 1861, and 98 cents in 1870, the difference being just about the amount of the tax. Pork and its products had risen on account of scarcity occasioned by the hog cholera. Many articles entering into daily use in the family had their prices increased by the tariff, but unoffending greenbacks should not be forced to bear the blame. Mr. Coburn also referred to the fact that the prices in 1870 were in greenbacks, while those before the war were in gold. This, he claimed, would reduce the former prices, and put many of them below the latter.

It will be observed that most of the articles mentioned by Mr. Coburn are farmers' products. Amasa Walker, in a recent letter, admitted that these products were no higher now than before the war, while, as he said, all other commodities have advanced from 25 to 50 and even, in many cases, 75 per cent., in consequence of the excessive volume of our currency. The farmers' products did not sell for as much as these other commodities, for the reason that the country produced a surplus of the former that must be sent abroad for a market, and consequently must be sold for what they were worth in gold for that purpose. This would be the price in gold plus the little gold premium, and must determine the price of the whole crop. Commissioner Wells held in his last report that these products did not bring as much as stated by Mr. Walker. The cost of transportation, elevating, storing, and managing was greater than it would be under a normal condition of the currency. And as it was doubtful whether the gold received sixty or ninety days afterwards would exchange for as much currency as it would at the time the purchase was made, the exporter of necessity insured himself to the extent of one, two, or four per cent., as the case might be. Whatever these charges might amount to, they were reflected back and borne by the pro-

ducer, and not charged to the foreign consumer.

Those who regard the currency as redundant are divided into two classes, one class advocating a contraction of its volume to the amount required, while the other is in favor of permitting it to remain undisturbed. Many of the points urged against contraction appear from the statements already made. There are others, however, the principal of which we will now present.

It is contended that the currency should not be contracted, because so far as it is contracted a stringency in the money market is created which restrains business, lessens the profits of industry, and retards the development of the country. It is replied to this objection that a redundant currency, as ours is claimed to be, tends to produce the very stringency and its consequences that are so much feared as the result of contraction. It does so for the reason that it is not only attended by an increase in prices, but it stimulates speculation. As prices adjust themselves to the volume of the currency, there can never be too much of it with existing prices to transact the business of the country. Then as speculation is also stimulated, still more currency is required for speculative purposes, which creates a greater demand for money than before inflation, and renders it more difficult to be obtained. On the other hand, a reduction of an inflated currency causes a reduction of prices and discourages speculation. The result is that the demand for money is not so great, and it can be more easily obtained. Besides, inflation tends to diminish industry, which is the great source of national wealth, and thus to injure and retard rather than benefit and advance the legitimate business and real prosperity of the country.

This anticipated reduction of prices by contraction is one of the reasons urged against it. It is supposed that such a reduction would produce a disastrous effect upon trade by lessening profits and the money value of property, and perhaps precipitate a financial crisis. The contractionists have never considered this objection a very serious one. Holding that prices are too high in consequence of a redundant currency, they have contended that a reduction ought to be made so far as a removal of the cause would produce that effect. If such reduction should be ad-

mitted to be an evil, an inflated currency is held to be a greater one. Senator Fenton says: "There are also compensations; at least the reductions in some measure balance each other. If prices decline, so in part does the cost of living. If the merchant loses in what he sells, he gains in what he buys." Commissioner Wells, according to his report for 1869, regards this reduction of prices as a great good to be attained on account of the effect it would have upon our foreign trade. It would, in his opinion, have a favorable effect upon that trade, for the reason that the prevailing high prices caused by inflation prevents us from competing with foreign nations in the markets of the world. Amasa Walker insists upon this reduction of prices as required peculiarly by the farming interest. The reasons given by him why the farmers' products are lower than other commodities have already been stated. While these products are sold at gold prices plus the little gold premium, all the farmer consumes must be purchased at currency prices, from 25 to 75 per cent. higher, on account of the excessive volume of the currency. He regards this as one of the chief causes of the depression of the farmers' branch of industry. It is held by others, however, that the farmer does not suffer any substantial evils on account of the condition of the currency, on the ground that he both receives for what he sells, and pays for what he purchases, the gold price plus the gold premium, so that he neither gains nor loses by the process. The reply to this is substantially the same as what was said by Mr. Wells as to the increased cost of transportation, etc., and the exporters' insurance against loss by change in value of the currency, as above stated.

The indebtedness of the country is urged as another objection to the contraction of the currency. This indebtedness, comprising State, county, city and other municipal debts, corporate and individual debts, has been carried by estimate into thousands of millions. The foundation of this objection is, that if the currency is contracted, and prices and the value of property decline accordingly, more labor and property will be required for the payment of this indebtedness. Bankruptcy, ruin, and other frightful

evils have been confidently predicted as the result. It is said in reply, that though this might be a great hardship, as credits are constantly expanding and this indebtedness is steadily increasing, delay will only enhance the difficulty. Amasa Walker holds that, so far as the farmers are concerned, contraction would, in this respect as well as others, be a benefit rather than a hardship. While it would lessen the prices of what they have to purchase, they would obtain just as much as they now do for what they have to sell. Their profits, therefore, would be greater, and their debts, by consequence, more easily paid.

Those who hold that the currency is redundant, but are still opposed to contraction, are in favor of waiting for the development of the country and increase of business to bring the currency to par with gold. It is supposed that this development and increase of business will have this effect by creating a necessity for what currency we have, so that it will no longer be redundant. To this it is replied, that the retaining of the present amount of currency in circulation tends to increase no business but what is speculative, and to check the very development which is expected to remove the difficulty. It tends to check this development by its effect upon the farmers' interest and our foreign trade, as already mentioned. Then, should the demand for currency increase no more rapidly than from 1835 to 1860, which was at the rate of 4.36 per cent. per annum, it would take at least forty years from 1860, or until 1900, to bring the wants of the country up to the present supply, during which time the currency would probably remain, as now, irredeemable or inconvertible. This last argument has, of course, no weight with those who believe that the character of the currency from 1835 to 1860 prevented it from being a test as to how much was actually needed.

The next and last branch of the subject before us to be noticed is, whether or not the currency should be expanded. An expansion is demanded on the ground that more than we now have is required to transact the business of the country. One of the points insisted on as evidence that such is the case is the prevailing high rate of interest, which is attributed to an inadequate supply of the currency.

But those opposed to expansion regard this high rate of interest as evidence of an excess rather than a deficiency. They do so on the ground that the increased demand for money, which is held by them to accompany redundancy as above mentioned, causes a corresponding increase in the rate of interest. As proof of this we are told that interest has always been highest when the currency has been the most redundant. Those well-known periods of expansion, 1837 and 1857, are referred to; and it is said that interest rose as high as 30 per cent. in the former period, and still higher in the latter. Mr. Coburn, a zealous advocate for expansion, admitted, in his speech mentioned above, that "too great an excess," as well as "too great a scarcity," made high rates of interest, money becoming in both cases a mere tool for speculation. But he claimed for that time, 1870, "too great a scarcity," alleging as a reason for the claim that, although speculations were infrequent, money could not be had at any price to handle the crops of the West and South.

As further evidence that the present volume of the currency is insufficient, we are referred to the prosperous times during the war, when "everybody was making money." Though most of the currency was confined to the Northern States, there was more of it in circulation than at the present time. There is, it is claimed, no evidence that the currency was redundant then; and if it was not, there cannot be enough of it now. It is said in reply that during the war a great deal of money was expended all over the country for munitions of war, stores for the army and navy, and pay and bounty for the soldiers. The currency ramified every branch of industry, wherever soldiers were to be obtained and food and clothing procured. Thus business was stimulated in every community in the land. But an additional issue at the present time would not flow into the same channels and produce the same effect. It would be put into circulation by the purchase of bonds; and as the bonds would come from the money centres of the country, it is to these centres that the additional issue would go. Those who need it so much could not obtain it, as they have no bonds to give in exchange.

The generally admitted fact that we have less currency per capita than either England or France, is urged as evidence

that we have not enough. The answer is, that we do not need so much per capita as either of those countries. England has double the wealth that we have. Not only is there a preponderance of personal over real property in the country, but the real is productive property to a much greater extent than it is here. Wages is the greatest absorbent of money, because paid in small sums, at short intervals, and to many persons; and England, far more than ourselves, is a payer of wages. England is eminently a trading nation, buying and selling not only for herself, but for all the world, while this is not so much a trading as a producing and consuming country. The exports and imports of Great Britain are nearly three times as large as ours. Not only is the balance of this trade settled in gold and silver, but the trade itself is a sure index of the domestic trade, of which no corresponding record is kept. As to France, there is much less activity in exchanges in that country than here, on account of the people being more slow and sedentary. The French are behind us in commercial usages, and especially slow to adopt those substitutes for money by the use of which our business is simplified and cheapened. They have only few banks in France. The number was stated in 1868 to be only 56, while we had 1,700. While, therefore, the men of business here almost universally keep bank accounts, and make all but the smallest payments in checks or drafts, in France they keep their money by them and make large payments as well as small in bank notes or coin. The aggregate of these individual reserves of the French is supposed to make the largest item in the circulation. Then the insecurity to property in France, resulting from political disquietude and changes of dynasty, has led to the hoarding of money there to a much greater extent than here. In addition to all this, both the wealth and the foreign trade of France are much greater than ours. It is maintained by the expansionists, however, that we need more currency than either of those countries, for various reasons. One of them is, that a much larger proportion of the business is done in the way of bank credits and bank deposits in both of those countries than here; which, so far as France is concerned, is directly opposed to the statement as to banks, etc., in that country, just men-

tioned above. This state of things is said to be caused, in a great measure at least, by our country being so much more sparsely settled than the others, so that a large part of the people are deprived of banking facilities. The extent of our territory, as compared with the population, also lessens the opportunity of the people to make those mutual exchanges of labor and property, or of credits for either, which constitute the process of set-off in business transactions; and where this process of set-off cannot be resorted to, money is required. The land tenure in England, as compared with the rapid and active exchanges of real estate here, is held to furnish another reason why we need more currency than is needed there. Besides, the landed estates of England require comparatively little to keep them up and improve them, while the case is very different with us on account of the great extent of our unimproved lands, forests, mines, etc. It is said further that while England and France are old, with all their resources developed, our country is new and its resources undeveloped, which is urged as another reason why we need more currency than either of them. Still another, and the last that we shall mention, is the amount of money required here, more than in England or France, on account of higher prices, for the purchase of the necessities of life and other articles of constant and daily use.

As further proof that more currency is needed than we have, we are referred to the fact that when a national bank goes under, its notes are sold at a premium of about five per cent. for the purpose of circulation.

Mr. Ingersoll, in a speech delivered in the House at Washington, June 9, 1870, maintained that without exception periods of expansion were periods of activity and progress. After referring to the history of other countries and the world at large, he came to that of the United States. While the currency was expanding from 1830 to 1837, the country was blessed with a period of commercial activity and general prosperity. The same was said of the time intervening between 1843 and 1857, 1861 and 1865, when the currency was also an expanding one. He said that periods of expansion had ended in financial panics, not because of expansion itself, but because the paper money was issued on an unsound basis. Though

it professed to be convertible into coin on demand, there was not one dollar in coin to ten of the paper for the redemption of the latter. So, when confidence in the system was shaken by any disturbance, a run was made upon the banks, and they, being unable to redeem their notes, suspended. No expansion of coin, or even of paper, when the latter is issued upon a sound basis, in a proper manner and for a legitimate purpose, ever produced a panic or a crash, or ever would. He regarded the greenbacks as a kind of paper money the expansion of which "to an amount equal to the legitimate demands and wants of our entire people" could not possibly produce a panic. He would make them so plentiful that they would be seeking borrowers at from three to five per cent.

Another reason urged why the currency should be expanded is, that maintaining its present volume while the population, wealth, and business of the country is constantly increasing, is attended by the same results as would flow from contraction itself. As population, wealth, and business increase, the demand for money increases also; and if this demand is not supplied, a stringency in the money market, which is the great evil apprehended of contraction, will be inevitable.

The grounds upon which an expansion of the currency is opposed appear for the most part from what has already been stated. We will mention only one point more, which is, that such expansion would be a violation of the pledge contained in the act of March 18, 1869, "to make provision at the earliest practicable period for the redemption of the United States notes in coin." This point is made upon the ground that a further issue of paper money would cause a still greater depreciation, and thus add to the main obstacle in the way of its redemption. The reply is, that a moderate increase would restore prosperity throughout the country; and that as a result of such prosperity the currency would be gradually brought to par with gold. Expansion, according to this view, instead of being a violation of the pledge in question, is the best measure that can be adopted for redeeming it. It is denied, of course, on the other hand, that even a moderate expansion would produce any good effect, by the restoration of prosperity or otherwise, for reasons that have been stated above.

DRIFT-WOOD.

A FAMOUS EVANGELIST.

SOME of those who sipped the cup of Elder tea provided in last month's magazine have been good enough to ask for a second draught—a desire which I can easily satisfy, having much material to brew from.

It was the winter of 185— when Elder Knapp was called to the city by a well-known church. When asked how long he would stay, the great itinerant answered, "Till the kingdom of the devil has come down to the ground;" in which spirit I heard him pray that the Lord would "make the devil pick up his tools and start out of the city, and may the people keep him out." The Elder began with vigor, preaching twice or thrice on Sunday, and once every other evening, save perhaps on Saturday. Besides this, he held prayer-meetings morning and afternoon, generally in the afternoon preaching a short discourse. During five months of consecutive labor, the famous revivalist delivered more than two hundred and fifty sermons, including a few repetitions. Besides, he held anxious meetings, immersed converts—in short, his labors were herculean and incessant. It helped him that his sermons were either old ones, or else were extemporaneous; still, the wear and tear of such well-styled "protracted efforts" would for most persons be intolerable. But the Elder had acquired the faculty of keeping cool while feverish excitement raged around him, never straining his voice or quickening the pace of his delivery, or losing his head or his power over a nerve or muscle. At the end of five months the evangelist publicly announced himself as fresh for work as ever.

A religious revival is like a revolution: to silence criticism, the attempt must be successful. This the Elder well understood. Having made a bitter failure in the church where he first labored, the engagement was closed by consent, and he forthwith agreed with another church whose position well suited his aggressive spirit, it being flanked by a theatre and girdled with rum-stills. Here he was suc-

cessful from the start; so that conversions and immersions quickly followed each other. Why the Elder failed at his first point is disputed. He averred that "the people were too proud;" they, that he "worked them too hard." At all events, few were converted, despite several weeks of relentless labor on the Elder's part; and his opponents even claimed that this handful had been on the point of conviction before his arrival.

All was changed on the Elder's next ground, where, as the fruit of ten weeks' work, the regular pastor immersed about one hundred and twenty converts. While the excitement ran highest, often twenty or thirty converts, male and female, would successively exhort the audience to repentance. All the people were devoted to the Elder, lightening his toil by their industry and zeal.

But I must now turn from narration to illustration. The Elder, as my little notebook records, was specially severe upon drunkenness during the season when I reported his sermons. "I have lived," he once said, "to see four generations go down to a drunkard's hell." Again: "According to the Universalists, when a poor, miserable drunkard went up to heaven, God would ask him what he had done for Him. 'Well,' says he, 'I have been engaged all my life in selling poison to my fellow men. I have desolated homes and families, and brought many before their time to the grave.' 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant,' answers God, 'come right up here and take a seat side of St. Judas and Dr. Satan.'"

A second judgment scene on the same subject of the liquor traffic was too terrific to transcribe.

Gambling the Elder attacked with equal vigor. "I had to stop one night," he said, "at a little place on the Mississippi river, where the only inn was a little, low, miserable groggery, full of drinking, swearing, gambling loafers; and if I had had the cholera there alone, the night wouldn't have seemed so long as it did in such company. Why, I looked round to see if the devil wasn't there, three or four

times—a miserable set, railing on David and all the good men.” And again he said: “Now, suppose there’s a distinguished gambler in Chicago—an old sweepstakes that takes the game every time—and he challenges all your city to play against him. And suppose some noted gambler here—old Tomlinson, if he hasn’t gone to hell yet—takes up the challenge. Well, he travels to Chicago, and on one of the boats on the lake he walks up to one of the passengers, and asks him to take a game of cards. ‘A game of cards!’ says he; ‘no, I don’t play cards!’ and he goes on reading his Bible. Well, he goes to another, and asks him to take a game of cards. ‘A game of cards!’ says he; ‘why, I wouldn’t think of it.’ And so he goes to another and another. Finally, he rushes up to the cap’n, and calls out, ‘Cap’n, what in the name of God have you got on board?’ ‘Got on board? Why, blessed be God, I have got a load of Christians, and I’m one myself!’”

Dancing the Elder rebuked in severe terms. “There was a Restorationist, a fiddler,” he said, “down in Hartford, Connecticut. He was naturally a good sort of a generous, whole-souled fellow. On Sundays he’d play the bass viol for the church, and then on week days he’d go over to the dance hall and play for the devil. Well, when the church was roused up, they began to pray that the dancing hall might be closed up and the dancers converted. And one night the minister prayed most fervently that the fiddler’s arm might be palsied; and the fiddler sat there and heard it. Well, he went out and went over to the hall, and he told the young folks all about it. ‘Hallo,’ says he, ‘here’s the parson been praying to have this dance hall closed up.’ So they went to dancing, and the music struck up, and lo! in the midst of it, the fiddler’s arm dropped nerveless to his side. ‘My friends,’ said he, ‘I can play for you no more.’ And the whole assembly was in alarm, and the fiddler cried for mercy.”

The Elder preached one sermon specially against dancing: “‘Where are your converts?’ the wicked say; ‘why, they’re off at balls and parties. Why, they dance like poppets.’ And thus they chuckle, while the godly are on their faces praying for relief from this shame. Show

me a Sabbath-school where the teachers care about exhibitions, and social times, and a little dance for the children, and care not for their souls, and I’ll show you a Sabbath-school that’s a-going to hell.”

He even preached a sermon against Mr. Root’s new cantata, “The Haymakers” (then performing in the city), from the text, “Make hay while the sun shines.”

Vanity and extravagance were smartly lashed by the Elder. He spoke of “fashionable professors, such as make God sick at the stomach. You can see ’em all about and around you in——” (naming sundry fashionable streets). “They are given up to this world. Now, I tell you, ladies and gentlemen, true as God lives, they might go up and possess the whole city. I have seen such men as would sweep the board if they had religion.” Of extravagant equipages the Elder also said: “Many like to dash out and keep as good harness and horses as the next man, and out as big a swell as anybody. This is part of our poor, frail humanity.” He described sarcastically the “fashionable minister that wouldn’t preach against extravagance, and vanity, and dash, and parade, because some of the Upper Tens, who would rather go to hell than take off their vanity, would leave the church. And so he’ll have to dodge here and dodge there, and it’s all dodging, dodging. Now God forbid that I should dodge anybody.” This sally was greeted with much laughter. Speaking of a certain generous man, he said: “And yet he might have put the money out at twenty-five per cent., and perhaps he might have shaved on it and got fifty per cent., *as some of you’ve done.*”

His prejudice against light literature was strange. He said: “In novel-reading you will swim along in poetry, which is all vacancy and effervescence, and turn out, perhaps, a perfect wreck, and plunge down at the first touch of practical life, and float off into hell. So it is with dancing and theatricals—all devices of the devil. Why, sinner, your master is a hard master. He won’t let you live out half your days. He drives you across lots down to hell.”

Even in his most solemn passages the Elder could not always refrain from throwing in half-humorous parentheses. For example: “Suppose President Buchanan should come on from Washington,

the gray-haired old man, in a howling storm, when the tempest was high (paying his own fare on), and should go down to one of the worst hovels in the vilest quarter of this city, and stand there all night and knock, knock. And the poor starving beggar would call out, 'Who's there?' 'It's President Buchanan. I've come all the way from Washington to make you and your home happy and comfortable.' And suppose the man should answer back, 'Well, Buchanan, I don't ask any odds of *you*—so go along.' And still night after night the President comes and knocks, and says, 'Here are my servants laden with comforts, and here is my son' (supposing he had one) 'waiting to do you good.' And the poor beggar takes the shovel, and his wife takes the tongs, and his sons hammer and hatchet, and declare they'll beat out the President's brains if he comes in. What would you think of such a man? Well now you," etc.

In attacking Unitarians and Universalists Elder Knapp often fell into great uncharitableness. He said: "It's not material whether a man is Atheist, Deist, Materialist, Universalist, Spiritualist, or Unitarian, because they are all alike errors. Why, universal salvation is just no salvation at all, for it's universal damnation. The tendency of Universalism is immediately to licentiousness and crime. It ventilates the burning volcano, and throws the reins on the neck of the lusts." On that followed a story of a woman in Watertown, Jefferson county, New York (the Elder used to place his anecdotes with great particularity of State, county, and township), who, after taking up with Universalism, sent for the Elder on her dying bed to come and see her. He returned the reply that there were "one hundred and fifty souls now under conviction," and that he "couldn't leave them just to take care of one soul." However, when, a night or two after, the hundred and fifty souls were pressed into the kingdom, he went. "Oh, sir," says the woman on his entry, "I've denied there was any devil, but there's a devil in this room."

On this point he at one time said: "They hate God and Christ and orthodox Christians—that's why people preach Universalism in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. They love sin and hate God."

So, finally, he said: "Restorationists hate revivals. They try to put 'em down. And why? Because revivals use a restorationist all up. They throw him all into the shade. Perhaps you've seen a fox-fire in the woods. Well, in the dark, it looks like a live, burning coal; but when you go to it, and take it up, it's only a piece of rotten wood. Well, so Unitarianism may look a little alive, but really it's only miserable, dead, rotten wood."

The Elder's sermons were uneven, some being comparatively tame and others brilliant with quaint ideas or racy expressions. In one prayer he ejaculated, "Lord, chain the devil!" In another he said, "O Lord, may thy Spirit come down like a shower of fifty-sixes!" And his prayers were full of such oddities. In an eloquent tribute to his mother, as the appointed means of his conversion, the Elder said: "I believe there are thousands there in heaven, in consequence of what my mother then did." He declared: "I pity those poor old hoppers who can't enjoy the world or religion either, and have just enough religion to make 'em miserable." Of the conversion of Saul he said: "Saul was well broke, and so every man must be well broke before he goes to heaven, or he will be rebellious there." Illustrating the influence of trifles he said: "I have often been in a heavenly frame of mind, when some abusive thing would come up, and I'd feel it just as if I'd been struck over the head with a handspike." Again he said: "It's the devil that says a bishop shall have no wife. And he'll do well to have children. God has given me nine, and they are all in the land of the living."

In a sermon on love he said:

The devil can write fine sermons, and preach 'em gracefully; but when you come to *loving*, he's done. He can't get ahead at all. . . Religion without love is like a tinkling cymbal. It's like a little boy who will tinkle, tinkle, tinkle a little sheep-bell—that's what God means—or like the cymbals these miserable Germans carry about the streets. I verily believe I never loved God so much in the same period of time as during this winter—not during the forty years since my conversion. And so it is with all Christians. Why, Whitefield was born on the wing, and he never lit! And I expect he is flying yet!

But I must close my citations from this remarkable preacher. He had even an odd pronounciation of his own, which I have not attempted to reproduce: e. g.,

God he pronounced "Gard;" *to* and *so*, he usually called "ter" and "ser"; you he sometimes called "yeou." He would say, "Well, you say, I guess there's precious few that are born again. Well, now, I tell yeou, not ser few as you think, not ser few as you think." But, of course, oddities of utterance and gesture cannot be reproduced in description or citation, without perpetually drawing the attention away from the substance of what is said. "I've heard some say," he declared, "that Knapp had mesmerized the people, and that he couldn't produce the effect he does without looking 'em in the eye;" and thereupon he formally disclaimed this power.

Tennyson speaks of a person who

Of at Bible meetings, o'er the rest
Arising, did his holy, oily best,
Dropping the too rough H in Hell and Heaven.

Elder Knapp had no such sappy softness. He gloried in preaching the terrors of hell, and in calling it by name. He once referred with ineffable scorn to "a certain place which some cold-hearted, velvet-eared people dislike to hear named. So does the devil dislike to have 'em hear it." Still, for this very reason, that and kindred words occurred so often in his discourses as almost to disfigure them. And where, especially, he took a text like "Whose damnation is just," he would seem to repeat it so often, and with an emphasis so tremendous, that some who opposed him pretended that he uttered the text with needless frequency and zest. In reality, no man more strongly rebuked profanity than Elder Knapp. Speaking of profane swearing, in one sermon, he said: "Now, I should hardly have thought that the Prince of Darkness *could* have induced man to this sin. You know that it's no mark of a gentleman, and you never saw a clown but what had it on him." But in order to avoid wanton misinterpretation in this matter, I have carefully forbore to quote the most energetic passages of the Elder that my note-book contains.

At length the time came for the Elder to say farewell to the city. A concourse of devoted friends assembled, and the exercises took a largely personal form. When the eulogies were ended, a great part of the congregation passed through the aisles and shook hands with the departing evangelist. As he had been but

moderately paid for his services, he called attention to the fact, and a collection of about one hundred and fifty dollars was made for him. Next day a crowd gathered at the station, and bade him God-speed, and sang a hymn beginning "My brother, I wish you well," till the train moved away.

Such was the account I gave to the New York paper whose Jenkins I then chanced to be. Touching his success, the estimates of the number of conversions effected by him, for the five months' season, varied between two hundred and five hundred. And that winter was exceptionally unfavorable to religious fervor, it being a period of reaction after large drafts had been made upon the time and energy of the religious community by previous revivalists, and when also great political events were absorbing universal thought and emotion. Despite these drawbacks, this original and powerful pulpit orator blew a flame of enthusiasm out of the embers; his strange anecdotes passed from mouth to mouth, and attracted the curious to his meetings, when repeatedly those "who came to scoff remained to pray."

Such was one illustrative episode in the career of the typical modern revivalist—a man who exerted an enormous influence on the lives and destinies of his countrymen. "Forty years ago," wrote his biographer in 1867, "the institution of protracted meetings was comparatively unknown. Posterity will speak of Elder Knapp as the pioneer and champion of modern evangelism," even as all men "recognize Wesley, Whitefield, Howard, and Payson as leaders in Zion." Champion evangelist his biographer well may style him, when the Elder himself says: "I can speak of about forty persons, converted in five of my meetings, who entered the ministry"—and he held over one hundred and fifty such meetings; while, up to 1867, he had baptized "about five thousand persons," who were "only a small proportion" of his converts, since "as a general thing it seemed desirable and proper that the pastors with whom I labored should administer the ordinance." While his sermons were not edifying to some, yet multitudes found him suited to their needs, and will remember his career with gratitude.

PHILIP QUILIBET.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

THE GREAT LAVA FLOOD OF THE WEST.

IN a remarkable paper on the great lava flood of the West, published in the "American Journal of Science and Arts," Prof. Joseph Leconte describes as follows one of the most stupendous geological wonders of the world. Commencing in middle California as separate streams, in northern California the outpouring of lava becomes a flood flowing over and completely mantling the smaller inequalities, and flowing around the greater inequalities of the surface, while in Oregon and Washington it becomes an absolutely universal flood, beneath which the whole original face of the country, with its hills and dales, mountains and valleys, lies buried several thousand feet. It covers the greater portion of northern California and northwestern Nevada, nearly the whole of Oregon, Washington, and Idaho, and runs far into Montana on the east and British Columbia on the north. Its extent cannot be less than 200,000 or 300,000 square miles, or greater than the whole area of France. The greatest eruptive activity seems to have been in the region of the Cascade range, and there the flood appears to have reached its greatest depth. The extreme thickness is not less than 3,700 feet, and the average thickness over the entire area is probably 2,000 feet. In confirmation of these astounding figures, the author cites unquestionable facts. The Columbia river, in its way from the interior plains to the sea, cuts through the Cascade range *nearly to its very base*; for in this region the river surface is not more than 100 feet above the sea level. In all this portion of its course, for 100 miles, the river runs in a gorge, the perpendicular cliffs of which give a magnificent section of the Cascade range from top to bottom. At the cascades of the river, which are in the very axis of the range, the cliff peaks have many of them been measured; they vary from 2,500 to 3,800 feet above the river surface. For twenty miles above and below this point the higher peaks rise to 2,000 feet. This section reveals the

fact that this mighty range is composed wholly of lava, tier upon tier, from top to bottom. In one place only, viz., in the axis of the range, and that only for about two miles along the river, is the bottom of the lava reached by erosion. Here then, leaving off 100 feet of the underlying rock, we have a clear section of 3,700 feet of lava. And when we recollect that these peaks themselves are produced wholly by erosion, surely 4,000 feet is a moderate estimate for the original thickness of the lava flood at this part.

SALT AS A FOOD-STUFF.

IN the *Zeitschrift für Biologie*, Dr. Bunge publishes the results of his investigations as to the amount of salt requisite for alimentation. He asks whether animals can be content with the amount of salt naturally occurring in their food, or whether they must not get more. It is a matter of every-day observation that herbivorous animals have a strong liking for salt, while the carnivora show great repugnance to salted food. Still, if we analyze the food-stuffs of both groups, we find that the food of the herbivora contains in itself as much chloride of sodium as that of the carnivora; but it further contains a larger proportion of potash. Hence Bunge concludes that the potash salts react on the chloride of sodium in the blood, yielding compounds which are eliminated. In such case the organism lacks sodium, and the animal must take in salt directly. This the herbivora do instinctively; and this man too must do, especially when leguminous vegetables (which contain a great deal of potash) form a large proportion of his food.

TRAINING FOR A SCIENTIFIC CAREER.

IN a lecture on "Men of Science, their Nature and their Nurture," Mr. Francis Galton gives as follows the programme of studies that would be best fitted for developing scientific abilities: 1. Mathematics, rigorously taught up to the capacity of the pupils, and copiously illustrated and applied, so as to throw as much interest into its pursuit as possible.

2. Logic. 3. Some branch of science (observation, theory, and experiment), some boys taking one branch and some another, to insure variety of interests under the same roof. 4. Accurate drawing of objects connected with that branch of science. 5. Mechanical handiwork. All these to be rigorously taught. The following not to be taught rigorously: reading good books (not trashy ones) in literature, history, and art; a moderate knowledge of the more useful languages, taught in the easiest way, probably by going abroad in vacations. It is abundantly evident, he says, that the leading men of science have not been made by much or regular teaching. They craved variety. There were none who had the old-fashioned high-and-dry education who were satisfied with it. Those who came from the greater schools usually did nothing there, and have abused the system heartily.

SCIENTIFIC MEDICINE.

DELHI sore, Damascus sore, Aleppo evil, and sundry other local names, have been given to a disease which is of frequent occurrence in India and Syria, and indeed generally throughout Oriental countries. It affects men and dogs, and though not fatal is yet extremely troublesome. Dr. Fleming, of the British Army, has made the cause and cure of this evil the subject of microscopic research, with such results that henceforth a disease which has been a plague for hundreds of years, and neither spared the great Aurungzebe in his hall of paradise nor the meanest pariah that grovelled in the dust beneath his feet, must be regarded as completely under the control of the physician. The Delhi sore is a rodent ulcer, in which Dr. Fleming has found, as a constant element, a small cell, whose nature is yet in doubt. From this cell no kind of plant can be developed, and it is presumably of animal origin. It contains nuclei, and grows marvellously fast, though whether by cleavage or budding, or exosmotic transit, so to speak, of small cells through its wall, has not been made out. By pressing on and absorbing the nutrition of the skin, it soon destroys portions of the surface, and forms most unsightly and painful ulcers. That this cell is the cause has been proved by repeated inoculations. It is very tenacious

of life and resistant to chemical agents, and hence the uselessness of the common plans of local treatment. The only cure is at once to destroy the cells with potassa fusa. In a few days a sore which has been open and extending for months is cured as if by magic. The cure is infallible.

WRITING MUSIC IN SHORT-HAND.

A SCHEME of musical short-hand has been devised by a correspondent of the "English Mechanic." Doubtless many persons, he observes, while performing the tedious and disagreeable task of copying music, have been struck with the great desirability of some swifter means of expressing the various notes; and that if they could be written without the staff and the numerous perplexities of semi-breves, minims, crotchets, quavers, semi-quavers, demisemiquavers (to say nothing of the difficulties presented by sharps, flats, naturals, clefs, signatures, etc.), the work would be much pleasanter, and be undertaken with less reluctance than at present. The musical short-hand proposed is merely phonography applied to music, and is based on Isaac Pitman's system of phonography. The signs used to represent the notes are twelve in number, corresponding to the black and white keys of the pianoforte; and owing to the ease with which a knowledge of them can be acquired, great speed may be attained by the learner, it being a very simple matter to take down any ordinary tune while it is being sung or played. A song or melody of any kind may be written with but one-sixth part of the labor required in the ordinary way, and in about one-tenth part of the usual time. Very little space is needed to write down a musical composition in this way, and yet the necessary legibility is not sacrificed in the slightest degree, the absolute pitch and relative length of each note being truly shown.

COMETS' TAILS.

IN a paper read before the Hackney Scientific Association, Mr. J. A. Reeves advances an entirely new theory of comets. By the aid of diagrams he showed that the part of the comet termed the tail, being always in a direction from the sun, and therefore as often in advance of as behind the nucleus, is not really a tail;

that as comets are transparent, and all matter is known to be either solid, liquid, or gaseous, comets must be the latter, for solid and liquids are opaque; that the only known power by which this gaseous matter can be held together is gravity, which must necessarily have a centre, and every part of the body being free to move, resolves itself into a sphere, the centre of which is in many cases exceedingly dense, but gradually attenuated toward the circumference; that the rays of the sun are refracted in their passage through the spherical comet, thus illuminating the portion beyond the centre or nucleus, which illumination forms the tail. He then explained how all the various and peculiar phenomena of comets, such as their shapes, colors, horns, nuclei, as well as their being with and without tails, etc., arise, and entirely in accordance with the universal laws of nature.

SPIDERS AND THEIR WEBS.

THE garden spider usually constructs a wheel-shaped perpendicular web, and on this circumstance some naturalists have based a characteristic distinction between this and other families of spiders. But it has been found that the garden spider can vary the form and structure of its web very considerably according to circumstances. This is well shown by an experiment made by a German observer, for an account of which we are indebted to *Die Natur*. This writer enclosed two garden spiders in a prismatic pen-case, with a view to see how they would behave in this abnormal abode. In the course of two days the cover was raised, and one of the individuals was found partly devoured by the other; the victorious spider had woven over its body, and on the inside of the cover, a rectangular web one-half to one millimetre thick, ten centimetres long, and three or four broad, with the threads lying mostly parallel with one another. This spider had no room for a wheel-shaped web, the inside height of the case being but little greater than the spider's length. Hence she must perforce spin a horizontal web, on the floor or on the cover of the case.

INSECTS AND VARIATION.

MR. THOMAS MEEHAN communicates to the "Lens" some interesting observations on the agency of insects in obstruct-

ing the perpetuation of new plant forms. It is commonly supposed that insect agency plays an important part in the process of evolution, by insuring cross fertilization; but Mr. Meehan's argument is that nature is ever producing variations in plants, and the only reason why these are only transient is, that they are continually crossed by the individuals around them, and thus a certain uniformity is maintained. This result is chiefly due to insect agency, and thus it is that insects come to be, contrary to the received opinion, the obstructors and not the promoters of evolution. As Mr. Meehan points out in his own magazine, the "Gardener's Monthly," Professor Gray had, unknown to him, made this same observation previously, and published it in the "American Journal of Science and Arts."

Any intelligent florist, says Mr. Meehan, can testify to the fact that varieties will reproduce themselves as fully as the original forms from which they sprung. Botanists, he thinks, are inclined to look rather to hybridization and insect agency as factors of variation, than to the spontaneous action of the plants themselves. To prove, however, that varieties are of spontaneous origin, the author takes a genus consisting of only one species in a given locality, to show how great is the variation in form, where no congenital form could mix with it. Thus, the common yellow toad flax will sometimes appear with spurs only one-third or one-fourth the usual length, and sometimes it will be altogether spurless. Some plants will bear flowers with thick, others with slender spurs; in some they will be straight, in others curved, and so on; the author cites many instances.

And now for the bearings of these facts on the theory of evolution. The plant in question is an introduced weed, with nothing allied to it anywhere in the localities where it is usually found with which it can possibly hybridize. The variations therefore must be from some natural law of evolution inherent in the plant itself. Varieties of course may cross-fertilize as well as species, and some of these variations may be owing to one form fertilizing another; but there is no avoiding the fact, that at least the first pair of varying forms must have originated by simple evolution.

But why does not one of these varieties go on and establish, in a state of nature, a new race, as it would do under the florist's care? The humblebee gives the answer. They, so far as the author's observation goes, are the only insects which visit the flowers of the toad flax. The pollen is collected on the thorax, and of course is carried to the next flower. The florist "fixes" the form by carefully isolating the plant; but in the wild state the new variety has no chance, the bee from the neighboring flower fertilizing it with pollen from any of the other forms. The conclusion is inevitable, that insects in their fertilizing agency are not always abettors, but rather at times obstructors of evolution.

DISINFECTION OF THE ATMOSPHERE.

A PAPER read by Mr. W. J. Cooper at the recent Social Science Congress in Norwich, England, effectually disposes of certain "disinfectants," and shows the true way of purifying contaminated air. On the subject of impure air and its remedy there are current, even among professional men, a great many very incorrect notions, and we cannot do a better service to popular sanitary science than by giving a synopsis of Professor Cooper's paper. Air, he said, cannot be charged with any volatile vapor without detriment, whether it be sewer gas, carbonate of ammonia, or carbolic acid. A weak solution of the latter substance by no means acts as a disinfectant. In a concentrated form, carbolic acid arrests decomposition for a while, but Pettenkofer's experiments have shown that when the acid is diluted germ development is actually favored. Dr. Dougall's recent experiments have exposed the futility of the use of carbolic acid vapor upon infective matter; and hospital gangrene persisted in hospitals during the Franco-German war, though carbolic acid was very freely used. This substance does not even neutralize objectionable odors, carbolic and ammoniacal vapors subsisting side by side, so to speak. Germs or infectious matter in the air may be destroyed with strong carbolic acid vapor; but this will also destroy the tissue of the lungs which inhale it. Another popular disinfectant is chlorine. The action of chlorine is also highly injurious to the lungs; and the

same is to be said of bromine, iodine, and ozone.

It is an error to suppose that a chemical reagent retains its antiseptic properties when very dilute; experience has shown that the very reverse happens in many instances.

If the air of a room is foul, let the windows and doors be opened so that fresh air may be admitted. If there exist disease-germs or fungous growth, soap and water are the proper remedy. For the purpose of arresting decomposition, chemical substances should be used which do not by their nature defile the air, and are not dangerous, destructive, or offensive; for it is of the utmost importance to make disinfection popular, and it is contrary to human nature to delight in substances which are irritating and obnoxious to the senses, and which have a tendency to cause a positive evil in the attempt to prevent a possible one.

STORING WET COAL.

THE London "Medical Record" says that people who store wet coal in their cellars expose themselves to the dangers of sore throats and other evils. Even the fire-damp which escapes from coal mines arises from the slow decomposition of coal at temperatures but little above that of the atmosphere, but under augmented pressure. By wetting a mass of freshly broken coal, and putting it into a warm cellar, the heap is heated to such a degree that carburetted and sulphuretted hydrogen are given off for long periods of time, and pervade the whole house. The liability of wet coal to produce mischievous results under such circumstances, may be appreciated from the fact that there are several instances on record of the spontaneous combustion of wet coal when stowed in the bunkers or holds of ships. And from this cause doubtless many missing coal-vessels have perished.

FIRE-RESISTING POWERS OF SOLID WOOD.

CAPTAIN SHAW of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, London, made a very instructive experiment lately on a wooden "story post," with a section of the beams and other parts surrounding it above and below. This post had been subjected to the full action of a fire in a burning building for not less than four and a half

hours. In the experiment it was set on end in the open yard exactly as it had stood in the burned building to which it originally belonged, with the pedestal underneath, the cap above, and the beam above the cap. More than a ton of shavings, light wood, and heavy wood was then placed around it, and after saturating the whole heap with petroleum a light was applied. During the progress of the fire a large quantity of petroleum and turpentine was pumped upon it, which with the other combustibles gave a heat almost equal to that of a blast furnace. At the end of two and a half hours the post and beam were withdrawn, and soon ceased to burn. On sawing the post in two at the point where it had suffered most damage from the fire, the wood was found to be pitch pine, and the section showed that after being exposed to a furious heat of seven hours there was still uninjured wood enough left to carry the weight originally put upon the post. The lesson the author draws is this: "A massive story post of even the most inflammable wood is absolutely proof against any heat which can be applied to it, will not of itself burn at all, but requires a continual supply of highly inflammable substances to keep it burning, and when this supply is withdrawn ceases to burn; and lastly, after being exposed for seven hours to flames of very great intensity, it is not injured to a greater depth than about two inches from the original surface, and still shows a centre as sound as when it was first put up."

TRAITS OF THE PAPUANS.

THE observations of Dr. von Miklucho Maclay on the inhabitants of Papua, or New Guinea, form the subject of an interesting communication to "Nature," by Mr. John C. Galton. Dr. Maclay devoted fifteen months to studying the inhabitants of the whole coast of Astrolabe Gulf, of the mountains round the gulf, and of the islands near Cape Duperre, who lived a life of such perfect peace that he called the islands the "Archipelago of Contentment." It is a curious fact that the Papuans, though they know how to produce fire by rubbing together two pieces of wood, do not do this when they require this agent, but always carry their fire about with them, either trailing a lighted stick after them as they walk, or placing

the same under their beds when they sleep. In the Papuans, contrary to the received belief, there is no roughness of skin considerable enough to constitute a race characteristic. The color of the skin, too, is in general of a light chocolate brown, and not of a bluish-black color, as has been asserted. The inhabitants of New Ireland, an island not far distant, have, on the other hand, a comparatively dark skin. After a series of very careful observations, made as well upon shaven as upon well-covered scalps, Dr. Maclay concludes that the hair is not disposed in tufts, but that it grows just as it does on the head of a European. The natural color of the hair is dull black. The heads of children are covered with a wash of ashes and water for protection against parasites, and this hardens into a thick crust. In the case of males this is continued till the time of circumcision, after which period much care is bestowed upon the coiffure. The women expend no pains upon the arrangement of their hair.

The forehead is not high, but small, and sometimes retreating; the nose is broadly flattened out, frequently with dilated nostrils; the mouth is broad, with projecting upper lip; the chin is retreating, while strongly projecting cheekbones strikingly contrast with the smallness of the forehead in the temporal region. If the back of a Papuan is seen in profile, there is noticed a great concavity of curve in the lumbar region. This would seem to be a characteristic in which the Papuan differs from the Caucasian race. The Papuans make a greater use of the left hand and arm than of the right, and use the feet to pick up various objects from the earth. Circumcision is general among the inhabitants of the coast; those who do not employ this rite are looked down upon by their circumcised brethren. The men marry early, and have only one wife, and concubinage is almost unknown.

SAGACITY OF BIRDS IN CHOOSING THEIR NESTING-PLACES.

THE sagacity of birds in choosing as sites for their nests localities where they will be secure against the attacks of their enemies is well illustrated by several examples given by Mr. Belt. "On the savannahs," says he, "between Acoyapo

and Nancital, there is a shrub, with sharp curved prickles, called *Viena paraca* (come here) by the Spaniards, because it is difficult to extricate oneself from its hold when the dress is caught; as one part is cleared another will be entangled. A yellow and brown fly-catcher builds its nest in these bushes, and generally places it alongside that of a banded wasp, so that with the prickles and the wasps it is well guarded." The author, however, witnessed the death of one of the birds from the very means it had chosen for the protection of its young. Darting hurriedly out of its domed nest, it was caught just under its bill by one of the curved, hook-like thorns, and in trying to extricate itself got further entangled. Its fluttering disturbed the wasps, who flew down upon it, and in less than a minute stung it to death.

The different species of orioles of tropical America choose high, smooth-barked trees, standing apart from others, from which to hang their pendulous nests. Monkeys cannot get at them from the tops of other trees, and any predatory mammal attempting to ascend the smooth trunks would be greatly exposed to the attacks of the birds, armed as they are with strong, sharp-pointed beaks. A small parrot builds constantly on the plains, in a hole made in the nests of the termites, and several other birds hang their nests from the extremities of the branches of the bull's-horn thorn.

MAREY ON THE FLIGHT OF BIRDS.

M. MAREY, whose researches on animal locomotion have attracted much attention, recently communicated to the French Academy an interesting note on the flight of birds. He shows clearly the influence of horizontal translation in increasing the resistance of the air to the wing strokes. Various effects are thus explained. When a bird, for instance, flies off, the movements of its wings are very extended; but they become less so when the horizontal motion of the bird has become rapid. When a bird flies attached to a string, it falls whenever the tension of the string stops its horizontal velocity, even though its wings continue to beat. A bird, in taking wing, directs itself to windward as much as possible. This is because the wind, bringing continually new layers of air under its wings, places it in the same

conditions as horizontal translation. Again, if a living bird be suspended at the arm of an apparatus that allows of its moving its wings and flying circularly, and if a rapid movement of rotation be given to the apparatus, the strokes of the wings become extremely slow, the revolution taking more than a second, in place of one-eighth of a second, the normal time. As every muscular movement is retarded in proportion to the resistance, this experiment is one of the best proofs that could be given of the increase of resistance of air through the velocity of translation of the bird.

NEW EXPLANATION OF THE AURORA.

MR. J. A. REEVES, in the "English Mechanic," offers an ingenious theory of the aurora borealis, as follows: 1. A large quantity of light from the sun falls upon the upper portions of the earth's atmosphere, so far north that although it is refracted and bent toward the earth, yet it does not impinge upon it, but passes on, illuminating the atmosphere over a vast region beyond. 2. Other rays, which fall upon the atmosphere rather more southward, after being refracted, do reach the earth's surface, but as that surface in the polar regions consists of masses of ice and snow, the light is immediately reflected into the upper portions of the atmosphere, and comes into contact with the ray of light before mentioned, thus sufficiently illuminating the vaporous matter suspended in the atmosphere, to become visible in the form of the aurora. 3. The shooting appearances of the aurora are produced by the rays of light continuing to cross and recross each other, consequent on the ever-varying density and changed position of the parts of the atmosphere through which the light is refracted, as well as the constant change of angular positions of the reflecting surfaces of ice and snow, by the revolution of the earth on its axis. 4. The various hues which the aurora assumes are a proof that the light composing it is refracted. The theory will hold good also for the aurora australis.

SPIRITS AS AN ARMY RATION.

SURGEON-GENERAL W. C. MACLEAN of the British army has seen service in tropical regions for many years, and speaks from his own experience against the use

of alcohol for soldiers in the field. The medical officers of the French army, says he, who have had great experience in the arduous campaigns in Algeria, denounce the spirit ration as hurtful. The evidence shows that wherever soldiers, by accident or design, have been cut off from the use of spirits on marches, or during laborious sieges, they have maintained their health, spirits, and discipline far better than when grog was used. Careful experiment made at the army medical school at Netley shows that alcohol, far from increasing the power of bearing fatigue, even when given in a quantity which many spirit-drinkers would deem moderate, lessens muscular force, and a quantity in excess of this, it was shown, entirely destroys the power of work. For fatigue, rest and food are the proper remedies. Dr. Maclean favors the use of coffee instead of alcohol. That a cup of hot coffee is the best preparation for the fatigues of a march, is indisputable; it invigorates the men at starting, and the vigor it imparts helps the system to resist the miasma which in the dark and chilly hour before the dawn is most freely evolved from the soil. It is worthy of remark that coffee was first issued to European troops for this very purpose, on the advice of the great Larrey, during Napoleon's Egyptian campaign. Looking back to his experience among sportsmen in India, Dr. Maclean cannot recall a single example of a spirit-drinker who was able for any length of time to expose himself with impunity to the sun, while it is notorious that abstainers from alcohol are capable of doing so to a great extent. Nor is the case different in temperate climates. "I am in the habit," says the author, "of spending my autumn vacations on the mountains of the north, and although not quite so young as I have been, I have again and again walked my whiskey-drinking companions, friends, keeper, and gillie, to a standstill. In one word, alcohol in moderation may help a man to put on a 'spurt,' but it is no aid to a hard day's work."

A FORGOTTEN CITY.

THE late Lieutenant Garnier discovered last year in Cambodia the ruins of a great ancient city, Angkor. These ruins are of extraordinary magnificence, both in point of extent and of architectural splen-

dor. The sides of the principal temple measure no less than two miles and a quarter in circumference, and the remains of endless roads, buried in forests and jungle, contain monument after monument, "each, if possible, more astonishing than the preceding." The architecture and sculpture of this forgotten city exhibit a very advanced knowledge of the arts, and the great temple is described as the masterpiece of some unknown Michel Angelo. Angkor must have been one of the greatest cities on the globe, and yet of its history no account remains. Nothing is known of its past save that a Chinese traveller, in the year 1202, mentioned its splendor, and that three hundred years later it was referred to by Ribodoneyra as an ancient ruin.

RESTORATION OF PERSONS ASPHYXIATED WITH CHLOROFORM.

DR. CAMPBELL of Paris recommends to place persons threatened with death from the inhalation of chloroform head downwards and feet upwards, for between ten and fifteen minutes. He considers that death arises from syncope due to cerebral anæmia; hence the advantage of inducing an artificial cerebral congestion. The usual efforts at mechanical breathing—excitement of respiratory nerves, the drawing out of the tongue, insufflation into the lungs, etc.—may be had recourse to at the same time. Dr. Campbell mentions only one case where this method succeeded; it was suggested by Nélaton during an operation performed at Paris by Dr. Marion Sims. The author also thinks that the inverted position tends to drive from the lungs and trachea pent-up vapors of chloroform, which tend to increase the asphyxia. It might be asked, says the "Lancet," whether stagnation in the cerebral vessels of blood charged with chloroform may not do more harm than good in these cases. Nor is it proved that death occurs generally from anæmia. The case mentioned by Dr. Campbell has considerable weight; but the method should be tried when an opportunity offers, and if it succeeds in a series of cases, full confidence will probably be reposed in it.

RUSSIAN PHOSPHATIC DEPOSITS.

FROM a paper in the "Rural Carolinian," by Professor C. U. Shepard, Jr., on

“Foreign Phosphatic Deposits,” we learn that phosphate of lime occurs in unprecedented abundance in European Russia. The central deposit begins in the government of Smolensk (west of Moscow), and extends, without serious interruption, in a southeast direction to that of Voronezh, a distance of not less than 375 miles, having a width of from 60 to 125 miles. In the southern part of this belt the bed of phosphates lies at a depth inaccessible to exploration, but it reappears on the southern margin of the cretaceous basin, where the above formation gives place to those of the Jurassic and Devonian. To the north of Voronezh the bed of phosphate disappears; but 125 miles further northward it appears again, and stretches even beyond the Volga. Other deposits, at present but slightly explored, have been found in the cretaceous and Jurassic formations of the governments of Moscow and Nijni-Novgorod, and still later in the neighborhood of Grodno, in western Russia. Professor Schwakhoefer of Vienna has verified the existence of phosphate of lime in the schist of the Siberian formations in Podolia, on the banks of the Dniester (southwest Russia), occurring there in the form of nodules. Most recent of all, the discovery of twelve per cent. phosphoric acid has been made in a calcareous stone found near Novgorod. The above description of phosphatic beds will show the vast area underlaid with phosphates in European Russia. Railroads and great rivers cross this area in all directions, and they will serve to distribute the valuable material for home consumption, or transport it to the sea for foreign shipment. This discovery of phosphates is all the more important for Russia, inasmuch as her celebrated grain fields begin to show the effects of a highly exhaustive system of agriculture.

THE DIAMOND FIELDS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

At a recent meeting of the London Society of Arts, two interesting papers on the geographical and physical characters of the diamond fields of South Africa were read by Mr. Theophilus Shepstone and Dr. Robert Mann. Mr. Shepstone, who is Secretary for Native Affairs in the colony of Natal, described the conditions under which the diamond is found on the Vaal river. He pointed out that Africa,

south of the equator, consists of a great central, irregularly shaped basin, the outer edges of which vary in height from four thousand to ten thousand feet above the sea level, and that through this basin the Orange river to the southwest and the Limpopo river to the northeast cut their way. It is near the exit of the former from the great basin that the diamond fields lie, while gold in large quantities is being obtained from the northeastern district. The author conjectures that this basin is the dry bed of an immense inland sea, and that the diamonds which are found in it were formed by carbonic acid gas, ejected by the action of subterranean heat through fissures in the earth's surface into the bed of the dried-up sea, the water of which was sufficiently deep to imprison and liquefy the gas after its evolution. The discovery of the process by which this liquid gas became crystallized, whether by electric or magnetic current, or by the potent influence of iron in some of its numerous forms, must be left to future scientific investigation.

The paper of Dr. Mann, late Superintendent of Education in Natal, dealt principally with the commercial aspects and influences of these diamond and gold fields. Since the first serious working of the diamond fields in 1871, large numbers of diamonds have been obtained, and in 1872 no less than twenty thousand miners were engaged in searching for them. So large has been the yield, that a very material depreciation of the larger gems in the home market has been brought about, and the diggers are now leaving the diamond fields for the more profitable northeastern gold fields. The result of the discovery of these fields has been to develop South African commercial enterprise, and to civilize the wild tribes of that part of the continent. In the course of the discussion which followed the reading of the papers, Mr. Sopen, a diamond merchant, said that owing to the large quantity of second-class stones received from the Cape, such gems are now sixty to seventy per cent. cheaper than they were three years ago. First-class diamonds, however, are now rather dearer than formerly.

To banish rats, plant asphodel near the barn or stable, or put some of the plant in their holes. Rats have such an aversion to this plant, that they will quit the

place altogether, and you will have no dead rats putrefying under the floors.

MR. DARWIN is reported to be engaged in preparing for the press a revised and extended edition of his "Descent of Man."

IN 1870 there was realized 1,400 cwt. of amber, of the value of \$300,000, from dredging on the shores of the Baltic. This substance is also found in a bluish clay bed in Eastern Prussia, and elsewhere, in limited quantities.

ON the average of the last six years the loss of life in English coal mines, by explosions and other accidents, amounts to one death for every 100,000 tons of coal, not to mention injuries of a more or less serious character.

FROM soundings made by Mr. John McKinney, an experienced navigator and old resident in the vicinity of Lake Tahoe, California, it appears that the greatest depth of that remarkable body of water is 1,646 feet.

MRS. MARGARET MARTIN, of Dublin, Ireland, has obtained a patent for improvements in the construction of balloons and other aerial bodies, and in the means of navigating them, so as to control the direction in which they shall travel.

THE Chicago "Times" chronicles the fall of an enormous aërolite in the vicinity of Farmersville, Livingston county, Mo. The shock of its impact with the ground is stated to have been like an earthquake, and the molten mass is described as fully twenty feet high above the soil, and some twenty-five feet in diameter. It presents the usual appearance of such bodies, being a black, shining mass of meteoric iron.

AT the Vienna Exposition were shown small sticks of variously colored sealing-wax, tipped with an inflammable compound, which, when ignited by friction, burns and fuses the wax, permitting it to be used very conveniently, without wasting or dropping, as is usually the case. The quantity in each stick is sufficient for one common or two small seals. Commenting on this, the "Technologist" says that the device is by no means new,

being even older than the invention of friction matches.

THE New Orleans Board of Health recommend the abolition of quarantine "as an expensive, non-supporting concern, and an obstacle of serious character to the commerce of city and State." So runs a newspaper item; but it is a little singular that a board of health should have nothing to say about the institution as a means of keeping out infectious disease.

THE value of carrier-pigeons was so plainly shown during the Franco-German war, that the French Government has decided to erect a large house and to keep constantly in it for the next six years 5,000 pairs of pigeons for breeding purposes. Each fortress is to have a pigeon-house, with a capacity for 1,000 birds, and two general stations are to be established, with accommodations for 60,000 birds. The Germans too are breeding carrier-pigeons on a large scale for the use of the army.

A CAREFUL estimate by Mr. Dawson Burns of the amount of "proof spirit" consumed during 1873 by the people of Great Britain and Ireland, in the shape of brandy, whiskey, ale, wine, etc., shows that it was 152,561,397 gallons, or between 70,000,000 and 80,000,000 gallons of absolute alcohol. This is for each man and for every two women nine gallons and two pints of proof spirit. The pecuniary cost of these beverages was £125,000,000 sterling, an increase of £6,000,000 over 1872.

IN his inaugural address in the Edinburgh University, Prof. Fleeming Jenkin described an experiment which he had made in a cotton-mill. The connections of 20,000 cotton-spindles were broken, and it was found that one-tenth only of the power produced was necessary to spin the thread; more than half is required to drive the machinery used; one-third is required to overcome the friction of the engine and shafting alone; less certainly than one-sixth, perhaps as little as one-tenth of the whole power is required to prepare and spin the cotton.

ON the occasion of the young King of Siam attaining his majority on October 10 last, great feasts were given to his subjects at Bangkok. Among the attrac-

tions was the ascent of a small balloon constructed in Paris. Liberal offers were made to procure an aëronaut, but were of no avail, as none of the Siamese would venture into the clouds. Consequently the King ordered a slave, selected from among the less heavy of his household, to be sent up in the car. In order to encourage the poor fellow, so frightened for his life, he was promised to be rewarded with his enfranchisement. The ascent took place and excited much enthusiasm among the spectators; but unhappily nothing has since been heard from the slave or of the craft.

A LONG and interesting memoir on tannic acid by Prof. Hugo Schiff, of the Physiological Laboratory of Florence, appears in the *Annalen der Chemie und Pharmacie*. The author shows that tannic acid has the composition $C_{14}H_{10}O_8$, and that it bears to gallic acid the same relation that ether bears to alcohol. If one molecule of water be removed from two of alcohol, ether is the result; and in like manner the removal of one molecule of water from two of gallic acid leads to the formation of tannic acid, or, as the author calls it, digallic acid. The tannic acid of plants seems to be united with grape sugar or glucose, but the compound is so unstable that all attempts to obtain it in a pure state have failed; and, in a more or less altered condition, it forms the tannin of commerce.

THE French Government has appointed a commission of scientific and literary voyages and missions, under the direction of the Minister of Public Instruction. The object of the commission is: (1) to discover what are the most useful scientific and literary enterprises; (2) to examine the projected voyages and missions proposed to the minister; (3) to study the programmes of these missions, to give detailed instructions to those who undertake them, and to carry on correspondence, if need be, during the voyage; (4) to examine, on their return, the works in which the voyagers have reported, and prepare their publication in a record of missions, when that is founded; (5) to name to the minister such voyagers as may be worthy of honorable reward after

the completion of their enterprise; (6) to appeal to the various administrations to concentrate on certain enterprises all the resources at the disposal of the State. Eminent scientific men are named to form the commission.

IN consequence of improvements recently made in the ventilating arrangements of the British Houses of Parliament, the atmosphere in those buildings may now be rendered as near as possible perfectly pure. The arrangements for heating or cooling the interior, and for renewing the air within the building, are wonderfully perfect; its whole atmosphere can be renewed in little more than ten minutes. During the vacation, Dr. Percy, F. R. S., made some experiments with cotton-wool filters, passing through these all the air entering the House. The result was worthy of note. Once snowy white, the filters soon became of a heavy murky brown, thick with dust, and infiltrated with organic impurities. The experiment was tried during a heavy London fog.

At a meeting of the London Inventors' Institute, Mr. T. Vafea of Liverpool proposed a plan for raising sunken ships, and also for preventing the foundering of ships. The main features of the plan were, first closing hermetically the hatches, port-holes, and all other openings in the deck or upper or side parts of the sunken ship, and after having so closed the openings to pump down air to the bottom of the ship through tubes inserted either through the bottom of the ships' hull, or through the deck, each tube being passed down close to the bottom of the ship. The air thus introduced rises by itself toward the under side of the deck, and, not being able to escape, presses the water contained in the ship down and out through the hole made by accident, or through holes made for the purpose. The vessel will thus be rendered buoyant, and will rise to the surface. To prevent foundering or reduce the risk to a minimum, the ships are provided with air-tight covers, which when forced over the openings confine the air therein, and keep the ships always buoyant.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

"FRENCH HOME LIFE," reprinted from "Blackwood's Magazine." New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The author of this clever book does not choose to give his name, for the reason, perhaps, that he is an Englishman praising the French, and therefore a target to be shot at. It is a sad blow to those of his prejudiced countrymen who think they monopolize what is best in domestic life. It upsets the theory of those sentimental linguists who believe that truth is better conveyed by a monosyllable than a dissyllable. It shows English natures that French natures possess and prize *home*, whatever they call it—"foyer," or "ménage," or "chez" associated with its varied complement of personal pronouns. It shows all who read English that the French love and live pretty much as other people do, and that if they have any advantage in some directions, there is a good and suggestive reason for it.

Our author argues with facts. He has lived the life he describes, and talks from experience. Once in a while he lets his national sentiment crop out, but only when he does not know what else to fall back on, as we shall see further on. We can furnish no better proof of his mental independence than what he says about servants in the opening chapter. "Neither habit, time, nor reason," he says, "reconciles us (the English) to servants; we continue to impatiently support them—we live side by side with them as hereditary enemies." He sees in France a great contrast to English practice. In France, for instance, the master chats and laughs with his servant, because both know that laughing is a human right, and the master who cannot stand freedom of this kind must have an "over-sensitive, ill-conditioned mind." Only those who have seen the silent, cringing English domestic can appreciate the value of this remark. The French servant, unlike the British, is not so much of a specialist. "Cheery, handy, honest, willing, and clean," he can prepare "a dessert, flowers included, for a dinner of forty, cook a breakfast in an emergency, varnish boots, shaming

the brightness of the sun, darn socks on a journey, clean rooms better than a British housemaid, nurse you when ill, and often give you wise advice." Do we Americans ever encounter characters of this stamp? It is, however, the bright side; the reverse is some knavery, some capriciousness, and considerable immorality. The theory of domestic service is well presented in this chapter, and we recommend housekeepers to study it.

In the chapter on children the author touches on matters which afford a key to much of French social development. We can only allude to some of its points. Children in France, according to this testimony, are well brought up, and especially girls. Their emotions are not suppressed, nor their brains crammed before maturity of power. "Girls are given to understand that, provided impulse be well expressed, and be directed to worthy objects, it is a source of joy, of tenderness, and of charm." They develop more naturally than boys; there is a wiser consideration of their functions and duties in after life. Hence it is that women in France prove to be the better of the two sexes. Our author is very severe on boys after they leave their mother's apron strings. He calls them pettifogging and cowardly, "little curs, funky, tattlers, and nasty"; with this reservation, however, that they are affectionate, which, again, renders them girlish. They do all sorts of things which an English boy would not do, and leave undone a good many of his essentials. They will not fight, for instance, and begin life on pugilistic principles. French boys are brought up to love their parents and relations, and that is about all. Whenever you find a superior Frenchman, a man of honor and integrity, he issues from the aristocracy. We must add that this severe judgment of French boys and men is modified by many favorable opinions of them, which show that he censures them reluctantly, and apparently through inability to solve the problem otherwise. He is evidently on the right track, but he does not go far enough. The inferiority

of Frenchmen, it strikes us from what we learn of other observers, is not because they are not fond of boxing any more than of getting drunk at a dinner table, but because the two factors of the family by which the boy is formed are not equally true to their respective positions. The mother is better fitted for her duties in life than the father. She enters the family fresh in feeling, pure, full of faith in people around her, and firm in her convictions on ideal matters. He enters it—the place for him where, it must not be forgotten, duty begins and pleasure ends—a perfectly disenchanted if not demoralized being. There is no use in disguising the fact, whatever theory may be advanced to explain it. His salvation is simply common parental instincts—rarely a life of pure and cultivated sentiments. If he cherishes any ideal, it is that of some political Utopia, in which the evil of his own nature is charged upon the society which he has helped to corrupt. It is a little singular that our author does not get at this point in the chapter on marriage, in which he says many good things, mostly confined, however, to the outward machinery of the institution. The merits and demerits of a French marriage are evidently a puzzle. At one time it is a poetic union, the effect of time or principle on an aristocratic nature, in contradistinction to the “pluckiness” of the ordinary Englishman, who is apt to be “rash” in this particular. Again, it is a matter of temperament, business, or custom, or a Malthusian difficulty, all hinging on the difference between English and French notions of matrimonial obligations.

Our readers will find admirable suggestions throughout the book, the chapters entitled Furniture, Food, Manners, and Dress being not only agreeable reading, but highly instructive; and the same of that on Language, in which the philosophy of expression is clearly illustrated and the peculiar excellence of the French language pointed out.

“NINETY-THREE.” By Victor Hugo. Translated by Frank Lee Benedict. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The admirers of Victor Hugo's genius in that fine historical romance of “*Notre Dame de Paris*” must notice a great falling off in the present work. While one is the creation of a poet, the other is simply

a literary extravaganza. The theme of the former is a strain of human passion, a melody of feeling in a natural key with an accompaniment of mediæval gloom and grandeur; that of the latter is political rage, in which we have a medley of paradoxical characters, with scarcely any portrayal of human sentiment flowing in its natural channels. One is the work of an artist, and the other that of a political rhapsodist. Both works are melodramas, but in the case of “*Notre Dame*” the melodramatic never verges on the burlesque.

The plot of “*Ninety-three*” is scarcely worth mentioning. As the volume is merely a first part—which fact the American publishers omit to state in the title-page—we suppose that only the foundation for a plot is laid. The reader's interest is excited and kept up by vivid descriptions of scenes, incidents, and personages of the French Revolution of 1789, and more particularly of the peasant war in La Vendée. Chief among these descriptions is that of the building in which the famous Convention met in Paris, containing its motley assemblage of wild human animals. There is also an imaginary interview between Robespierre, Marat, and Danton, in which artistic power overreaches itself and degenerates into the burlesque. There is a graphic narration of the confusion on board a war vessel caused by a carronade slipping its fastenings, which is likewise overstrained; besides this we have true aspects of the character of the inhabitants and the scenery of La Vendée. Murder abounds without the redeeming sentiment of love.

Victor Hugo is given to morbid conceptions of humanity, and portrays them with great effect. The hero of the book is the Marquis de Lantenac, an iron-willed aristocrat, and a type of the class to which he belongs—a proud, stern, intelligent, cruel noble, but not altogether inhuman. Cimourdain is an apostate priest, a revolutionist, the more calm and ferocious because he is brought up under a system in which natural feeling is assumed to be entirely suppressed. Other figures consist of a philosophical beggar and peasants possessing traits of savagery or simplicity, as the situations of the drama require. The nature of the Marquis de Lantenac is revealed in the incident of the cannon breaking loose. The

gunner, who is at fault in the matter, finally succeeds in mastering the raging piece of metal, and thus saves the lives of the equipage, including that of the Marquis. For his heroism the Marquis bestows on him the cross of St. Louis; he then orders him to be shot for his negligence. Sharp contrasts like these prevail throughout.

We regard Victor Hugo as the Gustave Doré of literature. Like this famous illustrator, he excites interest by sudden and startling changes from light to darkness. To carry our comparison still further, he has a similar fondness for the grotesque and the horrible; whatever refreshing light we find in his works comes only like an occasional ray athwart an all-pervading gloom. He depicts demons, and then saves them from our condemnation by a slight dash of humanity. De Lantenac, cruel against rebellious peasants, risks his life and liberty to rescue three peasant children from a conflagration. The apostate priest at last blows his brains out through the final triumph of the sentiment of affection.

It is much easier to explain Victor Hugo's power than to endorse his principles. Victor Hugo is an influential writer, particularly with certain classes in the community—not here, however, but in France. Here the passions are not so deeply stirred or so easily played upon. He is one of the literary high-priests of rebels against government and society, and especially of the Communist type. His method, consequently, is abnormal. In depicting crime and criminals, he does it so as to transfer responsibility from the individual to society. He too often resolves authority into tyranny. He endows ruffians with emotions which are characteristic only of the disciplined and the refined. He is indulgent to fanatics on the score of honesty, and covers up wrong with the veil of "reason, justice, and progress." A powerful imagination, in short, is made to usurp the throne of reflection and judgment. This is why we call his novels political extravaganzas and not works of art.

The translator has done his part well. A rendering into English of the spasmodic, careless expressions of the author, who seems to be content to sketch rather than elaborate his ideas, is by no means an easy task.

"LEGAL RESPONSIBILITY IN OLD AGE, based on Researches into the Relation of Age to Work." By George M. Beard, M.D. New York: T. L. Clacher.

We have here a suggestive little volume of forty-two pages, written with not only the zeal characteristic of a man riding a hobby, but of one who thinks he has made a grand discovery. We should call it an essay on the immense superiority of young folks to old folks. The author considers the productive power of advanced years as on the whole inferior in quality and quantity to that of the young. He divides off life in relation to work as follows: The golden decade is between thirty and forty, the period when men do most "pioneering, radical work"; the succeeding decades, decreasing in importance, are from forty to fifty, from twenty to thirty, from fifty to sixty, and so on, each according to a metallic range all the way down from silver to tin, the last one being symbolized by dull, soundless wood. It is a sort of new "seven ages." "Seventy-five per cent. of the work of the world," says Dr. Beard, "is done before forty-five, and eighty per cent. before fifty." The rest of man's labor in quality and quantity seems to stand to years somewhat in the ratio of Falstaff's bit of bread to his quart of sack. We will not dispute the theory, because we would not be taken for a critical Polonius.

One or two queries, however, are admissible. Is not the statement that, in the quality of work done by young and old men, the advantage is on the side of the former, rather arbitrary? Admitting that men are best when enthusiasm and experience are most evenly balanced, does it follow that it is a law for enthusiasm to die out to such an extent as to vitiate productive power when supplemented by experience? Will not the quality of work done by old Socrates and the modern Goethe stand side by side with that of younger men? Statesmen like Sully, Richelieu, and Palmerston showed no lack of enthusiasm, even if they did work after advancing in years beyond the "golden decade." Whatever weight these names might have in relation to the quality of work done by the aged, we should be loath to accept "the editorials of our daily press, written by very young men," as satisfactory proof on the other side of the question.

After capacity is taken into account, the quality of work really depends, as the Doctor hints, on moral and physical conditions. Energy, enthusiasm, creative power, are not the apanage of youth. Goethe and Humboldt produced masterpieces in their "iron" and "tin" decades in no respect inferior to those of their "golden" decades. Dryden is another instance. Instead of pronouncing these cases exceptional, we should accept them as indicating the law in the matter. They show the possibilities of human nature, and suggest a more encouraging theory. Dr. Beard himself recognizes the conditions favoring good work in accounting for a "loss of active moral enthusiasm" among the old by disease, hereditary defects, "over-exercise through life of the lower at the expense of the higher nature." Why should not these deteriorating influences be considered apart from certain decades? If productive power be undermined by such agencies, may it not be sustained by integrity of purpose, health, a sound organism in natural relationship with external things, enthusiasm not stifled but strengthened by experience? We regard this as a more Darwinian theory than Dr. Beard's.

The latter portion of Dr. Beard's book is occupied with a discussion of legal responsibility in old age, including the questions of crime, testaments, witnesses, capacity of judges in relation to age, and other important matters connected with this subject. Those interested in the matter will find a good many valuable suggestions.

"PET; OR, PASTIMES AND PENALTIES." By the Rev. H. R. Haweis, M. A., author of "Music and Morals." With fifty illustrations by M. E. Haweis. New York: Harper & Brothers.

"Pet" belongs to a class of books which seem to be very popular, and are certainly more numerous than they used to be—descriptions of children's life in which childhood is made painfully real and painfully unreal at the same time, from the air of morbidity which is thrown over it. The various scenes in this book have some naturalness. The mock "feast" is certainly not an unreal child's amusement; the wise boy who delivers the "chemical lecture" is saved from being too wise by a carelessness which is deci-

dedly boyish; and almost all the scrapes the children get into are natural enough. But why do all the chapters end in disasters? and why is the final scene in the "churchyard"? When "Pet" died she was eleven years and one month of age, but her deathbed is as edifying and wretched as if she had been twenty-two. Indeed, if we were not expressly told her age, and that of her young friend Ben, we should be inclined to believe her to be in this part of the book a grown-up girl, and him to be a man of about twenty-five.

There have been in the English literature of this century at least two generations of children, those belonging to the Edgeworth period, when they were made subjects of ethical study, and those belonging to the Dickens period, when they were given such very life-like exteriors that we did not stop to inquire whether their minds and characters were natural or not. Frank, Lucy, and Rosamond were the *corpora vilia* on which ethical experiments were made by their parents and guardians. Tiny Tim and his generation were peculiar little people, who were made interesting by what might be called a new kind of pathetic fallacy—by investing them with the feelings of grown-up people—a fallacy, however, which will never be entirely fallacious as long as grown-up people stand in the relation of fathers and mothers to children. But whatever faults Miss Edgeworth's children and those of Dickens may have had, they were virtues compared with the new school to which Mr. Haweis seems to belong. There is now a whole library of books being written, the main object of which seems to be to make the life of children more unhappy than they represent it to be already—books in which the "average child" is represented as being of an extremely delicate and sensitive organization, with the conscience of a born casuist, and the digestion of a broken-down *gourmand*; with great powers of reflection, introspection, and meditation, but little of that wilfulness and determination to have their own way that would seem to be more natural to immature years. Of course there may be such children, just as there are children with a homicidal mania, and it may be that there are more of them than there used to be; but if there are, the fact shows that there is something wrong somewhere. The world

would not be a beautiful world if all the children were born old and morbid; and though Mr. Haweis would probably strenuously deny that this was the case with the children in his book, he certainly has contrived to throw over his descriptions of their lives a sickly gloom which would make his book rather dangerous reading for that kind of child which it seems to be the fashion for writers just now to affect. However, if it be true that children are getting more morbid as the world grows older, undoubtedly they will be driven off in course of time by a healthier and heartier infantile race.

"PRETTY MRS. GASTON, AND OTHER STORIES." By John Esten Cooke, author of "The Virginia Comedians," "Surrey of Eagle's Nest," "Dr. Van Dyke," etc., etc. Illustrated. New York: Orange Judd Company.

The plot of "Pretty Mrs. Gaston," the only story of any considerable length in Mr. Cooke's volume, is simple. Marian Ormby, a young Virginia girl, is engaged to George Cleave, a young Virginia gentleman, the possessor of Cleaveland. Unfortunately he inherited this possession from Mr. Hamilton Cleave, his uncle, who died leaving an imperfectly executed codicil to his will behind him, which was not discovered for a long time, but which turned up in the end, and which left the estate to George Cleave, only on condition that he should marry one Miss Bell before he should be twenty-five years of age. This condition failing, it was to go to Allan Gartrell, another nephew. George Cleave discovering this codicil, already worthless in law, resolves to surrender the estate; for he only cares for Miss Bell as a sister, and is engaged to Miss Ormby; and Allan Gartrell appears on the scene with a certain mysterious Mr. John Brown, a lumber agent, of New York, and takes possession. Then follow some disagreeable complications, which end in the discovery that Allan Gartrell has been dead for some time; that the pretended Mr. Gartrell is a swindler and scoundrel, and that the lumber agent is a benevolent detective who explains matters and rights everybody in the end. Pretty Mrs. Gaston, who gives her name to the story, marries the gallant Jack Daintrees, George Cleave of course marries Miss Ormby (though the engagement has been broken

off and he has for a short time been engaged to Miss Bell, whom he did not wish to marry), and Miss Bell herself finds in Dr. Harrington an excellent husband.

"JOHN ANDROSS." A Novel. By Rebecca Harding Davis. Illustrated. New York: Orange Judd Company.

John Andross is a tale of the Whiskey Ring, and therefore a novel of American life. The Whiskey Ring, it seems, was a corrupt organization existing in our unhappy country, and, to be more definite, in the State of Pennsylvania, composed of leading and influential citizens and illicit distillers, who made whiskey illegally, at the time when the tax on it was two dollars a gallon, and, defrauding the Government of the tax, made large fortunes. This Ring had its ramifications throughout the State, possessed influence at Harrisburg, and was closely connected with the best society in Philadelphia. Into the clutches of this Ring John Andross, the hero of the tale, fell, not through his own fault, but through an honorable desire to shield his father's memory from exposure. He is a fine, manly, generous, and yet at the same time weak young man, who is hounded on to acts of crime by the hold which the head of the Ring has upon him; and after committing a robbery which he is afraid at the time will be his ruin, he is saved by his principal friend (although he does not know this himself) replacing the money, and then is enticed away from the mines in which he has been honestly working, by the head of the Ring, who, by means of fine words and promises, lures him back to Philadelphia, and opens to him a political career of the most extraordinary brilliancy. He even goes to the State Senate, where he is the best orator and most powerful leader of his time. Strange to say, through all this he has not done anything dishonest; the chief of the whiskey conspirators has been "easy" with him. But at length the fatal moment comes when he is told that he must vote for the passage of a bill which is called the "National Transit" bill, but which is in reality a bill absolutely necessary to the success of the whiskey thieves. The proceedings of the gang have been discovered by an honest collector, and at the same time that the bill must be passed, the collector must be

got quietly out of the way. This the head of the Ring proposes to do by means of murder—a clumsy substitute for removal from office, which, considering the enormous influence and reputation he is said to have had, might have been accomplished just as easily; but at any rate murder is determined upon, and a citizen of Philadelphia is assigned to that work, with the connivance and approval of John Andross. Now, however, his conscience asserts its supremacy, and we are glad to say that on the final reading of the bill, when the name of John Andross is called, he votes “No”; that he then makes all haste to prevent the murder (which is not actually necessary, for the Philadelphia rough who took the matter in hand has been so overcome by the pleasant, honest conversation of the pure-minded collector, that his heart fails him, and he gives it up); and finally dies in a gallant rescue of one of the ladies of the tale from drowning. It is, however, just as well for him to die, for he had lost his political influence by voting no on the Transit bill, and his life for other reasons was a wreck. The book describes a kind of life of which we know nothing, and the Philadelphia part of which seems a little improbable. Nevertheless, there is a good deal of power in the story, and of course the struggle of a man with love for the sake of conscience has always a good deal of interest to Anglo-Saxon readers. Indeed, it sometimes seems as if conscience was the only literary faculty which the American branch of the race had left

“THE CIRCUIT RIDER. A Tale of the Heroic Age.” By Edward Eggleston. Illustrated. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.

This novel, or story of the early times in the West, carries the reader back to a period very remote, not merely in time but in feeling, from the present—to the days of the western wilderness, long before railroads were dreamt of, when the western pioneer lived a good deal further east than he does now, and when his life was more simple. The western people in “The Circuit Rider” are more like what one might imagine the lineal descendants of Daniel Boone to be than the western population as we know it now. There were no corner-lots in the wilderness described in “The Circuit Rider,” no pi-

anos, no best rooms, no dresses made by Worth, no cheap press, no means of travel except horses or the human legs, no luxury, no comfort. The people described are a sombre, hardy, enduring race, much given to chills and fever, drink, and also to religious excitement of a spasmodic kind. Indeed, the novel is intended to describe the religious aspect of this early life in the West rather than anything else. How well it is described would be difficult to say, but those who are interested in early American life will find in it pictures of a kind that they will hardly find elsewhere.

“DESPERATE REMEDIES.” A Novel. By Thomas Hardy. (Leisure Hour Series.) New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The plot of “Desperate Remedies” is so complicated that we should despair of attempting to reproduce it in any small compass. Whether the story is an earlier one than “Under the Greenwood Tree,” or than “A Pair of Blue Eyes,” by the same author, is not stated. But we are inclined to suppose it to be so, on internal evidence. “Under the Greenwood Tree” is a highly finished picture, with hardly a word too much or too little in it. “A Pair of Blue Eyes” is not so well done, but is a complete and elaborate novel, with a beginning, a middle, and an end. “Desperate Remedies” is an extraordinary succession of extraordinary incidents, connected together by their order in time (each chapter is headed in some such way as “From the Eighteenth of August to the Second of September,” “From 10 P. M. to 10 A. M.,” and so on), and contains enough material for a dozen novels. It is clumsily put together, and though the story is startling and interesting, it seems like the crude effort of an untrained hand, compared with the others we have mentioned.

“STATISTICS OF MINES AND MINING IN THE STATES AND TERRITORIES WEST OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.” Being the Fifth Annual Report of Rossiter W. Raymond, United States Commissioner of Mining Statistics. Published by the Government.

These statistics cover the year 1872, and show a total product of bullion amounting to \$63,943,857, about equally divided between gold and silver, but with a slight preponderance of the former.

Compared with the previous year, there was a falling off of about \$2,700,000, chiefly due to the partial abandonment of the regions most distant from the railroad lines. This is by no means an abandonment of mining as a business, since those parts of the country which are better situated in regard to transportation have profited by the migration. But the mines which were able to maintain themselves in the less favored districts were precisely those rich ones which yielded the largest amount of gold and silver to each workman. These having been abandoned for more prosperous regions, where poorer ores can be profitably treated, the result is some diminution in the total product, and yet it is a gain to the mining interests as a whole. At present there are four leading centres of mining industry in the West, the importance of which is in the following order: Nevada, California, Montana, and Colorado. The first two owe their present importance to the persistent effort expended in their development, and to their proximity to the Pacific. Montana is still rich in placer mines, and Colorado, heretofore rather the *bête noir* of western mining, is now one of the most promising, though not one of the most productive fields. Its growing importance is due to the building of railroads and the introduction of more intelligent modes of work. Many persons wonder how soon the mines of the West will be exhausted, the decided expectation of decay being apparently predicated partly on their immense annual yield and partly upon the numerous failures of mining companies, which seem to show that there is a limit to the number of good mines. Such persons may be surprised to learn that there is the best reason for saying the mines will never run out; using the word never in a finite sense. It is fair to expect that our mines will last as long as those of Europe have lasted, making some allowance for the greater extraction of ore in modern times. Mining has not been pursued with any activity in Europe for more than five or six hundred years; and we may say with perfect sobriety that good management will make our mines available for all demands upon them for four hundred years to come, and perhaps for a longer time yet. It is but just to the Commissioner to say that this assertion, which some may think ex-

travagant, is not found in or gathered from his report. But in reading that document a very encouraging tone will be noticed, and the condition of the field in which its statistics are gathered is one that improves every year. In addition to the statistical matter, the report contains a number of professional papers, many of which are of decided value. I. Treatment of Gold-bearing Ores in California, by G. F. Deetken. II. Contributions to the Records of Lead-Smelting in Blast Furnaces, by A. Eilers. III. Economical Results of Smelting in Utah, by A. Eilers. IV. The Calorific Values of Western Lignites, by the Commissioner. V. The Pliocene Rivers of California, by Amos Bowman. VI. Hydraulic Mining in California, by Charles Waldeyer. VII. Ore Dressing, by W. P. Ward. Also a chapter on American Milling Machinery, and another on Statistics. The geological map of this country compiled by Profs. Hitchcock and Blake, for the census, is published as a part of the report.

“A HISTORY OF AMERICAN CURRENCY. With Chapters on English Bank Restrictions and Austrian Paper Money.” By William G. Sumner, Professor of Political and Social Science in Yale College. To which is appended “The Bullion Report.” New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Mr. Sumner has rendered a real service to the country in the preparation of this handbook. It is not generally known, or at least it seems not to be generally known, that the fundamental questions of currency are really among the simplest and best settled in the whole science of political economy. There is no awful mystery about the effect of irredeemable paper, or any doubt as to the necessary ultimate result of attempting to base the circulating medium upon anything but gold and silver. It is just as well settled that the poorer currency drives the better out of a country as that water flows down hill; and in the United States least of all ought there to be any hesitation of opinion on such matters as these, for in the United States almost every plan ever devised by the ingenuity of man for making money plenty, and good at the same time, has been actually tried and has actually failed. Mr. Sumner's book exhibits this very plainly.

NEBULÆ.

— THERE can be but one opinion as to the success of the performances of "Lohengrin" recently given at the Academy of Music in this city. The crowds that have flocked to hear the music have been the most conclusive proof that the opera was popular—though popularity must be to many of the old admirers of Wagner a strange and novel term. There was a time, not so very long ago either, when to confess oneself a Wagnerite was to set oneself down as a member of a small and ridiculous musical sect; to say that the music most beautiful and original the world had ever heard was "the music of the future," was among musical people something like what it once was among artists to confess oneself a pre-Raphaelite. Not that there was anything which made the pre-Raphaelite school in art and Wagnerite school in music seem akin; admiration of either school seemed equally remote from the ordinary interest in music or in art. The popular belief as to the pre-Raphaelite school was that its aim was the painting of crooked women, and the microscopic imitation in unnatural colors of natural objects. The popular belief about Wagner was that his aim was to give the finishing stroke to the roots of the once flourishing tree of melody, and that the difficulty with him really was that he was so ignorant of harmony, or had such a dull ear for it, that he did not know when he was writing pleasant music, and when he was writing the most clangorous discords. To any one who remembered the time when he had these confused notions as to the music of the writer of "Lohengrin" and "Tannhäuser," it was a curious sensation to notice the almost rapt attention and delight with which the audiences at the Academy listened to the opera recently given there. What had happened, the listener was fain to ask himself—what had happened to make the music so unlike what popular belief had made of it? Was the swan song a proof that Wagner did not understand the difference between the scientific and the beautiful? Was the bridal march a proof of his hos-

tility to air? There seemed to be no relation between the Wagner of popular tradition and the Wagner of reality.

— "LOHENGRIN" has never been produced before in this country, we believe, except on the German stage. Two years ago we remember hearing it at the Stadt Theatre, in the Bowery, and we have much regretted in recent criticisms of the opera, as it was produced at the Academy, seeing disparaging allusions to those humble German performers. Undoubtedly, at the Academy, and with Nilsson, it was more imposing as a pageant than in the dingily gaudy theatre at the lower end of the city, with its small stage and its densely-squeezed audience. Nevertheless there was something in the "Lohengrin" of the German Bowery that we missed at the Academy—something, perhaps, in the fact that the opera was then to an American absolutely new; but something also in the un-American excitement of the audience, the tremendous zeal of the leader of the orchestra, something in the very German character of the scenery, and something in the fact that the Elsa, and Ortrud, and Lohengrin, and their fellow-singers, were Germans singing a German opera, by a German composer, made upon a German legend. The legend, too, is perhaps enjoyed as a legend more on the first hearing than afterwards. The German legends of the Rhine or of the Scheldt or of the Black Forest have, as a general thing, one noticeable quality: they are extremely simple; and whether this legend of Lohengrin is a real legend or only a modern invention, it possesses this simplicity to a remarkable degree. An accused maiden, persecuted by a wicked man; a righteous king, who proclaims her the prize of her saviour in battle; the mysterious knight, who slays or defeats the wicked adversary—all this we are familiar with from our cradles. Add to this that the knight in this case is under a peculiar vow of secrecy, that he comes out of eternal night in a boat drawn by a swan, and at the tragical end returns into the

mystical world from which he came, drawn by the same swan, and this through the foolish curiosity of the rescued maiden, and we have all or nearly all the legend. Of course we do not mean to depreciate the beauty of the story, which is certainly very beautiful, but to point out its extreme simplicity. This simplicity is perhaps one reason why the opera may seem to some persons to lose its dramatic interest in a measure after the first hearing. At first, the plot being unknown or unfamiliar, the attention is kept fully on the alert, and when we reach the end and hear again the swan music which brings to the performance its musico-dramatic climax, we sigh with regret that it has been so short. Heard again, we are surprised at what might almost be called the drag of the action. The music is finer than ever, the acting itself is better than ever, but the intense interest in the story itself it seems impossible to revive.

— THE explanation of this fact is not very far to seek. In opera we are accustomed to something very different from a legend as the basis of the plot. The old Italian opera generally had for its plot some extremely wild story, to which the audience paid little attention, contenting itself with liking the music; but in "Lohengrin" the legend is as important as anything. The story at once attracts attention, and indeed it is meant to do so. In Wagner's theory of opera, neither the music nor the drama is to be sacrificed, and the drama itself is founded on the myth; and he has chosen as a subject a story which would be pleasing without any music. But pleasing as it is, there is no concealing the fact that there is little of it, and this, though we do not perceive it at first, we do later. It may not be any objection to the opera that there should be such an impression produced on the mind; indeed, we must confess that most of the criticism which Wagner has received has gone far to show that in his case criticism is out of place. Almost all our first impressions about him we find afterwards reversed, and things in his music that we should never dream of as being possible we find done by him without the slightest difficulty. He is a master of his art; and in the case of masters, it is just as well for the rest of us to be pupils. Whether the Wagnerian school

is better or worse than those which have preceded it, it certainly is a distinct school, and to have any understanding of it at all, we must first attempt to grasp as nearly as we may its guiding ideas.

— WAGNER is not only a composer, but a critic. He has a theory on the subject of art which is not merely original; it is absolutely different from that hitherto held by any one. His theory is, that as hitherto the development of the arts has been independent, it remains for the art of the future to reunite them. It is to this Herculean task that he has set himself. He is an iconoclast in art, society, politics, and religion. Beginning life without any definite musical taste, he has gradually developed an art theory and with it a new school of music. His theory has two sides, a destructive and a constructive, of which the first gives perhaps as much of a clue to the music as the last. Modern civilization, Wagner says, is a vast organized hypocrisy. Art among the Greeks was the expression of the highest national luxury; our art and literature are matters of mere luxury served up like carefully made dishes for the delectation of the intellectual palate. The Christian religion is opposed to art, because the essence of the Christian religion is to foster a contempt for this mundane scene of appetite, feeling, and passion. With the Christian, sensuous beauty is devilish and hateful, and therefore, as art is the highest activity of man in harmony with himself and with nature, the Christian cannot be an artist; it follows logically from this that since the beginning of the Christian era there has been no art. The Christian world has been devoted to hypocrisy, falsely pretending to believe in the endless joy of a future life, and to despise the joys of life itself. Besides this, art has been made the slave in modern times of money. Instead of being the real expression of national life, it draws its strength from speculations on the Bourse or in Wall street, and there is more or less of it as there are more or less fortunate speculators to "place loans," "corner gold," or "turn stock." With the end of Greek tragedy the drama came to an end, for it was no longer a union of the arts, but each art went its own way, dissociated from its sister muses, and therefore feeble and without support.

To turn to the sympathetic part of the theory, Wagner is of opinion that man is a god in himself, and an artistic whole above nature ; that each of the arts, poetry, music, painting, sculpture, architecture, and dancing, takes part in the grand artistic whole—the man-god, or god-man, or whatever we may call it. “The union of these three” purely “human expressions of art [to quote a recently published account of these theories] preëxists in the drama, in which man represented himself previously, in the highest degree of completeness, with the assistance of the imitative arts of painting and sculpture. Painting supplies the landscape or actual scene, in the midst of which man moves ; sculpture lives in man himself, and architecture furnishes the place in which the artistic representation takes place. The object, in a word, is to reunite the various branches of art as they were united in ancient Greece, but on a higher plane and with infinitely richer materials.”

— As to the old-fashioned opera, Wagner declares that it was all a mistake, since in that species of art “the means of expression (music)” has been made “the object,” while “the true object of expression (the drama)” has been made the “means.” Historically he believes the opera to have been developed in two directions : seriously, as by Gluck, Mozart, Cherubini ; frivolously, by the unfortunate Rossini and Meyerbeer. The Italian opera Wagner compares to a courtesan, the French opera to a coquette, the new romantic German opera to a prude, Mozart’s opera to a lovely woman—music, of course, being always a woman. The man who shall devotedly love the woman is the poet. Now we have reached the point at which we naturally ask ourselves why we have never had any real theatre ; the drama of Shakespeare being incomplete, because he “condensed and sifted the manifold materials of the romance, and treated them dramatically simply in the degree required for the necessities of a contracted stage and a limited plot” ; the French and Italian having nothing at all in common with modern life, while at the same time seeking to reproduce the forms of ancient classical tragedy ; and the German of Goethe and Schiller vacillat-

ing between the two extremes of the Shakespearian, and the French and Italian classical being no better than either. All these must be given up, and we must have an unliterary drama in which we shall be “made wise with feeling.” This drama must be founded on the German, as the Greek was on the Grecian myth ; the character of mythology having superhuman attributes, miracle is indispensable to the future drama. As to the relation of music to the future drama, we cannot have anything to do with melody, or the air, which is well described by Mr. J. K. Paine, an American composer, who ought to be better known than he is, as “the rising and falling musical phrases whose motion or subdivisions are repeated in certain modified imitations, in order to establish a necessary ideality of individuality in the musical thought, and preserve a unity of design.” This kind of melody must be done away with, and what Wagner terms “infinite melody” substituted—melody that does not attract any attention on its own account, except as the sensuous expression of a sentiment clearly manifest in the language. This infinite melody should be the creation of the poet, and within it should be found the germ of the accompanying harmony. This harmony has no arbitrary limits. As regards the employment of the chorus, Wagner would dispense with the traditional massed and united voices of the opera. The actions and gestures of personages of the play are to “hold the same relation to the language of the drama as the flexible movements of the orchestra do to the melody—as a powerful agency for enhancing the effect and meaning of the vocal part. The orchestra gives powerful expression to all the utterances of the actor, and sustains and explains him in every way. As far as the expression of emotion is concerned, the modern orchestra will occupy a position in the future drama similar to that held by the ancient chorus in the Greek tragedy.”

— THIS account of Wagner’s theories we have taken from an American expositor—who at the same time is a hostile critic—because it seems to be a fair statement. We have no space to enter into an elaborate discussion of these theories here. As a philosophy of the arts, his

system is open to so many objections that it can be easily broken down. We may ask, in the first place, where does he get any proofs that the arts were united on equal terms in Greece? The tragedies of *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides*, or the comedies of *Aristophanes*, were unquestionably put upon the stage in a way very different from anything that would be tolerated now. The actors, for example, wore huge masks, which would appear to a modern audience perfectly ridiculous. The chorus, so far from being anything like Wagner's orchestra, was nothing in the world but the development of the parts taken in certain Grecian rites by bands of men and women, and has so wholly lost its meaning in modern ears that the introduction of anything like the sentiments put into the mouths of the chorus in a modern acting play would seem pedantic to the last degree. Besides this, it must be obvious to any one that as far as we know of the Greek drama, the unity and equality of the arts was non-existent. Everything was subordinate to the development of the myth, which was the foundation of the whole performance; the sufferings of *Ajax*, or whoever the hero was, were the main thing; music was entirely undeveloped. "Infinite melody" did not exist in those days. Again, even supposing that Wagner is right in his belief that the arts were in that day united, and have been subsequently dispersed, what is there to show that this is not an improvement? To say that because the arts were formerly united they ought to be reunited now, is very much like saying that because the tribes of men lived formerly in village communities, possessing lands in common, therefore the social system of the future will be based on just such a communal system again. It is surely a wild statement to say that between A.D. 1 and A.D. 1813, the date of Wagner's birth, there had been no art, because the world had been given over to "hypocrisy." These objections are so obvious that it seems to be hardly necessary to make them. But they are objections to Wagner as a critic much more than to

Wagner as a composer. If "*Lohengrin*" is to be taken as his best opera (it is quite an early composition, being as old as 1848), we may say of it that it is most remarkable as a disproof of the possibility of carrying into execution his own theories of art. To be sure the world will never know, until the great Wagner festival, the crowning work of his life, the *Nibelungen* drama—a series of four operas based on the "*Nibelungenlied*"—is brought out at Bayreuth, exactly how the several arts of music, painting, poetry, dancing, architecture, and drama are to be reunited, because our ordinary stage does not admit of any realization of such a dream; but it may probably be said in advance that even at Bayreuth some of the arts will be found subordinated to the others. At least in "*Lohengrin*," the opera with which the American public is most familiar, there is the most distinct subordination of the music to the pageant. Indeed, if we were to undertake to describe "*Lohengrin*" in three words as it has been placed on our stage, we should say that it was a very fine pageant with a musical accompaniment and interpretation. In his anxiety to prevent the music from usurping a place not fairly belonging to it, Wagner has brought what he called a drama, but what is certainly little of a drama in the ordinary sense of the word, to the foreground; everything is grouped about the myth of the knight *Lohengrin*. We do not find fault with this. It is magnificent, but it is not the Wagnerian theory. Perhaps it may be that the art of the future is to be founded on the German myth, and that we are to have splendid musical pageants, with swans bringing knights of the Holy Grail down mystic rivers between mediæval banks, and maidens accused by villains of nameless crimes defended by these knights in single combat, and magic spells and appearances and disappearances, instead of the opera to which we have been accustomed. If this is all to be as beautiful as "*Lohengrin*," we do not object to its coming, but its real character ought not to be mistaken.

THE GALAXY

Miscellany and Advertiser.

SHELDON & COMPANY will publish very soon Theodore Tilton's new story, "Tempest-Tossed." This story has been running serially through the "Golden Age," and some of our best critics have predicted for it a "shining success" when it appears complete in book form. It is a story of marked power and poetic beauty. Mr. Tilton wields a graceful pen. The book will be printed on tinted paper, and will make a most beautiful volume and charming story.

A BOY was put into a boiler in Dubuque, Iowa, to hold a hammer against the rivets that were being driven from the outside. When the boiler was done the hole was found too small to let the boy out. They took off his clothes and greased him, but still he wouldn't go through. Three hours' cutting with cold chisel by six men finally released him—nearly spoiling a good boiler.

A LITTLE boy was playing with a couple of five-cent pieces the other evening, which a friend had given him, and putting his finger on one of them said, "This one I am going to give to the heathen." He kept on playing, till at last one of the pieces rolled away, and he could not find it. "Which one have you lost?" "The one I was going to give to the heathen," replied the cherub.

"WHAT makes your hair so white, grandpa?" inquired a little maiden. "I am very old, my dear. I was in the ark," says grandpa with a laugh. "Oh!" the child rejoined, "are you Noah?" "No; I am not Noah." "Are you Shem, then?" "No; I am not Shem." "Are you Ham?" "No; not even Ham." "Then you must be Japheth," impatiently said the child. "No; I am not Japheth." "Then, grandpa, you're a beast."

"Across America; or, the Great West and Pacific Coast," by General

James T. Rushling, will soon be published by Sheldon & Company. General Rushling while in the Army took, in company with General Sherman, a very extended tour of inspection. After having completed his official duties the trip was extended to many points rarely if ever visited before. It occupied in all two years. General Rushling has many things to say which will be entirely new to most readers. The book will be handsomely illustrated, and printed on tinted paper.

A BOOKBINDER had a book brought him to be rebound. After the job was finished, he made the following entry in his day-book: "To repairing the 'Way to Heaven,' twenty-five cents."

A young lady from Georgetown came to the city the other day to have her picture taken. When the artist showed her the "proof" and asked her how she liked it, she placidly remarked that he "put too darned much mouth on it to suit her."

A LITTLE boy at a concert, when a favorite singer was called back, rather took the starch out of things by crying out, "What's the matter, mother; didn't she do it right? Are the folks angry cause she squealed so?"

SECRETARY Welles's book, "Lincoln and Seward," is still creating great interest among the reading public. All intelligent people are reading and discussing it.

WHEN they find a man in Washington, says a Canadian paper, who hasn't a plan of his own for the solution of the financial problem, they drown him. No one has been drowned there yet.

"WHY do you use paint?" asked a violinist of his daughter. "For the same reason that you use resin, papa." "How's that?" "Why, to help me draw my bean."

AN Iowa man bought a light axe be-

cause his wife was sick, and couldn't chop very well with a heavy one.

"DRESS REFORM.—A great deal of earnest effort is made every year by well-meaning women to secure certain reforms which will do away with some of the annoyances and absurdities of the average female dress. The arguments which are made are unanswerable. Everybody of both sexes is fully convinced that the ladies have borne with the tyranny of fashion at least two hundred years too long, and that now is the time, in this enlightened age and nation, to break the bonds and set the prisoners free. Yet, when the female Moses, so to say, appears she finds no disciples, and she goes through the streets, like the unhappy Dr. Walker, snubbed by the women, derided by the men, and with no followers but the street Arabs, a martyr to the cause of reform. The women look in disgust at the dress made upon scientific principles for comfort and use, and straightway add another story to the panier, an additional length to the skirts, a new wrinkle to the redingote, or whatever may be its name, and proceed to sweep the dirty street with more resolution and resignation than ever before.

"There form which will be most acceptable to the young man of moderate income who pines for the luxury of a wife, will be the adoption of more serviceable and less expensive materials. The reformers who expect to achieve success will begin here rather than in attempts to wear the pantaloons in a lady-like manner."

The above is taken from one of our leading daily papers, and is, we believe, from the pen of a gifted contributor to the "Atlantic."

We are surprised, however, that a writer, with such a store of general information, should not have added some practical suggestions, and told us that "the more serviceable and less expensive materials" which are needed by the dress reformers, already exist in the *American Silks made by Cheney Brothers*, which are everything that can be desired. So the young man with a moderate income, who pines for the luxury of a wife, need pine no longer.

When is a ship like a railroad track?
When the cargo's on it.

Mrs. Blake's new story, "Fettered for Life," is having a good sale. It is a book of power. The "Republican," St. Louis, says of it: "It has a purpose, its objects being to show the terrible disadvantages, socially and legally, under which women to-day suffer; but there is no sermonizing on the subject, and the vividness of the scenes, the intense interest of the plot, and the fresh and vigorous style of the writing, make it a work of rare and absorbing power."

We desire to call attention to the elegant silver-plated ware made by Reed & Barton, of No. 2 Maiden Lane. This is one of the oldest firms in this kind of business, and they have brought their wares to the highest state of perfection.

A RECENT ghost was heard singing:

'Twas a cough that carried me off:
'Twas a coffin they carried me off in.

There is no royal road to anything worth having, and even in the use of the sewing machine there are difficulties which every learner must overcome before becoming proficient. The "Willcox & Gibbs" sewing machine, however, presents fewer difficulties than any, and its value surpasses all.

"ELI PERKINS," after lecturing sixty-five nights, has returned to write letters again from Saratoga. Mr. Perkins will take Saratoga as the subject of his next humorous lecture. His last book, "Saratoga in 1901," is meeting with great success.

An obituary notice of a much respected lady concludes with: "In her life she was a pattern worthy to be followed; and her death—oh! how consoling to her friends."

A singular instance of skepticism is recorded in the case of the man who said the Bible was "too good to be true."

What is the difference between a tenant and the son of a widow? The tenant has to pay rents, but the son of a widow has not two parents.

The nurse presenting two little strangers (twins) to a father for the first time, "Is it," said he blushing, "to make a choice, madam?"

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